Golden Age

Darden Smith

We're living in the golden age of pain
The golden age of pain
There's a wind blowing through my door
And it's never been this cold before
It's the golden age of painI tell you that the golden age is here
Everybody's drowning on the tidal wave of tears
And on the little ball in space
Can't nobody win a human race
When the golden age is hereWe got to have love, we got to have peace
We got to have trust out on the street, baby
Until the broken hearts all mend
How we ever gonna find the end
Of the golden age of pain?We're living in the golden age of pain
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, it's all the same
Because the body don't take the blow
It's the soul of a man that gets laid low
In the golden age of pain

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