

Sheryl Crow, Gold Dust Woman

Rock on Gold dust woman take your silver spoon,
And dig your grave...
Heartless challenge, pick your path, and I'll pray
Wake up in the morning, see your sunrise, lovers go down.
Lousy lovers pick their pray, but they'll never cry out loud.

[Chorus]

Did she make you cry? Make you break down? Shatter your illusions of love?
Is it over now? Do you know how? To pick up the pieces and go home...

Rock on ancient queen, follow those who pale in your shadow...
Rulers make bad lovers, you better put your kingdom up for sale..