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Planet Funk "The Waltz"

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You're calling her with rings of gold Gold bleeding from the stars It's pouring like jewels Pouring from the moon From her eyes Cascading around your feet It wraps inside your fingers

You feel it from the shining sun
The blinding shining sun
You feel it from the shining sun
It takes you an a journey across the stone
It's the oldest stone
You feel it damp beneath your feet
The dew on the grass it soathes your tired feet

From her eyes Cascading around your feet It wraps inside your fingers

You feel it from the shining sun
The blinding shining sun
You feel it from the shining sun
It takes you an a journey across the stone

You feel it damp beneath your feet Like dew on the grass it soathes your tired feet

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