

# BORN IN THE USA

WORDS & MUSIC BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN.

Moderate Rock (♩ = 120)

Bno3rd



Bno3rd/E



B



1. Born down in a

B/E



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

1.2.3.6. To next strain

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

Chorus:



4.5.

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

(3rd time instrumental)

B/E



born in the U. S. A. I was born in the

1.2.3.

D.S.



U. S. A. \_\_\_\_\_ Born in the U. S. A. \_\_\_\_\_ now.

4.

U. S. A. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm a long \_\_\_\_\_ gone dad - dy in the

D.S.S.

5.



U. S. A., \_\_\_\_\_ now. U. S. A. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm a cool \_\_\_\_\_ rock - in' dad - dy in the

B



U. S. A., \_\_\_\_\_ now.

*Repeat ad lib. and fade*

*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)*