

HERE LIES LOVE

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Bb (alt as C with chords capo 12th fret, or tuned down 1 semitone)

Time sig 4/4



INTRO:

2	F (as G) >> Dm (as Em)	Bb (as C)	Gm (as Am)	F7 (as G7)
6	Bb (as C)	F7 (as G7)		

VERSE 1:

8	Gm (as Am)	Bb (as C)	Dm (as Em)	Eb (as F)
	Just past where the	sounds of city	traffic fade a-	way, In a
12	Gm (as Am)	Dm (as Em)	Eb (as F)	Dm (as Em)
	small neglected	churtyard, on a	wild and windy	day, Hangs a
16	Gm (as Am)	Bb (as C)	Dm (as Em)	Eb (as F)
	heavy air of	gloom, to match the	shadows, deep and	grey, From the
20	F (as G)	F7 (as G7)	Cm (as Dm)	Cm (as Dm)
	dark and dismal	sunless April	skies;	Where in a
24	Gm (as Am)	Bb (as C)	Dm (as Em)	Eb (as F)
	long forgotten	corner,	wild and over-	grown, Half-
28	Gm (as Am)	Dm (as Em)	Eb (as F)	Dm (as Em)
	covered by the	leaves and twigs the	desolate wind has	thrown, And
32	Gm (as Am)	Bb (as C)	Dm (as Em)	Eb (as F)
	colonised by	dampened moss, is a	grey green faded	stone, And a
36	F (as G)	F7 (as G7)	Cm (as Dm)	Cm (as Dm)
	young man stopping	by to recog-	nise:	
40	F (as G) >> Dm (as Em)	Bb (as C)	Gm (as Am)	F7 (as G7)
	Here lies	love.....		
44	Bb (as C)	F7 (as G7)		
		The etc (as verse 2)		

End of VERSE 3:

It's just that

146	Gm (as Am)	Bb (as C)	Dm (as Em)	Eb (as F)
	through the long slow	death of love he's	learned now to ac-	cept The
150	F (as G)	F7 (as G7)	Eb (as F)	Cm (as Dm)
	pointlessness of	grief for love for	longer than it dies-	dies-
				When

155	F (as G) >> F7 (as G7) love itself is	Dm (as Em) >> Bb (as C) grief in deep dis-	Cm (as Dm) guise:	Cm (as Dm)
159	F (as G) >> Dm (as Em) Here lies	Bb (as C) love.	Gm (as Am) Love lies	F7 (as G7) here.
63	F (as G) >> Dm (as Em) Here lies	Bb (as C) love.	Gm (as Am) Love lies	F7 (as G7) here.
167	F (as G) >> Dm (as Em) Here lies	Bb (as C) love.	Gm (as Am) Love lies	F7 (as G7) here, Love
171	F7 (as G7) lies			

- v1 Just past where the sounds of city traffic fade away,
 In a small neglected churchyard, on a wild and windy day,
 Hangs a heavy air of gloom, to match the shadows, deep and grey,
 From the dark and dismal sunless April skies;
 Where in a long forgotten corner, wild and overgrown,
 Half covered by the leaves and twigs the desolate wind has thrown,
 And colonised by dampened moss, is a grey green faded stone,
 And a young man stopping by to recognise:
 Here lies love.....
- v2 The wind cuts through the silence of the heavy gloomy air,
 It dances round the young man's feet, and ruffles up his hair;
 Yet still he stays unmoved within his deep and thoughtful stare,
 At something neither wind nor time denies:
 The words which once adorned the stone are faded now and grey,
 Their shape, their form, their meaning worn, now weathered right away,
 Yet still the young man knows exactly what they used to say;
 They stand out through the moss, and crystallise:
 Here lies love. Love lies here.....
- v3 He stirs though, from his silent thought, then shrugs and turns away;
 There's nothing in this grey forsaken place to make him stay,
 And so he buttons up his raincoat, strides firmly on his way,
 No tears of sorrow welling in his eyes;
 It isn't that he's learned to turn away without regret,
 For love, though dead and buried, still commands such great respect;
 It's just that through the long slow death of love he's learned now to accept
 The pointlessness of grief for love for longer than it dies-
 When love itself is grief in deep disguise:
 Here lies love. Love lies here. Love lies.....