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IF I SHOULD FALL BEHIND

Moderately $\frac{1}{4} = 112$

D \ Dsus2 \ D \ Dsus \ D \ Dsus2 \ D

(with pedal)

Verse:

D \ Dsus2 \ D \ Dsus2 \ D

- er. ba-by, come what may:

that come the twi-

Dsus \ D \ Dsus2 \ D \ Bm

- light should we lose our way,

if as we're walk-

G \ D \ Dsus2

- ing a hand should slip free,

If I Should Fall Behind - 3 - 1
P095SMX

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I'll wait for you; and should I fall behind, I'll wait for me.

1. D

2. Bridge: G

2. We swore we'd travel - Now, everyone dreams of love lasting and true:

But you and I know what this world can do.

So, let's make our steps clear, that the other may see,...

and I'll wait for you, and if I should fall behind,...
Verse 2:
We swore we'd travel, darlin', side by side;
We'd help each other stay in stride.
But each lover's steps fall so differently.
But I'll wait for you, and if I should fall behind, wait for me.
(To Bridge:)

Verse 3:
Now, there's a beautiful river in the valley ahead.
There 'neath the oak's bough, soon we will be wed.
Should we lose each other in the shadow of the evening trees,
I'll wait for you, and should I fall behind, wait for me.
(To Coda)
BETTER DAYS

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Verse:

D

checked out missing as I listening to the hours and minutes tickin' a

Bm

way... Yeah, just sittin' around waitin' for my life to begin while it was all

Em

just slippin' away... I'm tired of waitin' for tomorrow
row to come, or that train to come roar-in' round the bend.

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

Chorus:

These are better days, baby.

{ Yeah, there's better
These are days shining through.

It's true.

These are better days, baby.

1.

Em G D

Better days with a girl like you.

There's (2nd time only)

2. Well,
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 shone.
Tonight I'm layin' in your arms, carvin' lucky charms
Out of these hard luck bones.

Chorus 2:
These are better days, baby.
These are better days, it's true.
These are better days.
There's better days shining through.

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:)
LEAP OF FAITH

By
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderately \( \textbf{d} = 116 \)

\begin{align*}
\text{B} & \quad \text{E/B} \quad \text{B} \\
\text{E/B} & \quad \text{B} \\
\end{align*}

\textit{Verse:}

\begin{align*}
\text{B} & \quad \text{E/B} \quad \text{B} \\
1. \text{ All over the world, the rain was pour-in;} \\
\text{G}\#m7 & \quad \text{B} \\
\text{I was scratch-in' where it itched.} & \quad \text{Oh, heartbreak and despair got noth-} \\
\text{E/B} & \quad \text{B} \\
\text{ing but bor-ing, so I grabbed you, ba-by, like a wild pitch.} & \quad \text{It takes a} \\
\end{align*}

Leap of Faith - 3 - 1
P0953SMX

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Chorus:

F#  B  E  F#  B

leap of faith to get things going: it takes a leap of faith you gotta

E  F#  B  E

show some guts. It takes a leap of faith to get things going:

B/D#  F#/C#  B  E  B/D#  F#/C#  B

[1.
in your heart, baby, you must trust.

2. Now, your legs

To Next Strain [3.4, etc. Repeat ad lib. and fade]

F#/C#  B  E  B/D#  F#/C#  B

[2.
you must trust.

Now, you must trust. It takes a

Leap of Faith - 3 - 2

P0953SMX
Verse 2:
Now, your legs were heaven, your breasts were the altar,
Your body was the holy land.
You shouted "jump", but my heart faltered.
You laughed and said, "Baby, don't you understand? . . .

Verse 3:
Tonight, the moon's looking young, but I'm feelin' younger.
'Neath a veil of dreams, sweet blessings rain.
Honey, I can feel the first breeze of summer,
And in your love I'm born again.
(To Chorus:)

(Tempo: 88)
LOCAL HERO

By BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderately $\frac{b}{B} = 120$

Verse:

1. I was driving through my hometown. I was just kind of killin' time, when I seen a

face starting out of a black velvet painting from the window of the five and dime.

I couldn't quite recall the name, but the pose looked familiar to me, so I asked the salesgirl, "Who
Local Hero - 3 - 2
P0653SMX
Verse 2:
I met a stranger dressed in black at the train station.
He said, “Son, your soul can be saved.
There’s beautiful women, nights of low livin’,
And some dangerous money to be made.
There’s a big town ’cross the whiskey line,
And if we turn the right cards up,
They make us boss, the devil pays off,
And them folks that are real hard up:

Chorus 2:
They get their local hero,
Somebody with the right style.
They get their local hero,
Somebody with just the right smile.”

