

Kent, About Golden Years

Sometimes it's hard to make those noises disappear.
Inside my head, behind my eyes, between my ears.
You try to tell me it's delusion and plain fear.
I close my eyes and just pretend I didn't hear.

And I try.
Yes I try.
And I try so hard.
Time goes by,
Yes it flies when you try to catch a star.

I hate it when I'm sober and I love it when I'm drunk.
Everything is deadly, you get cancer in the sun.
I hear his voice and it is cigarettes and tears.
He is the thin, white duke singing about golden years

And I try.
Yes I try.
And I try so hard.
Time goes by,
Yes it flies when you try to catch a star.