

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

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

