

# Bad Religion - The Streets Of America

Tom: G  
Intro: (4x)

Rythm 1: (2x)  
E C

(w/ rythm 1)  
Desolate and without purpose  
Radiating from so many septic sources  
Forming the fabric of a wayward people  
Disappearing as the vestiges of our past

Scratched like tartan into virgin soil  
A substrate for progress and disarray  
A spreading network of broken dreams  
Searching for a thoroughfare to take us away

(chorus rythm)  
E Gb G D A  
Just a little tale from the streets of America

E Gb G D A  
Sparkled promises paved with pathos and hysteria

E G D  
Trenchant, weary native sons

E Gb G A D

Step back, step back and see the damage done

C G D C D  
Meander to the horizon, the streets of America

(w/ rythm 1 but w/o the Intro and palm-muted)  
Black, tarred concrete, pine for me  
Lying dormant for you and your country  
Hardened surface cracked within  
Catch the sweat from off of the chin

Of men and women, senior and child  
Who look to you and your sterile miles  
And in there stares is bald dismay  
For what you promised led them astray

(w/ chorus rythm)  
Just a little tale from the streets of America  
Sparkled promises paved with pathos and hysteria  
Trenchant, weary native sons  
Step back, step back and see the damage done  
Meander to the horizon, the streets of America

C G D E  
Hard-cracked, daunting, lifeless veins

C G D C D E  
False hope corridors to greener pastures is all that remains

That's it, enjoy it.

## Acordes

