

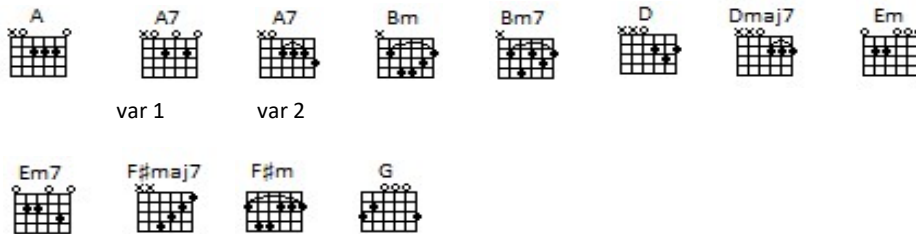
GOODNIGHT

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key D

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

1			A7	A7
3	D	D	D	A7
7	D	Em	Em7	A7
11	A	A7 (2)	D	D
15	A7	A7		

The

VERSE 1

17	D	F#m	Em	Bm	
	lot now up for	auCTION is a	bold antique prin-	cess; the	
21	Bm7	G	Bm7	Em	D maj 7
	price at which the	bidding stops is	anybody's	guess;	Col -
26	Em	Em	Bm	A7	
	lectors haggle,	eager for the	take;	But	
30	D	F#m	Em	Bm	
	one will be the	poorer when he	sees beneath the	brass; The	
34	Bm7	G	Bm7	Em	F# maj 7
	scratches and	blemishes be-	lying all the	class; It's	It's
39	Em	Em	A7	A7	
	just another	very clever	fake;	De-	
43	G	Bm	G		
	signed to fool the	beggars who	think they're on the		
46	D	D	D	A7	
	make;				

INTERMEZZO 1

50	D	Em	Em7	A7
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54	A	A7 (2)	D	D
58	A7	A7		

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

60	D	F#m	Em	Bm
	Somewhere in etc			

V

89	D	D	D	A7
	rain			

INTERMEZZO 2

93	D	Em	Em7	A7
97	A	A7 (2)	D	D
101	A7	A7		
	The			

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

103	D	F#m	Em	Bm
	day's affairs etc			

V

132	D	D	D	A7
	(unde)signed			

INTERMEZZO 3

136	D	Em	Em7	A7
140	A	A7 (2)	D	D
144	Em	Em7	A7	
147	A	A7 (2)	D	D
151	A7	A7	A7	
	In			

VERSE 4 (as Verse 1)

154	D	F#m	Em	Bm
	dark and etc			

V

183	D	D	D	A7
	day			

CODA

187	D	Em	Em7	A7
191	A	A7 (2)	D	D >>> A7
195	D	Em	Em7	A7
199	A	A7 (2)	D	D >>> A7
203	D	Em	Em7	A7
207	A	A7 (2)	D	D >>> A7
211	D	D		

- v1 The lot now up for auction is a bold antique princess,
The price at which the bidding stops is anybody's guess;
Collectors haggle, eager for the take:
But one will be the poorer when he finds beneath the brass
The scratches and blemishes belying all the class:
It's just another very clever fake
Designed to fool the beggars who think they're on the make.
- v2 Somewhere in these gaslit streets the hungry cur still roams
In dreams of how he'll tear at flesh and claw disfigured bones:
His deep obsession pounds within his brain,
His blackened fangs scowl through the twisted jaws on which they hang,
His tongue, thick with saliva, aches and curdles from the pang:
But yet tonight he's doomed to prowl in vain,
His wretched strands of hopefulness eroded by the rain.
- v3 The day's affairs have ended at the mansion near the park;
One solitary light delights the old man in the dark;
The drum rolls start to echo through his mind:
He stares enwrapped in wonder at the blackened silhouette,
One single magic moment in a lifetime of regret-
Until a shadowed hand pulls down the blind,
As if to snub an empty life so cruelly undesigned.
- v4 In dark and dirty bedsits now they're staring into space
At ceilings where the plaster cracks reflect their jagged face:
The heavy air has settled in to stay;
While from under sheets of comfort in a million sleeping rooms,
Through locked and bolted windows, out into the midnight gloom,
The stench of cosy couples wafts away
In drifting clouds which soon will lift to form another day.