

Golden Hour Highway

A dreamy, cinematic song for a Sunday-afternoon drive — a voice floating over a wide-open road.

[Intro]

[Verse] Low sun on the window, amber in the glass
The road runs out ahead of me, I let the hours pass
No place I have to be now, no hurry in my hands
Just the hum beneath the wheels and all this open land

[Chorus] Oh, golden hour highway Carry me slow
Let the light go soft and the whole world glow
I don't need to know where I'm going
Just the way the sky lets go

[Verse] The fields turn into honey, the hills begin to burn
Every mile a little quieter, nothing left to learn
The mirror holds the morning, the dashboard holds the day
And the radio is only wind, and I am miles away

[Chorus] Oh, golden hour highway Carry me slow
Let the light go soft and the whole world glow
I don't need to know where I'm going
Just the way the sky lets go

[Bridge] Horizon like a promise, thin and gold and far
A quiet kind of forever, wherever we are

[Outro] Carry me slow Carry me slow
Let the whole world glow