

STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEE

Moderately, with a beat ♩ = 96

F Am 1. 2.

mf

1. I was

Verse:

F Am 3

mf

bruised and bat-tered; I could-n't — tell — what I felt. I was — un-rec-og-niz - a - ble — to my

F

mf

self. Saw my re-flec-tion in a win-dow and did-n't know my own face. — Oh, broth-er are you

Chorus:

Am B♭2

mf

gon-na leave me wast - in' a - way on the streets of Phil - a - del-phi-a. —
(bkgrd.) La — la la la la

F/A Csus C

la ___ la la la la la ___ la la la la. ___

Bb2 F/A Csus To Coda ⊕

La ___ la la la la la ___ la la la la la

1. C 2. C Bridge: Bb

la ___ la la 2. I walked the la ___ la la la la. ___ Ain't no an - gel gon-na greet

cresc. *f*

Dm7 Bb F

me; ___ it's just you and I, ___ my ___ friend. ___

Am Bb Csus

And my clothes don't fit me no more; I walked a thousand miles just to.

D.S. al Coda

C

...slip this skin.

Coda

C Bb2

la la la la la.

1.2. La la la la la
3.4.(etc.) *Instrumental repeat & fade*

F/A Csus C

Repeat ad lib. and fa

la la la la la la la la la.

Verse 2:

I walked the avenue till my legs felt like stone.
I heard the voices of friends vanished and gone.
At night I could hear the blood in my veins
Just as black and whispering as the rain
On the streets of Philadelphia.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

The night has fallen. I'm lyin' awake.
I can feel myself fading away.
So, receive me, brother, with your faithless kiss,
Or will we leave each other alone like this
On the streets of Philadelphia?
(To Chorus:)