BORN IN THE U.S.A./5
COVER ME/10
DARLINGTON COUNTY/14
WORKING ON THE HIGHWAY/21
DOWNBOUND TRAIN/28
I'M ON FIRE/34
NO SURRENDER/40
BOBBY JEAN/46
I'M GOIN' DOWN/52
GLORY DAYS/58
DANCING IN THE DARK/64
MY HOMETOWN/70
PINK CADILLAC/76
BORN IN THE U.S.A.

Moderate Rock \( \text{\textit{(}d = 120\text{\textit{)}}} \)

Words and Music by Bruce Springsteen

\( \text{Bno3rd} \)

1. Born down in a dead man's town, the first kick I took was when I

\( \text{Bno3rd/E} \)

\( \text{B} \)

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hit the ground. End up like a dog that's been

beat too much, till you spend half your life just to cover it up now.

Chorus:

Born in the U.S.A.; I was

(3rd time instrumental)

born in the 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 daddy in the

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

U. S. A. now.
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.

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)
1. The times are tough now
   (4th time instrumental solo ad lib.)

   just getting tougher.
   This old world is rough, it's

   just getting rougher; cover me.
Come on baby cover me.

Well, I'm looking for a lover who will come on in and cover me.

Outside's the rain,
the driving snow.

I can hear the
wild wind blowing.

Turn out the light;

bolt the door.

I ain’t going out

there no more.

This

Oh,

I’m looking for a lover who will

come on in and cover me

Yeah, I’m
Verse 2:
Now promise me baby
That you won’t let them find us.
Hold me in your arms:
Let’s let our love blind us.
Cover me; shut the door and cover me.
Well, I’m looking for a lover who will
Come on in and cover me.

Verses 3 & 5:
This whole world is out there
Just trying to score.
I’ve seen enough;
I don’t want to see anymore.
Cover me; come on in and cover me.
Well, I’m looking for a lover who will
Come on in and cover me.

Verse 4:
(Instrumental solo ad lib.)
1. Driving into Darlington County; me and Wayne on the
    Fourth of July,
    Driving into Darlington County;
    lookin' for some work on the county line.
    We drove down from

New York City, where the girls are pretty but they just wanna

To Coda
know your name. Driving into Darlington City; got a
union connection with an uncle of Wayne's. We drove
eight hundred miles without seeing a cop, we got rock-
' n' roll music blasting off the top.
D.S. al Coda

have your way, then we'll leave this Darlington City

for a ride down that Dixie Highway.

Sha-la la sha-la la la la; sha-la la la
Verse 2:
Hey little girl, standing on the corner,
Today's your lucky day for sure, all right.
Me and my buddy, we're from New York City,
We got two hundred dollars, we want to rock all night.
Girl you're lookin' at two big spenders,
Why, the world don't know what me and Wayne might do.
Our pa's each own one of the World Trade Centers,
For a kiss and a smile I'll give mine all to you.
C'mon baby, take a seat on the fender, it's a long night.
Tell me, what else were you gonna do?
Just me and you, we could . . .

(To Chorus)

Verse 3:
Little girl, sittin' in the window,
Ain't seen my buddy in seven days.
County man tells me the same thing,
He don't work, and he don't get paid.
Little girl, you're so young and pretty,
Walk with me and you can have your way.
Then we'll leave this Darlington City
For a ride down that Dixie Highway.

Verse 4:
Driving out of Darlington County,
I seen the glory of the comin' of the Lord.
Driving out of Darlington County,
Seen Wayne handcuffed to the bumper
Of a state trooper's Ford.
Sha-la la la la la la la;
Sha-la la la la la la;
Sha-la la la la la la la;
La-la la la la la.
WORKING ON THE HIGHWAY

Fast Rock \( \text{\( J = 176 \)} \)

Verse

1. Friday night's pay night guys fresh out of work.

(1st time play bracketed material only)

Talk ing bout the week end,

scrub bing off the dirt.

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home to their families, some are looking to get hurt,
some going down to Stovell wearing trouble on their shirts.

I work, working on the highway, laying down the blacktop. Working on the highway, all day long I don’t stop.
Working on the highway, blasting through the bedrock. Working on the highway, working on the highway.

Woo!
Saved up my money and I put it all away;
went to see her daddy, but we didn't have much to say. "Son, can't you see that she's just a little girl?
She don't know nothin' 'bout this cruel, cruel world!"

4. We lit
out down to Florida; we got along all right.

One day her brothers came and got her and they took me in a black and white.

The Pros-e-

Working on the highway, laying down the black top.
Working on the highway, all day long I don't stop.

Working on the highway, blasting through the bedrock.

Working on the highway, working on the highway.
Verse 2:
I work for the county out on 95.
All day I hold a red flag and watch the traffic pass me by.
In my head I keep a picture of a pretty little miss.
Someday, Mister, I'm gonna lead a better life than this.

Verse 3:
I met her at a dance down at the union hall.
She was standing with her brothers, back up against the wall.
Sometimes we'd go walking down the union tracks.
One day I looked straight at her and she looked straight back.

