

THIS HARD LAND

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Rock $\text{♩} = 126$

Verse:

L. Hey there, Mis - ter! Can you tell
2-6. See additional lyrics.

me what hap - pened to the seeds I've sown? Can you give me a sea -

son, sir, in to why they've nev - er grown? They've just

C

G/B

D

blown a - round... from__ town to town__ till they're back out on__ these fields__

G

C

G/B

— where they fall__ from__ my hands__ back__

1,2,3,4.

D

G

Gus

G

Gus

G

— in - so the dirt of this hard land__

5.

D

G

C

— down south__ of the Ri - o Grande. We're rid - in' cross that riv - er__ in the

G/B D G Gsus G Gsus G

moon-light up on - in the banks of this hard land...

6.
D G Am/G G

— and meet me in a dream of this hard land...

G C D G

(instrumental solo ad lib.)

G C D G

C G/B D G

Now me and my sister from Germantown
We did ride.
We made our bed sir from the rock on the mountainside.

C G/B D G *Repeat ad lib. and fade*
Am/G

We been blowin' around from town to town.
Lookin' for a place to stand
Where the sun burst through the cloud
To fall like a circle,
Like a circle of fire down on this hard land.

Verse 2:

Now me and my sister from Germantown
We did ride.
We made our bed sir from the rock on the mountainside.
We been blowin' around from town to town.
Lookin' for a place to stand
Where the sun burst through the cloud
To fall like a circle,
Like a circle of fire down on this hard land.

Verse 3:

Now even the rain it don't come 'round,
It don't come 'round here no more.
And the only sound at night's the wind
Slammin' the back porch door.
It just stirs you up like it wants to blow you down,
Twistin' and churnin' up the sand,
Leavin' all them scarecrows lyin' face down;
Face down in the dirt of this hard land.

Verse 4:

(Instrumental solo ad lib.)

Verse 5:

From a building up on the hill
I can hear a tape deck blastin' "Home on the Range."
I can see the Bar-M choppers
Sweepin' low across the plains.
It's me and you Frank, we're lookin' for lost cattle,
Our hooves twistin' and churnin' up the sand.
We're ridin' in the whirlwind searchin' for lost treasure
Way down south of the Rio Grande.
We're ridin' 'cross that river
In the moonlight,
Up onto the banks of this hard land.

Verse 6:

Hey Frank, won't ya pack your bags
And meet me tonight down at Liberty Hall?
Just one kiss from you my brother,
And we'll ride until we fall.
We'll sleep in the fields,
We'll sleep by the rivers and in the morning,
We'll make a plan.
Well if you can't make it,
Stay hard, stay hungry, stay alive
If you can.
And meet me in a dream of this hard land.

ATLANTIC CITY

Medium rock beat $\text{♩} = 108$

Verse 1:
Capo 2nd fret: Em

Concert: F#m

G
A

C
D

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

1. Well, they blew up the chick-en man in Phil-ly last sign... Now, they

mf

A
G
Em
F#m

C
D
A

Em
F#m

G
A

Blew up his house... too.

Down on the board-walk they're get - tin' read - y

C
D
G
A

Em
F#m
G
A

C
D
G
A

for a fight... Gon-na

see what them rock - et boys can do...
2. Now, there's

44 8 Verses 2, 3 & 4:

Emin *G* *C* *G* *Emin* *G*

trou - ble bust - in' in from oon - ta state, and the D. A. can't get no____ ne -
3.4. See additional lyric

C *G* *Emin* *G* *C* *G*

ref. Gos-na be a rum - ble out____ on the prom - e - made, and the gam -

Emin *G* *C* *D* *E*

- bin' com - mis-sion's hang-in' on by the skin of his teeth. Well now,

Emin *G* *C* *G* *Emin* *G*

ev - 'ry - thing dies, bu - by; that's a fact... But may-be ev - 'ry - thing that dies some-

D E Em G C G
 E F#m A D A
 day comes back, Put your make-up on, fix your hair up pret - ty, and

Em G C G To Coda Em G
 F#m A D A F#m A
 meet me to - night in At - lat - ie Chi - y.

C G C G 2 C G
 D A F#m A D A D
 - - - -

3. Well, I

C G D C G C G D
 D A E D A D A E
 - - - -

Now, our



C

D



Em

Fm



C

D



D

E

luck may have died... and our love may be cold, but with you for - ev - er I'll



Em

Fm



C

D



Em

Fm

stay.

We're goin' out where... the sand's turn - in' to gold.



