Highway 29 Bruce Springsteen

Intro: C

I slipped on her shoe; she was a perfect size seven.

Am7 C/G

I said, There s no smoking in the store, ma am.

She crossed her legs and then

C

We made some small talk; that s where it should have stopped.

C/G Am7

She slipped me her number; I put it in my pocket.

My hand slipped up her skirt; everything slipped my mind

Am7

In that little roadhouse

On Highway 29.

It was a small town bank; it was a mess.

Well, I had a gun. You know the rest.

Money on the floorboards, shirt was covered in blood

And she was cryin ; her and me we headed south

On Highway 29.