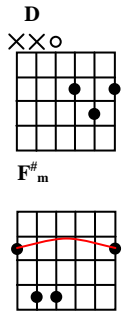
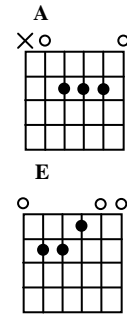


Guitar Repertoire

MY HOMETOWN

Author: Bruce Springsteen



Verse 1

A D A E
 Eight years old, running with a dime in my hand
A E F#m
 Into the bus stop to pick up a paper for my old man
A D A E
 I'd sit on his lap in that big old Buick and steer as we drove through town
A E F#m
 He'd tousle my hair and he'd say son take a good look around.

Chorus 1

A D A E A E F#m
 This is your hometown, this is your hometown, Your hometown, this is your hometown.

Verse 2

A D A E
 In 65, tension was running high at my high school
A E F#m
 There was a lot of fights between the black and white, there was nothing you could do
A D A E
 Two cars at a light on a Saturday night in the back seat there was a gun
A E F#m
 Words were passed a shotgun blast, troubled times had come

Chorus 2

A D A E A E F#m
 To my hometown, my hometown, My hometown, this is my hometown.

Bridge 1

F#m A
 Now Main Street's whitewashed windows and vacant stores
F#m A
 Seems like there ain't nobody wants to come down here no more
D A
 They're closing down the textile mill across the railroad tracks
D A D E
 Foreman says these jobs are going boys and they ain't coming back

Chorus 3

A D A E A E F#m
 To your hometown, your hometown Your hometown, your hometown.

Verse 3

A D A E
 Last night me and Kate, we laid in bed, talking about getting out
A E F#m
 Packing up our bags maybe heading south
A D A E
 I'm thirty-five, we got a boy of our own now
A E F#m
 Last night I sat him up behind the wheel and said son take a good look around

Chorus 4

A D A E A E F#m
 This is your hometown, this is your hometown, Your hometown, this is your hometown.