C

D



G

A



C

D



G

A



C

D



G

A

Put on your stock-in's, ha-baby, 'cause the night's gettin' cold. And may-be ev'-ry-thing dies... ha-by:



C

D



G

A



C

D



G

A



D

E



C(2)

D(2)

that's a fact. But may-be ev'-ry-thing that dies... some-day comes back...

C

B

A

G

E7 G
C D A
E7 G
C D A
D.S. 8th of Coda

4. Now, I been

O Coda
E7 G
C D A
Repeat ad lib. and fade

Meet me to - night in At - lan - tic Cit - y.

Verse 3:

Well, I got a job and tried to put my money away,
But I got debts that no honest man can pay.
So I drew what I had from the Central Trust,
And I bought us two tickets on that Coast City bus.
Now, baby, everything dies, honey; that's a fact, etc.

Verse 4:

Now, I been lookin' for a job, but it's hard to find.
Down here it's just winners and losers and don't
Get caught on the wrong side of that line.
Well, I'm tired of comin' out on the losin' end.
So, honey, last night I met this guy and I'm gonna
Do a little favo for him.
Well, I guess everything dies, baby; etc.

BETTER DAYS

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Rock $\text{A} = 100$



Verse:



L Well, my soul checked out miss-ing
as I sat listening to the hours.
2.3. See additional lyrics

Bm

Em

and minutes tick-in' a-way...

Yeah, just sittin' a-round waitin' for my life...

S

G

— to be - gin — while it was all just slip-pin' a - way. I'm tired.

D

— of wait-in' for to - mor - row to come, or that train to come roar - in' round the

Bass
Ban

bend. I got a new suit of clothes, a pretty red rose and a

G

worn - an I can call my friend. These are bet - ter days.

Chorus:



D

ba - by.

Yeah... there's bet-ter days
These are bet-ter days, shin - ing through...
it's use...



These... are bet-ter days... ba - by,

bet-ter days...
(2nd time only) There's



D.S.



1. Err. with a girl like you.

2. Well.



To Next Strain



bet-ter days shin - ing through.

3,4,5,etc:

Em

D/F#

G

A7sus

D

A9

Repeat ad lib. and fade

G

— with a girl—— like you—— These are better days..
 — we shin—— ing through. —

Bm

Em

G

D

D.S. §

Verse 2:

Well, I took a piss at fortune's sweet kiss,
 It's like eating caviar and dirt.
 It's a sad, funny ending to find yourself pretending
 A rich man in a poor man's shirt.
 Now, my ass was draggin' when from a possin' gypsy wagon,
 Your heart, like a diamond shore.
 Tonight I'm layin' in your arms, carvin' lucky charms
 Out of these hard luck bones.

Verse 3:

Now, a life of leisure and a pirate's treasure
 Don't make much for tragedy.
 But it's a sad man, my friend, who's livin' in his own skin
 And can't stand the company.
 Every fool's got a reason for feelin' sorry for himself
 And turnin' his heart to stone.
 Tonight, this fool's halfway to heaven and just a mile outta hell,
 And I feel like I'm comin' home.

(To Chorus:)

Chorus 2:

These are better days, baby.
 These are better days, it's true;
 These are better days.
 There's better days shining through.

BLOOD BROTHERS

Tune Guitar: D - A - D - G - A - D

Moderately ♩ = 112

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The sheet music consists of six staves of musical notation for voice and guitar. Chords are indicated above the staves, and lyrics are written below them. The first staff starts with a D chord. The second staff begins with a Dsus chord. The third staff starts with a D chord. The fourth staff begins with a Dsus chord. The fifth staff starts with a D chord. The sixth staff starts with a Dsus chord.

Chords:

- Staff 1: D
- Staff 2: Dsus
- Staff 3: D
- Staff 4: Dsus
- Staff 5: D
- Staff 6: Dsus

Verse 1:

We played king of the moon-tain out on the

Verse 2: See additional lyrics

Chorus:

end. The world come changin' up —

Additional lyrics:

1. We played king of the moon-tain out on the

2. See additional lyrics

The world come changin' up —

Bm

A

hill,
and we were waz-en and

D

Dsus

D

Dsus

men.
Now there's so much that

D

Dsus

D

Dsus

time.
time and mem-o-ry fade

D

Dsus

D

Dsus

a-way.
We got our own roads to

Bm A

ride and chance - es we pot - ta

D Dus D Dus

take. We stood side - by -

side, each one fight - is' for the

D Dus D Dus

oth - er. And we said on - til we

Bm

died we'd al - ways be blood...

D Drums

1,3,4, etc.
D

broth-ers,

12 12

D Drums

D Drums

Repeat ad lib. and fade

2. Now the hard - ness of this

12 12

2.

