

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