

Golden Brown

Hugh Cornwell

Golden brown texture like sun
Lays me down with my mind she runs
Throughout the night no need to fight
Never a frown with golden brown

Everytime just like the last
On her ship, ship's tied to the mast
To distant lands, takes both my hands
Never a frown with golden brown

Golden brown

Golden brown, the finer temptress
Through the ages, she's headin' west
From far away, stays for a day
Never a frown with golden brown

Golden brown, golden brown
Golden brown, golden brown
Golden brown, golden brown
Golden brown

Never a frown with golden brown
Golden brown, golden brown
Golden brown, golden brown
Golden brown, golden, golden brown
Golden, golden, golden brown

From far away, stays for a day
Never a frown with golden brown
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