Verse 4:
We lit out down to Florida; we got along all right.
One day her brothers came and got her and they took me in a black and white.
The prosecutor kept the promise that he made on that day,
And the judge got mad and he put me straight away.
I wake up every morning to the work bell clang.
Me and the warden go swinging on the Charlotte County road gang.
Moderate Rock (\( \frac{4}{4} = 116 \))

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

1. I had a job, I had a girl. I gotta go.
2. I'd something goin', mister, in this world.
   We had it once, but we ain't got it any more.

I got laid off down at the lumber yard.
She packed her bags, left me behind.

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Our love went bad; She bought a ticket on the Central line.

Now I work down at the car-wash, where all it ever does is rain.

Don't you feel like you're a rider on a down-bound train?
bound train? She just said, "Joe"

Last

night

eet, I heard your voice. You were crying, cry-

I ran through the woods. I ran till I thought _
When you were singing, you were so alone.

There in the clearing, you said your love

my chest would explode.

had never died.

You were waiting beyond the highway,

You were waiting for me at home.

Put on my jacket, light our wedding house

Put on my jacket, I rushed through the yard.

I burst through the front shone.
door. My head pounding hard, up the stairs I climbed.

The room was dark, our bed was empty. Then I heard

that long whistle whine, and I dropped to my knees.

hung my head and cried. Now I swing a sledge
hammer on a railroad gang, knocking down them cross ties; working in the rain.

Now don't it feel like you're a rider on a down-bound train?

Repeat ad lib. and fade
I'M ON FIRE

Moderately Fast, with an easy flow \( J = 176 \)

Words and Music by
Bruce Springsteen

1. Hey,
Little girl, is your daddy home? Did he go away and leave you

all alone?

I got a bad desire.

Oh, I'm on fire!
C#m7

Sometimes it's like,
someone took a knife, baby, edgy and dull, and cut a
six-inch valley through the middle of my soul.

D.S. al Coda

3. At night

I'm on fire!

Coda

Oh,
Verse 2:
Tell me now, baby, is he good to you?
Can he do to you the things that I do?
I can take you higher.
Oh, I'm on fire!

Verse 3:
At night I wake up with the sheets soaking wet
And a freight train running through the middle of my head.
Only you can cool my desire.
Oh, I'm on fire!
NO SURRENDER

Moderately Fast Rock (∫ = 152)

Oh!

(drums)

Oh!

1. To next strain

2. Repeat ad lib, and fade

Well, we

No Surrender - 6 - 1
Verse:

F

bust - ed out of class; had to get a - way from the fools.

C

We learned more from a three min - ute rec - ord date than we

Bb

ev - er learned in school. To - night I hear the neigh - bor - hood drum-

F

mer sound; I can feel my heart be - gin to pound. You say you're
tired and you just want to close your eyes and follow your dreams.

Well, we head. Oh, once we

Chorus: made a promise and we swore we'd always remember. No retreat, baby, no surrender.
1. Like soldiers in the winter's night,
2. Blood brothers in the stormy night,
   with a vow to defend,
   no retreat, baby,
   no surrender.

To next strain

2. Well, now render.
render. No retreat, baby,

no surrender.

Lay, lay, lay, lay, lay, lay,

lay, lay, lay, lay, lay.

Lay, lay, lay, lay, lay,
Verse 2:
Well, now young faces grow sad and old and hearts of fire grow cold.
We swore blood brothers against the wind. I'm ready to grow young again,
And hear your sister's voice calling us home across the open yards.
Well, maybe we'll cut some place of our own with these drums and these guitars.

Verse 3:
Now, on the street tonight the lights grow dim; the walls of my room are closing in.
There's a war outside still raging; you say it ain't ours anymore to win.
I want to sleep beneath peaceful skies in my lover's bed,
With a wide open country in my eyes and these romantic dreams in my head.
BOBBY JEAN

Words and Music by
Bruce Springsteen

Driving (♩ = 132)

1.

2. Verse:

1. Well, I came by your house the other day, your
mother said you went away. She said there was nothing that I

could have done, there was nothing nobody could say. Now

me and you we’ve known each other ever since we

were sixteen, I wish I would’ve known, I wish
I could’a called you just to say goodbye.

Bobby Jean.

1. D.S. 2. Now, you

Now
we went walk - in' in the rain, 

in' bout the pain that from the world we hid. 

Now there ain't no - bod-y no - where, 

no - how, 

gon- na 

ev - er un- der- stand me the way you did.
D.S. al Coda

3. Well,

But just to say

I miss you, baby,
good luck,
good

bye,

Bob-by Jean.

(Bobby Jean - 6-5)
Verse 2:
Now, you hung with me when all the others turned away, turned up their nose,
We liked the same music, we liked the same bands,
We liked the same clothes.
Yea, we told each other that we were the wildest things we'd ever seen,
I wish you would've told me, I wish I could've talked to you,
Just to say goodbye, Bobby Jean.

