Bolder

Sebadoh

Crying on your shoulder, I'm headed for Boulder
Rather take the train; got no money to pay
Sleep in a boarding house, soup in a can
Wayward winds they blow me, here and there were the same
Sleep in a boarding house, soup in a can
Wayward winds they blow me, here and there were the same

Songwriters
BARLOW, LOUIS KNOXPublished by
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/