

**Paradise**

**Bruce Springsteen**

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Capo 3rd fret

**Gm///F///Gm///**

Where the river runs to [G]black  
I take the schoolbooks from your [Am]pack  
Plastics, wire and your [F]kiss  
The breath of eternity on your [Am]lips  
In the crowded market[G]place  
I drift from face to [Am]face  
I hold my breath and close my [F]eyes  
I hold my breath and close my [Am]eyes  
And I wait for para[G]dise  
And I wait for para[Am]dise////G///Am

The Virginia hills have gone to [G]brown  
Another day another sun going [Am]down  
I visit you in another [F]dream  
I visit you in another [Am]dream  
I reach and feel your [G]hair  
Your smell lingers in the [Am]air  
I brush your cheek with my finger[F]tips  
I taste the void upon your [Am]lips  
And I wait for para[G]dise  
And I wait for para[Am]dise [F]////[Am]////[G]////[Am]

I search for you on the other [G]side  
Where the river runs clean and [Am]wide  
Up to my heart the waters [F]rise  
Up to my heart the waters [Am]rise  
I sink `neath the water cool and [G]clear  
Drifting down, I disap[Am]pear  
I see you on the other [F]side  
I search for the peace in your [Am]eyes  
But they re as empty as para[G]dise  
They re as empty as para[Am]dise///[F]////[Am]////[G]////[Am]////

I break above the [G]waves  
I feel the sun upon my [Am]face  
[Fade out]