

# MY HOMETOWN

Bruce Springsteen

Tempo: 115

INTRO, played by the keyboard, bass drum, hi-hat, and tamborine

*Asus2 A Asus2 A DA EsusuEEsusEA ED/A*

*Asus2 A Asus2 A*  
I was eight years old - and running with  
*D A E*  
a dime in my hand

*Esus E Esus EA*  
Into the bus stop to pick - up a paper - for  
*E D/A*  
my old man

*Asus2 A Asus2 A*  
I'd sit on his lap - in that big old Buick  
*D A E*

and steer as we drove through town  
*Esus E*

He'd tousle my hair  
*Esus E A E D/A*  
and say son take - a good look around

*A Asus2 A D A E*  
This is your hometown, this is your hometown

*Esus E Esus E A E D/A Asus2 A*  
This is your hometown, this is your home town /++++/++++

bass and (acoustic) guitar starts playing

In '65 tension was running high - at my high school  
There was a lot of fights - between the black and white  
There was nothing you could do

Two cars at a light - on a Saturday night  
in the back seat there was a gun  
Words were passed in a shotgun blast  
Troubled times had come

*Asus2 A*  
to my hometown, My hometown, my hometown, my hometown /++++/++++

The drummer is adding the rim-shot, taborine continues

*F#m*  
Now Main Street's whitewashed windows -  
*Asus2 A Asus2 A*  
and vacant stores

*F#m*  
Seems like there ain't nobody - wants to come  
*Asus2 A Asus2 A*  
down here no more

*D*  
They're closing down - the textile mill  
*Asus2 A Asus2 A*  
across the railroad tracks

*D*  
Foreman says these jobs are going boys  
*A E*  
and they ain't coming back to

Your hometown, your hometown, your hometown, your hometown /++++/++++ *A*

Last night me and Kate  
we laid in bed - talking about getting out  
Packing up our bags maybe heading south

I'm thirty-five - we got a boy of our own now  
Last night I sat him up - behind the wheel  
and said son take a good look around /++++

This is your hometown

Two lines of the verse, choir sings aha's, fade out

