

## Beck "Halo Of Gold"

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Have you got a fine place to slip to  
When you're feeling down  
Have you had a week or two  
Just to get your troubles down

Found a lot of life and laughter  
With a grandfather in the bowery  
She had a body of sixteen or seventeen  
She had a mind of forty

I met her on a cold day  
In a city far away

With the worlds about zero

And I saw at once  
Into her soul  
She's gonna call me her hero

Never like a walk in the rain or the lane  
I found a lot of death that day  
With the grandfather in the bowery  
?Cause I like her like the world

She had a halo of gold  
Told me stories of her life  
And the courage was sublime, pantomime  
I walk the line 'cause you're blind  
I walk the line

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