

# The Golden Age

Cracker

This is the Golden Age  
It's hard to imagine  
With the way I feel today  
That this is the Golden Age  
The Golden Age

Somewhere I failed  
Somewhere I lost you  
In a black crowd of crows  
And shiny things  
I can't remember

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It seems like I'm high  
But baby I'm crawling  
In the unbearable days  
I threw away  
But I should have savored  
The flaxen light  
Off of the dying wheat  
Your rye whiskey mouth  
And your dandelion teeth

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