

Rufus Wainwright "Danny Boy"

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Your skin is cold
But the sun shines within your hold
Your hair is gold
But you see through a goldfish bowl
I feel old, sick, and tired
We walk the streets
Gently staring, wondering what to do
The sun in sheets
Pouring down those streets to eyes green and blue
And a ship with eight sails could come round the bend
Or a heard of bulls charging stoplights red
I'd be blind

You broke my heart, danny boy
Not your fault, danny boy
I was had at the doorstep
Played, like a two to a four-set
Had, like poor job in the bible by god
Day comes, i wake
I wake with a hard heartache
I go down to your place
We sit and chat about new york
And trips to the bayou
My smile, a trick
Tricking me and trying not to scare you
And a ship with eight sails could come round the bend
Or a heard of bulls charging stoplights red
I'd be blind

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