

Snow Patrol "The Golden Floor"

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Tell me that you want to dance
I want to feel your pulse on mine
Just treat me like a stolen glance
To yourself

A dark shape on a golden floor
A sleeping planet with a molten core
From above we'd cut a slow eight shape
And much more

I'm a peasant in your princess arms
Penniless with only charm
As we're leveled by the low
Hot lights and disarmed

I'm not afraid of anything
Even time
It'll eke away at everything
But we'll be fine

I'm folded in the bread you made
You're cold until my body bathes
You in the heat I kept aside
All these days

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