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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