

# 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 out You 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 drown 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  
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 sick He 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 now But 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  
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...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

