

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

