

## Golden Days

## The Wild Feathers

Underneath the sycamore tree  
I can only dream how it used to be  
Yeah maybe I was born after my time  
Yeah a little too late for a heart like mine

So much to hold onto  
But I've always tried to run  
Time doesn't stop, it just keeps moving on  
You only miss it when it's gone

Golden days, ain't what they used to be  
Golden days, ain't what they used to be

I think it's time I pick up and leave  
Head somewhere a little more than free  
So I hope this letter will find you in time  
Somewhere where the cactus meets the pine

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But I've always tried to run  
Time doesn't stop, it just keeps moving on  
You only miss it when it's gone

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