

Arcadia

Ramona Lisa

Cars they were passing
Waves they were crashing on the shore
Fingers were burning
The pages they're turning
And I want more Here I ran
From the west
Unto ruins
Where the sun dances with death Arcadia, Arcadia
Now she holds me tight like I held you Arcadia, Arcadia
Hour after hour gold and blue To be had... Arcadia, Arcadia
Now I know that time forgets us too Arcadia, Arcadia
Hour after hour gold and blue

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