

# KT Tunstall, Golden Age

Put your hands on the wheel  
Let the golden age begin  
Let the window down  
Feel the moonlight on your skin  
Desert wind, cool your aching head  
Weight of the world  
Drift away instead

Oh, these days I hardly get by  
I don't even try

There's a treacherous road  
With a desolated view  
As distant lights  
They hear their foreign view  
Sun don't shine  
Even when it's day  
Drive all night  
Just to feel like you're okay

Oh, these days I barely get by  
I don't even try  
I don't even try