

Bring It On
The Gaslight Anthem

Bring It On

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---by Alex

Notes:

- standard tuning
- the lyrics are 100% correct!
- Brian plays with capo on fret 2 for live shows
- please email any corrections to agalea91@gmail.com (thanks!)

C

My queen of the Bronx

Am F

Blue eyes and spitfire

Am C

I saw you walking back and forth

F

About another boy

Am F

Thinking that you may want to leave

Am C

So give me the fevers that just won t break

Am C

And give me the children you don t want to raise

Am

And tell me about the cool

C

He sings to you in those songs

G

If it s better than my love

Am F

Then bring it on

Am

And take it back out to the streets

F

Where you know you used to be

C F

For the Romeos uptown

C G

If I bring you down

Am F

And If you re tired of those vows

C **G**
If you re really walking out

Am **C**
Then give me the fevers that just won t break

Am **C**
And give me the children you don t want to raise

Am
And tell me about the cool

C
He sings to you in those songs

G
If it s better than my love

C
Baby, bring it on

Am
Oh, bring it on

C
Stop clicking your red heels and wishing for home

Am
I m hearing that he tells you he can read your palms

F
Is it s better than my love

C
(Better than my love)

F
Is it s better than my love

C
(Better than my love)

Am **F**
So I found the letters with the reason to things

Am **F**
You ve been feeling that

Am
He says they ll never know

C **G**
And you say the night just got too cold

Am
Well everybody s cold

F
(Who s gonna keep my baby warm)

C
Who s gonna keep my baby warm

G
When everybody goes

So give me the fevers that just won t break
And give me the children you don t want to raise
And tell me about the cool
He sings to you in those songs
If it s better than my love

Well then wait a minute, wait a minute
(Wasn t I good to you)
Wait a minute, wait a minute
(Wasn t I good to you)
Wait a minute, wait a minute
(You don t know what s good for you)

Am - F

So give me the fevers that just won t break
And give me the children you don t want to raise
And tell me about the cool
He sings to you in those songs
You ve been baby for so long
Come on, bring it on
Oh, bring it on
Stop clicking your red heels and wishing for home
I m hearing that he tells you he can read your palms
If it s better than my love
(Better than my love)

F

If it s better than my love

C

(Better than my love)

F

C

If it s better than my love

C (strum once)

Then go on, take it all