

# Pennies in the Fountain

**Glen Hansard**

The only way to hold on to this love is with an open hand.

You told me that the first day we met. I didn't understand. Beneath the broad-beamed boughs, your love  
changed: a slow coming apart.

You moved on and I stayed the same. I was trailing from the start. We laid long in the tall grass. We loved for  
the joy of love itself.

We threw our pennies in the fountain and we wished for nothing else. And we wished for nothing else. And  
through the crossbeams whispers were heard: undoing in every line.

And in the fall you flew little bird but I'll see you when it's time. We laid long in the tall grass. We loved for the  
joy of love itself.

We threw our pennies in the fountain and we wished for nothing else. And we wished for nothing else. We laid  
long in the tall grass. We loved for the joy of love itself.

We suffered heartache after heartache but we wished for nothing else. We wished for nothing else.

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