

Looking back at all my honest years
It just seems so miraculous
That all those bright lights surrounded us
'Cause the hours, they ain't change
But they seem painted golden to me

All my data spent on me just looking at past realities
Avoiding what's right in front of me, baby
All my data spent on me just looking at past realities
Avoiding what's right in front of me, baby

All those golden years
Forever kept containing my past
All those golden years
Forever kept containing those past sunshines
Just a golden hour or a golden minute
Or a golden second, just to keep my eyes forward
Just a golden hour or a golden minute
Or a golden second, just to keep my path glowing

Nowadays it seems that all my blades have been blunted
Cutting through life, my path all rugged
Making mistakes 'cause my sight is clouded
All of my senses have been blinded
'Cause I always fall in love with last year

All those golden years
Forever kept containing my past
All those golden years
Forever kept containing those past sunshines
Just a golden hour or a golden minute
Or a golden second, just to keep my eyes forward
Just a golden hour or a golden minute
Or a golden second, just to keep my path glowing

Where am I supposed to go?
How am I supposed to leave?
Look at what's in front of me
I'm looking for a path to lead
Where am I supposed to go?
How am I supposed to leave?
Look at what's in front of me
I'm looking for a path to lead

Where am I supposed to go?
Looking through this misty haze
How am I supposed to leave?
Looking back at my memories
Look at what's in front of me
Looking through those yesterdays
I'm looking for a path to lead