

## **Flaming Lips, The "The Golden 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

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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