

The Waltz

Planet Funk

You're calling her with rings of gold
Gold bleeding from the stars
It's pouring like jewels
Pouring from the moon
From her eyes
Cascading around your feet
It wraps inside your fingers

You feel it from the shining sun
The blinding shining sun
You feel it from the shining sun
It takes you on a journey across the stone
It's the oldest stone
You feel it damp beneath your feet
The dew on the grass it sooths your tired feet

From her eyes
Cascading around your feet
It wraps inside your fingers

You feel it from the shining sun
The blinding shining sun
You feel it from the shining sun
It takes you on a journey across the stone

You feel it damp beneath your feet
Like dew on the grass it sooths your tired feet