

In the morning I awoke the man that laid with me
I was entranced the night before by everything we did
The sky was pink, the sand was white, the ocean clear as glass
The palm tree stands by the breeze that the wind had cast

All of these days seemed like a phantasy
I wish that I could bring this back with me

'Cause we laughed and we talked and we walked and we kissed and
we danced
The night away
And we swam and we touched and we laid on the sand, we made love
In these holidays

I wish for those days again
Again, again, and again
So many hours but they're not enough for us to have
It seems as though we need a time machine to bring us back
The air is haunting me and everything I shouldn't feel
But something tells me that it's written that this feeling's real

All of these days seem like a phantasy
I wish that I could bring this back with me