

Tune gtr. in Double Drop D:

⑥ = D ③ = G

⑤ = A ② = B

④ = D ① = D

DEVILS & DUST

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderately ♩ = 112

mp

♩ Verses 1-4:

1. I've got my fin-ger on the trig - ger, but I don't know who to trust...
 home, Bob - bie, home's a long, long way from us...
 3. 4. See additional lyrics

When I look in - to your eyes,____
 Feel a dirt-y wind blow - in',____

A7sus

D(4)

Dsus

1.3.

D(4)

Dsus

there's just dev-ils and _____ dust.
 dev-ils and _____ dust.

2. We're a long, _____ long way from

2.4.

D(4)

Chorus:

G

{ I've got _____ God on my } side, _____
 { We've got _____ God on our } and { I'm } just try - ing to sur -
 { we're }

mf

D/F#

G

vive. _____ What if what you do to sur - vive _____ kills _____ the things you

A7sus

G

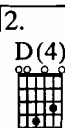
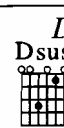
love? Fear's _____ a pow - er - ful thing, _____ it _____ can turn your heart black, you can trust. _____



It - 'll take___ your God - filled soul,



fill it with dev-ils and_____ dust.



3. Well, I dreamed of you___ last ___ dust.



It - 'll take___ your God - filled soul, fill it with dev-ils and_____

D(4)

Dsus

D(4)

Dsus

D(4)

Dsus



dust.

(Harmonica solo ad lib...)

D(4)

Dsus

G



D(4)

Dsus

A7

D(4)

Dsus



1.

Dsus

2.

D(4)

Verses 5 & 6:

Dsus

D(4)

Dsus



5. Now ev - 'ry wom-an and ev - 'ry man,
...end solo) ger,



they wan - na take__ a right - eous stand, find the love__ that God__ wills_
 and to - night, faith__ just ain't e - nough. When I look__ in - side__ my



heart, and the faith__ that he com - mands.
 there's just dev - ils and dust.

1.



2.






Chorus:



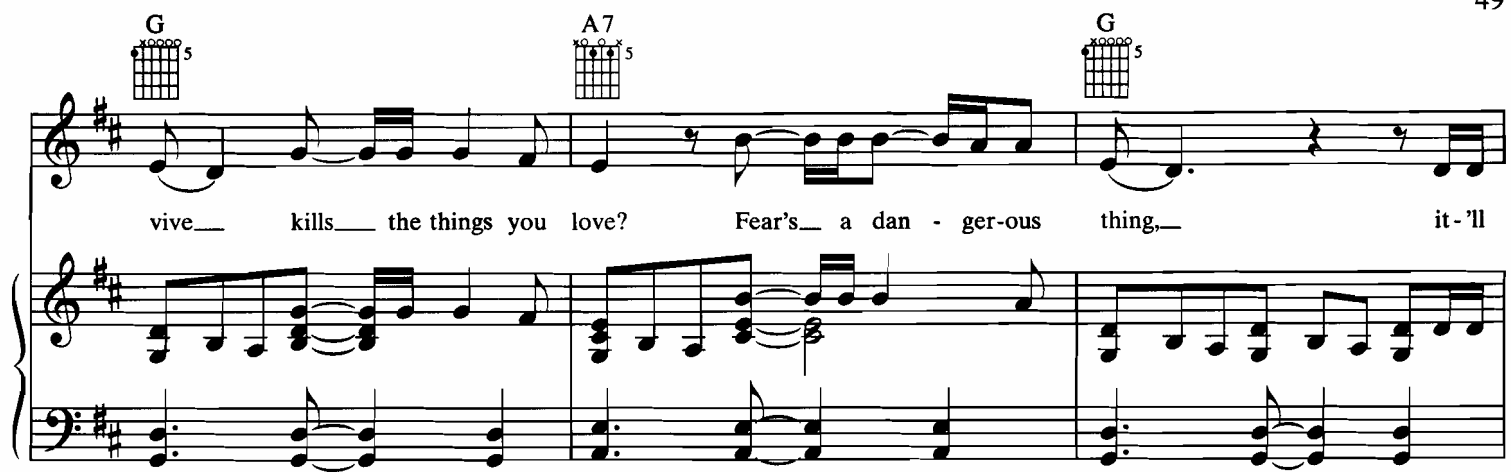
6. I've got my fin - ger on the trig - Well, I've got__ God on my side,_____




