Gold

Andra Day

He don't know I call him the teacher
He had hard lessons for the kid
I could offer you true helly put me under the same spell
He lied and he stressed me outYou love me like a precious gift
And he loved me like a sloppy kiss
You would tell me your heart aches,
now I understand the pain
Oh why did I let you drownBaby, what you believe that I been broken
You say memories again and again
I see the real and it's real to me
I gave up gold for grains of sand
Slipin' through my hand, hand, hand, hands
Slipin' through my hand, hand, hand, hands
You had no problems with commitment
Like a king is loyal to honesties
You look for a ring to fit,
while I played wify with the kids
Oh the irony makes me sickHe tried to make me look crazy
Nothing new about his kind of scheme
I laugh when I think about his face
when the truth now is spilled out
He looked like me I get that nowBut Baby, what you believe that I been broken
You say memories again and again
I see the real and it's real to me
I gave up gold for grains of sand
Slipin' through my hand, hand, hand, hands
Slipin' through my hand, hand, hand, hands
Slipin' through my hand, hand, hand, hands
Slipin' through my hand, hand, hand, hands
Ah, ah, ah, ah
But Baby, what you believe that I been broken
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Slipin' through my hand, hand, hand, hands...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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