

Waking Ashland, Salt Lake Jam

I know a girl
Who sold her soul to the world
A chance to break
Into the largest lakes
Get away

Bitter she weeps
The tears they stain her cheeks
She dwells on the past
And things that never will last

She's like a caterpillar
Who crosses the road
But doesn't even know
She's like a black crow in the snow
In the cold
Who sings for fool's gold?

It's the sweet sound
It carries her on
She's weak but it's strong
And it's the sweet sound
It comes around she finds herself
And it's the sweet sound
She gets so high
She's as high as a kite
And it's the sweet sound
She falls in love she falls in love
Every time

She is a queen
Who's sun-kissed by her dreams
She sits on a throne
Believing all she is told

I spend some time
Talking about our great decline
It's been three years
She's still hiding out