

# Fancy, Bolero

Let's not be the ones outside  
Looking at the world go by saw you standing all alone  
Wasted time has gone for good  
Play no more, its understood  
Come to the twilight zone, let me feel your secret hand  
Like a feather on the sand. Only made of gold  
You can make me feel a king  
And surrender everything. A fire can't control  
Hold me in your arms again  
Strangers down a lonely lane  
We can still survive, driftwood on the stream of life  
Hold me in your arms again  
Let me touch your velvet skin  
No more lonely nights on the way of no return  
Play me the bolero  
See your mystery in your eyes  
And the emotion in your lies  
I feel the magic in your touch  
'Cause the voiting is too much