

Springsteen – Eric Church

To this day when I **hear** that song, I **see** you standin' there **on** that lawn
Discount shades, **store** bought tan — **flip**-flops and **cut**-off jeans
Some**where** between that **setting** sun, I'm on fire and **born** to run
You **looked** at me and I was done, but — ... we're just getting **started**
/ D - - - / G - Bm A / :

I was **singin'** to you, you were **singin'** to me, I was **so** alive, never **been** more free
Fired **up** my daddy's **lighter** and we sang — **Oh** – oh-oh ...
... Stayed there 'til they **forced** us out, and **took** the long way **to** your house
I can still **hear** the sound — of you **sayin'**, “Don't go”

... When I think about **you**, ... I think about **17**
... I think about **my** old Jeep, ... I think about the **stars** in the sky
... Funny how a **melody**, ... sounds like a **memory**
... Like the **soundtrack** to a **Ju**-ly **Saturday night**
Springsteen
/ D - A - / Bm - G - / Bm - A - / D - G - Em - A - / D - /

I bumped into you by happenstance, you probably wouldn't even know who I am
But if I whispered your name, I bet — there'd still be a spark
Back when I was gasoline, and this old tattoo had brand new ink
And we didn't care what your mom would think, about your name on my arm
Baby is it spring or is it summer, the guitar sound or the beat of that drummer
You hear sometimes late at night — on yer radio
Even though you're a million miles away, when you hear 'Born in the USA'
You relive those glory days, so long ag—o o-oh

When you think about me, do you think about seventeen
Do you think about my old jeep, think about the stars in the sky
Funny how a melody sounds like a memory
Like a soundtrack to a July Saturday night
Springsteen, Springsteen