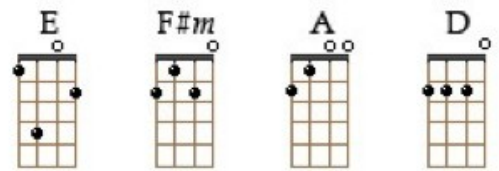


Beck

The Golden Age



E F#m A E

E F#m

Put your hands on the wheel

A E F#m A

Let the golden age begin

E F#m

Let the window down

A E F#m A

Feel the moonlight on your skin

E F#m

Let the desert wind

A E F#m A

Cool your aching head

E F#m

let the weight of the world

A E F#m A

Drift away instead

D A F#m A E F#m

Oh These days I barely get by

A E F#m A

I don't even try

E F#m

It's a treacherous road

A E F#m A

With a desolated view

E F#m

There's distant lights

A E F#m A

But here they're far and few

E F#m

And the sun don't shine

A E F#m A

Even when it's day

E F#m

You gotta drive all night

A E F#m A

Just to feel like you're OK

D A F#m A E F#m

Oh These days I barely get by

A E F#m

I don't even try

A E F#m A

I don't even try

E F#m A E

B