

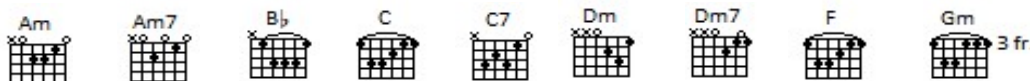
## THE CEILING

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key - F

Time sig 4/4



NOTE - the optional alternative chords shown below can be played with a capo on the 5th fret

### INTRO:

1			C7 (G7)
2	F (C)	C7 (G7)	F (C)
6	F (C)	C7 (G7)	F (C)
10	F (C)	F (C)	F (C)
14	F (C)	F (C)	Bb (F)
18	C7 (G7)	C7 (G7)	Am (Em)
22	Dm (Am)	Dm (Am)	Gm (Dm)
26	C (G)	C (G)	Am (Em)

The

### VERSE 1:

30	F (C)	F (C)	Bb (F)	Bb (F)
	ceiling		is the	apple of my
34	C (G)	C (G)	C (G)	C7 (G7)
	eye;			I
38	Gm (Dm)	Gm (Dm)	C7 (G7)	C7 (G7)
	lie trans-	fixed	and	watch its world go
42	Am (Em)	Am (Em)	Am (Em)	Am7 (Em7)
	by,			In-
46	Dm (Am)	Dm (Am)	Gm (Dm)	Gm (Dm)
	capable	of	holding	what I'm
50	C (G)	C (G)	C (G)	C7 (G7)
	seeing:			This
54	F (C)	F (C)	Bb (F)	Bb (F)
	crippling self-examination hurts		self-	examination
58	C (G)	C (G)	C (G)	C7 (G7)
	hurts			Much
62	Gm (Dm)	Gm (Dm)	C7 (G7)	C7 (G7)
	less than	what my		twisted pain as-
66	Am (Em)	Am (Em)	Am (Em)	Am7 (Em7)
	serts			As

70	Dm (Am) each as-	Dm (Am) ertion,	Gm (Dm)	Gm (Dm) one by one, comes
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74	C (G) real	C (G)	C (G)	C7 (G7) To
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78	F (C) plummet	F (C)	Bb (F) like a	Bb (F) sink-line through my
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82	C (G) being:	C (G)	C (G)	C (G)
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### CHORUS 1

86	Dm (Am) Can't they see the	Dm (Am) tangled chains I	C (G) (2/4 beat) wear?
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89	Dm7 (Am7) Can't they under-	Dm7 (Am7) stand I'm going	Gm (Dm) spare	Gm (Dm) Be-
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93	Dm7 (Am7) neath the pointless	Dm7 (Am7) ceiling of their	Dm (Am) creed?	Dm (Am)
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97	F (C)	Gm (Dm)
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### INSTRUMENTAL BRIDGE

99	F (C)	F (C)	Bb (F)	Bb (F)
103	C7 (G7)	C7 (G7)	Am (Em)	Am (Em)
107	Dm (Am)	Dm (Am)	Gm (Dm)	Gm (Dm)
111	C (G)	C (G)	Am (Em)	Am7 (Em7)
115	F (C)	F (C)	Bb (F)	Bb (F)
119	C7 (G7)	C7 (G7)	Am (Em)	Am (Em)
123	Dm (Am)	Dm (Am)	Gm (Dm)	Gm (Dm)
127	C (G)	C (G)	Am (Em)	Am7 (Em7)
				It etc (v2)

### VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

131	F (C) isn't	F (C)	Bb (F) that the	Bb (F) games I played were
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135	C (G) wrong	C (G)	C (G)	C7 (G7) So
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139	Gm (Dm) much	Gm (Dm)	C7 (G7) as no-one	C7 (G7) else would play a-
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143	Am (Em) long,	Am (Em)	Am (Em)	Am7 (Em7) For
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147	Gm (Dm) all that	Gm (Dm) words like	Dm (Am) 'loss'	Dm (Am) could not a-
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151	C (G) rise;	C (G)	C (G)	C7 (G7) I
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155	F (C)	F (C)	Bb (F)	Bb (F)
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	made no rules,	re-	fused to limit
159	C (G) play,	C (G)	C (G) C7 (G7) So
163	Gm (Dm) each could move	Gm (Dm)	C7 (G7) in his own individual
167	Am (Em) way;	Am (Em)	Am (Em) Am7 (Em7) And
171	Dm (Am) even set	Dm (Am)	Gm (Dm) no limit on the
175	C (G) stake,	C (G)	C (G) C7 (G7) So
179	F (C) each could	F (C) play	Bb (F) to give as well as
183	C (G) take.	C (G)	C (G) C7 (G7) Yet
187	F (C) that it was	F (C)	Bb (F) that got me in the
191	C (G) end,	C (G)	C (G) C7 (G7) Since
195	Gm (Dm) all	Gm (Dm)	C7 (G7) I ever played for was a
199	Am (Em) friend;	Am (Em)	Am (Em) Am7 (Em7)
203	Dm (Am) Nothing more	Dm (Am) and	Gm (Dm) nothing less my
207	C (G) prize:	C (G)	C (G) C7 (G7)

**CHORUS 2 (as Chorus 1 except for final lead in to coda)**

211	Dm (Am) Can't they under-	Dm (Am) stand my plight is	C (G) (as 2/4 beat) real?
214	Dm7 (Am7) Can't they under-	Dm7 (Am7) stand my need to	Gm (Dm) feel The
218	Dm7 (Am7) warm soft helping	Dm7 (Am7) hands I really	Dm (Am) need?

**CODA**

222	F (C)	C7 (G7)	F (C)	C7 (G7)
226	F (C)	C7 (G7)	F (C)	

I lie transfixed and watch its world go by,  
Incapable of holding what I'm seeing:  
This crippling self-examination hurts  
Much less than what my twisted pain asserts  
As each assertion, one by one, comes real  
To plummet like a sink-line through my being:

ch1 Can't they see the tangled chains I wear?  
Can't they understand I'm going spare  
Beneath the pointless ceiling of their creed?

v2 It isn't that the games I played were wrong  
So much as no-one else would play along,  
For all that words like 'loss' could not arise:  
I made no rules, refused to limit play,  
So each could move in his own individual way;  
And even set no limit on the stake,  
So each could play to give as well as take.  
Yet that it was that got me in the end,  
Since all I ever played for was a friend;  
Nothing more and nothing less my prize:

ch2 Can't they understand my plight is real?  
Can't they understand my need to feel  
The warm soft helping hands I really need?