# 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 insteadThese days I barely get by
I don't even tryIt'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 its day
You gotta drive all night
Just to feel like you're okayThese days I barely get by
I don't even try, I don't even try

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