

Rufus Wainwright, Danny boy

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 charging 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 ben
Or a herd of bulls charging stop lights red
I'd be blind