

# Arcadia

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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 golden blue

To be had...

Arcadia, Arcadia  
Now I know that time forgets us too  
Arcadia, Arcadia  
Hour after hour golden blue