

Head Automatica, Solid Gold Telephone

Teen runaway, youth depraved, your time is almost here
Shimmies and shakes, stands by her side
And whispers something in her ear
"You can't go home high, not tonight"

Go man go, Saturn here we come
And if you're in the know
Your soul's solid gold

Teen runaway, youth depraved, grows tipsy off wine
But baby makes a sweet embrace, a gift so very hard to find
"You can't go home high, not tonight"

Go man go, Saturn here we come
And if you're in the know
Your soul's solid gold

Go man go, Saturn here we come
And if you're in the know
Go man go, Saturn here we come
And if you're in the know