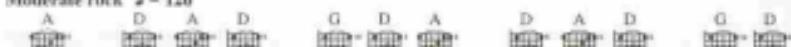


GLORY DAYS

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderate rock $\text{♩} = 126$



$\frac{8}{8}$ Verse:



1. I had a friend... was a big base - ball player back in high school...

2,3. See additional lyrics



He could throw, that speed - ball by you, make you look... like a fool...



boy... Saw him the other night at this road-side bar... I was walking

D E
in he was walk - in' out____ We went back in - side, sat down, had

D E
a few drinks, but all he kept talk - in' a - bout____ was glo - ry days____

Chorus:
A D A
— Well, they'll pass you by____ Glo - ry days____ in the wisk of a

D To Cook φ A E
young girl's eye____ Glo - ry days____ glo - ry days____



2. Well, there's — glo - ry days...

A D A D G D A E To Next Strain

D.S.S. 15 15 al Coda E A E
3. A E glo - ry days...

D.S. 8

E A E D G D E



Φ Coda

A

E

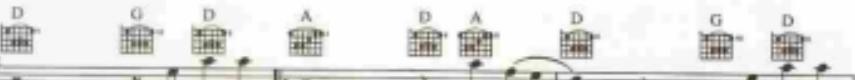
A

D

A

67

glo - ry days

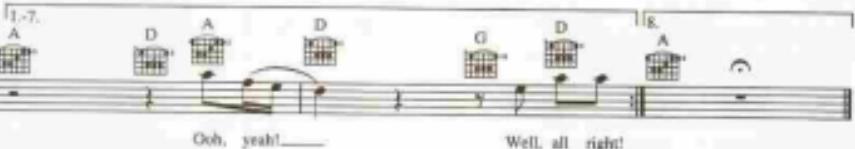


Well, all right!

Oo, yeah!

Well, all right!

(fade gradually)



Goh, yeah!

Well, all right!



Goh, yeah!

Well, all right!

Verse 2:

Well, there's a girl that lives up the block; back in school she could turn all the boys' heads.
Sometimes on a Friday, I'll stop by and have a few drinks after she put her kids to bed.

Her and her husband Bobby, well, they split up; I guess it's two years gone by now.

We just sit around talkin' 'bout the old times; she says when she feels like crying she starts laughin' thinkin' 'bout . . .
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

Think I'm going down to the well tonight, and I'm gonna drink till I get my fill.
And I hope when I get old I don't sit around thinkin' 'bout it, but I probably will.
Yeah, just sittin' back tryin' to recapture a little of the glory of,
But time slips away and leaves you with nothin', mister, but boring stories of . . .
(To Chorus:)