

Pennies in the Fountain

Glen Hansard

The only way to hold on to this love is with an open hand.
You told me that the first day we met.
I didn't understand

Beneath the broad-beamed boughs, your love changed
a slow coming apart.
You moved on and I stayed the same.
I was trailing from the start

We laid long in the tall grass.
We loved for the joy of love itself.
We threw our pennies in the fountain and we wished for nothing
else.
And we wished for nothing else.

And through the crossbeams whispers were heard:
undoing in every line.
And in the fall you flew little bird
but I'll see you when it's time

We laid long in the tall grass.
We loved for the joy of love itself.
We threw our pennies in the fountain and we wished for nothing
else.
And we wished for nothing else.

We laid long in the tall grass.
We loved for the joy of love itself.
We suffered heartache after heartache but we wished for nothing
else.
We wished for nothing else.