

Sunny Day Real Estate, The Days Were Golden

the days were golden we were known to be
we won't escape this memory forward on
to the place we sail
all to believe
when you raise an iron hand
this place without a song for all
the words just crawl
glimmering and everything another skull
you said it was dangerous
found out the place where you're going
follow me down the path
I take your hopes I promise you this
a dying cold world but gold
shimmering gold
come momma now tell me the story
only laughing
about our gilded wasteland
devoured torn into pieces
come now we shine
small things ever calling out your name
you hear some other time unchained alive
a world undefined
all to be free
when you raise an open hand
this place without a wall
the words just grow