

No Doctors, Gold Patch for Walt Whitman

Build a bridge in time,
Yellow and blue,
Soft like a girl,
The phantom is breathing,
Time is connected in your mind,
Goldpatch.

Heavy theory known in the morning,
Deeper rhythm every time,
Ancient sunshine shown to be glory,
Hold me closer, straight to the sky

Goldpatch Goldpatch Goldpatch
Deeper rhythm every time
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Hold me closer straight to the sky

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Hold me closer straight to the sky