

stars and boulevards
Augustana

Am C G D

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Wait, dear, a white horse is walking down my
street here. Your words are creeping at my feet.
I fear, that sunrise will come too soon and you'll
disappear to the haze of this city and go south
Oh no?

Chorus

Am C

Whoa..

G D Am C
Seems like I'm always on my own
Seems like I'm never coming home
Seems like I m always on my...

Am C G D
All the stars and boulevards ain't close enough for you