

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

G#7

C#

Well god damn, you miss the USA

F#

C#

Then a kid in class passed me a tape

F#

C#

G#7

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

G#7

C#

Which in time put lots of things in my mind

F#

C#

A kid in class passed me a tape

F#

C#

G#7

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

G#7

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

G#7

C#

And that s how we get to where we are now

F#

C#

A kid in class passed me a tape

F#

C#

G#7

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

G#7

C#

And that s how we get to where we are now

G#7

F#7

That s how we get to where we are now