

All About Eve, Gold And Silver

Love child
Sugar and spices scattered all around you
Stay awhile
Say something strange and someone may believe you

What do you get when you give your love?
It can't be gold
You can't be sold
It can't be silver
'Cause silver never pleased you

Like hanging around the flowers
Like honeybees do
With dark eyes
Glistening with tears
'Cause heaven still eludes you