

Eight Miles High - The Byrds

Em G D C G
Eight miles high, and when you touch down.

 D C
You'll find that, it's stranger than known.

Em G D C G
Sign's in the street, that say where you're going.

 D C
Are somewhere, just being their own.

Em G D C G
Nowhere is, there warmth to be found.

 D C
Among those afraid, of losing their ground.

Em G D C G
Rain grey town, known for it's sound.

 D C
In places, small faces unbound.

Em G D C G
Round the squares, huddled in storms.

 D C
Some laughing, some just shapeless forms.

Em G D C G
Sidewalk scenes, and black limousines.

 D C
Some living, some just stand alone.