

Mildenhall
The Shins

B
At fifteen we had to leave the States again
E
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