Barns Courtney, Golden

Here we go
Brighter than heaven's glow
Hotter than heathens
Beauty queen
Pray seven sisters keep
My piston's beating

I could speak into your lips
Barely open trembeling
Blood that flows beneath your skin
It's golden
Holy hell ophelia
Underneath the sleeping stars
Beauty rich as caviar
It's golden (it's golden)
It's golden

Buttercup
I'd love to shoot you up
Start the ignition
Singing songs
But they're all dead and gone
Just aparitions

I could speak into your lips
Screaming of your fingertips
Holy hell I'm jumping ship
It's golden
Hold me close ophelia
Undress under the stars
Beauty rich as caviar
It's golden (it's golden)
It's golden
It's golden
It's golden