

Fine

The Cardigans

Upon a roof below the moon
Nearby a park-bench in the sun
Upon the stairway to your room
Why won't you wrap your life around
Those certain words I just found

I wear your golden ring inside
Suits me very fine
I wear your golden heart in mine
Suits me very fine

A backseat sofa in the dark
Upon a viewpoint in our town
Nearby a fountain in a park
Why won't you wrap your life around
Those certain words I just found

I wear your golden ring inside
Suits me very fine
I wear your golden heart in mine
Suits me very fine
I wear your golden heart in mine
And life is very fine

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