

A.F.I. (Afi)

"Days Of The Pheonix"

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I remember when, I was told a story of
Crushed velvet, candle wax and dried up flowers
The figure on the bed, all dressed up in roses,
Calling'Â€Â¡ beckoning to sleep'Â€Â¡. offering a
dream.

The words were as mystical as
Purring animals

The circle of rage'Â€Â¡
The ghosts on the stage appeared

Time was so tangible
I'll never let it go

Ghost stories handed down,
Reached secret tunnels below

No one could see me
(Ohhhhhhhhhhhh)
I fell in to yesterday
(Ohhhhhhhhhhhh)
Our dreams seemed not far away
I want to, I want to, I want to stay
(Ohhhhhhhhhhhh)
I fell into fantasy

The words were as mystical as
Purring animals

The circle of rage'Â€Â¡
The ghosts on the stage appeared

Time was so tangible
I'll never let it go

Ghost stories handed down,
Reached secret tunnels below

No one could see me
(Ohhhhhhhhhhhh)
I fell in to yesterday

(Ohhhhhhhhhhhh)
Our dreams seemed not far away
I want to, I want to, I want to stay
(Ohhhhhhhhhhhh)
I fell into fantasy

The girl on the wall's always waiting for me
And she is always smiling
And the teenage death boys
And the teenage death girls'Â€Â¡
And everyone was dancing
Nothing could touch us then,
No one could change us then,
Everyone was dancing
Nothing could hurt us then,
No one could see us then,
And everyone was dancing
Everyone was dancing

No one could see me
(Ohhhhhhhhhhhh)
I fell in to yesterday
(Ohhhhhhhhhhhh)
Our dreams seemed not far away
I want to, I want to, I want to stay
(Ohhhhhhhhhhhh)
I fell into fantasy
Our dreams seemed not far away(x3)
I fell into fantasy

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