

## STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA

Words and Music by  
BRUCE SPRINGSTEENModerately, with a beat  $\text{♩} = 96$ 

F Am 1. 2.

*mf*

1. I was

\* Verse:

F Am 3

*mf*

bruised and bat-tered; I could-n't — tell — what I felt. I was — un-rec-og-niz - a - ble — to my-

F

self. Saw my re-flec-tion in a win-dow and did-n't know my own face. — Oh, broth-er are you

Am Chorus: Bb2

gon-na leave me wast - in' a - way on the streets of Phil - a - del-phi-a. —  
(*bkgd.*) La — la la la la

(L.H. cue notes 2nd & 3rd time)

F/A Csus C

la\_\_ la la la la la\_\_ la la la la la\_\_

Bb2 F/A Csus To Coda

La\_\_ la la la la la\_\_ la la la la la\_\_

1. C 2. C Bridge: Bb

la\_\_ la la 2. I walked the la\_\_ la la la la\_\_ Ain't no an - gel gon-na greet

cresc. f

Dm7 Bb F

me: it's just you and I, my friend.

Am B $\flat$  Csus

And my clothes don't fit me no more; I walked a thousand miles just to

D.S.  $\text{S}$  al Coda Coda C B $\flat$ 2

slip this skin. —

la — la la la la. —

1.2. La — la la la la  
3.4.(etc.) *Instrumental repeat & fade*

F/A Csus C Repeat ad lib. and fade

la — la la la la la — la la la la la. —

*Verse 2:*

I walked the avenue till my legs felt like stone.  
I heard the voices of friends vanished and gone.  
At night I could hear the blood in my veins  
Just as black and whispering as the rain  
On the streets of Philadelphia.

*(To Chorus:)*

*Verse 3:*

The night has fallen. I'm lyin' awake.  
I can feel myself fading away.  
So, receive me, brother, with your faithless kiss,  
Or will we leave each other alone like this  
On the streets of Philadelphia?

*(To Chorus:)*