

Golden Brown

Hugh Cornwell

Golden brown texture like sun
Lays me down with my might she runs
Throughout the night
No need to fight
Never a frown with golden brown Every time just like the last
On her ship tied to the mast
To distant lands
Takes both my hands
Never a frown with golden brown Golden brown finer temptress
Through the ages she's heading west
From far away
Stays for a day
Never a frown with golden brown Never a frown
With golden brown
Never a frown
With golden brown

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