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!