and I'm just try - ing to sur - vive... What if what you do to sur -

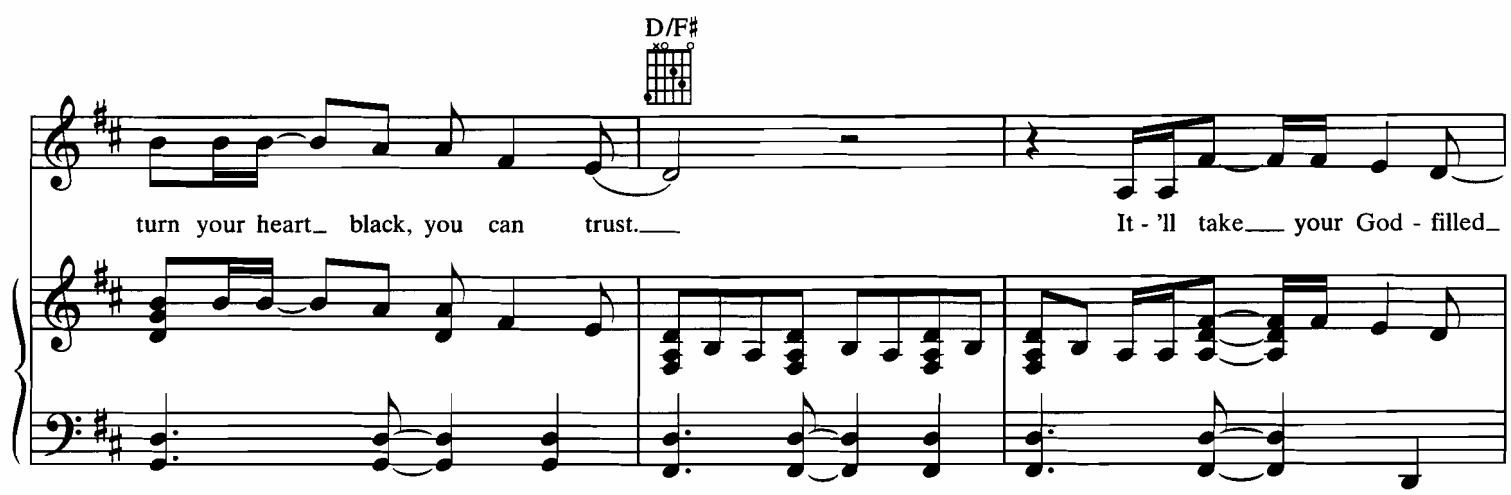
G  A7  G 





vive__ kills__ the things you love? Fear's__ a dan - ger-ous thing,__ it-'ll



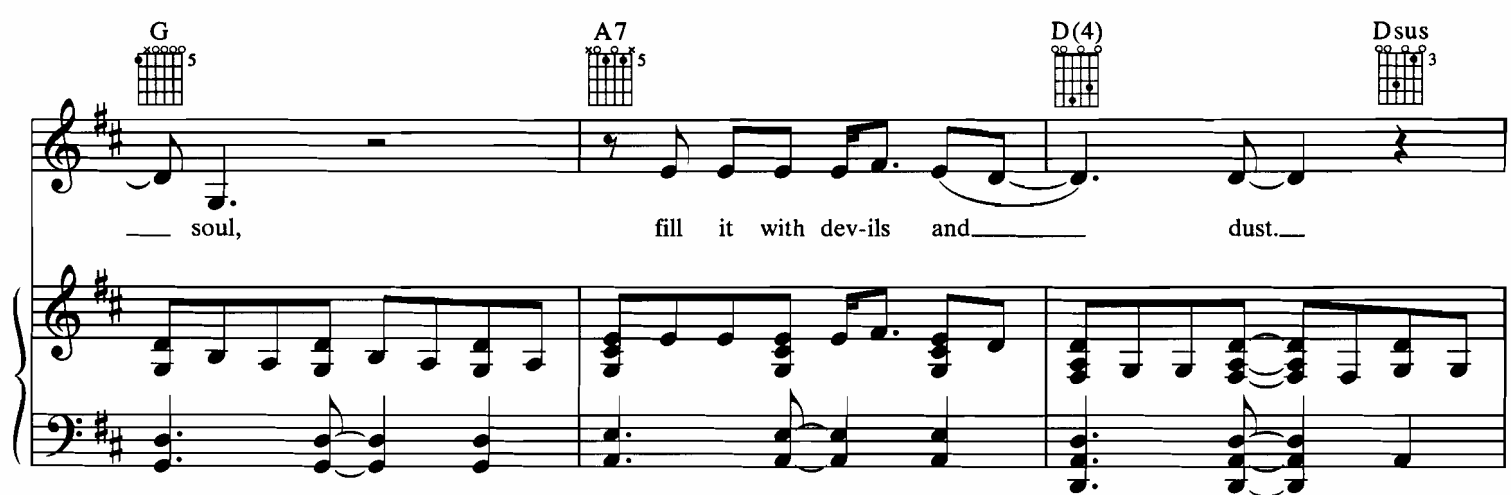
D/F# 




turn your heart__ black, you can trust.__ It -'ll take__ your God - filled__



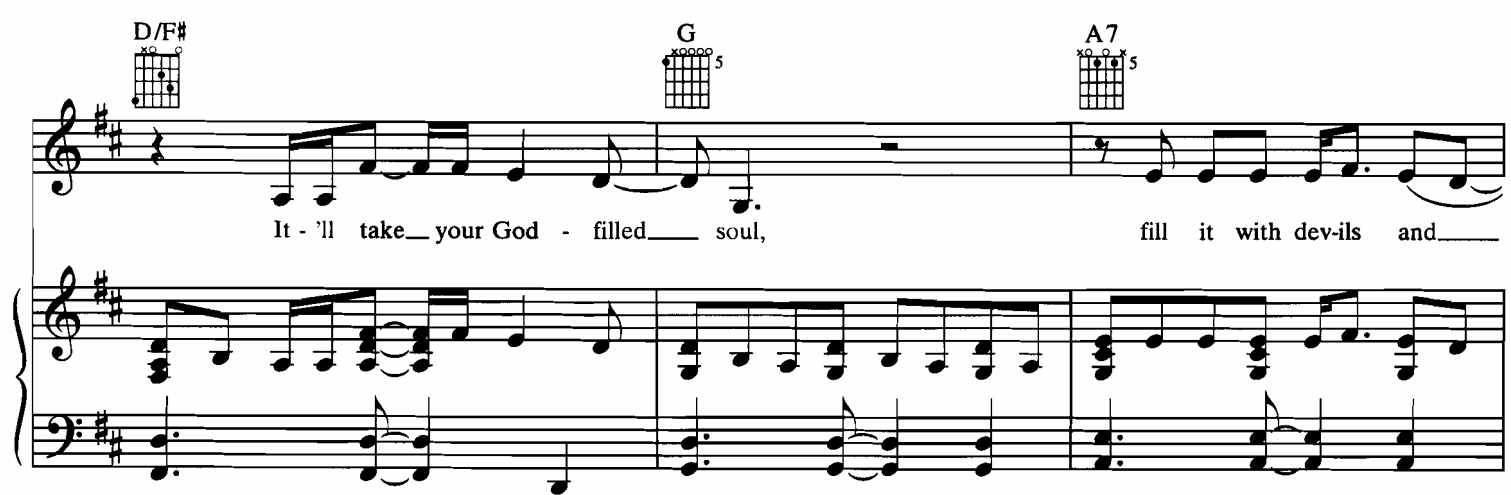
G  A7  D(4)  Dsus 

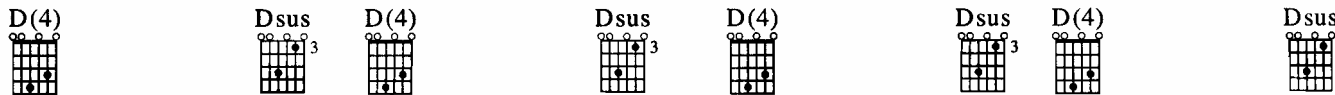
__ soul, fill it with dev-ils and__ dust.__




D/F#  G  A7 


It -'ll take__ your God - filled__ soul, fill it with dev-ils and__




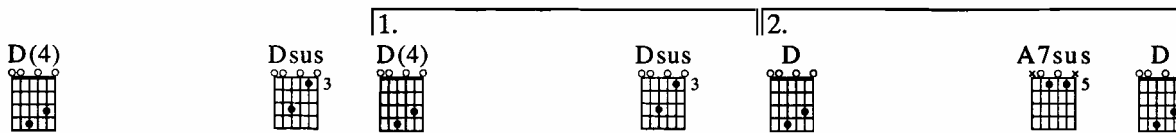





dust. *(Harmonica solo ad lib...)*









Verse 3:
 Well, I dreamed of you last night
 In a field of blood and stone.
 The blood began to dry,
 And the smell began to rise.

Verse 4:
 Well, I dreamed of you last night, Bob,
 In a field of mud and bone.
 Your blood began to dry
 And the smell began to rise.
(To Chorus:)