

Santa Monica Dream
Angus and Julia Stone

Intro

F	-----0-----0-----0-----0--	-----0-----0-----0-----0-----	-----0-----
C	-----0-----0-----0-----0--	-----0-----0-----0-----0-----	-----5-----
F	-----1-----1-----1-----1--	-----3-----3-----3-----3-----	-----0-----
A	-----	-----	-----0-----
C	--2-----	--4-----	-----5-----
F	-----	-----	--0-----

Riff 1:

F	-----	-----
C	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----
F	-----1-----1-----	-----3-----3-----
A	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----
C	--2-----2-----	--4-----4-----
F	-----	-----

F	-----	-----
C	-----5-----5-----	-----5-----5-----
F	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----
A	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----
C	--5-----5-----	--5-----5-----
F	-----	-----

Riff 2:

F	-----	-----
C	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----
F	-----0-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----0-----
A	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----
C	-----	-----
F	--0-----0-----	--0-----0-----

F	-----	-----
C	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----
F	-----0-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----0-----*
A	-----0-----0-----	-----0-----0-----0-----*
C	-----	-----
F	--5-----5-----	--5-----5-----

Introdução -> Riff 1 (2x)

Riff 1 (9x)

Goodbye to my Santa Monica dream
Fifteen kids in the backyard drinking wine
You tell me stories of the sea
And the ones you left behind

Goodbye to the roses on your street
Goodbye to the paintings on your wall
Goodbye to the children we ll never meet
And the ones we left behind
And the ones we left behind

Riff 2 (2x)

I m somewhere, you re somewhere
I m nowhere, you re nowhere

Riff 1 (2x)

You re somewhere, you re somewhere
I could go there but I don t

Riff 1 (8x)

Rob s in the kitchen making pizza
Somewhere down in Battery Park
I m singing songs about the future
Wondering where you are
I could call you on the telephone
But do I really want to know?
You re making love now to the lady down the road
No I don t, I don t want to know

Riff 2 (2x)

I m somewhere, you re somewhere
I m nowhere, you re nowhere

Riff 1 (2x)

You re somewhere, you re somewhere
I could go there but I don t

Riff 1 (5x)

Goodbye to my Santa Monica dream
Fifteen kids in the backyard drinking wine
You will tell me stories of the sea
And the ones you left behind
And the ones we left behind