

Nebraska – Bruce Springsteen

[G] [C] [G] [C] [F] [C] [G] [C] **(First 4 Lines)**

I saw her [G] standin' on her [C] front lawn
Just a [G] twirlin' her ba[C]ton
Me and [F] her went for a [C] ride sir
And ten [G] innocent people [C] died
From the [G] town of Lincoln Ne[C]braska
With a [G] sawed off .410 on my [C] lap
Through to the [F] badlands of Wy[C]oming
I killed [G] everything in my [C] path

[G] [C]

I can't [G] say that I am [C] sorry
For the [G] things that we have [C] done
At least [F] for a little [C] while sir
Me and [G] her we had us some [C] fun
The jury [G] brought in a guilty [C] verdict
And the [G] judge he sentenced me to [C] death
Midnight [F] in a prison [C] storeroom
With leather [G] straps across my [C] chest

Sheriff [G] when the man pulls that [C] switch sir
And [G] snaps my poor head [C] back
You make [F] sure my pretty [C] baby
Is sittin' [G] right there on my [C] lap

[G] [C] [G] [C]

They de[G]clared me unfit to [C] live said
Into that [G] great void my soul be [C] hurled
They wanted to [F] know why I did what [C] I did
Well sir I [G] guess there's just a meanness in this [C] world

(Instrumental Last Verse)

