

Bruce Springsteen - American Land

tom:
G (forma dos acordes no tom de **D**)
 Capotraste na 5ª casa

tabs & dicasChords... (Capo 5th Fret)

EADGBE
 D: 000323
G: 320033
 A7sus4: 002232

Verse One...

D **G** **D**
 What is this land of America, so many travel there
D **G** **A7sus4**
 I'm going now while I'm still young, my darling meet me there
D **G** **D**
 Wish me luck my lovely, I'll send for you when I can
D **G** **A7sus4** **D** **D** **G** **A7sus4**
 And we'll make our home in the American land

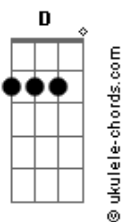
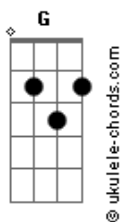
Verse Two...

Over there all the woman wear silk and satin to their knees
 And children dear, the sweets, I hear, are growing on the trees
 Gold comes rushing out the river straight into your hands
 If you make your home in the American land

Verse Three...

There's diamonds in the sidewalks, there's gutters lined in
 song
 Dear I hear that beer flows through the faucets all night long
 There's treasure for the taking, for any hard working man
 Who will make his home in the American land

Acordes



Verse Four...

I docked at Ellis Island in a city of light and spire
 I wandered to the valley of red-hot steel and fire
 We made the steel that built the cities with the sweat of our
 two hands
 And I made my home in the American land

Verse Five...

There's diamonds in the sidewalk, there's gutters lined in
 song
 Dear I hear that beer flows through the faucets all night long
 There's treasure for the taking, for any hard working man
 Who will make his home in the American land

Verse Six...

The McNicholas, the Posalski's, the Smiths, Zerillis too
 The Blacks, the Irish, the Italians, the Germans and the Jews
 The Puerto Ricans, illegals, the Asians, Arabs miles from home
 Come across the water with a fire down below

Verse Seven...

They died building the railroads, worked to bones and skin
 They died in the fields and factories, names scattered in the
 wind
 They died to get here a hundred years ago, they're dyin' now
 The hands that built the country we're all trying to keep down

Verse Eight...

There's diamonds in the sidewalk, there's gutters lined in
 song
 Dear I hear that beer flows through the faucets all night long
 There's treasure for the taking, for any hard working man
 Who will make his home in the American land?
 Who will make his home in the American land?
 Who will make his home in the American land?