

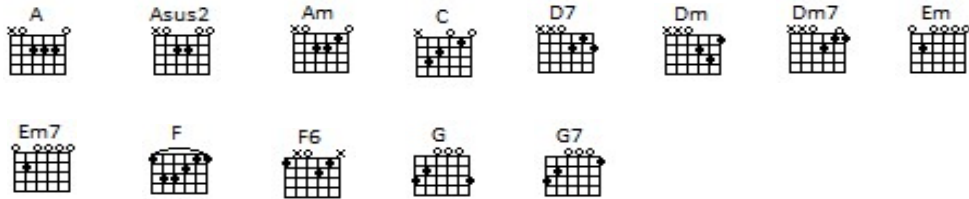
IN ALL TRUTH

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key C

Time sig 4/4



INTRO:

2	C >> Am	Am	F	G (or try Em7)
6	C >> Am	A>>> Asus2	A	Dm7 (or try F6)
10	C >> Am	Am	F	G (or try Em7)
14	C >> Am	A>>> Asus2	A	Dm7 (or try F6)
18	Em7	G7	Em7	G7

VERSE A1

22	C >> Am	Am	F	G (or try Em7)
	No shoes on her	feet; no	coat to fend the	rain; She
26	C >> Am	A>>> Asus2	A	Dm7 (or try F6)
	sets off down the	street a-	gain;	The

VERSE A2

30	C >> Am	Am	F	G (or try Em7)
	blood stains on her	dress etc	etc	etc
34	C >> Am	A>>> Asus2	A	Dm
	etc			
38	Em7	G7		

VERSE A3

40	C >> Am	Am	F	G (or try Em7)
	rain will soothe and	melt etc	etc	etc
44	C >> Am	A>>> Asus2	A	Dm
	etc			And

VERSE A4

48	C >> Am	Am	F	G (or try Em7)
	I, though warm and	dry etc	etc	etc
52	C >> Am	A>>> Asus2	A	Dm
	etc			

56	Em7	G7	Em7	G7
				I

VERSE B1

60	C	Am	Em	Em
	can't in all truth	claim to be a	good man;	I
64	C	Am	F	G7
	rarely shave, I	seldom cut my	hair;	I'm
68	C	Am	Em	Em
	scruffy and un-	kempt, in jeans and	trainers;	You
72	C	Am	F	G7
	really couldn't	take me any-	where;	I

VERSE B2 (as B1)

76	C	Am	Em	Em
	couldn't claim etc	etc	etc	etc

VERSE B3 (as B1)

92	C	Am	Em	Em
	can't claim etc	etc	etc	etc

VERSE B4:

108	C	Am	Em	Em
	can't claim in all	truth to be the	best man;	That
112	C	Am	F	G7
	others could offer you	more I know is	true;	Yet
116	C	Em	D7	D7
	nothing in this	world, and of this I'm	certain.	Could
120	C	Am	F	G7
	make me do those	awful things to	you	>>> to instrumental break

INSTRUMENTAL BREAK:

124	C	Am	Em	Em
128	C	Am	F	G7
132	C	Am	Em	Em
136	C	Am	F	G7
140	C	Am	Em	Em
144	C	Am	F	G7
148	C	Em	D7	D7
152	C	Am	F	G7
156	F	G7		
		I (to verse B5)		

VERSE B5 / B6

158	C	Am	Em	Em
	can't claim, in all	truth to be a	perfect man;	I
162	C	Am	F	G7
	couldn't claim to	pass that stringent	test;	But
166	C	Am	Em	Em
	never could i	strike at you in	anger;	In
170	C	Am	F	G7
	gentleness and	truth no saint's more	blessed;	I
172	C	Em	D7	D7
	can't claim, in all	truth to be a	good man;	But
176	C	Am	F	G7
	darling, when it's	you, I do my	best	

CODA

180	F	G7	C
			(End)

v a1 No shoes on her feet,
No coat to fend the rain,
She sets off down the street
Again;

v a2 The bloodstains on her dress
The darkened shadows hide,
But not the dark distress
Inside;

v a3 The rain will smooth and melt
Her face's blood and tears,
But not the grief she's felt
For years;

v a4 And I, though warm and dry,
Not knowing what else to do,
Drive on slowly by
Home to you.....

v b1 I can't, in all truth, claim to be a good man,
I rarely shave, I seldom cut my hair,
I'm scruffy and unkempt, in jeans and trainers,
You really couldn't take me anywhere;

v b2 I couldn't claim, in truth, I'm blessed with virtue,
I sometimes drink too much, I'm prone to smoke,
I'm not unknown in betting shops or strip joints,
I swear, or even tell the odd blue joke;

v b3 I can't claim, in all truth, I've never hurt you,
I've flirted, teased you, told the odd white lie,
I've lost my temper, shouted at you in quarrels,

So much, at times, I've even made you cry;

v b4 I can't claim, in all truth, to be the best man,
That others could offer you more, I know is true,
But nothing in this world, and of this I'm certain,
Could make me do those awful things to you;

v b5 I can't claim, in all truth, to be a perfect man,
I couldn't claim to pass that stringent test,
But never could I strike at you in anger,
In gentleness and love no saint's more blessed;

v b6 I can't claim, in all truth, to be a good man,
But darling, when it's you, I'll do my best.....