Drums

D Drums D Drums Drums

(Harmonica solo ad lib.)

12 12 12

1st ending:

Guitar chords: D, Dsus, D, Dsus, Bm.

Piano accompaniment: Bass line, eighth-note patterns in treble and bass staves.

2nd ending:

Guitar chords: A, D, Dsus, G, Dsus.

Piano accompaniment: Bass line, eighth-note patterns in treble and bass staves.

On through the hou - es of the dead.

Guitar chords: D, Dsus, G.

Piano accompaniment: Bass line, eighth-note patterns in treble and bass staves.

past those fall on in their tracks.

Guitar chords: D, Dsus.

Piano accompaniment: Bass line, eighth-note patterns in treble and bass staves.

D

Al - ways mov - in' a - head

G

A

D.S. B

and nev-er look-in' back.

3. Now I don't know how I

Verse 2:

Now the hardness of this world slowly grinds your dreams away
 Makin' a fool's joke out of the promises we make.
 And what once seemed black and white
 Turns to so many shades of gray.
 We lose ourselves in work to do and bills to pay.
 And it's ride, ride, ride, and there ain't much cover
 With no one runnin' by your side, my blood brother

Verse 3:

Now I don't know how I feel. I don't know how I feel tonight.
 If I've fallen 'neath the wheel, if I've lost or I've gained sight.
 I don't even know why, I don't know why I made this call
 Or if any of this matters anymore after all.
 But the stars are burning bright like some mystery uncovered.
 I'll keep movin' through the dark with you in my heart,
 My blood brother.

Verse 4, 5, etc.:

(Instrumental solo ad lib.)

BORN IN THE U.S.A.

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderate rock. $\text{♩} = 120$




Verse:

B

1. Born down in a dead man's town,... the first kick I took was when I hit the ground.
2,3,4,5,6. See additional lyrics

B/E

1,2,3,6. To Next Strain

End up like a dog that's been beat too much... till you spend half your life just to cover it up... now.

14.5.



Born in the U. S. A.— I was born in the
(1st time instrumental)



1.2.3.

D.S. §

U. S. A.— I was born in the U. S. A.— Born in the U. S. A.— now.

U. S. A.— I'm a long— gone dad - dy in the U. S. A.— now.

5.

U. S. A.— I'm a cool— rock - in' dad - dy in the U. S. A.— now.

B

B/E

Repeat ad lib. and fade
Verse 2:

Got in a little hometown jam;
So they put a rifle in my hand,
Sent me off to a foreign land
To go and kill the yellow man.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

Come back home to the refinery:
Hiring man says, "Son, if it was up to me."
Went down to see my V.A. man; he said,
"Son, don't you understand, now?"
(To Instrumental Chorus:)

Verse 4:

I had a brother at Khesan,
Fighting off the Viet Cong;
They're still there, he's all gone.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 5:

He had a woman that he loved in Saigon,
I got a picture of him in her arms, now.

Verse 6:

Down in the shadow of the penitentiary,
Out by the gas fires of the refinery;
I'm ten years burning down the road,
Nowhere to run, ain't nowhere to go.
(To Chorus:)

BRILLIANT DISGUISE

Moderately bright rock $\text{♩} = 126$ Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Musical score for "Brilliant Disguise" by Bruce Springsteen. The score includes lyrics, chords, and musical notation for voice and guitar.

Chords:

- A A2
- Asus A
- E
- E2 E
- A A2
- Asus A
- A2
- Asus A
- A2
- Asus A
- A2
- Asus A

Lyrics:

Moderately bright rock $\text{♩} = 126$

1. I hold you

in my arms... as the band... plays... What are those
2,3,4. See additional lyrics

words whis- pered ha - by, just as you turn a - way?

saw you last night... out on the edge of town... I wan-na

A2

A^{sus}

A

E^{sus}

E

E2

E

read your mind... to know just what I've got is this new thing I've found... 1.2. So tell me

coda.

Chorus:

F#m

A

D

A

F#m

A

D

A

{what} I see
3. See additional lyrics

when I look in your eyes?

Is that you...

F#m

A

B

F#m

D

A/C#

E

ba - by, or just a brill - iant dis - gaine?

