

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 This is the golden age
This is the golden age
The golden age It seems like I'm high
But baby, I'm crawlin'
Through 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 This is the golden age
This is the golden age
This is the golden age This is the golden age
This is the golden age
This is the golden age

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