

Good as gold

Dala

am not that photo
On my father's mantle
I won't let the dust fall
On my life

Oh Sinéad you made me cry
I was waiting in a drug store line
Just to pay for the things that money buys
With my time
With my time

So tell me I'm good as gold
Tell me I'm beautiful
Tell me you won't get old and leave me alone

St Lawrence market place
I saw my whole life written on an old friend's face
You can move away but you can't erase

So tell me I'm good as gold
Tell me I'm beautiful
Tell me you won't get old and leave me alone

Tell me I'm good as gold
Tell me I'm beautiful
Tell me you won't get old and leave me alone

I am not that photo