A

A2

1.3.
A^{sus}

A

A2

A^{sus}

A

2.
A^{sus}

A

1st time D.S.  3rd time D.S.  of Coda

2. I heard some-bod-y
4. To-night our

Now

mf

Bridge:



A

A2 A2

A

look at me, ba - by, strug-gling to do ev-ry-thing right... And then it

D

D2 D

A

A2 A

all falls a - part, when out go the lights... I'm just a

E₉

E

E2

E

D

lonely pil - grim. I walk this world in wealth... I wan-na know if it's

A

A2

A

E₉

d.s.

you I don't trust 'cause I damn sure don't trust my self... 3. Now you play the

◊ Coda

Repeat ad lib. and fade

Verse 2:

I heard somebody call your name
 From underneath our willow,
 I saw something tucked in shame
 Underneath your pillow.
 Well, I've tried so hard baby,
 But I just can't see
 What a woman like you
 Is doing with me.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

Now you play the loving woman,
 I'll play the faithful man.
 But just don't look too close
 Into the palm of my hand.
 We stood at the altar,
 The gypsy swore our future was right.
 But come the wee wee hours,
 Well maybe baby, the gypsy lied.
(To Chorus:)

Chorus 3:

So when you look at me
 You better look hard and look twice;
 Is that me baby,
 Or just a brilliant disguise?

Verse 4:

Tonight our bed is cold;
 I'm lost in the darkness of our love;
 God have mercy on the man
 Who doubts what he's sure of.

DANCING IN THE DARK

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Fast rock $\text{♩} = 144$

Capo 2nd fret: A

8. Verse:

A

B

A6

B6

A

B

A6

B6

1. I got up in the eve - sing _____ And I ain't... got noth - in' to say.

2.3. See additional lyrics

A

B

A6

B6

A

B

A6

B6

I come home in the morn - ing.

I go to bed feel - ing the same way -

A

B

A6

B6

A

B

A6

B6

I ain't noth-ing' but tired. _____

Man, I'm just tired... and bored... with my -

D

E

A/B

Bm7

B/C Chord

D

E

Bm

C#m

I ain't noth-ing' but tired. _____

Man, I'm just tired... and bored... with my -

A
 B
 F#m7
 G#m7
 A
 B
 F#m7
 G#m7

self. Hey there ba - by, I could use just a lit - tle help.

Chorus:
 E
 F#
 A/E
 B/F#
 E
 A/E
 B/F#
 F#

1.2. You can't start a fire.
 3. You can't start a fire. you can't start a fire with-out a spark -
 sitting 'round crying o-ver a han - ken heart.

D
 B
 B
 C#m
 D
 E
 To Code Θ
 C#m

This gun's for hire
 This gun's for hire even if we're just danc ing in the dark...

Θ
 B
 A6
 B6
 A
 B
 A6
 B6

—



creed.

Bridge:

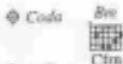


You sit around get-ting old - er, there's a joke... here some-where... and it's... on me.

D.S. **S** al Coda

I'll shake this world off my shoul - ders.

Come on ba-by, the laugh's... on me...



- ing in the dark. You can't start a fire...

E
F#

A/E
B/F#

E
F#

D
E

worrying a - bout... your lit - tle world fall-ing a - part... This gan's for him...

Bm
C#m

D
E

Bm
C#m

e - ven if we're just danc - ing in the dark...

B
B

A
B

A6
B6

A
B

A6
B6

Repeat ad lib. and fade

E - ven if we're just danc - ing in the dark...

p
mf

Verse 2:

Message keeps getting clearer;
Radio's on and I'm moving 'round the place,
I check my look in the mirror;
I wanna change my clothes, my hair, my face.
Man, I ain't getting nowhere just living in a dump like this.
There's something happening somewhere;
Baby I just know there is.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

Stay on the streets of this town
And they'll be carving you up all right.
They say you got to stay hungry;
Hey baby I'm just about starving tonight.
I'm dying for some action;
I'm sick of sitting 'round here trying to write this book.
I need a love reaction;
Come on now baby gimme just one look.
(To Chorus:)

GLORY DAYS

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderate rock $\text{♩} = 126$



Verse:

1. I had a friend... was a big base - ball play-er back in high school.
2.3. See additional lyrics

A D A
He could throw, that speed - ball by you, make you look like a fool...

boy... Saw him the oth-er night at this road-side bar... I was walk-ing

D E

in he was walk - ing' out. We went back in - side, sat down, had

D E

a few drinks... but all he kept talk - in' a - bout. was glo - ry days...

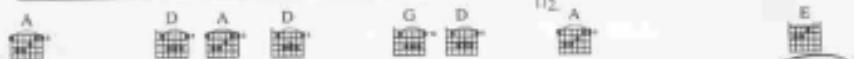
Chorus:

A D A

Well, they'll pass you by. Glo - ry days, in the wisk of a

D To Coda ^I A E

young girl's eye. Glo - ry days, glo - ry days.



2. Well, there's _____ glo - ry days...



D.S.S. al Coda



glo - ry days...



