Goldfinger

Goldfinger. He's the man, the man with the midas touch.

A spider's touch. Cold finger. Beckons you to enter his web of sin. But don't go in.

Words he will pour in your ear, But his hes can't disguise what you fear, For a golden girl knows when he's kissed her, It's the kiss of death from Mister Goldfinger. Pretty girl be aware of this heart of gold. This heart is cold.

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This heart is cold.

He loves only

gold, only gold. He loves gold. He loves only gold, only

gold. He loves gold.