

# Golden Age

E.j. Gold

Put your hands on the wheel  
Let the golden age begin  
Let the window down  
Feel the moonlight on your skin  
The desert wind  
Cool your aching head  
The weight of the world  
Drift away instead  
Oh, these days hardly get by  
I don't even try  
It's a treacherous road  
With a desolated view  
There's distant lights  
But here, they're far and few  
The sun don't shine  
Even when it's day  
Drive all night  
Just to feel like you're okay  
Oh, these days, I barely get by  
I don't even try  
I don't even try

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