

# Hugh Cornwell, Golden Brown

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

Every time just like the last  
On her ship tied to the mast  
To distant lands  
Takes both my hands  
Never a frown with golden brown

Golden brown finer temptress  
Through the ages she's heading West

From far away  
Stays for a day  
Never a frown with golden brown

Never a frown  
With golden brown  
Never a frown  
With golden brown