

Gold

Andra Day

He don't know I call him the teacher
He had hard lessons for the kid
I get up, put you through hell
He put me under the same spell
He lied, man, he stressed me out

You loved 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, would you believe, that I've been broken
You say memories play again and again
I see the reel, now it's real to me
I gave up gold for grains of sand
Slippin' through my hand, hand, hand, hand
Slippin' through my hand, hand, hand, hand

You had no problems with commitment
Like a king is loyal to what's his
You looked for a ring to fit
While I played wifey with a kid
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 truth nearly spilled out
He looked like me, I get that now

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