

# Golden Devils

OK Go

A couple golden lonely devils  
Reaching out for wanting food  
But only fools feed golden devils  
So watch yourself or you'll be out of you

It's your birthday  
Happy birthday  
May this day bring all your night's best scenes come true  
It's your birthday  
Happy birthday  
To those stars full of eyes  
Trapped simian cries from noise-slinging monkeys at curbside

'Cause we're forever boys in corsets  
Growing closer to our choices  
Hanging feathers in the closet  
To the drumming of Mom's bracelets  
So sing on  
Like you mean it, like you mean it  
Sing on another tune or two  
'Cause everyone goes through a gold rush or two  
With the devils peddling shovels for their due  
But the song goes on long after we're through  
Doing the worst we can do

You say, yeah, but that was then, this is now  
With that blind evil Rapunzel poured down their mouths  
And now that we've spun 'round the sun again  
The night's best scenes are short-sigh stories once again

And now more than ever, we're boys in corsets  
Crawling spirals towards those choices  
Trying to pry the closet open  
With a crowbar made of bracelets  
And we'll sing on  
Like we need to, 'cause we do  
We'll sing on another dream or two  
And score one more for the follies of our youth  
A devil will peddle anything for its due  
And the song goes on long after we're through  
Doing the worst we can do

And it goes on and on  
So honey, hold on, hold on  
Yeah, it goes on and on  
So honey, hold on, hold on  
Hold on, we're just getting to the good part  
We're just getting to the good part

The finest gift a hand-me-down  
This foolish hungry heart  
Singing along

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Reaching out for wanting food