# Golden Age

## Gentlemen Hall

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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