

Mildenhall
The Shins

B
At fifteen we had to leave the States again

Dad was stationed at an RAF base they called Mildenhall
B
Black moss on a busted wall
B
The cobblestones made it hard to skate
B
I thought my flattop was so new wave
E B
Until it melted away in the Suffolk rain
F#7 B
Well god damn, you miss the USA

E B
Then a kid in class passed me a tape
E B F#7
An invitation, not the hand of fate

B
I guess my shoes said I might relate

E
Somehow she knew I d like to stay up waiting with her in the cold
B
For cheap beer and rock n roll
F#7 B
Which in time put lots of things in my mind

E B
A kid in class passed me a tape
E B
F#7
We saw some bands down at the Corn Exchange

B
I wonder where my sister was that night

Back at home under the tanning bed lights
E
I can still see the glow
B
Strange rays from her window
F#7 B
Each night, as I was skating home
B

Started messing with my dad s guitar

B

Taught me some chords just to start me off

E

B

Whittling away on those rainy days

F#7

B

And that s how we get to where we are now

E

B

A kid in class passed me a tape

E

B

F#7

A band called The Jesus and the Mary Chain

B

I started messing with my dad s guitar

He taught me some chords just to start me off

E

B

Whittling away on all of those rainy days

F#7

B

And that s how we get to where we are now

F#7

E7

That s how we get to where we are now