

Nebraska - Bruce Springsteen

Intro | A | A | D | D | A | A | D | D | G | G | D | D | A | A | D | D |

I saw her^A standin' on her front^D lawn just twirlin' her baton^D
Me and her^G went for a ride^D sir and ten innocent people died^D

From the town of Lincoln^A Nebraska^D with a sawed-off .410 on my lap^D
Through to the badlands of Wyoming^G I killed everything in my path^D

A D

I can't say^A that I'm sorry^D for the things that we done^A
At least for a little while^G sir me and her we had us some fun^D

The jury^A brought in a guilty verdict^D and the judge he sentenced me to death^A
Midnight^G in a prison storeroom with leather straps across my chest^D

Sheriff when the man pulls that switch^A sir and snaps my poor head back^D
You make sure my pretty baby is sittin' right there on my lap^D

Harmonica A D A D

They declared me unfit to live^A said into that great void my soul be hurled^D
They wanted to know why I did what I did^G

well sir I guess there's just a meanness^A in this world^D

Harmonica part | A | D | A | D | G | D | A | D |