

The Hitter

Bruce Springsteen

3/4 | G / / | G / / | G / / | G / / |

G **C** **G**
Come to the door, Ma, and unlock the chain
C
I was just passin through and got caught in the rain
G
There s nothin I want, nothin that you need say
D **G**
Just let me lie down for a while and I ll be on my way

G **C** **G**
I was no more than a kid when you put me on the Southern Queen
C
With the police on my back I fled to New Orleans
G
I fought in the dockyards and with the money I made
D **G**
I knew the fight was my home and blood was my trade

G **C** **G**
Baton Rouge, Poncitoula, and Lafayette town
C
Well they paid me their money, Ma, I knocked the men down
G
I did what I did well it come easily
D **G** |
Restraint and mercy, Ma, were always strangers to me

HARP SOLO

| **G** | **G** | **G** | **C** | **C** | **Em** | **Em** | **G** | **C** | **C** | **C** | **G** | **G** | **G** | **G**

G **C** **G**
I fought champion Jack Thompson in a field full of mud
C
Rain poured through the tent to the canvas and mixed with our blood
G
In the twelfth I slipped my tongue over my broken jaw
C
I stood over him and pounded his bloody body into the floor
G
Well the bell rang and rang and still I kept on
D **G**

Till I felt my glove leather slip tween his skin and bone

G Then the women and the money came fast and the days I lost track **C** **G**

The women red, the money green, but the numbers were black **C**

I fought for the men in their silk suits to lay down their bets **G**

I took my good share, Ma, I have no regrets **D** **G**

G Then I took the fix at the state armory with big John McDowell **C** **G**

From high in the rafters I watched myself fall **C**

As he raised his arm my stomach twisted and the sky it went black **G**

I stuffed my bag with their good money and I never looked back **D** **G**

C Understand, in the end, Ma, every man plays the game **G**

If you know me one different then speak out his name **D** **G**

Ma if my voice now you don t recognize **C**

G Then just open the door and look into your dark eyes **D** **G**

I ask of you nothin , not a kiss not a smile, **C**

G Just open the door and let me lie down for a while **D** **G**

G Now the gray rain s fallin and my ring fightin s done **C** **G**

So in the work fields and alleys I take all who ll come **C**

If you re a better man than me then just step to the line **G**

Show me your money and speak out your crime **C**

Now there s nothin I want, Ma, nothin that you need say **G**

Just let me lie down for a while and I ll be on my way **D** **G**

G Tonight in the shipyard a man draws a circle in the dirt **C**

I move to the center and I take off my shirt

G

I study him for the cuts, the scars, the pain, Man, nor time can erase

D C G

I move hard to the left and I strike to the face