

# Golden Girl

## Junk Culture

She peels an orange for us in the morning  
She woke me up to give me half  
I can hear the children talk of ballin'  
Like wildcats running on the grass, hey  
You're a girl on this island  
I'm a boy from America  
My flight leaves tonight, but I don't think I'm going backwards  
I won't be going backwards  
[Hook]You're my golden girl  
You're the one I've chosen girl  
You're 24k  
You make it bright when it's grey  
You're my golden girl  
The sun has been kind to you  
You're 24k (Girl)  
But the sky's never grey (Never grey)  
Silent moments, meditative poses  
You break my focus, you make me laugh  
Two mopeds racing through the forest  
Making dirt clouds on a path, on a path  
I'm my best on this island  
I'm a mess in America

My flight left last night, but I know I'm not going back home, yeah  
I'm not going back home, no  
[Hook][If we build a ho](pending)use in paradise, will we get to heaven still?  
If we don't have to live through hell just to get to heaven  
I'mma stay right here with you  
Til the hurricane comes, 'til the tsunami comes, I've found my girl  
[Hook]Um, you're my G-O L-D E-N G-I R-L  
And that's for the females that can't spell, but  
Thanks for fucking with me  
You turn my dark into light, you're like a bucket of bleach  
You see, I want you to know that  
My negatives at home aren't working for my Kodak  
So that means that I don't want to go back  
Just know that I would like to stay here and hold that  
Hand of yours, girl I'm a wreck in America  
Your face is the best cause it's the same color as the lace on my neck

And you're golden, uh, your eyes open, fuck it  
Let's toast and listen to Michael Bolton  
I free-fall off the hill again  
Let's see where I land, I'm like Gilligan  
Um, I trust you, Golden, for what? ?  
I'm just hopin' that you don't turn my neck green

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