

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