

EVERY NOW AND THEN

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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key D

Time sig 4/4



INTRO:

2			A7
3	D	Bm	A7
7	D	Bm	A7
11	D	Bm	A7

VERSE 1:

15	D	Bm	G	A7
	Every	now and then my	thoughts will	land On
19	D	Bm	A7	A7
	long gone days, and	strangeness never	seems	So
23	D	G	A7	A7
	strange until it's	locked in half-lit	dreams	Of
27	D	G	Em	A7
	labyrinths of	twisted ends and	means,	With
31	D	A7		
	every tunnel	leading to strange		
33	D	Bm	G	A7
	lands.			

VERSE 2:

37	D	Bm	G	A7
	Certain times	are	easier to ex-	plore, And
41	D	Bm	A7	A7
	I remember	just what I lived	for,	A
45	D	Bm	A7	A7
	lifted skirt, a	hand keen to ex -	plore,	A
49	D	Bm	A7	A7
	pair of pants tugged	firmly to the	floor,	And the
53	D	G	A7	A7
	fear of gentle	knuckles on the	door;	
57	D	G	Em	A7

These are so clear, but how can I be sure I'll

61 D	A7
ever know the	forces that shaped them

63	D	Bm	G	A7
	all?			If (verse 3)

VERSE 3 - as verse 1

67	D	Bm	G	A7
	I could have etc	etc	etc	etc

INSTRUMENTAL:

85	D	Bm	G	A7
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throw (from v3)

89	D	Bm	G	A7
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93	D	Bm	G	A7
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97	D	Bm	A7	A7
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101	D	G	A7	A7
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l'll (verse 4)

VERSE 4:

105	D	Bm	G	A7
	grope on through this	darkness to the	end,	

109	D	Bm	A7	A7
	Wondering who she	was, my fairy	queen	Who

113	D	G	A7	A7
	never dares to	ask me where I've	been	Or

117	D	G	A7	A7
	tells me how the	juice runs from her	spleen,	Un-

121	D	G	Em	A7
	til a raindrop	falls, and washes	clean	

125

D	A7
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Everything, save that she was a friend.

127	D	Bm	G	A7
	friend			I (verse 4)

VERSE 5:

131	D	Bm	G	A7
	know that love can	never mean a	thing	To

135	D	Bm	A7	A7
	he who lives with	plunders on his	mind,	Yet

139	D	Bm	A7	A7
	when I dare to	look ahead I	find	The

143	D	Bm	A7	A7
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	very things I	thought I'd left be -	hind;	
147	A7	A7		
	That's			
149	D	Bm	A7	A7
	why, at times like	this, I am re -	signed	To
153	D	G	A7	A7
	find out how these	tunnels are de -	signed,	
157	D	G	Em	A7
	So that, to you, I'll	never be un -	kind,	Pre -
161	D	A7		
	tending once too	often I am		
163	D	Bm	G	A7
	king.			
167	D	Bm	G	A7
171	D	Bm	G	A7
175	D			

v1 Every now and then my thoughts will land
 On long gone days, and strangeness never seems
 So strange until it's locked in half-lit dreams
 Of labyrinths of twisted ends and means,
 With every tunnel leading to strange lands.

v2 Certain times are easier to recall,
 And I remember just what I lived for;
 A lifted skirt, a hand keen to explore,
 A pair of pants tugged firmly to the floor,
 And the fear of gentle knuckles on the door;
 These are so clear, but how can I be sure
 I'll ever know the forces that shaped them all?

v3 If I could have that certainty, I'd know
 That we were playing to win, but being sure
 Is only being selective, calling for
 The things we learn to live for, more and more,
 Staking all we have on every throw.

v4 I'll grope on through this darkness to the end,
 Wondering who she was, my fairy queen
 Who never dares to ask me where I've been
 Or tells me how the juice runs from her spleen,
 Until a raindrop falls, and washes clean
 Everything, save that she was a friend.

v5 I know that love can never mean a thing
 To he who lives with plunders on his mind,
 Yet when I dare to look ahead I find
 The very things I thought I'd left behind;
 That's why, at times like this, I am resigned
 To find out how these tunnels are designed,
 So that, to you, I'll never be unkind,
 Pretending once too often I am king.