

**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