Golden Hour

Sam Roberts

The glint of gold always pulls the eye
The years unfold as the days go by
I got the holes
You got the kisses
I drew the blood
And you sewed the stitchesI've got a fever under my skin
Going to the water gonna jump right in
I've got a fever under my skin
Going to the water gonna jump right in
In the golden hour, in the golden hour, in the golden hour
In the golden hour, in the golden hour, in the golden hourI tell the stories
You do the dishes
I'll blow the candles
You make the wishes
The night is never
As dark as it seems
You bring the cheque book
I'll bring the dreamsI've got a fever under my skin
Going to the water gonna jump right in
I've got a fever under my skin
Going to the water gonna jump right in
In the golden hour, in the golden hour, in the golden hour
In the golden hour, in the golden hour, in the golden hourTide is dancing with the shore
Honey take my hand, what are we waiting for
Walk in the light of the golden hour
I'll be the roots, you'll be the flowerI've got a fever under my skin
Going to the water gonna jump right in
I've got a fever under my skin
Going to the water gonna jump right in
In the golden hour, in the golden hour, in the golden hour
In the golden hour, in the golden hour, in the golden hour

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