

St. Augustine

Band of Horses

Silver scents of Saint Augustine
Fire in the ground between my better teeth
We're dancing on the poisoned in their graves
At the end of the night we'd all seen better days I know you tried, I know you're cursed
I know your best was still your worst
When Hollywood was calling out your name
Saint Augustine If I stayed behind, would you let your hair grow?
I will forget the favors that you owe
I'm dreaming of car wrecks and thunderstorms bright
Let's bury ourselves and go haunt someone tonight
I know you tried, I know you're cursed
I know your best was still your worst
When Hollywood was calling out your name
Saint Augustine
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Saint Augustine
Saint Augustine

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