

Silver Age

Bob Mould

The spring is over, no more golden race
All the ease and the peace has suddenly faded away

I live a century filled with sorrow and sin
There's no rights, no wrong, such a godless state I'm in

Another live saint gonna take my place
You say a cheap prayer to my pretty face, yeah
You better pray for rain, yeah
Never too old to contain my rage
The silver age, the silver age

This is how I'm gonna spend my days
Gonna fight, gonna fuck, gonna feed
Gonna walk away

Stupid little kid wanna hate my game
I don't need a spot in your hall of fame, no
What a fucking game, yo
I'm wiping my face of the shit you say
In the silver age I walk away singing
The silver age is calling out a melody

Breaking me was hard to do
I had to break away from you
But since you found my switch
I've been falling on my face

And now it comes so clear
The love sigh I hear you sing
The silver age is calling out a melody