

Ancient Mars
The Zolas

Am F C F
I want to believe in time travel

Am F C F
that one day Iâ€™ll come back for you.

Am F C G
find you in the campus library aisles and Iâ€™d say
Am F C
Oh my ancient Mars.

Am F C F
when the rusty rocks were covered in groves

Am F C F
and the pyramids foretold acidic snows

Am F C G
all was still breathing like my hands on your toes and I said
Am F C
Oh my ancient Mars

Am F C F
Several billion golden years ago

Am F C F
I lost a planet that I loved to the cold

Am F C G
civilization blooms and then it erodes. And thatâ€™s it
Am F C
Oh my ancient Mars.