

# 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

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

