

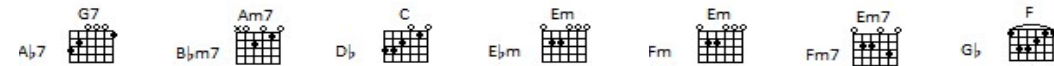
ELASTIC MAN

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Db (or as C capo 1st fret)

Time sig 4/4



INTRO:

			Fm7 (as Em7)
Db (as C)	Db (as C)	Db (as C)	Db (as C)
Db (as C)	Db (as C)		
	He's		

VERSE 1:

Db (as C)	Fm7 (as Em7)	Db (as C)	Db (as C)
planned his course of	action rather	well;	And
Fm (as Em)	Ab7 (as G7)	Fm (as Em)	Fm (as Em)
gives himself a	pat upon the	back;	A
Ebm (as Dm)	Bbm7 (as Am7)	Ebm (as Dm)	Ebm (as Dm)
touch of wit to	break down her de-	fences;	And
Db (as C)	Fm7 (as Em7)	Db (as C)	Db (as C)
then the charming	stuff 'til she sur-	renders;	
Db (as C)	Db (as C)		
	So,		
Db (as C)	Fm7 (as Em7)	Db (as C)	Db (as C)
jokes learned back to	front, and front to	back;	And
Ebm (as Dm)	Bbm7 (as Am7)	Ebm (as Dm)	Ebm (as Dm)
nothings built to	crack her female	senses;	He
Ebm (as Dm)	Bbm7 (as Am7)	Gb (as F)	Gb (as F)
sets out armed to	launch the bg at-	tack;	With
Db (as C)	Fm (as Em)	Gb (as F)	Fm (as Em)
victory in his	sight,	prepared to	tell her
Abm7 (as G7)	Db (as C)	Db (as C)	Db (as C)
She's tre-	mendous		
Db (as C)	Db (as C)	Db (as C) >>> Fm7 (as Em7)	
		He > verse 2	etc

v1 He's planned his course of action rather well
And gives himself a pat upon the back:
A touch of wit to break down her defences,
And then the charming stuff, till she surrenders.
So jokes learned back to front and front to back,
And nothings built to crack her female senses,
He sets out armed to launch the big attack,
With victory in his sights, prepared to tell
Her she's tremendous.

v2 He seems to be no different today,
But the door on which his anxious knuckles rap
Echoes that he's no ordinary fella:
He feels the tension now like tight elastic,
The tension of a man about to snap,

The tension of a man who's going to tell her
That he's precisely just her kind of chap,
The tension of a man who's going to say
That she's fantastic.

v3 But still he knows it all will be no use,
For all that simply nothing can go wrong,
For when he puts his money where his mouth is,
There lurks a fateful twist behind his cunning,
A fateful twist of one who suffers long:
The glib tongue that a coward never rouses
Turns would-be Valentinos to King Kongs,
And they can find no place for the obtuse,
Can the stunning.

v4 It isn't that he'd mind the curt reproach,
For then at least he'd know the final score
And brace himself to face his relegation,
His tragic loss more easily amended:
But he is not a loser yet for sure,
And tragedy to him is the frustration
And the burning felt through knowing nothing more
Than that a pauper never dares approach
Before the splendid.