

# Glen Hansard feat. Marketa Irglova, Gold

And I love her so  
I wouldn't trade her for gold  
Walking on moonbeams  
I was born with a silver spoon  
Hell I'm gonna be me  
Gonna be free  
Walking on moonbeams  
And staring out to sea  
And if a door be closed  
Then a row of homes start building  
And tear your curtains down  
For sunlight is like gold  
Hell you better be you  
Do what you can do  
Walking on moonbeams  
And staring out to sea  
'Cause if your skin was soil  
How long do you think before they'd start digging  
And if your life was gold  
How long do you think you'd stay living  
And I love her so  
I wouldn't trade her for gold