

Angus & Julia Stone, Bella

There goes the gal,
In the pretty skirt with the
Golden smile that made you feel new.
Like when the marching band strolls the street,
You know another years come too soon.
So you took her hand and she gave a look, that sent you to the moon.
And there you spoke the words of a gentleman
Can I have this dance with you
Can I share this dance with you
Won't you come on home,
I built us a flying machine.
And well go where you want, we'll sail the seven seas.
I hope all is well, in Daisy's dreams.
There goes the gal,
Yeah the pretty bird, on the golden mile that made you feel real.
She took withon to the stars.
She don't make no big deal.
There she sits with them big old fields of daisies and rusty mills.
And when the sun it shines on her hair of gold,
She's beautiful,
She's beautiful.
Won't you come on home
I built us a flying machine
And well go where you want well sail the seven seas
I hope all is well in Daisy's dreams