

Boy

Darden Smith

Golden boy, golden hair
Skinny arms, you don't care
They loved your look, loved your sound
Loved it when you came unwound And you saw the world
In a darker shade of blue
Didn't you let the colors
Wash all over you Golden boy, your daddy's name
Carved upon a ball and chain
Drag it out across the stage
Scream and shout it, all the rage Amsterdam to San Fran
No one plays it like you can

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