D.S.S.



Φ Coda

A

E

A

D

A

67

glo - ry days.



D

G

D

A

D

A

D

G

D

Well, all right!

Oo, yeah!—

Well, all right!

(fade gradually)

1.-7.

A

D

A

D

G

D

18.

A

Ooh, yeah!—

Well, all right!

p

Verse 2:

Well, there's a girl that lives up the block; back in school she could turn all the boys' heads.

Sometimes on a Friday, I'll stop by and have a few drinks after she put her kids to bed.

Her and her husband Bobby, well, they split up; I guess it's two years gone by now.

We just sit around talkin' 'bout the old times; she says when she feels like crying she starts laughin' thinkin' 'bout . . .
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

Think I'm going down to the well tonight, and I'm goin' drink till I get my fill.

And I hope when I get old I don't sit around thinkin' 'bout it, but I probably will.

Yeah, just sittin' "back tryin'" to recapture a little of the glory of,

But time slips away and leaves you with nothin', mister, but boring stories of . . .

(To Chorus:)

HUMAN TOUCH

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Rock $\text{♩} = 116$

Sheet music for 'Human Touch' featuring a piano/vocal/guitar arrangement. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The time signature starts at 3/4. The first four measures show chords G, F#m, C, and G. The vocal part begins with 'You and me, we... were the pre-tend + ers...' followed by a piano line.

Verse:

The verse continues with the same instrumentation. The vocal line includes 'We let it all slip a - way...'. The piano line consists of eighth-note chords.

G

F

C

F

C

G

In the end, what you don't, sur - ren - der... well, the world, just slips a - way...

G F C G

2. Girl, ain't no kind-ness in the face... of strang - ers. Ain't gon - na find no
 3.4. See additional lyrics

F C G F C

mir - a - cles here... Well, you can wait on your bless-ings, my dar - lin', but

F C G C/E F(2)

I got a deal for you right here... I ain't look - in' for
 2.3.4. See additional lyrics

C F2 C F2 To Chord G

play-ers or pit - y... I ain't com-in' round search-in' for a scratch... I just went

C F2 1.2. C G C/E

some-one to talk to
and a lit - tle of that hu - man touch...

F2 To Next Strain || 3. C G D.S.S. at Coda C/E

Just a lit - tle of that hu - man touch... hu - man touch...

G5 F2 C5 1. F2 C5 D.S. ||

Bridge:
1.2. F2 C5 1.4. F2 C Am

Oh girl, that

F C G Dm7

feel-ing of safe - ty you prize, well, it comes with a hard... hard...

Am F C G

— price. You can't shut off the risk— and the pain— with-out

F Am Am7

los - in' the love— that re - mains. We're all rid - ers on this

F2 C F2 I.

train... (1st time only)

Instrumental solo...

1
C

G5

F2 C5

... end solo)

G5

F2 C5

F2 C5

D.S. (G)

◊ Coda

C

F2

feel you in my arms
and share a lit - tle of that
Feel a lit - tle of that
Share a lit - tle of that
Give you a lit - tle of that

C G

C/E F2

1.2.3.

C G

hu - man touch... Share a lit - tle of that hu - man touch.
 hu - man touch... Feel a lit - tle of that hu - man touch.
 hu - man touch... Feel a lit - tle of that hu - man touch.
 hu - man touch... Give me a lit - tle of that hu - man touch.

4.

hu - man touch...

G5 F2 C5 G5 Repeat ad lib. and fade

Verse 3:

Ain't no mercy on the streets of this town.
 Ain't no bread from heavenly skies.
 Ain't nobody drawin' wine from this blood.
 It's just you and me, tonight.

Chorus 2:

Tell me, in a world without pity,
 Do you think what I'm askin's too much?
 I just want somethin' to hold on to
 And a little of that human touch,
 Just a little of that human touch.

Verse 4:

So you been broken, and you been hurt.
 Well, show me somebody who ain't.
 Yeah, I know I ain't nobody's bargain,
 But hell, a little touch-up and a little paint . . .

Chorus 3:

You might need somethin' to hold on to
 When all the answers, they don't amount to much.
 Somebody that you can just talk to
 And a little of that human touch.

Chorus 4:

Baby, in a world without pity,
 Do you think what I'm askin's too much?
 I just want to feel you in my arms
 And share a little of that human touch . . .

HUNGRY HEART

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderate rock beat $\text{♩} = 108$



mf

Verses:



1. Gon - a wife and kids in Bal - li - more, Jack -
2. I met her in a Kings - town, but



out for a ride
We fell in love,

and I nev - er went back.
I knew it had to end..

