

Kt Tunstall

"Gloden Age"

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Put your hands on the wheel
Let the golden age begin
Let the window down
Feel the moonlight on your skin
(Let) the desert wind
Cool your aching head
(Let) the weight of the world
Drift away instead

Oh, these days I 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 ok

Oh, these days I barely get by
I don't even try

I don't even try

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