

Kimberley Locke, Band Of Gold

Since you've been gone
All that's left is a band of gold.
All that's left of the dreams I hold
Is a band of gold
And the dream of what love could be
If you were here with me.

I wait in the darkness of my lonely room
Filled with gladness filled with gloom

Hoping soon
That you'd walk through that door
And love me like you tried before.

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