Like a riv - er that don't
We took what we had and we



know where it's flow - in'.
ripped it a - part..

I took a wrong turn and I just kept go - in'.
Now here I am down in Kings-town a - gain..

Chorus:

C Am7 Dm7

FIG

C

Am7

Dm7

I FIG

C

Ev - 'ry - bod - y's got a hun - gry heart.

Am7

Dm7

FIG

2.
F/G

uh - uh - uh - in - gry heart.

Fm7

A/Bb

E^b

Cm7

Fm7

F/G

Ev'-ry-bod-y needs a place to rest—

Dm7

F/G

Ev'-ry-bod-y wants to have a home—



C Am7 Dm7

Don't make no dif-f'rence what no - bod - y says:
 ain't no - bod - y like to

F/G C Am7

be a - lone. Well... Ev - 'ry - bod - y's got a hun - gry heart...

Dm7 F/G C

Ev - 'ry - bod - y's got a hun - gry heart... Lay down your mus - cy and you

Am7 Dm7 F/G Repeat and fade

play your part... Ev - 'ry - bod - y's got a hun - gry heart...

This sheet music page contains four staves of musical notation. The top staff features a vocal line with lyrics, starting with 'Don't make no dif-f'rence what no - bod - y says:
 ain't no - bod - y like to'. The second staff shows a piano accompaniment with chords F/G, C, and Am7. The third staff continues the vocal line with 'be a - lone. Well... Ev - 'ry - bod - y's got a hun - gry heart...'. The fourth staff shows another piano accompaniment with chords Dm7, F/G, and C. The bottom staff concludes the section with 'Lay down your mus - cy and you' followed by a repeat sign and a 'fade' instruction. The lyrics 'Ev - 'ry - bod - y's got a hun - gry heart...' appear twice in the middle section. The final section begins with 'play your part...' and ends with 'Ev - 'ry - bod - y's got a hun - gry heart...'. Chord symbols are placed above the staves at the start of each section: C, Am7, Dm7, F/G, C, Dm7, F/G, and C.

MURDER INCORPORATED

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderate rock $\text{♩} = 112$

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The top system starts with a piano/vocal/guitar introduction. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf*. The vocal part has lyrics: "Bob - by's got a gun that he keeps be - neath his pil - low. check o - ver your shoul - der ev - 'ry - where that you go." The guitar part shows chords Em, D, G, A. The bottom system begins with a verse section. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *f*. The vocal part continues the lyrics: "Out _____ on the streets... your _____ chanc - es are _____ eyes in ev - 'ry shad - ow. Walk - in' down the street... there's _____" The guitar part shows chords Em, D, G, A.

Em D G A Em

Well, take a look a - round you,
You bet - ter take a look a - round you,

D G A

(Come on, now...) That It ain't too comp - li - cat - ed. You're mess - in' with
(Come on, now...) e - qui - ment you got's so out - dat - ed. You can't com-pe-tie with }

Chorus:

Em D G A Em D G A

Mur - der In - cor - po - rat - ed 2. Now you

2
G A Em D

Ev - 'ry - where you look now. Mur - der

G A Em D G A

In - cor - po - rat - ed

Em D G A Em D

(Instrumental solo ad lib. . .)

G A Em D G A

Em D
 I G A
 II G A

... endin') So you

Bm D Bm
 keep a lit - tie se - cret down deep in - side your dres - ser drawer for deal - ing with the heat you're feel - in'

D Bm D
 out on the kill - in' floor. No mat - ter where you stop you feel you're never out of dan - ger so the

C Bm
 com - fort that you keep's a gold plai - ed snub - nose thir - ty two. I heard that you, you got a

Em

D

G

A

Em

D

job down - town. man that leaves your head cold. (Oh) yeah.

G

A

Em

D

G

A

Em

D

) Ev - ey-where you look life ain't got no soul. (Oh) yeah.

G

A

Em

D

) That is a part-ment you live in feels like it's just a place to hide. When you're

G

A

Em

walk - in' down the street you won't meet no one eye to eye. Now the cops re - por - ed you as just an -

D G Bass

oth - er hom - i - cide. But I can tell that you were just frus - trat - ed from liv - ing with

B Em D G A

Mur - der In - cor - po - rat - ed Mur - der In - cor - po - rat -

Em D G A

- ed Ev - ery - where you look now, Mur - der

G A Em D

In - cor - po - rat - ed

A Repeat ad lib. and fade

MY HOMETOWN

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Gently $\text{♩} = 60$

Chords shown above the staff: E/A, A, D, A, E.

Musical staff: Treble clef, key signature of B major (two sharps), time signature common time. Dynamics: *mp*.

