

Casablanca

[Dane Donohue](#)

Meeting in a jungle of a hundred burning suns
We couldn't hide, we couldn't run
Inner city art mirages, you never know who to trust
This isn't fantasy, this is us Oh Casablanca, you were my island
Lost in the middle of an ocean of sand
We were actors in their dreams, ain't it true, baby
Oh Casablanca, you were my island
Lost in the middle of an ocean of sand We had everybody's eyes upon us
We're the fundamental things of life
We're the strangers as time goes by Sound stage 7, you'd pretend you're not there
Cameras are rolling, make believe you don't care
We were actors in their dreams, ain't it true, baby

Songwriters

Fisher, Shawn Published by

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