

Glen Hansard feat. Marketa Irglova, Gold

And I love her so
I wouldn't trade her for gold
Walking on moonbeams
I was born with a silver spoon
Hell I'm gonna be me
Gonna be free
Walking on moonbeams
And staring out to sea
And if a door be closed
Then a row of homes start building
And tear your curtains down
For sunlight is like gold
Hell you better be you
Do what you can do
Walking on moonbeams
And staring out to sea
'Cause if your skin was soil
How long do you think before they'd start digging
And if your life was gold
How long do you think you'd stay living
And I love her so
I wouldn't trade her for gold