

CHILDREN OF THE OTHER WORLD

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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key C

Time sig 4/4



INTRO:

2	C	C	C	C
6	G7	G7	G7	G7

On

VERSE 1:

10	C	E7	Am	E7
	concrete floors of	dingy basements, On	fire escapes, in	burnt out cars, On
14	A	G	A	E7
	wasteground, on	old park benches, In	porches of long closed	burger bars, On
18	C	E7	Am	E7
	towpaths of	dark canals, beneath the	crumbling concrete	underpass, In
22	A	G	A	E7
	warehouses, and	bomb sites, in	beds of rubble and	broken glass, in
26	C	E7	Am	E7
	tenement blocks, under	railway arches, On	chairs in all night	launderettes, In
30	A	G	A	E7
	bus shelters, and	lay-bys Are the	vague and shaded	silhouettes Of the
34	C	E7	C	E7
	children that the	other world for-	gets.	
36	C	E7	C	E7
40	C	G7	Am	Am
44	G7	G7		

In

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

46	C	E7	Am	E7
	cycle sheds etc			

CODA:

74	C	C	C	C
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78	G7	G7	G7	G7
				And
82	C	E7	A	A
	as I	lie here, warm in	bed,	
86	E7	A	E7	E7
	Listening through the	window to the	night,	I
90	A	E7	A	A
	sense you stir, and	gently lift your	head,	
94	E7	A	E7	E7
	Slip your hand in	mine, and squeeze it	tight;	Yet
98	C	E7	A	A
	though there`s	things I need to	say,	To
102	E7	A	E7	E7
	share with you my	heavy sense of	sorrow	At
106	A	E7	A	A
	how the	crazy world we build to-	day	Will
110	E7	Am7	E7	E7
	shape the	crazier world we`ll find to-	morrow,	No
114	C	E7	C	C
	words of mine would	ever quite ex-	plain;	And
118	E7	A	E7	E7
	as I listen	once more to the	night-	A
122	A	E7	A	A
	neighbour`s car, some	steady drops of	rain-	There's
126	C	E7	C	C
	nothing more: I	reach out for the	light,	And say good
130	C			
	night.....			

v1 On concrete floors in dingy basements,
 On fire escapes, in burnt out cars,
 On wasteground, on old park benches,
 In porches of long closed burger bars,
 On towpaths of dark canals, beneath
 The crumbling concrete underpass,
 In warehouses, and bomb sites,
 In beds of rubble and broken glass,
 In tenement blocks, under railway arches,
 On chairs in all night launderettes,
 In bus shelters, and lay-bys,
 Are the vague and shaded silhouettes
 Of the children that the other world forgets.

v2 In cycle sheds, and rubbish dumps,
 In cold church halls, down alleyways,

In cubicles of public toilets,
In cardboard cities beneath motorways,
On station platforms, on library steps,
In liftshafts of old department stores,
In subways, and telephone boxes,
In old condemned houses with missing floors,
Are the children that the other world ignores.

Coda And as I lie here, warm in bed,
Listening through the window to the night,
I sense you stir, and gently lift your head,
Slip your hand in mine, and squeeze it tight;
Yet though there's things I need to say,
To share with you my heavy sense of sorrow
At how the crazy world we build today
Will shape the crazier world we'll find tomorrow,
No words of mine would ever quite explain;
And as I listen once more to the night-
A neighbour's car, some steady drops of rain-
There's nothing more: I reach out for the light,
And say goodnight.....