

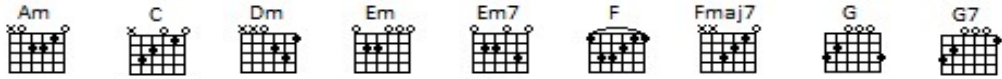
R.I.P.

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key C

Time sig 4/4



INTRO:

| | | | |
|----|---|---|----|
| 1 | | | G7 |
| 2 | C | G | C |
| 6 | C | G | G7 |
| 10 | C | G | C |
| 14 | C | G | G7 |

Per-

VERSE 1:

| | | | | |
|----|--------------------|---------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| 18 | C | G | C | G7 |
| | I ought to | cry, | only I could | laugh At |
| 22 | C | G | G7 | Am >>> G7 |
| | how last night | I tried to write my | epitaph, | A |
| 26 | C | G | C | G7 |
| | poor forlorn young | man, who | never found rel- | ief From that most |
| 30 | C | G | G7 | Am >>> G7 |
| | fatal of dis- | eases, deep | grief. | |
| 34 | C | G | C | G7 |
| 38 | C | G | G7 | Am >>> G7 |
| | | | | I'd etc (verse 2) |

BRIDGE:

| | | | | |
|----|-------------------------------|--------------------|--------------|------------|
| | | G7 | Am >>> G7 | |
| | | red (from v2) | | |
| 66 | C | G | C | G7 |
| 70 | C | G | G7 | Am >>> G7 |
| 74 | C | Em | G | G7 |
| | Here lies R.M. | H. in hell, or - | who knows? - | heaven, |
| 78 | Dm | F | G7 | Fmaj7 |
| | Nineteen fifty | six to | seventy | seven: The |
| 82 | C | Em | G | G7 |
| | fool believed he'd won, but t | won, but then the | twist | |
| 86 | C | C | | |
| | Drove the champagne | bottle through his | | |

| | | | | |
|----|---------------|----|----|-----------|
| 88 | Em | G7 | Am | G7 |
| | wrist | | | |
| 92 | C | G | C | G7 |
| 96 | C | G | G7 | Am >>> G7 |
| | It's etc (v3) | | | |

v1 Perhaps I ought to cry, only I could laugh
 At how last night I tried to write my epitaph,
 A poor forlorn young man, who never found relief
 For that most fatal of diseases, deep grief.

v2 I'd thought the words right through, but couldn't find a pen,
 And when I finally did, the words had gone again;
 I searched for them once more, but found I couldn't think;
 And when at last I could, the pen ran out of ink.

(That's why, just when I tell the world why I am dead,
 The writing changes colour, blue to red.)

Br1 "Here lies R.M.H. in hell, or - who knows? - heaven,
 1956-77;
 The fool believed he'd won, but then the twist
 Drove the champagne bottle through his wrist."

v3 It's daft- last night I cried myself to sleep in bed,
 Perhaps tonight I'll kick myself to sleep instead;
 For twenty four hours on, I'm damned if I can say
 Quite what it was I died of yesterday.