

# 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