

# The Golden Floor

Snow Patrol

Tell me that you want to dance  
I want to feel your pulse on mine  
Just treat me like a stolen glance  
To yourself

A dark shape on a golden floor  
A sleeping planet with a molten core  
From above we'd cut a slow eight shape  
And much more

I'm a peasant in your princess arms  
Penniless with only charm  
As we're leveled by the low, hot lights  
And disarmed

I'm not afraid of anything even time  
It'll eke away at everything but we'll be fine

I'm folded in the bread you made  
You're cold until my body bathes  
You in the heat I kept aside  
All these days

I'm not afraid of anything even time  
It'll eke away at everything but we'll be fine