VICIOUS CIRCLES

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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key D Time sig 4/4 (alt chords capo 2nd fret)

D (or as C) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)

D (or as C) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)

E7 (or as D7)

A7 (or as G7)

etc











F♯m



INTRO

			D
2 D (or as C)	D (or as C)	D (or as C)	D (or as C)
	•	•	A1

VERSE 1

F#m (or as Em) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)	D (or as C) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)	D (or as C) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)	Bm (or as Am)	
though the world is	always lit by	sun, it turns in	space; And	
D A (or as G)	E7 (or as D7)	A (or as G) >>> A7 (or as G7)	F#m (or as Em)	A7 (G7)
like my spinning life, re -	life remains de -	ceptive and two	faced;	A
F#m (or as Em) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)	D (or as C) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)	D (or as C) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)	Bm (or as Am)	
spinning wheel of	love and grief, of	ecstasy and	pain; And	.
E7 (or as D7)	A7 (or as G7)	F#m (or as Em)	A7 (or as G7)	
times are on the	darker side a -	gain;	Con- (v2)	
VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)				
F#m (or as Em) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)	D (or as C) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)	D (or as C) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)	Bm (or as Am)	
fusion leaves etc	etc			
v				
	A7 (or as G7)	F#m (or as Em)	A7 (or as G7)	
V B E7 (or as D7) Attracted then re-	A7 (or as G7) pelled by what is	F#m (or as Em) right	A7 (or as G7)	
B E7 (or as D7)		7	A7 (or as G7)	

D (or as C) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7) A (or as G) >>> A7 (or as G7)

D (or as C) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)

F#m (or as Em)

Bm (or as Am)

F#m (or as Em)

Bm (or as Am)

A7 (or as G7)

A7 (G7)

48 A (or as G) 53 F#m (or as Em) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7) 57 E7 (or as D7)

44 F#m (or as Em) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)			Allu
61 F#m (or as Em) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)	D (or as C) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)	D (or as C) >>> F#m7 (or as Em7)	Bm (or as Am)
A N Other etc	etc		

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74 E7 (or as D7)	A7 (or as G7)	F#m (or as Em)	A7 (or as G7)	
swear I'd hunt him	down and shoot to	kill	· · · · · ·	
CODA				
78 D (or as C)	D (or as C)	D (or as C)	D (or as C)	
80 D (or as C)	D (or as C)			

- $v1\,$ Although the world is always lit by sun, it turns in space, And like my spinning life remains deceptive and two-faced, A spinning wheel of love and grief, of ecstasy and pain; And times are on the darker side again.
- v2 Confusion leaves a film of bitter moisture on my brow, I`m trapped within the ultimate of vicious circles now; A moth that flits around a belisha beacon in the night, Attracted then repelled by what is right.
- v3 And A N Other, safe behind the aliases he wears, Will always haunt me, making sure the cared for never cares; If I could have that power in me, if I could have that will, I swear I'd hunt him down and shoot to kill.