Verse:

1. Hey there, Mister! Can you tell me what happened to the seeds I've sown? Can you give me a reason, son, sir, as to why they've never grown? They've just...

2-6. See additional lyrics.
Blown around from town to town till they're back out on these fields.

Where they fall from my hands back into the dirt of this hard land.

down south of the Rio Grande. We're ridin' cross that river in the
moonlight up onto the banks of this hard land.

and meet me in a dream of this hard land.

(Instrumental solo ad lib.)
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 blustin' "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' across 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

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Medium rock beat \( \text{\textbullet} \) = 108

Capo 2nd fret: Em
Concert: F\( \text{\textbullet} \)m

Verses:

1. Well, they blew up the chicken man in Phil-ly last night... Now, they blew up his house... too.

Down on the board-walk they're get-tin' read-y for a fight. Gonna see what them racket boys can do...

2. Now, there's...
Verse 2, 3 & 4:

E7m
C
G
E7m
G

Trouble bustin' in from outta state, and the D. A. can't get no relief.

Gonna be a rumble out on the promenade, and the gamblin' commission's hangin' on by the skin of his teeth. Well now,

E7m
C
G
E7m
G

Everything dies, baby; that's a fact. But maybe everything that dies some
day comes back...
Put your make-up on,
fix your hair up pretty, and
meet me tonight in Atlantic City.

3. Well, I

Now, our
luck may have died, and our love may be cold, but with you forever I'll stay.

We're goin' out where the sand's turnin' to gold.

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

that's a fact. But maybe ev'-ry-thing that dies some-day comes back...
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 favor for him.
Well, I guess everything dies, baby; etc.
BETTER DAYS

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Rock  \[ \text{ \( d = 100 \) } \]

Verse:

D

1. Well, my soul checked out missing as I sat listening to the hours.

2, 3. See additional lyrics

and minutes tickin' a way... Yeah, just sittin' a-round waitin' for my life...
to begin while it was all just slippin' away I'm tired

of waitin' for tomorrow to come or that train to come roarin' round the bend

I got a new suit of clothes a pretty red rose and a woman I can call my friend

These are better days
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 passin' gypsy wagon,
Your heart, like a diamond shine.
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 turning 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 \( \frac{d}{d} = 112 \)

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

1. We played king of the moun-

Verse:

2. See additional lyrics

out on the

come charg'in' up the
Bm

hill,

and we were wom-en

A

and...

Dsus

D

Dsus

Now there's so much that

men.

d

Dsus

D

Dsus

time and memo-ry fade

time,

d

Dsus

D

Dsus

a-way.

D

Dsus

D

Dsus

We got our own roads to
Bm                     A
ride                 and chances we gotta

D        Dsus       D        Deus
take.  We stood side by

G
side,
each one fight-in' for the

D        Deus       D        Deus
other._ And we said un - til we

Bm

died

we'd al ways be

blood

D

Dsus

1.3.4. etc.

D

Dsus

broth ers

D

Dsus

Repeat ad lib. and fade

2. Now the hard ness of this

D

Dsus

(Har monica solo ad lib.)
On through the houses of the dead,
past those fallen in their trucks.
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.

Verses 4, 5, etc.:
(Instrumental solo ad lib.)
BORN IN THE U.S.A.

Moderate rock  \( \text{\textbf{\textit{j}} = 120} \)

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

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

End up like a dog that's been beat too much... till you spend half your life just to cover it up... now.
Born in the U.S.A._ I was born in the

(3rd time instrumental)

Born in the U.S.A._ Born in the U.S.A._

now.

U.S.A._ I'm a long gone daddy in the U.S.A._

now.

U.S.A._ I'm a cool rockin' daddy in the U.S.A._

now.

Both in the U.S.A._ 3 2
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{\( j = 126 \)} \)

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Verse:

I hold you in my arms,
as the band plays...

What are those words whispered baby,
just as you turn away?

I saw you last night,
out on the edge of town...

I wanna...
read your mind... to know just what I've got in this new thing I've found...

1. So tell me

Chorus:

[Chord progression]

[What? I see... when I look in your eyes?]

Is that you...

[Chord progression]

baby, or just a brilliant disguise?

1.3

[Chord progression]

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

2.

