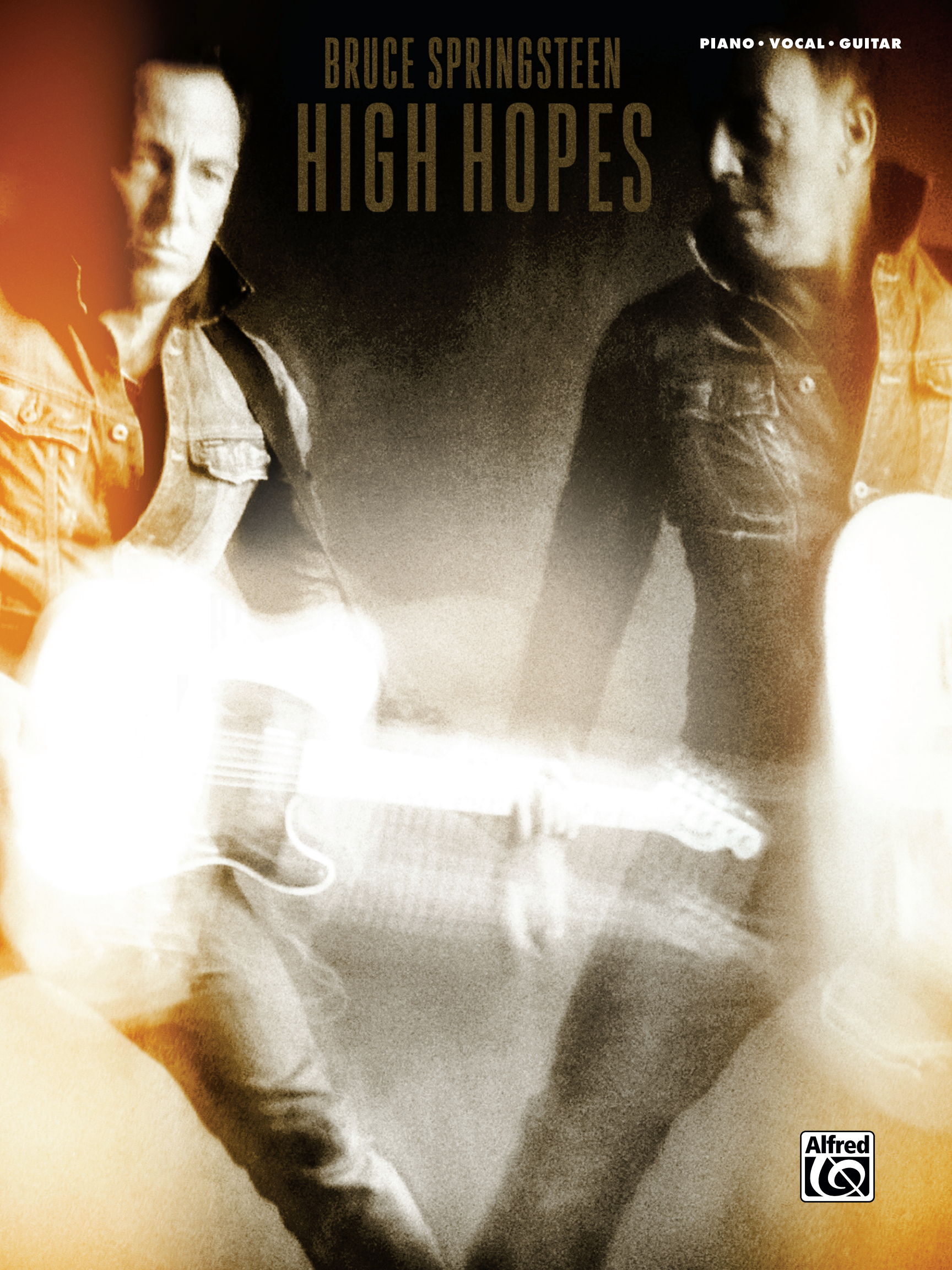


BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN HIGH HOPES

PIANO • VOCAL • GUITAR



PIANO • VOCAL • GUITAR

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN HIGH HOPES



Produced by
Alfred Music
P.O. Box 10003
Van Nuys, CA 91410-0003
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Printed in USA.

