

Thunder Road

Bruce Springsteen

[D] Screen door slams, [G] Mary's [D] dress waves. Like a vision she dances [F#m] across the porch as the [G] radio plays. Roy Orbison singing for the [A] lonely, hey that's [D] me and I want you [G] only. Don't turn me home again I [D] just can't face myself [A] alone again.

Don't [D] run back inside, darlin', [G] you know just what I'm [D] here for. So you're scared and you're thinking that [F#m] maybe we ain't that [G] young any more. Show a little faith, there's magic in the [A] night. You ain't a [D] beauty but hey, you're all [G] right. Oh and [D] that's alright with [A] me.

You can [D] hide 'neath your covers and [A] study your pain. Make [D] crosses from your lovers, throw [G] roses in the rain. [D] Waste your summer [F#m] praying in vain for a [G] savior to rise from these [A] streets. Well [D] now I'm no hero that's under[A]stood. All the [D] redemption I can offer girl is [G] beneath this dirty hood.

[D] With a chance to make it [F#m] good somehow, hey [G] what else can we do [A] now, except, [D] roll down the window and [G] let the wind blow [D] back your hair. Well the night's busted open. These [F#m] two lanes will take us [G] anywhere. We got one last chance to make it [A] real. To [D] trade in these wings on some [G] wheels. Climb in back, heaven's [D] waiting [A] down on the tracks.

[D] Oh oh come [A] take my hand. We're [D] riding out tonight to [G] case the Promised Land. [D] Oh [F#m] Thunder Road, [G] Oh Thunder road, [A] Oh Thunder Road. [D] Lying out there like a [G] killer in the sun. [D] Hey I know it's late, we can [G] make it if we run. [D] Oh [F#m] Thunder Road, sit [G] tight, take [A] hold, Thunder [D] Road.

Well I [G] got this guitar and I [A] learned how to make it [D] talk. And my [G] car's out back if you're ready to take that [Bm] long [A] walk. From your [G] front porch to my front [A] seat. The door's [F#m] open but the ride ain't [G] free. Well I know you've been waiting for words that I ain't spoken. [A] Tonight we'll be free. All the promises will be broken.

There were [D] ghosts in the eyes of [G] all the boys you [D] sent away. They haunt this dusty beach road, in the [F#m] skeleton frames of [G] burned-out Chevro[A]lets. They scream your [G] name at night in the [A] street. Your graduation [F#m] gown lies in rags at their [G] feet. And in the lonely cool before [A] dawn, you hear their [G] engines roaring [A] on. When you [G] get to the porch, they're [A] gone on the [G] wind. So Mary climb [Em7] in. It's a [G] town full of losers and we're [A] pulling out of here to [D] win.