

Bob Mould

"Silver Age"

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The spring is over
No more golden race
All the ease and the peace has suddenly faded away

I lived a century
Filled with sorrow and sin
There's no right no wrong such a godless state I'm in

Another rock saint gonna take my place
You say a cheap prayer to my pretty face yeah
You better pray for rain now
Never too old to contain my rage
A silver age, a 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
It's all a fuckin 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
The silver age is calling out a melody

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