

**Balboa Park**  
**Bruce Springsteen**

Balboa Park - Bruce Springsteen

(Capo 3rd fred)

<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>D</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G</b>
d-----0-----0- -----0-----0- -----0----- -----	b----- -----0- -----0- -----1-----	g-----0-----0- -----0----- -----2-----2- -----0-----0-	D---2-----0- ---2-----0- ---0----- ---2-----0-	A----- ----- ----- -----	E--3-----3----- 3-----3----- 2----- 0-----0-----	

**C** **G** **C** **G**  
He lay his blanket underneath the freeway

**C** **G** **C**  
as the evening sky grew dark

**G** **C** **G**  
took a sniff of toncho from his coke can

**D** **C**  
and headed through Balboa Park

**G** **C** **G**  
where the men in Mercedes

**C** **G** **C**  
come nightly to employ

**G** **C** **G**  
in the cool San Diego evening

**D** **C** | **C G** | **C G** | **D** | **C G**  
the services of the border boys

**C** **G** **C**  
He grew up near the zona norte

**G** **C** **G** **C**  
with the hustlers and smugglers he hung out with

**G** **C** **G**  
he swallowed their balloons of cocaine

**D** **C**  
brought em cross the 12th street strip

**G** **C** **G**  
sleeping in a shelter

**C** **G** **C**  
if the night got too cold

**G** **C** **G**  
runnin from the migra

**D** **C** | **C G** | **C G** | **D** | **C G**  
of the border patrol

**C** **G** **C** **G**  
Past the Salvage yard cross the train tracks

and in through the storm drain  
 they stretched their blankets out neath the freeway  
 and each one took a name  
 there was x-man and cochese  
 little spider his sneakers covered in river mud  
 they come north to California  
 end up with the poison in their blood

He did what he had to do for money  
 sometimes he sent home what he could spare  
 the rest went to hi-top sneakers and toncho  
 and jeans like the gavatchos wear  
 one night the border patrol swept 12th street  
 a big car come fast down the boulevard  
 spider stood caught in it s headlights  
 got hit and went down hard  
 as the car sped away spider held his stomach  
 limped to his blanket neath the underpass  
 lie there tasting his own blood on his tongue  
 closed his eyes and listened to the cars  
 rushin by so fast

C G D Em7  
 -0--0--0--0--  
 -1--0--3--0--  
 -0--0--2--0--  
 -2--0--0--0--  
 -3--2-----2--  
 ----3-----0--