

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