

The Golden Age

Cracker

This is the Golden Age
It's hard to imagine
With the way I feel today
That this is the Golden Age
The Golden Age

Somewhere I failed
Somewhere I lost you
In a black crowd of crows
And shiny things
I can't remember

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It seems like I'm high
But baby I'm crawling
In the unbearable days
I threw away
But I should have savored
The flaxen light
Off of the dying wheat
Your rye whiskey mouth
And your dandelion teeth

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