

Bella

Angus & Julia Stone

Hello There goes the gal in the pretty skirt
With the golden smile that made you feel new
Like when the marching band strolls the street
You know another years come too soon So you took her hand and she gave a look
That sent you to the moon
And there you spoke the words of a gentleman
Can I have this dance with you?
Can I share this dance with you? Won't you come on home?
I built us a flying machine
And well go where you want
And we'll sail the seven seas
I hope all is well in Daisy's dreams There goes the gal
Yeah, the pretty bird, on the golden mile
That made you feel real
She took with on to the stars
She don't make no big deal And there she sits with them big old fields
Of daisies and rusty mills
And when the sun, it shines on her hair of gold
She's beautiful, she's beautiful Won't you come on home?
I built us a flying machine
And well go where you want
Well sail the seven seas
I hope all is well in Daisy's dreams
In Daisy's dreams

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