

WEREWOLF!

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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key - C

Time sig 2/4 (Bridge is 4/4)



INTRO:

2	Em	G	Em	G
6	F	F	C	C
10	F	F	C maj 7	C maj 7
14	F	F	C maj 7	C maj 7
18	F	F	Em	G

When the

VERSE 1:

22	F	F	C	C
	full moon	eyes the	stirring	storm, And
26	F	F	C maj 7	C maj 7
	clouds all	shed their	usual	forms, To
30	F	F	C maj 7	C maj 7
	slowly	drift down-	wind and	spawn
34	F	F	Em	G
		He	comes;	When the >> (verse 2)

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1 - bars 54-57 are extra):

38	F	F	C	C
	curtains etc			

V

50	F	F	Em	G
		He	comes;	
54	Em	G	G	G7

BRIDGE INTRO (Change to 4/4)

58	C	Am	F	G7
62	C	Am	F	G7

He

BRIDGE 1

66	C	Am	F	G7
	comes in search of	sleeping souls, to	drag them from the	linen, And

70	Em	G	F	G7	
	haul them to the	violent end of their	violent be-	ginning; He	
74	F	G7	C	Am	
	drags them over	lifeless moors where	corpses rot a-	way, And	
78	F	C	Am	G7	
	when they're sure of	helplessness, he'll	work his evil	way; He'll	
82	Em	G	F	G7	
	drag them to the	twilight world where	reality and	dreams All	
86	Em	G	F	G	G7
	melt to one in the	cauldron of their	piercing curdling	screams;	
91	C	Am	F	G7	
95	C	Am	F	G7	
					They etc >> (Bridge 2)

BRIDGE 2 (as Bridge 1)

99	C	Am	F	G7
	don't know etc			

V

121		F	G
		wants to see it	dead

123	G	G	G
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INTRO REPRISE (now back to 2/4)

126	Em	G	Em	G
130	Em	G	Em	Em
134	F	F	C	C
138	F	F	C maj 7	C maj 7
142	F	F	C maj 7	C maj 7
146	F	F	Em	G
				And

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1):

150	F	F	C	C
	when the man pack etc			

V

162	F	F	Em	G
	what it is they're	searching for		

CODA

166	Em	G	Em	G
170	Em			

v1 When the full moon eyes the stirring storm
And clouds all shed their usual forms
To slowly drift downwind and spawn,
He comes.....

v2 When the curtains of the town are drawn
And folk are huddled safe and warm
From the night outside where the dead are born,
He comes.....

Br1 He comes in search of sleeping souls,
To drag them from the linen,
And haul them to the violent end
Of their violent beginning;
He drags them over lonely moors,
Where corpses rot away,
And when they're sure of helplessness
He'll work his evil way;
He'll drag them to the twilight world
Where reality and dreams
All melt to one in the cauldron
Of their piercing curdling screams.

Br 2 They don't know who the werewolf is,
Or how to turn him back,
But ignorant of their ignorance,
They'll join the hungry pack;
And hunt the beast with zig-zag fear,
Incapable of seeing
That just behind the werewolf's form
Will lurk a human being;
A human being just like them
Who safe and warm in bed,
Wonders who the werewolf is,
And wants to see it dead.....

v3 And when the man-pack have all returned
From the ashes of the lonely moor,
They still won't know what werewolves are,
Or what it is they're searching for.....