

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

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

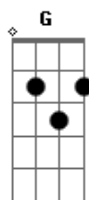
Let the love remain
And I swear that I'll always paint you
Golden days
Golden days
Golden days
Golden days

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

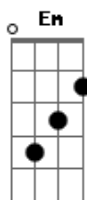
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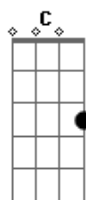
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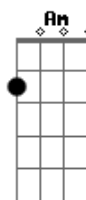
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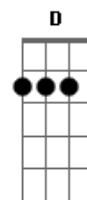
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