Golden Flowers Christian Schramm (The Royal Backwash) 1. gol-den flo-wers ripe for the picking when e-vening ho-urs call us out-side 2. there is mu-sic in night ly si-lence an end-less song com-po-ses it - self F[#]m dy - ing light is meant for the li-ving in glea-ming white you con - trast the night stomp your feet the pulse of the planet pro-vides the beat you dance with the world D G G Hm how your silhouette outlines a-gainst the sky I can't tell the stars from your eyes D G there are millions of shooting stars all the world is a dream in disguise pas sing by Hm and the time slows cir-ce-ling down as we watch the mil-ky way F[♯]m D Hm G D us

