

Rufus Wainwright "Dannyboy"

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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 herd of bulls chargin stop lights red
I'd be blind

Chorus:

You broke my heart Danny Boy

Not your fault Danny Boy

I was hanged at the doorstep, played like a two to a
fourset

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, 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 herd of bulls charging stop lights red

I'd be blind

Chorus

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