

Josh Rouse, Under Cold Blue Stars

Under the cold blue stars you would just stroll around the yard that's what happens to dreams when
When you got old you played guitar in a little town, your favorite bar just blowing steam now the light
So did the farm steal your soul when the cornfields won't grow its time to leave, now the heart bleeds
You were under the cold blue stars in another town your favorite bar that's what happens to dreams