

# Golden Age

## Union Carbide Productions

I start counting the leaves  
While everybody's behind  
I'm waiting here for the meek  
They will inherit this time  
And everybody's laughing  
When you say you're gonna rise above  
And there's no use asking  
When you pray that all you need is love It doesn't matter to me  
Well, does it matter to you  
They didn't give you much space  
They didn't give you much time  
In this golden age Too much has been told  
And too much has been said  
But you'll never get old  
When everybody's dead  
And all your children are laughing  
When you say you're gonna rise above  
And there is no use asking  
When you've got memories to dwell upon it doesn't matter to me  
Well, does it matter to you  
They didn't give you much space  
They didn't give you much time  
In this golden age I start counting the leaves  
While everybody's behind  
I'm waiting here for the meek  
They shall inherit this time  
And everybody's laughing  
When you say you're gonna rise above  
But there's no use asking  
When  
You pray that all you need is love it doesn't matter to me  
Well, does it matter to you  
I didn't lose my face  
I didn't trace my time  
In your golden age

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