

Thunder Road by Bruce Stringsteen

Intro]

F Dm F Bb F Am Bb Csus-C

The screen door slams Mary's dress waves Like a vision she dances  
C Bb C  
across the porch As the radio plays Roy Orbison singing for the lonely  
F Bb F  
Hey that's me and I want you only Don't turn me home again I just can't face  
C  
myself alone again  
F Bb F  
Don't run back inside darling you know just what I'm here for  
C Bb  
So you're scared and you're thinking That maybe we ain't that young anymore  
C  
Show a little faith, there's magic in the night  
F Bb F C  
You ain't a beauty, but hey you're alright Oh and that's alright with me  
F Dm F  
You can hide neath your covers And study your pain Make crosses from your lovers  
Bb F Am  
Throw roses in the rain Waste your summer praying in rain  
Bb C7 F  
For a saviour to rise from these streets Well now I'm no hero  
Dm F Bb  
That's understood All the redemption I can offer, girl Is beneath this dirty hood  
F Am Bb C7  
With a chance to make it good somehow Hey what else can we do now  
F Bb F  
Except roll down the window And let the wind blow back your hair  
C Bb  
Well the night's busting open These two lanes will take us anywhere  
C F Bb  
We got one last chance to make it real To trade in these wings on some wheels  
F C  
Climb in back Heaven's waiting on down the tracks  
F Dm F Bb  
Oh oh come take my hand Riding out tonight to case the promised land  
F Am Bb C7  
Oh oh Thunder Road, oh Thunder Road oh Thunder Road  
F Dm F  
Lying out there like a killer in the sun Hey I know it's late  
Bb F Am Bb C7 F  
we can make it if we run Oh Thunder Road, sit tight take hold Thunder Road  
Bb C F  
Well I got this guitar And I learned how to make it talk  
Dm Bb C  
And my car's out back If you're ready to take that long walk  
Bb C Am Dm  
From your front porch to my front seat The door's open but the ride it ain't free  
Bb Bb/A Gm7 Bb/F  
And I know you're lonely For words that I ain't spoken

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C  
But tonight we'll be free      All the promises'll be broken

F                          Bb                          F  
There were ghosts in the eyes      Of all the boys you sent away

C                          Bb  
They haunt this dusty beach road    In the skeleton frames of burned out Chevrolets

C                          F  
They scream your name at night in the street Your graduation gown lies in rags at

Bb                          Am  
their feet                      And in the lonely cool before dawn

Bb                          Gm                          C  
You hear their engines roaring on      But when you get to the porch they're gone

Bb                          Gm                          Bb  
On the wind, so Mary climb in      It's a town full of losers

C                          F    F  
And I'm pulling out of here to win.