

**Mildenhall**  
**The Shins**

**Bb**

At fifteen we had to leave the States again

**Eb**

Dad was stationed at an RAF base they called Mildenhall

**Bb**

Black moss on a busted wall

**Bb**

The cobblestones made it hard to skate

**Bb**

I thought my flattop was so new wave

**Eb**

**Bb**

Until it melted away in the Suffolk rain

**F7**

**Bb**

Well god damn, you miss the USA

**Eb**

**Bb**

Then a kid in class passed me a tape

**Eb**

**Bb**

**F7**

An invitation, not the hand of fate

**Bb**

I guess my shoes said I might relate

**Eb**

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

**Bb**

For cheap beer and rock n roll

**F7**

**Bb**

Which in time put lots of things in my mind

**Eb**

**Bb**

A kid in class passed me a tape

**Eb**

**Bb**

**F7**

We saw some bands down at the Corn Exchange

**Bb**

I wonder where my sister was that night

Back at home under the tanning bed lights

**Eb**

I can still see the glow

**Bb**

Strange rays from her window

**F7**

**Bb**

Each night, as I was skating home

**Bb**

Started messing with my dad s guitar

**Bb**

Taught me some chords just to start me off

**Eb** **Bb**

Whittling away on those rainy days

**F7**

**Bb**

And that s how we get to where we are now

**Eb**

**Bb**

A kid in class passed me a tape

**Eb** **Bb** **F7**

A band called The Jesus and the Mary Chain

**Bb**

I started messing with my dad s guitar

He taught me some chords just to start me off

**Eb** **Bb**

Whittling away on all of those rainy days

**F7**

**Bb**

And that s how we get to where we are now

**F7**

**Eb7**

That s how we get to where we are now