

# Rufus Wainwright, Danny boy

Your skin is cold, but  
the sun shines within your hold  
Your hair is gold, but you see through a goldfish bowl  
I feel old, sick and tired  
We walk the streets, gently staring, wondering what to do  
The sun in sheets, pouring down those streets to eyes green and blue  
And a ship with eight sails could come 'round the bend  
Or a herd of bulls charging stop lights red  
I'd be blind  
Chorus: You broke my heart Danny Boy  
Not your fault Danny Boy  
I was hanged at the doorstep, played like a two to a fourset  
Had like poor Job in the bible by God  
Day comes I wake, I wake with a hard heartache  
I go down to your place  
We sit and chat, chat about New York  
and trips to the bayou  
My smile a trick, tricking me and trying not to scare you  
And a ship with eight sails could come 'round the ben  
Or a herd of bulls charging stop lights red  
I'd be blind