

Panic! At The Disco - Golden Days

Tom: G

I found a pile of Polaroids
 In the crates of a record shop
 They were sex, sexy looking back
 From a night that time forgot

Boy he was something debonair in 1979
 And she had Farrah Fawcett hair
 Carafes of blood red wine

In the summertime
 In the summertime
 In the summertime

Oh don't you wonder when the light begins to fade?
 And the clock just makes the colors turn to grey
 Forever younger
 Growing older just the same
 All the memories that we make will never change
 We'll stay drunk, we'll stay tan
 Let the love remain
 And I swear that I'll always paint you
 Golden days
 Golden days
 Golden days
 Golden days
 Golden days

I bet they met some diplomats
 on Bianca Jagger's new yacht
 With their caviar and dead cigars
 The air was sauna hot
 I bet they never even thought about
 The glitter dancing on the skin

The decades might've washed it out
 As the flashes popped like pins

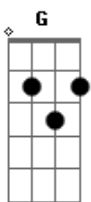
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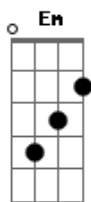
Time can never break your heart
 But It'll take the pain away
 Right now our future's certain
 I won't let it fade away

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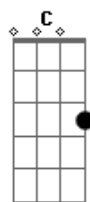
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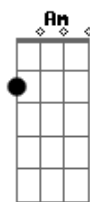
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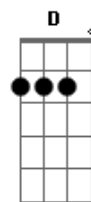
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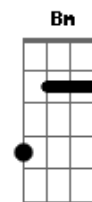
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