

# Solid Gold Telephone

## Head Automatica

Teen runaway, youth depraved  
Your time is almost here  
Shimmies and shakes, stands by her side  
And whispers something in her ear  
You can't go home high, not tonightGo man go, Saturn here we come  
And if you're in the know  
Your soul's solid goldTeen runaway, youth depraved  
Grows tipsy off wine  
But baby makes a sweet embrace  
A gift so very hard to find  
You can't go home high, not tonightGo man go, Saturn here we come  
And if you're in the know  
Your soul's solid gold

Lyrics provided by

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