

# Golden Star

**Jean B. Gerbier**

Golden star

Were you the one I met sitting alone, on the bench at  
the park. With a blue pair of jeans, golden necklace,  
holding a golden star, with a picture of the son of God.  
I remember our first kiss at the end of the day.

Chorus

you are my Golden Star, symbolic of my love.  
you are my Golden Star, sparkling with diamond,  
you are my Golden Star, the wind is whispering this  
song.

Let my mouth find your lips, as we float like a cloud  
through the air. It's a scene, which will go on forever,  
for as long as we are children of God. Golden Star meant  
just for each other, on this earth and on the next life.

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