

## Danny Boy

Rufus Wainwright

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 heard of bulls charging stoplights red  
I'd be blind

You broke my heart, danny boy  
Not your fault, danny boy  
I was had at the doorstep  
Played, like a two to a four-set  
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 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 bend  
Or a heard of bulls charging stoplights red  
I'd be blind

You broke my heart, danny boy  
Not your fault, danny boy  
I was had at the doorstep  
Played, like a two to a four-set  
Had, like poor job in the bible by god