

**Mildenhall**  
**The Shins**

**C**

At fifteen we had to leave the States again

**F**

Dad was stationed at an RAF base they called Mildenhall

**C**

Black moss on a busted wall

**C**

The cobblestones made it hard to skate

**C**

I thought my flattop was so new wave

**F**

**C**

Until it melted away in the Suffolk rain

**G7**

**C**

Well god damn, you miss the USA

**F**

**C**

Then a kid in class passed me a tape

**F**

**C**

**G7**

An invitation, not the hand of fate

**C**

I guess my shoes said I might relate

**F**

Somehow she knew I d like to stay up waiting with her in the cold

**C**

For cheap beer and rock n roll

**G7**

**C**

Which in time put lots of things in my mind

**F**

**C**

A kid in class passed me a tape

**F**

**C**

**G7**

We saw some bands down at the Corn Exchange

**C**

I wonder where my sister was that night

Back at home under the tanning bed lights

**F**

I can still see the glow

**C**

Strange rays from her window

**G7**

**C**

Each night, as I was skating home

**C**

Started messing with my dad s guitar

**C**

Taught me some chords just to start me off

**F**

**C**

Whittling away on those rainy days

**G7**

**C**

And that s how we get to where we are now

**F**

**C**

A kid in class passed me a tape

**F**

**C**

**G7**

A band called The Jesus and the Mary Chain

**C**

I started messing with my dad s guitar

He taught me some chords just to start me off

**F**

**C**

Whittling away on all of those rainy days

**G7**

**C**

And that s how we get to where we are now

**G7**

**F7**

That s how we get to where we are now