

## COMING OF THE GASMAN

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Bm (play as Am with capo 2nd fret)

Time sig 4/4



### INTRO:

|    |                     |       |                     |         |
|----|---------------------|-------|---------------------|---------|
| 2  | Bm (Am)             | D (C) | Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em) | G (F)   |
| 6  | Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em) | G (F) | A (G)               | E7 (D7) |
| 10 | Bm (Am)             | D (C) | Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em) | G (F)   |
| 14 | Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em) | G (F) | A (G)               | E7 (D7) |
| 18 | Bm (Am)             | D (C) | Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em) | G (F)   |
| 22 | Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em) | G (F) | A (G)               | E7 (D7) |

A

### VERSE 1:

|    |   |                                   |   |                            |
|----|---|-----------------------------------|---|----------------------------|
| 26 | Bm (Am)<br>brand new oven                 | D (C)<br>on the way, you          | Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em)<br>sit at home and    | G (F)<br>quietly wait; The |
| 30 | Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em)<br>gasman said he'd   | G (F)<br>come today, He's         | A (G)<br>late;                            | E7 (D7)<br>There's         |
| 34 | Bm (Am)<br>little more for                | D (C)<br>you to do but            | Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em)<br>read the brochures | G (F)<br>yet again,        |
| 38 | Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em)<br>You don't mind the | G (F)<br>wait, it keeps you sane; | A (G)                                     | E7 (D7)<br>You             |
| 42 | Bm (Am)<br>know the worst of              | D (C)<br>all the things that      | Bm (Am)<br>you can                        | D (C)<br>do would be the   |
| 46 | Bm (Am)<br>last                           | F#m (Em)                          | Bm (Am)                                   | F#m (Em)                   |

A brand new oven on the way,  
You sit at home and quietly wait,  
The gasman said he'd come today,  
He's late:  
There's little more for you to do  
But read the brochures yet again,  
You don't mind the wait, it keeps you sane:  
You know the worst of all the things that you can do  
Would be the last.....

The evening threatens to begin  
Outside across a gloomy town,  
The friends who said they might drop in  
Have let you down:  
There's little else for you to do  
But sit and have your own quiet drink,  
You won't miss the company, at least you've time to think  
Of how the worst thing that could happen to you now  
Would be the last.....

You watch the television play,  
But lose it halfway, bored as hell,  
Your mother never rang today,  
But perhaps that's just as well:  
There's really nothing else to do  
But grab a pen and start to write:  
You don't mind, but wonder why, tonight,  
You feel the worst of all the many things you've known  
Might be the last.....

The ending of another day  
Has left you tired and pale,  
The doctor said he'd come today,  
He failed:  
There's little more that you can do  
But settle now in hope of rest,  
You don't mind the dark, it's for the best,  
Because, tonight, the best of all the ways to let things go  
Will be the last.....