F#m/E E

F#m/E E

A

D

i, I was

Chords shown above the staff: F#m/E, E, A, D.

Musical staff: Treble clef, key signature of B major (two sharps), time signature common time.

Verse:

E/A A

E/A A

D A

E

eight years old and run - ning with a dime in my hand, in-to the
2.3. See additional lyrics

Chords shown above the staff: E/A, A, D, A, E.

Musical staff: Treble clef, key signature of B major (two sharps), time signature common time.

F#m/E E

F#m/E E

A

D

has stop to pick up a pa - per for my old man... T.D.

A

E/A

A

E/A

A

D

A

E

sit on his lap... in that big old Buick and steer... as we drove through town. He'd

A

F#m/E

E

F#m/E

E

A

To Coda

D

tou - size my hair... and say, "Son, take... a good look a - round... This is

A

S Chorus:

A

E/A

A

D

A

E

your home town,... this is your home... town, this is

A



your home TOWEL... this is your home... TOWEL...



E/A A

1.3. 3rd time D.S. $\frac{5}{4}$ of Coda

In 3. East Now Main Street's white-washed



win-dows and vi - eant stones, seem like there ain't no - bod'



E/A A D

wants to come down... here no more... They're clos-ing down... the

FIVE B



F#m/B E



A

D



YOUR home town..

this is your home... town?"

E/A



A

1,3. 3rd time D.S. of Coda [2]

Bridge:

2. In
3. Lost

Now Main Street's white-washed

E/A A



win-dows and va - cast stores.

seems like there ain't no - bod-

- y wants to come down here no more..

They're closing down the

E/A



A

D



E/A A

tex - tile mill... a - cross the rail - road tracks.

Fore-man

says, "These jobs... are go-ing boys... and they ain't com-ing... back,

to

Φ Coda

round...

This is

A E/A A D A E

your home town."

Film/E E Film/E E A D Repeat ad lib. and fade

Verse 2:

In sixty-five, tension was running high at my high school,
There was lots of fights between the black and white, there was nothing you could do,
Two cars at a light, on a Saturday night; in a back seat there was a gun.
Words were passed in a shotgun blast, troubled times had come . . .
(To Chorus 2.)

Chorus 2:

To my home town, my home town, so my home town, my home town . . .

Verse 3:

Last night me and Kate, we laid in bed, talking "bout gettin' 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 home town."

SECRET GARDEN

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderately

C

(with pedal)

Fmaj7

Am?

Fmaj7

Dm?

8 Verse:

C

Fmaj7

1. She'll let you in her house... if you come knock-in' late at night...

2.3. See additional lyrics

Am7

She'll let you in her mouth if the

Fmaj7

Dm7

C

words you say are right.

If you pay the price.

Fmaj7

To Coda ①

she'll let you deep in - side.

There's a

Am7

C/G

G7sus

C

I.

se - cret gar - den she hides.

2.

Am7

Final?



You've gone a mil - lion miles..

cresc.

mf

C

G

Am7

How far'd you get?—

To that place where you

Final?

C

G

D.S. of Coda

can't re - mem - ber

and you can't for - get?—

dit.

Coda

Am7

She's got a

Fmaj7



in - cret gar - den where ev - 'ry - thing you want.....

C

Fmaj7



where ev - 'ry - thing you need..... will al - ways stay

Am7

C/G

G7sus



a mil - lien miles..... a

C

Fmaj7



way. (1st time only)

A

Fmaj7



1.2.
Am7

Fmaj7

B
Am7

C/G

G7sus

C

B7sus

Verse 2:

She'll let you in her car to go drivin' 'round,
She'll let you into the parts of herself
That'll bring you down.
She'll let you in her heart if you got a hammer and a vise,
But into her secret garden, don't think twice.
(To Bridge:)

Verse 3:

She'll lead you down a path,
There'll be tenderness in the air.
She'll let you come just far enough
So you know she's really there.
She'll look at you and smile and her eyes will say
She's got a secret garden
Where everything you want,
Where everything you need
Will always stay a million miles away.

STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderately, with a beat $\text{♩} = 96$

F Am I. I was

8 Verse:
F

bruised and bat-tered; I could-n't tell what I felt. I was...

2,3. See additional lyrics.

un-recog-niz-a-ble to my-self. Saw my self-ed-ction in a win-dow and did-n't

Am

know my own face... Oh, brother are you gon-na leave me wait-in' a-way on the streets of Phil - g-

Chorus:

B12

F/A

Cus

del-phi-a-
(blknd) La la

(L.H. exec notes 2nd & 3rd time)

C

B12

F/A

la la

Cus

To Coda

C

12

C

la la

In da la 2. I walked the
street.

