

# Rose Gold

Glancing over the frames of your shades. Backdrop blush, luxe, saccharine.  
Posh posy optics, picture perfect. Water your garden with chardonnay.  
All silk and ivory, honeysuckle and nectarines,  
Nouveau Monroe. Girl, we will follow you anywhere you go.

Swimming in chintz and velveteen. Lush, plush, genuine.  
You're a peaches and cream kind of lady. Yeah, you're coated in clover, baby.  
Dripping with pink champagne, all the elegance of April rain.  
Lissome, winsome. Honey, do tell us where we can get some.

Oh, she's like a dream. She takes her pick of everything.  
Yeah, she's a fantasy to me.

She'll take it in rose gold. She's everything you ever want to be,  
Turning heads in the front row, with all the beauty you could ever need.  
You can make it if you let go, straighten up and strip down to scaffolding.  
Patch it back up with rose gold, then maybe, baby you can have everything.

Tantalize with your gilded, grapefruit grace. Poised, posed, Panglossian.  
Crystalized confection, contemporary. Closet of cashmere and Piaget.  
Fixated, flushed in fuchsia. Darling, please show us how to get close to you.  
Electric, aesthetic. Glamorous, and ever unapologetic.

Oh, she's like a dream. Walking, talking artistry.  
Yeah, she's a living fantasy.

She'll take it in rose gold. She's everything you ever want to be,  
Turning heads in the front row, with all the beauty you could ever need.  
You can make it if you let go, straighten up and strip down to scaffolding.  
Patch it back up with rose gold, then maybe, baby you can have everything.

I can be perfectly asymmetric, herringbone, hyacinth, opalescent.  
Slender, sophisticated, eloquent, decadent, delicate.  
Yeah, I'll be statuesque, never coquettish. Make a splash, a raspberry truffle wrapped in artisan allure.  
Yeah, just like her.

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