

## Frank Ocean

### "End / Golden Girl"

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Darker times  
They're telling boulder heavy lies  
Looks like all we've got is each other  
The truth is obsolete  
Remember when all I had was my mother  
She didn't compromise  
She could recognize  
Voodoo  
Our daughters and our sons  
Are just candles in the sun  
Voodoo  
Don't let him see divide  
Don't you let her see divide  
Voodoo  
She's got the whole wide world in her juicy fruit  
He's got the whole wide world in his pants  
He wrapped the whole wide world in a wedding band  
Then put the whole wide world on her hands  
She's got the whole wide world in her hands  
He's got the whole wide world in his hands

There's somethin' about you  
I can't believe I'm even talking to you, tellin' you this  
right now  
You're special  
I wish you could see what I see

She peels an orange for us in the morning  
She woke me up to give me half  
I can hear the children talk of ballin'  
Like wildcats running on the grass, hey

You're a girl on this island  
I'm a boy from America  
My flight leaves tonight, but I don't think I'm going  
backwards  
I won't be going backwards

[Hook]  
You're my golden girl  
You're the one I've chosen girl

You're 24k  
You make it bright when it's grey  
You're my golden girl  
The sun has been kind to you  
You're 24k (Girl)  
But the sky's never grey (Never grey)

Silent moments, meditative poses  
You break my focus, you make me laugh  
Two mopeds racing through the forest  
Making dirt clouds on a path, on a path

I'm my best on this island  
I'm a mess in America  
My flight left last night, but I know I'm not going back  
home, yeah  
I'm not going back home, no

[Hook]

[If we build a ho](pending)use in paradise, will we get  
to heaven still?  
If we don't have to live through hell just to get to  
heaven  
I'mma stay right here with you  
Til the hurricane comes, 'til the tsunami comes, I've  
found my girl

[Hook]

Um, you're my G-O L-D E-N G-I R-L  
And that's for the females that can't spell, but  
Thanks for fucking with me  
You turn my dark into light, you're like a bucket of  
bleach  
You see, I want you to know that  
My negatives at home aren't working for my Kodak  
So that means that I don't want to go back  
Just know that I would like to stay here and hold that  
Hand of yours, girl I'm a wreck in America  
Your face is the best cause it's the same color as the  
lace on my neck  
And you're golden, uh, your eyes open, fuck it  
Let's toast and listen to Michael Bolton  
I free-fall off the hill again  
Let's see where I land, I'm like Gilligan  
Um, I trust you, Golden, for what? ?  
I'm just hopin' that you don't turn my neck green

