

# Band Of Horses, St. Augustine

Silver scents of saint augustine  
fire in the ground  
between my better teeth  
we're dancing on the poison 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

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