84 Bridge:

B♭

Ain't no an - gel you - a greet me;

B♭

F

it's just you and I, my friend

A♭

B♭

And my clothes don't fit me so more; I walked

Csus

C

D.S. § of Coda

a thou-sand miles just to slip this skin

G Code

C

B1-2

la la la la la 1.2. La la la la la
3.4 (etc.) Instrumental repeat & fade

F/A

Cresc.

C

Repeat ad lib. and fade

la la

Verse 2:

I walked the avenue till my legs felt like stone,
 I heard the voices of friends vanished and gone,
 At night I could hear the blood in my veins
 Just as black and whispering as the rain
 On the streets of Philadelphia.

(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

The night has fallen, I'm lyin' awake,
 I can feel myself fading away,
 So, receive me, brother, with your faithless kiss,
 Or will we leave each other alone like this
 On the streets of Philadelphia?

(To Chorus:)

THUNDER ROAD

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Freely, with motion

Chords shown above the staff: F, Dsus, F, Bb.

Performance instructions: Dynamics (mf) and bass line markings (Bass clef, BASS, BASS).

Brightly $\text{♩} = 144$

Chords shown above the staff: F, Am, Bb, Csus, C.

Text: "The"

Chords shown above the staff: F, C, F, Bb, C7, Bb, F, Csus, F, C7.

Text: "screen door slams... Mar-y's dress waves... like a

F C7 F C Bb

vi-sion she danc-es a-cross the porch, as the ra-di-o plays. Roy

C7 Bb/D C Bb/D C/B F C/E F Bb

Or-bi-son's sing-ing for the lone-ly. Hey, that's me, and I want you on-ly. Don't turn me

Bb/D Bb/D F C/E Dm C Bb C C7

home a-gain. I just can't face my-self a-lone a-gain. Don't

F C7 F Bb C7 F C

run back in-side, dar-ling, you know just what I'm here free...

F C7 F C7 F C

So you're scared and you're thinking that may-be we ain't... that

Bb C7 Bb/D

young an-y-more Show a lit-tle faith, there's mag-i-c in the

C7 Bb/D C7/E F C7/G Bb/A Bb F Bb F/A C7/G

right. You ain't a beau-ty, but hey.., you're all-right. Oh, and

F C7 Gm7 C7

that's al-right with me. You can

F (With a moving beat) Dm F

Bb F Am

Bb G7/C C7 F

Dm F Bb C7

22

Dm

Bb

C7

with a chance to make it good some - how... Hey, what else can we do now, ex - cept

F

Bb

F

roll down the win-dow and let the wind... blow back your hair...

Am

Well, the night's bust-ing o - pen, these two lanes will take us

Bb

C7

an - y - where. We got one last chance.. to make it real... To

F B_b F

trade in these wings on some wheels, Climb in back, heav en's wait-ing down on-

C7 F Dm

— the tracks, Oh, come take my hand,

F B_b F Am

rid-ing out to-night to case the prom - ised land, Oh, Thus - der Road,

B_b C7 F Dm

oh, Thus - der Road, oh, Thus - der Road, ly-ing out there like a kill - er in the sun.

F

B_b

F

A_m

Hey, I know it's late, we can make it if we run. Oh, Than-der Road, sit

B_bC₇

F

Gm7 F/A B_b

tight, take hold, Than-der Road Well, I got...

...this gai-tor, and I learned how to make it talk. And my

D_mB⁹ or G7

C

cat's out back, if you're ready to take that long walk from your

C Am Dm

front porch to my front seat. The door's o-pen but the ride ain't free... and

Bb B5/A Gm7 Bb/F C7

I know you're lone-ly far words that I ain't spo - ken, but to - night we'll be free... All the

F B5

prom-is-es - 'll be bro-ken. There were ghosts in the eyes of all the boys you

F

sent a-way. They haunt this dust - y beach road in the

Thunder Road - 10-8

Am

Bb

skel-e-ton frames, of burned out Chev-ro-lets. They scream your name at night in the street.

C

F

Bb

Am

— your grad-u-a-tion gown lies in rags at their feet. And in the lone-ly cool, be-fore

down,

you hear their en-gines roar-ing on. But when you

Gm

F

Em7(15)

Dm

C

Bb

Am

Gm

Bb

get to the porch, they're gone

on the wind..

So, Mar-y climb

Gm

Bb

in — It's a town full of los - ers, I'm

C7

F

pell-ing out of here to win.

(Drums)

Bb

F

C

Bb

Instrumental Solo

F

C

Bb

C

Repeat and fade