BORN IN THE U.S.A.



Born In The U.S.A. - 4 - 1



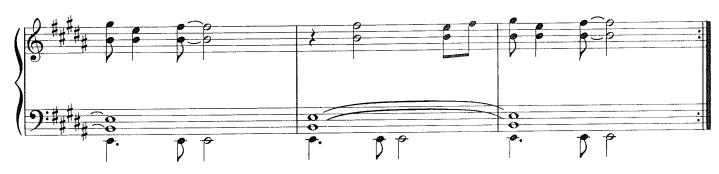




Born In The U.S.A. - 4 - 3



Repeat ad lib. and fade



Verse 2:

Got in a little hometown jam, So they put a rifle in my hand. Sent me off to a foreign land To go and kill the yellow man.

(To Chorus)

Verse 3:

Come back home to the refinery; Hiring man says, "Son, if it was up to me." Went down to see my V. A. man; he said, "Son, don't you understand, now?"

(To instrumental chorus)

Verse 4:

I had a brother at Khesan, Fighting off the Viet Cong; They're still there, he's all gone.

Verse 5:

He had a woman that he loved in Saigon, I got a picture of him in her arms, now.

Verse 6:

Down in the shadow of the penitentiary, Out by the gas fires of the refinery; I'm ten years burning down the road, Nowhere to run, ain't nowhere to go.

(To Chorus)