

# The Shins - Mildenhall

Tom: C

At fifteen we had to leave the States again  
 Dad was stationed at an RAF base they called Mildenhall  
 Black moss on a busted wall  
 The cobblestones made it hard to skate  
 I thought my flattop was so new wave  
 Until it melted away in the Suffolk rain  
 Well god damn, you miss the USA  
 Then a kid in class passed me a tape  
 An invitation, not the hand of fate  
 I guess my shoes said I might relate  
 Somehow she knew I'd like to stay up waiting with her in the cold  
 For cheap beer and rock 'n' roll  
 Which in time put lots of things in my mind  
 A kid in class passed me a tape  
 A kid in class passed me a tape

We saw some bands down at the Corn Exchange

I wonder where my sister was that night  
 Back at home under the tanning bed lights  
 I can still see the glow  
 Strange rays from her window  
 Each night, as I was skating home  
 Started messing with my dad's guitar  
 Taught me some chords just to start me off  
 Whittling away on those rainy days  
 And that's how we get to where we are now  
 A kid in class passed me a tape  
 A band called The Jesus and the Mary Chain  
 I started messing with my dad's guitar  
 He taught me some chords just to start me off  
 Whittling away on all of those rainy days  
 And that's how we get to where we are now  
 That's how we get to where we are now

## Acordes

