## Sunny Day Real Estate, Days Were Golden

the days were golden we were known to be we won't escape this memory forward on to the place we sail

all to believe when you raise an iron hand this place without a song for all the words just crawl

glimmering and everything another skull you said it was dangerous found out the place where you're going follow me down the path I take your hopes I promise you this a dying cold world but gold shimmering gold

come momma now tell me the story only laughing about our gilded wasteland devoured torn into pieces come now we shine small things ever calling out your name you hear some other time unchained alive a world undefined

all to be free when you raise an open hand this place without a wall the words just grow