Verse 3:
Well, maybe you'll be out there on that road somewhere,
Some bus or train, trav'lin' along,
In some motel room there'll be a radio playin'
And you'll hear me sing this song.
Well, if you do, you'll know I'm thinkin' of you,
And all the miles in between,
And I'm just callin' one last time not to change your mind,
But just to say I miss you, baby,
Good luck, goodbye, Bobby Jean.
I'M GOIN' DOWN

Moderately Bright \( \text{\textbf{\textit{\textbf{}}}} = 132 \)

Words and Music by Bruce Springsteen

1. We get in my car outside your house, oh,

I can feel the heat a-comin' 'round. I go to put my arm

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a-round you and you give me a look a-like I'm way out of bounds. Well, you let out one of your bored sighs. Well, late-ly when I look in-to your eyes I'm go-in'

Chorus:

down, down, down, down. I'm go-in'

I'm Goin' Down - 4 - 2
down, down, down, down. I'm go-in' down, down, down, down.

1. D.S.

down. I'm go-in' down, down, down, down.

2. D.C. al Coda

down. down. I'm go-in'

3. Repeat ad lib. and fade

Coda

Friday night I'd drive you all a-round.
You used to love to drive me wild, yeah!

But lately, girl, you get your kicks from just a-drivin' me

Verse 2:
We get really dressed up go out, baby, for the night.
We come home early, burnin', burnin', burnin', burnin' in some fire fight.
I'm sick and tired of your settin' me up,
Settin' me up, just to knock-a knock-a knock-a-me . . .

(To Chorus)

Verse 3:
I pull close now baby, but when we kiss, I can feel a doubt.
I remember when we started,
My kisses used to turn you inside out.
I used to drive you to work in the morning;
Friday night I'd drive you all around.
You used to love to drive me wild, yeah!
But lately, girl, you get your kicks from just a-drivin' me . . .

(To Chorus)
GLORY DAYS

Words and Music by Bruce Springsteen

Moderate rock \( \frac{J}{q} = 126 \)

Verse:

1. I had a friend, was a big baseball player back in high school. He could throw that speed.

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-ball by you, make you look like a fool, boy.

Saw him the other night at this road-side bar. I was walk-ing

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

a few drinks; but all he kept talk-ing about was glo-ry days.
Chorus:

Well, they'll pass you by. Glo-ry days, in the wink of a young girl's eye. Glo-ry days, glo-ry days.

To Coda

1. A

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

Coda

Well, all right!
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 ...

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 ...
Words and Music by Bruce Springsteen

DANCING IN THE DARK

Fast rock \( \text{\LARGE \text{\textbf{\textit{j}} = 144}} \)

Guitar Capo 2nd fret:
Keyboard:

1. I get up in the evening,

2.3. (See additional lyrics)

and I ain't got nothin' to say.

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I go to bed feeling the same way.

I ain't nothin' but tired.

Man, I'm just tired.

and bored with myself.

Hey there baby,

I could use just a little help.
Chorus:

1.2. You can't start a fire, you can't start a fire,
3. You can't start a fire, sitting 'round crying,

without a spark. This gun's for hire
over a broken heart. This gun's for hire

To Coda

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.

You can't start a fire worrying about your little world falling apart. This gun's for hire.
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:)
Gently (\( \text{d} = 60 \))

Verse:

eight years old and running with a dime in my

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hand into the bus stop to pick up a paper for

my old man. I'd sit on his lap in that

big old Buick and steer as we drove through town. He'd

toussle my hair and say, "Son, take a good look a -

My Hometown - 6 - 2
Chorus:
This is your home town,
this is your home town,
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

textile mill across the railroad tracks.

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

D.S. al Coda
back, to
round,

This is your home town."
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."
Driving blues (\textit{j} = 130)

Words and Music by Bruce Springsteen

1. Well, now you

Verse:

may think I'm foolin' for the fool-

ish things I do.

You may won-
— der how come I love you, when you get on my nerves like you do. Well, baby, you know you bug me, there ain't no secret 'bout that. Well, come on over here and hug me, baby I'll spill the facts. Well, hon-
I love you for your pink Cadillac, crushed velvet seats, riding in the back, oozing down the street, waving to the girls, feeling out of sight, spend...
ing all my money on a Saturday night. Honey, I just wonder what you do there in the back of your pink Cadillac, pink Cadillac.
Verse 2:
Well now, way back in the Bible, temptations always come along.
There's always somebody temptin' you, somebody into doin' something they know is wrong.
Well, they tempt you, man, with silver,
And they tempt you, sir, with gold.
And they tempt you with the pleasures that the flesh does surely hold.
They say Eve tempted Adam with an apple,
But man I ain't goin' for that,
I know it was her...

(To Chorus)

Verse 3:
Now, some folks say it's too big, and uses too much gas,
Some folks say it's too old, and that it goes too fast.
But my love is bigger than a Honda, it's bigger than a Subaru.
Hey, man, there's only one thing, and one car that'll do.
Anyway, we don't have to drive it, honey we can park it out in back,
And have a party in your...

(To Chorus)