(To Bridge:)

Verse 3:
I woke to a Gypsy girl sayin’, “Drink this.”
Well, my hands had lost all sensation.
These days, I’m feeling all right,
’Cept I can’t tell my courage from my desperation.
From the tainted chalice,
Well, I drank some heady wine.
Tonight I’m layin’ here, but there’s something in my ear
Sayin’ there’s a little town just beneath the floodline...

Chorus 3 & 4:
Needs a local hero,
Someone with the right style.
Lookin’ for a local hero,
Someone with the right smile.
Verse:

Well, I sought gold and diamond rings;

my own drug to ease the pain,

that living brings.

Walked from the moun-
Verse 2:
From a house on a hill, a sacred light shines.
I walk through these rooms, but none of them are mine.
Down empty hallways, I went from door to door,
Searching for my beautiful reward,
Searching for my beautiful reward.
(To Bridge:)

Verse 3:
Tonight I can feel the cold wind at my back;
I'm flyin' high over gray fields, my feathers long and black.
Down along the river's silent edge I soar,
Searching for my beautiful reward,
Searching for my beautiful reward,
Searching for my beautiful reward.

Verse 4: Instrumental ad lib. and fade
BOOK OF DREAMS

Moderately $\text{\frac{1}{4}} = 104$

A

pp

with pedal

\$\$ Verse:

A

D/A

1. I'm standing in the back-yard, listening to the party inside.

To-night, I'm drinkin' in the forgiveness

this life provides.

The scars we

carry remain, but the pain slips away, it seems.
Oh, won't you, baby, be in my book of dreams?

To Coda

2. I'm watching...

(Instrumental solo...)

Book of Dreams - 3 - 2
P09353M4X
Verse 2:
I'm watchin' you through the window
With your girlfriends from back home.
You're showin' off your dress;
There's laughter, and a toast.
From your daddy, to the prettiest bride he's ever seen.
Oh, won't you, baby, be in my book of dreams?

Verse 3:
In the darkness, my fingers slip across your skin;
I feel your sweet reply.
The room fades away, and suddenly, I'm way up high,
Just holdin' you to me.
As, through the window, the moonlight streams.
Oh, won't you, baby, be in my book of dreams?

Verse 4:
Now, the ritual begins;
'Neath the wedding garland, we meet as strangers.
The dance floor is alive with beauty,
Mystery, and danger.
We dance out 'neath the stars' ancient light,
Into the darkening trees.
Oh, won't you, baby, be in my book of dreams?
Moderately slow  \( \frac{j}{r} = 72 \)

D(4)

\( \text{pp} \)

\( \text{with pedal} \)

\( \text{Verse:} \)

\( \text{D(4)} \)

1. Billy had a mistress down on "A" and 12th. She was that

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{lit-tle some-thin'} that he did for him-self.} \)

His

Dsus

\( \text{own lit-tle se-cret, did-n't hurt no-bod-y.} \)

Come the
afternoon, he'd take her wadin' 

Chorus:

D(4) D7(4) D(4) D7(4)

waist deep in the big muddy.

D(4) D7(4) D(4)

waist deep in the big muddy.

G5

start out standin', but end up crawl in': son-ny.

1.

p

2. Got in some

cresc.

The Big Muddy - 4 - 2
P0953SMX
Bridge:
G5

had a friend, said, “You watch what you do;

son snake bites you, and you’re

son too.”
Verse 2:
Got in some trouble and needed a hand from a friend of mine.
This old friend, he had a figure in mind.
It was nothing illegal, just a little bit funny.
He said, "C'mon, don't tell me that the rich don't know:
Sooner or later, it all comes down to money."

Chorus 2:
And you're waist deep in the big muddy,
Waist deep in the big muddy,
You start on higher ground but end up crawlin', sonny.
(To Bridge:)

Verse 3:
How beautiful the river flows, and the birds they sing.
But you and I, we're messier things.
There ain't no one leavin' this world, buddy,
Without their shirttail dirty or their hands bloody.

Chorus 3:
Waist deep in the big muddy,
Waist deep in the big muddy,
You start on higher ground, but end up somehow crawlin'
Waist deep in the big muddy.
LIVING PROOF

Moderate rock  \( j = 112 \)

Verse:

By

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

1. Well now, on a summer night...

\( \text{D} \)

with pedal

G

a dusky room, come a little piece of the Lord's unifying light,

\( \text{A} \) \( \text{G} \) \( \text{D} \)

crying like he swallowed the fiery moon. In his mother's arms.

