

Russell Crowe & 30 Odd Foot Of Grunts, Castleb

(Crowe)

I'm the unhappiest soul in the whole milky way
I'll twinkle when you look at me and I'll
Burn the night till day
I long to be
Back on earth
Who was I building that castle for?
Who was I building?
I look for love
Like it's Easter time
Too many places
Where I might find
The sweetest of the sweet things
That the good lord provides
What was I building?
Couldn't I decide?
What was I building?
That magic kiss
So rare when you find it
You find it in the last place
You could ever unbind it
A soul mate taken from you
By the sorry situation
Impetuous, restlessness
Becomes plain desperation
Who was I building that castle for?
Who was I building that castle for?