

GOLDWING

Billie Eilish

He hath come to the bosom of his beloved
Smiling on him, she beareth him to highest heav'n
With yearning heart
On thee we gaze o' gold-wing'd messenger of mighty Gods

Goldwing angel
Go home, don't tell
Anyone what you are
You're sacred and they're starved
And their art is gettin' dark
And there you are to tear apart
Tear apart, tear apart, tear apart

You better keep your head down-down
Da-da-down-down, da-da-down-down
Better keep your head down-down
Da-da-down-down, da-da-down-down

They're gonna tell you what you wanna hear
Then they're gonna disappear
Gonna claim you like you a souvenir
Just to sell you in a year

You better keep your head down-down
Da-da-down-down, da-da-down-down
Keep your head down-down
Da-da-down-down, da-da-down-down
Better keep your head down-down
Da-da-down-down, da-da-down-down
Keep your head down-down
Da-da-down-down, da-da-down-down

That's good!