

# 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

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

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  
In the summertime  
In the summertime

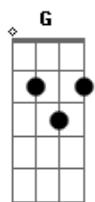
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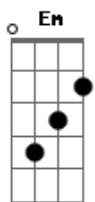
Time can never break your heart  
But It'll take the pain away  
Right now our future's certain  
I won't let it fade away

Golden days  
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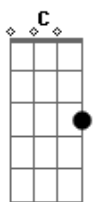
## Acordes



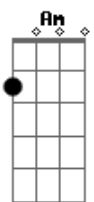
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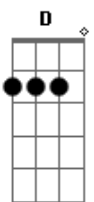
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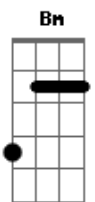
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