

Snow Patrol, The Golden Floor

Tell me that you want to dance
I want to feel your pulse on mine
Just treat me like a stolen glance
To yourself

A dark shape on a golden floor
A sleeping planet with a molten core
From above we'd cut a slow eight shape
And much more

I'm a peasant in your princess arms
Penniless with only charm
As we're levelled by the low, hot lights
And disarmed

I'm not afraid of anything even time
It'll eke away at everything but we'll be fine

I'm folded in the bread you made
You're cold until my body bathes
You in the heat I kept aside
All these days

I'm not afraid of anything even time
It'll eke away at everything but we'll be fine