

# 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

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