

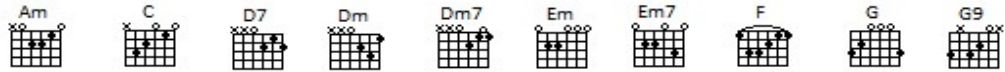
MRS THATCHER'S BRITAIN

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Am

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

2			Em7
3	Am	C	G
7	Am	C	G

In every

VERSE 1

11	Am	C	G	Dm7
	doorway, every	alley, every	corner of every	city street; Of
15	G	Dm	G	D7
	Mrs Thatcher's Britain there's a	scent upon the	air;	The dank ar -
19	Am	C	Gm	Dm7
	oma of a	century, turning	backwards full up-	on itself; No
23	G	Em7	Am	C
	longer heading	nowhere, 'cos it's	already	there;
27	Am	C	Dm	Am
31	C	G	Dm7	
			The	

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

34	Am	C	Gm	Dm7
	blue eyed boys etc			

V

50	Am	C	Dm	Am
54	C	G	Dm7	

A

BRIDGE 1:

57	C	Am	C	Dm
	prudish	left, a	narrow	right; Each
61	C	Am	G	Em7
	purge their	wrongs from	dreams of	right; And
65	C	Am	F	Am
	all is lost in	lost in	black and	white;
69	C	G	D7	
			Dark	

BRIDGE 2 (as Bridge 1):

72	C	Am	C	Dm
	April etc	comes, the	coin is	tossed, Brit-

76	C	Am	G	Em7
	annia	waves, the	rules are	lost, And
80	C	Am	F	
	no-one	dares to	count the	

INSTRUMENTAL

83	Am	C	G	Dm7
	cost			
87	G	Em	G	D7
91	Am	C	G	Dm7 (or try G9)
95	G	Em7	Am	C
99	Am	C	Dm7	
			The	

BRIDGE 3

102	C	Am	C	Dm
	hammer	feel, The	red flag	burned, A
106	C	Am	G	Em7
	passion	killed, A	circle	turned, Yet
110	C	Am	F	Am
	not once	was a	lesson	learned
114	C	G	D7	Am
	C	G	Dm7	
			In ev'ry	

VERSE 3

122	Am	C	Gm	Dm7
	doorway etc			

V

134	C	Am
	subtle hint of	bullshit linger

CODA

136	C	Am	C	Dm7
140	Am	C	G	Dm7
144	C			

v1 In every doorway, every alley, every corner of every city street
 Of Mrs Thatcher's Britain there's a scent upon the air,
 The dank aroma of a century turning circles full upon itself,
 No longer heading nowhere, 'cos it's already there.

v2 The blue eyed boys and bright young things who bustled here an hour ago
 Have radiated outwards to the palaces of home,
 And stirring in the shadows of the vacuum that they left behind,
 A grey and ghostly army have started now to roam.

Br 1 A prudish left, a narrow right,
 Each purge their wrongs from dreams of right,
 And all is lost in black and white.

Br 2 Dark April comes, the coin is tossed,
 Britannia waves, the rules are lost,
 But no-one dares to count the cost.

Br 3 The hammer fell, the red flag burned,
A passion killed, a circle turned,
Yet not once was a lesson learned.

v3 In every corner, every doorway, every pavement of every dirty street
Of Mrs Thatcher's Britain, any sniff of hope has gone,
While in the spacious and perfumed suburbs, where the scented air's still soft and sweet,
No-one notices the subtle hint of bullshit linger on.