

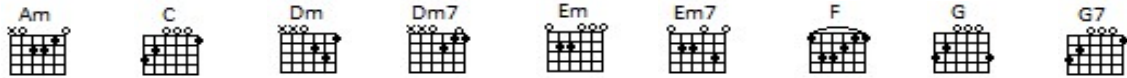
**TREASURE**

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key C

Time sig 4/4



**INTRO:**

1			G7
2	C	G7	Dm
6	Em	Em7	F
10	Em	Em7	
12	C	C	C

**VERSE 1 / 2:**

16	C	C	Am	C
	Running through a	green field,	down a country	lane,
20	Am	Em	Am	Am
	Splashing through the	puddles in the	rain,	
24	G	C	G	Am
	Climbing trees for	plunder,	lost in childhood	wonder,
28	G	Am7	Am	Am
	Gentle memories	stored for use	again;	
32	C	C	Am	C
	Holding hands with	Sarah,	evenings in the	park,
36	Am	Am	Em	Am
	Stealing trembling	kisses in the	dark,	
40	G	C	G	Am
	Slowly growing	older,	quickly growing	bolder,
44	G	Am7	G7	G7
	Faded memories	yet so clear and	stark	Inside my
48	Am	Am		
	treasure chest;			

**VERSE 3 (as v1):**

50	C	C	Am	C
	Schoolboy pranks etc (as v1)			

**VERSE 4:**

66	C	C	Am	C
	College rags and	studies,	graduation	day,
70	Am	Am	Em	Am
	Working nine to	five with rent to	pay,	Af-
74	G	C	G	Am
	fairs and aspir-	ations,	hopes and then frus-	trations,
78	G	Am7	Am	Am
	Things that shape the	ways I am to-	day,	Each
82	G	Am	G7	G7
	lovingly re-	stored and locked a-	way	Inside my
86	Am	Am	Am	Am >> G7
	treasure chest;			

**CHORUS 1:**

90	C	G7	Dm	Dm7	
	Memories,	life is full of	memories, my	favourite team at	
94	Em	Em7	F	F	
	Wembley,	lifting up the	cup,		
98	G7	Em	G7	C	
	Deep sea fishing,	mountain streams,	fire engines,	soft ice creams,	
102	G7	Em	G7	C	
	Fancy poems and	fancy cars,	wild wild parties,	wild guitars; And	
106	G7	Em	G7	Em	Em7
	though it's filled with	all the best, My	never ending	treasure chest will	never be full
111	C	G7	Dm	Dm7	
	up;				
115	Em	Em7	F	G7	
119	C	C	C	C	

**VERSE 5/6:**

123	C	C	Am	C
	Sitting on my	own now,	Evening slips un-	seen,
127	Am	Em	Am	Am
	Lost behind the	foreground of a	dream,	
131	G	C	G	Am
	Past melts into	present,	Time seems obso-	lescent, As
135	G	Am7	Am	Am
	I flit lightly	somewhere in be-	tween,	

139	G	Am7	Am	Am
	Thinking about the	way things might have	been,	I
143	C	C	Am	C
	can't reshape the	past now, But	maybe that's no	shame, For
147	Am	Em	Am	Am
	memories shed the	painful way they	came,	The
151	G	C	G	Am
	proofs of refu-	tations, And	constant transform-	ations, Are
155	G	Am7	Am	Am
	mixed with means by	which I over-	came,	Then
159	G	Am7	Am	Am
	stored away and	nurtured just the	same	Inside my
161	Am	Am	Am	Am
	treasure chest;			
165	Am	G7		
	treasure chest;	Re-		

**CHORUS 2:**

167	C	G7	Dm	Dm7
	flections, of	all my life's re-	lections , Are	sadder recoll-
171	Em	Em7	F	F
	ections, More	piignant than the	rest,	
175	G7	Em	G7	C
	Qualms of conscience,	Ivory towers,	Saddest moments,	darkest hours,
179	G7	Em	G7	C
	Chances gained and	chances spurned,	Disappointments,	lessons learned, Yet
183	G7	Em	G7	Em
	from tyheir memories	I've contrived the	love and strength to	stay alive, So
187	G7	Em	Em7	
	more than any,	they survive In-	side my treasure	

**CODA**

190	C	G7	Dm	Dm7
	chest			
194	Em	Em7	F	Dm7
198	C	C	C	C
202	C			

v1 Running through a green field, down a country lane,  
 Splashing through the puddles in the rain,  
 Climbing trees for plunder, lost in childhood wonder,  
 Gentle memories stored for use again;

v2 Holding hands with Sarah, evenings in the park,  
Stealing trembling kisses in the dark,  
Slowly growing older, quickly growing bolder,  
Faded memories yet so clear and stark  
Inside my treasure chest;

v3 Schoolboy pranks and horseplay, homework every night,  
Often spurned for well pursued delights,  
Icy cold obstructions to well rehearsed seductions  
Melt in time to linger warm and bright;

v4 College rags and studies, graduation day,  
Working nine to five with rent to pay,  
Affairs and aspirations, hopes and then frustrations,  
Things that shape the ways I am today,  
Each lovingly restored and locked away  
Inside my treasure chest;

Ch1 Memories, life is full of memories,  
My favourite team at Wembley, lifting up the cup,  
Deep sea fishing, mountain streams, fire engines, soft ice creams,  
Fancy poems and fancy cars, wild wild parties, wild guitars;  
And though it's filled with all the best,  
My never ending treasure chest will never be full up;

v5 Sitting on my own now, evening slips unseen,  
Lost behind the foreground of a dream,  
Past melts into present, time seems obsolescent,  
As I flit lightly somewhere in between,  
Thinking of the way things might have been;

v6 I can't reshape the past now, but maybe that's no shame,  
For memories shed the painful ways they came;  
The proofs of refutations, and constant transformations,  
Are mixed with means by which I overcame,  
Then stored away and nurtured just the same  
Inside my treasure chest;

Ch2 Reflections, of all my life's reflections,  
Are sadder recollections, more poignant than the rest;  
Qualms of conscience, ivory towers, saddest moments, darkest hours,  
Chances gained and chances spurned, disappointments, lessons learned;  
Yet from their memories I've contrived the love and strength to stay alive;  
So, more than any, they survive inside my treasure chest.