CAN I HELP YOU?

www.scare crowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key C Time sig 4/4



INTRO:

1			G
2 C	G	С	G
6 Em	G7	G7	
		-	
9 C	G	С	G
13 Em	G7	G7	
	-	Sam-	

VERSE 1:

16 C	G	С	G
aritans?	Can I	help you?	That
20 Em	Am	Dm	Dm
half heard whisper	ringing down the	phone;	The
24 C	G	С	G
gentle voice	of	human care;	Re-
28 Em	G7	Am	G7
joice, rejoice,	there's	someone there;	For
32 Am7	Dm	G7	Em >>> G7
half an hour, an	empty life no	longer spent a-	lone; Sam-

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1):

36	С	G	С	G
	aritans? Etc			

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52 Am7		G7	Em >>> G7	Em >>> G7
	-		(des)pair,	ī

BRIDGE 1:

57	Am7	Dm	G7	Em
-	understand by	knowing that I	cannot under-	stand; So
61	Dm	F	G7	G7
	you might compre-	hend and take my	steady hand;	I
65	Am7	Dm	G7	Em
	help you most by	showing that I	cannot help at	all; So
69	Dm	F	G7	G7

you might face the chasm by which you rise or fall

INSTRUMENTAL

73	С	Em	G7	G7
77	С	Em	Dm	F >>> G7
81	С	Em	G	G7
85	С	С	С	C >>> G7

BRIDGE 2 (as Bridge 1):

89	Am7	Dm	G7	Em
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teach you most etc

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VERSE 3 (as Verse 1 but with variation at ending):

101	С	G	С	G	

maritans etc

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121	Am7	Dm	Em7	С
	one more night the	sureness of no	more impending	death

CODA

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v1 Samaritans, can I help you?

That half-heard whisper ringing down the phone;

The gentle voice of human care,

Rejoice, rejoice, there's someone there,

For half an hour an empty life no longer spent alone.

v2 Samaritans, can I help you?

That burst of comfort cutting through the air;

Easing away a choking grief,

And making way for warm relief,

For just an hour a heavy life no longer in despair.

br1 I understand by knowing that I cannot understand,

So you might comprehend, and take my steady hand.

I help you most by showing that I cannot help at all,

So you might face the chasm by which you rise or fall.

br2 I teach you most by knowing that there's nothing I can teach,

So you might find the crossing still within your reach.

I guide you on by showing that I cannot be your guide,

So you might make it safely to the other side.

v3 Samaritans, can I help you?

That urgent pleading just below the breath;

Peace again, a new found will,

The tablets remain unopened still,

For one more night the sureness of no more impending death.