

Halo Of Gold

Beck

Have you got a fine place to slip to
When you're feeling down
Have you had a week or two
Just to get your troubles down
Found a lot of life and laughter
With a grandfather in the bowery
She had a body of sixteen or seventeen
She had a mind of forty
I met her on a cold day
In a city far away
With the worlds about zero
And I saw at once
Into her soul
She's gonna call me her hero
Never like a walk in the rain or the lane
I found a lot of death that day
With the grandfather in the bowery
Cause I like her like the world
She had a halo of gold
Told me stories of her life
And the courage was sublime, pantomime
I walk the line 'cause you're blind
I walk the line

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