[Chord progression]

I heard some-body

4. Tonight our

Now
look at me, baby, struggling to do everything right... And then it
all falls apart, when out go the lights... I'm just a
lonely pilgrim. I walk this world in wealth... I wanna know if it's
you I don't trust 'cause I damn sure don't trust myself... 3. Now you play the
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 \( \frac{d}{\text{beat}} = 144 \)

Capo 2nd fret: A

Verse:

1. I get up in the evening,
   And I ain't got nothin' to say.

2. I come home in the morning;
   I go to bed feeling the same way.

3. See additional lyrics

4. I ain't nothin' but tired.
   Man, I'm just tired and bored with my
Hey there baby, I could use just a little help.

Chorus:

1. You can't start a fire,
you can't start a fire without a spark.

3. You can't start a fire,
sitting round crying over a broken heart.

This gun's for hire
This gun's for hire

even if we're just dancing in the dark.

dim.
You sit around getting older,
there's a joke here somewhere, and it's on me.

I'll shake this world off my shoulders.
Come on baby, the laugh's on me.

...
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 jeta

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Verse:

1. I had a friend he was a big baseball player back in high school.

2. He could throw that speedball by you, make you look like a fool.

3. Saw him the other night at this roadside bar. I was walking. 
in; he was walk-in' out. We went back in-side, sat down, had

a few drinks; but all he kept talk-in' about was glory days.

Chorus:

Well, they'll pass you by. Glory days, in the wink of a

young girl's eye. Glory days, glory days.
2. Well, there's _ glory days_.

3. _ glory days._

To Next Strain

D.S.S. al Coda
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 gonna drink till I get my fill.
And I hope when I get old I don't sit around thinkin' about 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

Verse:
G

1. You and me, we were the pretenders.
   We let it all slip away.

G

In the end, what you don't surrender,
   well, the world just strips away.

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2. Girl ain't no kindness in the face of strangers. Ain't gonna find no miracles here. Well, you can wait on your blessings, my darlin', but

Chorus:

I got a deal for you right here. I ain't lookin' for

2.3.4. See additional lyrics

prayers or pity. I ain't comin' round searchin' for a crutch. I just want
someone to talk to and a little of that human touch

To Next Strain

Just a little of that human touch human touch

Bridge:

Oh girl, that
feeling of safety you prize, well, it comes with a hard, hard
price. You can't shut off the risk and the pain without

losin' the love that remains. We're all riders on this

train... (1st time only)

Instrumental solo...
feel you in my arms
and share a little of that
Feel a little of that
Share a little of that
Give you a little of that
human touch
human touch
human touch
human touch
Share a little of that human touch
Feel a little of that human touch
Give me a little of that human touch
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' 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' too much?
I just want to feel you in my arms
And share a little of that human touch . . .
HUNGRY HEART

Moderate rock beat \( \frac{3}{4} = 108 \)

Verse:

C

Am7

Dm7

F/G

1. Got a wife and kids in Baltimore, Jack. I went
2. I met her in a Kings-town bar.

C

Am7

Dm7

F/G

out for a ride and I never went back.
We fell in love, I knew it had to end.

Dm7

Am7

Dm7

F/G

Like a river that don't:
We took what we had and we

know where it's flowing,
ripped it apart.

I took a wrong turn and I just kept going.
Nowhere I am down in Kings-town again.
2. F/G

huh uh un angry heart

Fm7 A7/Bl E6

C7 Fm7 F/G

Ev'ry-bod-y needs a place to rest
Ev'ry-bod-y wants to have a home
Don't make no difference what nobody says:
ain't nobody like to be alone.
Well... Everybody's got a hungry heart.
Everybody's got a hungry heart.
Lay down your money and you play your part.
Everybody's got a hungry heart.

Repeat and fade
MURDER INCORPORATED

Moderate rock  $ = 112

Words and Music by BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Verce:

1. Bobby's got a gun that he keeps beneath his pillow.
   Check over your shoulder everywhere that you go.

2. Out on the streets your chances are zero.
   Walkin' down the street there's eyes in every shadow.
Well, take a look around you,
You better take a look around you.

(Come on, now...) It ain't too complicated.
(Come on, now...) That equipment you got's outdated.

