

SUPERSTITION SPRINGS BLVD.

E D A E
Could it be, a rocking horse flew straight over the sea ?
E D A E
And could it be, that cinderella fairy tales are free ?
E D A E
Do you see, the kind of I you used to know ain't me.
E D A E
Hmm, do you see, it's time that tells that things will never be

C#m A E C#m A E
On Superstition Springs Blvd. Superstition Springs Blvd.
C#m A F#m H E
Superstition Springs - Superstition Springs Blvd.

E D A E
Memory - the bridge that reaches far over the sea.
E D A E
Don't you see - memory means memory's history

A A11
Of all the fairy tales they told me would come true
A7 D
I must admit you are the only one.
A A11 A7
Who rose from ashes when the crash inside my head was causing trouble
D Dm C#m Hm
Trouble is you're gone. Gone. Gone. (Stop - Bass)

SOLO II: E D A E :II 4x

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