

Beck, The Golden Age

Put your hands on the wheel
Let the golden age begin
Let the window down
Feel the moonlight on your skin
Let the desert wind
Cool your aching head
Let the weight of the world
Drift away instead

These day I barely get by
I dont even try

Its a treacherous road
With a desolated view
Theres distant lights
But here theyre far and few
And the sun dont shine
Even when its day
You gotta drive all night
Just to feel like youre ok

These days I barely get by
I dont even try