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ISBN-10: 1-4706-1529-0
ISBN-13: 978-1-4706-1529-1

Album Art Direction and Design: Michelle Holme
Photography: Danny Clinch
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HIGH HOPES

BY TIM SCOTT MCCONNELL

Monday mornin' runs to Sunday night
Screamin' slow me down before
the new year dies
It won't take much to kill a lovin' smile
And every mother with a baby cryin'
in her arms, singin'
Give me help, give me strength
Give a soul a night of fearless sleep
Give me love, give me peace
Don't you know these days
you pay for everything
Got high hopes, I got high hopes

Comin' from the cities, comin' from the wild
I see a breathless army breakin' like a cloud
They're gonna smother love,
they're gonna shoot your hopes
Before the meek inherit they'll
learn to hate themselves
Singin', give me help, give me strength
Give a soul a night of fearless sleep
Give me love, give me peace
Don't you know these days
you pay for everything
Got high hopes, I got high hopes

Give me help, give me strength
Ah, give a soul a night of fearless sleep
Give me love, give me peace
Don't you know these days you pay for everything
Got high hopes, I got high hopes

So tell me someone, now, what's the price
I wanna buy some time and maybe live my life
I wanna have a wife, I wanna have some kids
I wanna look in their eyes and know
they stand a chance

Give me help, give me strength
Give a soul a night of fearless sleep
Give me love, give me peace
Don't you know these days you pay for everything
Got high hopes, got high hopes, I got high hopes,
got high hopes

HARRY'S PLACE

BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

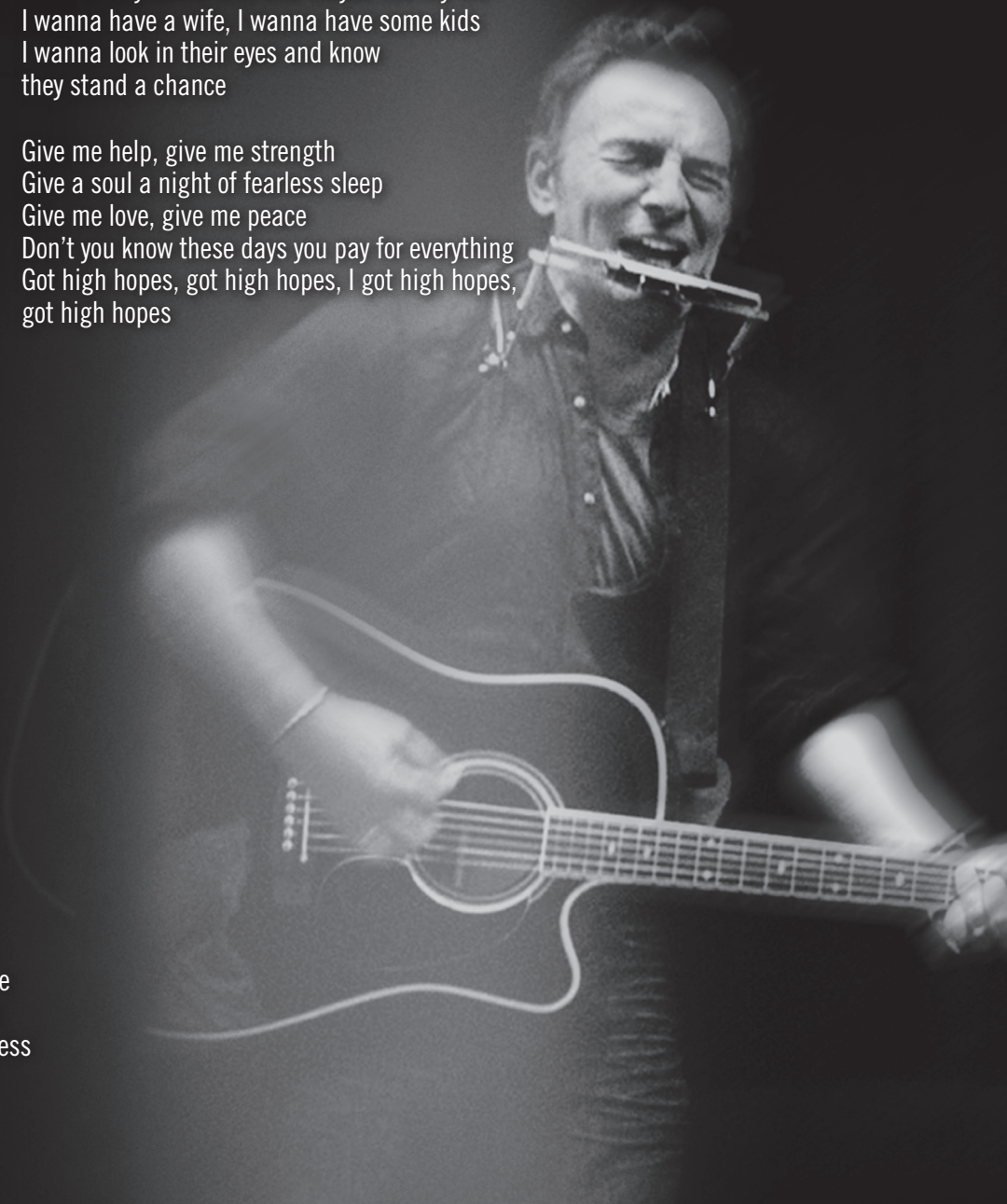
Downtown hipsters drinkin' up the drug line
I'm down in the kitchen working in the coal mine
Got a special sin mister you can't quite confess
Messy little problem maybe baby need a new dress
Razorback diamond you shine too hard
Need a hammer help you handle little
trouble in your backyard
Bring it on down to Harry's Place

