

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.