

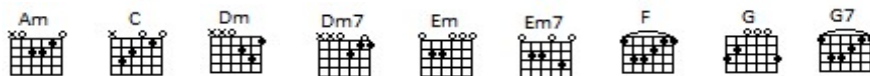
CHANCES

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Am

Time sig 4/4



MAIN INTRO

| | | | |
|----|----|----|-----|
| 1 | | | Em |
| 2 | Am | Em | Am |
| 6 | Am | Em | Am |
| 10 | Am | Em | Am |
| 14 | Am | Em | Am |
| 18 | Am | Em | Am |
| 22 | Am | Em | Am |
| | | | How |

MAIN VERSE 1

| | | | | |
|----|---------------|--------------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| 26 | Am much I | Em fancy all my | Am chances | Em now when |
| 30 | Am All | Em the other | Am guys | Em Have |
| 34 | Am Melted | Em into nothing | Am on the | Em floor with- |
| 38 | Am in | Em your long-ing eyes | Am | Em You |
| 42 | Am have no | Em need to speak the | Am fancy | Em thoughts you |
| 46 | Am have | Em of you and | Am I | Em Your |
| 50 | Am nervous | Em smile has told me | Am all I | Em need to |
| 54 | Am plan | Em this ev'ning | Am by | Em |
| 58 | G | F | (lead to Bridge >>>) | |

BRIDGE INTRO

| | | | | |
|----|----|---|-----|------|
| 60 | Am | F | Dm | Dm7 |
| 64 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| 68 | Am | F | Dm | Dm7 |
| 72 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| 76 | Am | F | Dm | Dm7 |
| 80 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| | | | | This |

BRIDGE PART 1

| | | | | |
|-----|------------------------|--------------------|-------------------------|--------------|
| 84 | Am | F | Dm | Dm7 |
| | world would be a | shadow of its | former spinning self | The |
| 88 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| | powder would have | faded in the | sunshine | The |
| 92 | Am | F | Dm | Dm7 |
| | country lanes much | longer now, the | green fields lined with | flowers; And |
| 96 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| | Each would bow to | kiss your feet in | summertime | |
| 100 | Am | Am | Am | C |
| | Daisy chains be- | gin again and | hold their strength so | well, The |
| 104 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| | patterns in your | gowns would | never run | The |
| 108 | Am | | | C |
| | trees would sigh sweet | nothings in the | gentle morning | breeze. And |
| 112 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| | all of nature's | forces joined to | one; | The |
| 116 | Am | F | Dm | Dm7 |
| | birds would fly back | north again to | where the harvest | grows, And |
| 120 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| | You and I would | join them in their | flight | Two |
| 124 | Am | | F | Dm7 |
| | ordinary | beings then would | find immortal | frames In |
| 128 | Am | F | Dm7 | |
| | which to house their | intricate de- | light | |
| 131 | Am | F | G7 | |

BRIDGE PART 2 ("The Best Years of My Life")

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|---|----|----|
| 134 | C | F | D7 | G7 |
| 138 | Em7 | C | F | G7 |
| 142 | Am | F | G7 | |

BRIDGE PART 3 (instrumental) (as Bridge Part 1)

| | | | | |
|-----|----|----|-----|-----|
| 145 | Am | F | Dm | Dm7 |
| 149 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| 153 | Am | F | Dm | Dm7 |
| 157 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| 161 | Am | Am | Am | C |
| 165 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| 169 | Am | Am | Am | C |
| 173 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| 177 | Am | F | Dm | Dm7 |
| 181 | Am | F | Dm7 | Dm7 |
| 185 | Am | Am | F | Dm7 |
| 189 | Am | F | Dm7 | |
| 192 | Am | F | G7 | |

BRIDGE PART 4 (as Bridge Part 2, leave out final F bar)

| | | | | |
|-----|-----|----|----|----|
| 195 | C | F | D7 | G7 |
| 199 | Em7 | C | F | G7 |
| 203 | Am | F | G7 | |
| 206 | Am | G7 | | |

MAIN INTRO REPRISE

| | | | | |
|-----|----|----|----|----|
| 208 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 212 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 216 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 220 | Am | Em | Am | Em |

Of

MAIN VERSE 2 (as Main Verse 1)

| | | | | |
|-----|----|----|----|----|
| 224 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
|-----|----|----|----|----|

course, it might be etc etc etc

V

| | | | | |
|-----|----|----|----|----|
| 252 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
|-----|----|----|----|----|

sometimes, just sometimes dreams come true

CODA (repeat and fade)

| | | | | |
|-----|----|----|----|----|
| 256 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 260 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 264 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 268 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 272 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 276 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 280 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 284 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 288 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 292 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 296 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 300 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 304 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 308 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 312 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 316 | Am | Em | Am | Em |

1 How much I fancy all my chances now,
 When all the other guys
 Have melted into nothing on the floor
 Within your longing eyes;
 You have no need to speak the fancy thoughts
 You have of you and I:
 Your nervous smile has told me all I need
 To plan this evening by.....

Br This world would be a shadow of its former spinning self,
 The powder would have faded in the sunshine;
 The country lanes much longer now, the green fields lined with flowers,
 And each would bow to kiss your feet in Summertime,
 Daisy chains begin anew, and hold their strength so well,
 The patterns in your gowns would never run,
 The trees would sigh sweet nothings in the gentle morning breeze,
 As all of nature's forces join to one;

The birds would fly back north again to where the harvest grows,
And you and I would join them in their flight;
Two ordinary beings then would find immortal frames
In which to house their intricate delight.....

- 2 Of course, it might be that my simple dreams
Are doomed to self destruction from the start,
Your smile, my beacon, never all it seems,
Its trophy never quite your heart;
And, as any fool romantic knows,
A broken dream is nothing new;
But your smile reminds me of the way it goes,
That sometimes, just sometimes, dreams come true.....