When Harry speaks it's Harry's streets
In Harry's house it's Harry's rules
You don't want to be around brother when Harry schools
It's Harry's car, Harry's wife, Harry's dogs run Harry's town,
Your blood and money spit shines Harry's crown
You don't fuck with Harry's money you
Don't fuck Harry's girls these are the rules, this is the world
When you bring it on down to Harry's Place
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place)

Need a little shot of somethin' to improve your health,
A taste of that one little weakness you allow yourself,
You're looking for the key to that box you locked yourself in
Just step up to the line and be one of Harry's friends

Shithole on the corner, no light, no sign
Nobody on the street 'cept the deaf dumb and blind
Mayor Conner's on the couch
Father McGowan's at the bar
Chief Horton's at the door checkin' who the fuck you are
Seesaw Bobby dressed in drag and Mr. Nice
Carry me into the back room and dim the lights,
My arms strapped to the table, a thousand angels spinnin' up the room
A voice whispers in my ear "We do what we must do."
When we bring it on down to Harry's Place
(Bring it on down to Harry's Place)

Nobody knows his number nobody knows his name
If he didn't exist it'd all go on just the same...



HIGH HOPES

Moderately ♩ = 107

N.C.

(drums and percussion)

Words and Music by
TIM SCOTT McCONNELL

Verse 1:

1. Mon - day mor-nin' runs to Sun - day night_ scream-in'

slow me down_ be - fore the new_ year dies._ It won't take much_ to kill a

lov - in' smile._ And ev - 'ry moth - er with a ba - by cry - in' in her arms_ sing - in',

give__ me help, give__ me strength. Give a soul__ a night of

fear - less sleep. Give__ me love, give__ me peace. Don't you know these days you pay for

Chorus:

ev - 'ry - thing. Got high hopes,

I got high hopes. Got high hopes,