You're messin' with
You can't compete with

Chorus:
Murder Incorporated

2. Now you
keep a little secret down deep inside your dresser drawer for dealing with the heat you're feelin' out on the killin' floor. No matter where you step you feel you're never out of danger so the comfort that you keep's a gold plated snub nose thirty two. I heard that you, you got a
(Em) job downtown, man that leaves your head cold. (Oh yeah)

(G) Everywhere you look life ain't got no soul. (Oh yeah)

(A) That apartment you live in feels like it's just a place to hide. When you're

(Em) walkin' down the street you won't meet no one eye to eye. Now the cops reported you as just an-
other homicide. But I can tell that you were just frustrated from living with

Murder Incorporated. Murder Incorporated.
Everywhere you look now, Murder

Incorporated.
Gently $d = 60$

Verse:

I was eight years old, running with a dime in my hand, into the

2.3. See additional lyrics
I'd bus stop to pick up a paper for my old man...

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

He'd tousle my hair and say, "Son, take a good look around... This is your home town.... this is your home town..."
your hometown, this is your hometown.

Bridge:

1. 3rd time D.S. 8 to Coda 12.

Now Main Street's white-washed windows and vacant stores,
seems like there ain't nobody wants to come down here no more.

They're closing down the
your hometown...
this is your hometown.

Bridge:
Now Main Street's white-washed

windows and vacant stores,

wants to come down here no more.

They're closing down the
Textile mill across the railroad tracks.

Foreman says, "These jobs are going boys, and they ain't coming back, to

Coda

round.

This is
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, to my home town, my home town....

Verse 3:
Last night me and Kate, we laid in bed, talking 'bout 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 home town."
SECRET GARDEN

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderately

C

(with pedal)

Fmaj7

Am7

Verse:

C

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

2. See additional lyrics.

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You've gone a million miles...

How far'd you get?
To that place where you

can't remember and you can't forget?

She's got a
secret garden where everything you want

where everything you need will always stay

a million miles away. (1st time only)
Verse 2:
She'll lead 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 \( \text{\textbullet} = 96 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{F} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*}
\]

1. I was

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{F} & \quad \text{Am}
\end{align*}
\]

2. Bruised and battered; I couldn't tell what I felt. I was

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Am} & \quad \text{F}
\end{align*}
\]

unrecognizable to myself. Saw my reflection in a window and didn't

See additional lyrics.
Chorus:

B7/2

F/A

Csus

del phi n
(bkgd.) La la la la

la la la la

la la la la

la la la

C

B7/2

F/A

Csus

la la la

La la la la

la la la

la la

To Coda

C

la la la

La la la 2.1 walked the

la la

la

Cresc.
Bridge:

Ain't no angel gonna greet me;

it's just you and I, my friend

And my clothes don't fit me no more; I walked

a thousand miles just to slip this skin.
Coda

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

F  Dm  F  Bb

Brightly \( \) 144

F  Am  Bb  Csus  C

screen door slams; Mary's dress waves; like a
vision she dances across the porch as the radio plays.

Orbison's singing for the lonely. Hey, that's me and I want you only. Don't turn me home again. I just can't face myself alone again. Don't

run back inside, darling, you know just what I'm here for.
So you're scared and you're thinking that maybe we ain't that

young anymore. Show a little faith, there's magic in the

right. You ain't a beauty, but hey... you're all right.

Oh, and

that's all right with me.

You can
F (With a moving beat)  Dm  F
hide 'neath your covers and study your pain._ make crosses from your lovers, throw

Bb  F  Gm7/C  C7  F
roses in the rain, waste your summer, praying in vain for a

Bb  Gm7/C  C7  F
savior to rise from these streets. Well now, I'm no hero, that's under-

Dm  F  Bb  C7
stood. All the redemption I can offer, girl, is beneath this dirty hood,
with a chance to make it good some how Hey, what else can we do now, except
roll down the window and let the wind blow back your hair

Well, the night's busting open, these two lanes will take us anywhere. We got one last chance...to make it real...To
trade in these wings on some wheels, Climb in back, heaven's waiting down on the tracks.

Oh, come take my hand, riding out tonight to case the promised land. Oh, Thunder Road,

oh, Thunder Road, oh, Thunder Road, lying out there like a killer in the sun.
Hey, I know it's late, we can make it if we run. Oh, Thunder Road, sit tight, take hold. Thunder Road. Well, I got this guitar and I learned how to make it talk. And my ear's out back, if you're ready to take that long walk from your
front porch to my front seat. The door's open but the ride ain't free—and

I know you're lonely for words that I ain't spoken, but tonight we'll be free— All the

promises'll be broken. There were ghosts in the eyes of all the boys you

sent away.

They haunt this dusty beach road in the
skeleton frames of burned out Chevrolets. They scream your name at night in the street.

your graduation gown lies in rags at their feet. And in the lonely cool before dawn,
you hear their engines roaring on. But when you

got to the porch, they're gone on the wind. So, Mary climb