

# The Golden Age

Beck

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

Oh  
These days I barely get by  
I don't even try

It's a treacherous road  
With a desolated view  
There's distant lights  
But here they're far and few  
And the sun don't shine  
Even when it's day  
You gotta drive all night  
Just to feel like you're OK

Oh  
These days I barely get by  
I don't even try  
I don't even try