

It's Hard To Be a Saint In The City  
Bruce Springsteen

A7	D4/A	A
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--5-----	--3-----	--2-----3--
--0-----	--0-----	--2-----
--5-----	--4-----	--2-----3h4--
--0-----	--0-----	--0-----0--
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D/A	A7	D
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-----5--	-----3--	-----
-----	-----	-----
-----4h5---	-----3h4---	-----
-----0--0--	-----0--0--	-----0--0--0--
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A	D/A
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--2-----3--	---3--3--3--3--3--3--3--3--3--
--2-----	---x--x--x--x--x--x--x--x--
--2-----3h4---	--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--
--0-----0--	---0--0--0--0--0--0--0--0--
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A	D	A	A7	D
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-----3--	-----2--	-----	-----5--	-----3--
*--2--2--2--2--	-----x--	-----	-----2--2--2--2--	-----2--*
*--2--2--2--2--2h4---	-----4--	-----	-----2--2--2--2--4h5---	-----5--4--*
---0--0--0--0--0--0--	---0--x--x--x--	-----	---0--0--0--0--	-----
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F#m D E A D A D  
 I had skin like leather and the diamond-hard look of a cobra  
 F#m D E F#m  
 I was born blue and weathered but I burst just like a supernova  
 D  
 I could walk like Brando right into the sun  
 F#m D  
 Then dance just like a Casanova  
 E F#m  
 With my blackjack and jacket and hair slicked sweet  
 D E F#m  
 Silver star studs on my duds like a Harley in heat  
 D E F#m D E  
 When I strut down the street I could feel its heartbeat  
 D E F#m

The sisters fell back and said Don t that man look pretty

D E F#m

The cripple on the corner cried out Nickels for your pity

D E F#m

Them gasoline boys downtown sure talk gritty

D E A7

It s so hard to be a saint in the city

F#m D E A D A D

I was the king of the alley I could talk some trash

F#m D E F#m

I was the prince of the paupers crowned downtown at the beggar s bash

D

I was the pimp s main prophet I kept everything cool

F#m D

Just a backstreet gambler with the luck to lose

E F#m

And when the heat came down and it was left on the ground

D E F#m

The devil appeared like Jesus through the steam in the street

D E F#m D E

Showin me a hand I knew even the cops couldn t beat

D E F#m

I felt his hot breath on my neck as I dove into the heat

D E A7

It s so hard to be a saint when you re just a boy out on the street

A7sus A7

And the sages of the subway sit just like the living dead

D7sus D7

As the tracks clack out the rhythm their eyes fixed straight ahead

G7

They ride the line of balance and hold on by just a thread

C7

But it s too hot in these tunnels you can get hit up by the heat

Dm

You get up to get out at your next stop but they push you back down in your seat

Bb

Your heart starts beatin faster as you struggle to your feet

Esus E

Then you re outa that hole and back up on the street

D E F#m

And them South Side sisters sure look pretty

D E F#m

The cripple on the corner cries out Nickels for your pity

D E F#m

And them downtown boys sure talk gritty

D E Asus A

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