\( \text{G} \)

it was all the beauty I could take, like the missing words._
to some prayer
that I could nev-er make.
In a world
so hard and dirt-y,
so foul
and con-fused,
search-ing for
a lit-tle bit of God's mer-cy,
I found
liv-ing proof...
2. I put my heart through my anger and rage,

to show me my prison was just an open cage.

There were no keys, no guards, just one frightened man and some old shadows for bars.
Verse 2:
I put my heart and soul,
I put 'em high upon a shelf,
Right next to the faith,
The faith that I'd lost in myself.
I went down into the desert city,
Just tryin' so hard to shed my skin.
I crawled deep into some kind of darkness,
Lookin' to burn out every trace of who I'd been.
You do some sad, sad things, baby,
When it's you you're tryin' to lose.
You do some sad and hurtful things;
I've seen living proof.
(To Bridge:)

Verse 3:
Well now, all that's sure on the boulevard
Is that life is just a house of cards,
As fragile as each and every breath
Of this boy sleepin' in our bed.
Tonight, let's lie beneath the eaves,
Just a close band of happy thieves.
And when that train comes, we'll get on board,
And steal what we can from the treasures, treasures of the Lord.
It's been a long, long drought, baby;
Tonight, the rain's pourin' down on our roof.
Looking for a little bit of God's mercy,
I found living proof.
SOULS OF THE DEPARTED

By
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderate rock  \( \mathcal{J} = 116 \)
D5

Verse:
D5

1. On the road to Bas-ra stood young Lieu-tenant Jim-my Bly,
de-tailed to go through the clothes of the sol-
diers who died.

At night he dreams he sees their...
souls rise.

yeah, like dark geese into the

Oklahoma skies.

1. Well,

Chorus:

G5 D5 G5

this is a prayer for the souls of the departed,
those who've gone and left their babies broken-hearted.
(3rd & 4th times Inst. solo ad lib.)

D5 G5 D5

This is a prayer for the souls of the departed.

1.

2. Now, Rapha-

Souls of the Departed - 4 - 2
P0953SMX
This is a prayer for the souls of the departed.

Yeah, to-night.

Bridge:

as I tuck my own son in bed, all I can think of is what if it would-

've been him instead? I want to build me a wall so high nothing can burn it down,
Verse 2:
Now, Raphael Rodriguez was just seven years old,
Shot down in a schoolyard by some East Compton Cholos.
His mama cried, "My beautiful boy is dead."
In the hills, the self-made men just sighed and shook their heads.

Chorus 2:
This is a prayer for the souls of the departed,
Those who've gone and left their babies brokenhearted;
Young lives over before they got started.
This is a prayer for the souls of the departed.
(To Bridge:)

Verse 3:
Now, I ply my trade in the land of king dollar,
Where you get paid, and your silence passes as honor,
And all the hatred and dirty little lies
Been written off the books and onto decent men's eyes.
(Chorus 3 & 4: Instrumental solo ad lib. / then To Coda)
Lucky Town

Moderate rock  \( \text{\( \dot{\text{d}} \) = 120} \)

By

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Verse:

\( \text{Gm} \)

1. Well, house got too crowd-ed, clothes got too tight, and I

\( \text{Bb} \)

don't know just where I'm going to-night. Out where the sky's been cleared by a

\( \text{Bb} \)

good hard rain, there's some-bod-y call-in' my se-cret name._
Chorus:
E\textsubscript{b} F B\textsubscript{b} (A) Gm (F)

1.4, etc.

I'm going down
to Lucky Town,
going down
to Lucky Town.

Eb F Gm F

I wanna lose these blues I found,
down in Lucky Town,
baby, down

in Lucky Town.

1. D.S. \(\frac{8}{8}\) 2.

2. Had a coat

Well, I

3.4, etc. Repeat ad lib. and fade Bridge:

F Eb

had some victory that was just failure in deceit; now the

Eb Bb Gm

joke's comin' up through the soles of my feet.

I been a long time walking on for-
Verse 2:
Well, I had a coat of fine leather and snakeskin boots,
But that coat always had a thread hangin’ loose.
Well, I pulled it one night, and to my surprise
It led me right past your house and on over the rise.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:
Well, here’s to your good looks, baby; now here’s to my health.
Here’s to the loaded places that we’ve taken ourselves.
When it comes to luck, you make your own.
Tonight I got dirt on my hands, but I’m building me a new home ...

Chorus 3:
Down in Lucky Town,
Down in Lucky Town.
I’m gonna lose these blues I’ve found
Down in Lucky Town,
Baby, down in Lucky Town.
Better Days
Lucky Town
Local Hero
If I Should Fail Behind
Leap of Faith
The Big Muddy
Living Proof
Book of Dreams
Souls of the Departed
My Beautiful Reward