

## IN YOUR EYES (Part 1)

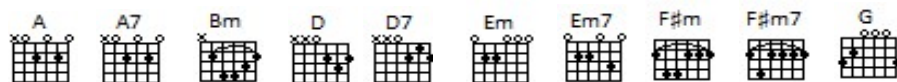
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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key D

(alt chords shown are for capo 2nd fret)

Time sig 4/4



### INTRO:

1	A7 (or G7)
2	D (or C) Em (or Dm)
4	Bm (or Am) Bm (or Am)
6	D (or C) Em (or Dm)
8	G (or F) A7 (or G7)

### VERSE1:

10	D (or C) Em (or Dm)	Maybe I should have risen to face my
12	Bm (or Am) Bm (or Am)	failings, But
14	D (or C) Em (or Dm)	hiding seemed the perfect compro-
16	G (or F) Em7 (or Dm7)	mise; It
18	A (or G) F#m (or Em) >> F#m7 (or Em7)	always seemed the natural thing to do To
20	A (or G) F#m (or Em) >> F#m7 (or Em7)	forged my truths from what I wished was true, So
22	A (or G) F#m (or Em) >> F#m7 (or Em7)	always fooling me, whilst never fooling you, my ali-
24	Bm (or Am) Bm (or Am)	bis Took
26	Em (or Dm) A7 (or G7)	form in empty promises, And kindled a deep forboding in your
28	D (or C) D (or C) >>> A7 (or G7)	eyes I

### VERSE 2 (as Verse 1 except where shown)

30	D (or C) Em (or Dm)	didn't want to be the one who
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32	Bm (or Am) lost most,	Bm (or Am) And so en-
34	D (or C) sured that it was	Em (or Dm) >> D7 (or C7) you who'd take that
36	G (or F) prize etc	

**V**

48	D (or C) (in your) eyes	D (or C) >>> A7 (or G7)
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**BRIDGE:**

50	D (or C)	D (or C) >>> A7 (or G7)
52	D (or C)	Em (or Dm)
54	Bm (or Am)	Bm (or Am)
56	D (or C)	Em (or Dm)
58	G (or F)	Em7 (or Dm7)

So

**VERSE 3 (as Verse 1 except where shown)**

60	D (or C) simple to	Em (or Dm) wish just what I
62	Bm (or Am) could be	Bm (or Am) So
64	D (or C) difficult a	Em (or Dm) >> D7 (or C7) dream to real-
66	G (or F) ise etc	

**V**

78	D (or C) (in your) eyes	D (or C) >>> A7 (or G7)
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**CODA**

80	D (or C)	D (or C) >>> A7 (or G7)
82	D (or C)	

v1 Maybe I should have risen to face my failings,  
 But hiding seemed the perfect compromise:  
 It always seemed the natural thing to do,  
 To forge my truths from what I wished was true;  
 So, always fooling me, whilst never fooling you,  
 My alibis  
 Took form in empty promises,  
 And kindled a deep forboding in your eyes.

v2 I didn't want to be the one who lost most,

And so ensured that it was you who'd take that prize:  
Believing only you'd think the world of me,  
And never being one to wholly disagree,  
Or pause for thought for long enough to see  
What that implies,  
I forged a hollow battle cry  
Which fed the disappointment in your eyes.

v3 So simple to wish just what I could be,  
So difficult a dream to realise:  
While there, in the darkness just beyond my nose  
The things I should have done, but failed to do, and those  
I shouldn't have but did, joined forces to expose  
The futile lies  
Which shaped my self deception,  
And fuelled the disillusion in your eyes.