

**The Bright Lights Of America**  
**Anti-Flag**

Because no one ever gets it right...

Intro:

**C#**      **Bbm**      **Ab**      **F#**

Verse 1:

**C#**                      **C#, Cm, Bbm**

16 year old girl

**F#**

In a hollow carved out place

**C**                                      **C#, Cm, Bbm**

Just looking for some prettiness

**F#**

**Bbm**

But the cuts in her arm don't paint for her a very pretty view

**Ab**

**F#**

**Ab**

In her mind, she dreams that she is far away from

Chorus:

**C#**    **C#, Cm, Bbm**

The bright lights of America, life and death in a sold out America,

**Bbm, Ab, F#**

To live and die in the heart of America, where they sell souls,

The bright lights of America, life and death in a sold out America,

To live and die in the heart of America, where they sell souls,

Verse 2:

A concrete city hell (City hell)

Suburbs that never end (Just like an ocean)

One parent lives in each of them

Passed back and forth he huffs glue to escape their bitter homes

He's just one of desperate ranks who can't break free from

Bridge:

**Bbm**    **C#**

I just want you to know there are warehouses full

**Ab**    **F#**

Of fucked up kids like you and me (Can't find our way)

**Bbm**    **C#**

So many lost in strife, caught in an endless fight

**Ab**    **F#**

To leave this empty ugly place (I'm leaving you as sane!)

Tabbed by The Marster