

BETTER DAYS

Rock ♩ = 100

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

D

f

1. Well, my soul_

Verse:

D

—checked out miss-ing as I — sat — lis-tening to the hours — and min-utes tick-in' a -

Bm

Em

3

way... Yeah, just sit-tin' a-round wait-in' for my life — to be - gin — while it was all —

G

D

— just slip-pin' a - way. — I'm tired — of wait-in' for to - mor-

Bm

- row to come, or that train to come roar-in' 'round the bend. I got a

Em

new suit of clothes, a pret-ty red rose and a wom-an I can call my friend.

Chorus:

G

D

These are bet-ter days, ba - by.

{ Yeah, there's bet-ter
These are

G

D

days shin - ing through.
bet - ter days, it's true.

These are bet-ter days, ba - by,

1.

D.S. %

Em

G

D

A

bet - ter days with a girl like you.
There's (2nd time only)

2. Well,

2. To Next Strain

G D/F# A D A/D

bet-ter days shin - ing through.

3.4.5.etc. Repeat ad lib. and fade

Em D/F# G A7sus D A9 G

{ with a girl like you. } These... are bet-ter days,--
are shin - ing through.

Bm

Em G D D.S. %

3. Now, a

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:)