

Golden Years (Rytmeklubben Remix)

Dia Frampton

Castaway storms in the dead of night
Blaze like arrows that are lit on fire
As the smoke rises up in the city
All our bodies are tangled and torn
While the world spins until we are dizzy
We want more
We want more
We're in the golden years
Don't tell me what the damage is, oh
We're in the golden years
Don't tell me how hard we got hit
Some days, most days, and most nights, too
Can't sleep for shit, can't escape bad news
Nobody knows, nobody knows, nobody knows what I go through
Nobody knows, nobody knows, nobody knows what I turn to
We're in the golden years
Don't tell me what the damage is, oh
We're in the golden years
Don't tell me how hard we got hit
We're in the golden years
Don't tell me what the damage is, oh
We're in the golden years
Don't tell me how hard we got hit
You better learn, you better learn
We don't apologize
We've heard this all before
We're coming back for more
Letting you go, letting you bleed
Just give us what we need
We're washing up on shore
We're coming back for more
We're in the golden years
Don't tell me what the damage is, oh
We're in the golden years
Don't tell me how hard we got hit
We're in the golden years
Don't tell me what the damage is, oh
We're in the golden years
Don't tell me how hard we got hit

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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