

## WHAT'S HE GOT?

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Am

Time sig 4/4



Note: bars listed in X/Y/Z format contain key changes on the 4th and 6th half-notes (i.e. XXXYYYZZ)

### INTRO:

1				Em7
2	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
6	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
10	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	F /Am/Em7

### VERSE 1:

14	Am/C/Am	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
	Anyone can	do the things he's	done for you;	The
18	Am/C/Am	C/Em/C	Em7/G7/Em7	Am >>> G7
	guy seems such a	lemon. He almost	can't be true;	If
22	Dm/F/Dm	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
	only now the	the truth were not so	stark;	I
26	Am/C/Am	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
	wrote about the	splendour of the	Summer skies;	Of
30	Am/C/Am	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
	how they matched the	light that shone with-	in your eyes;	Yet
34	Dm/F/Dm	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
	now it seems my	words have missed the	mark;	I
38	Am/C/Am	C/Am/F	A/Em/C	G7 >>> Em7
	wrote romantic	poems, he changed your	light bulb;	And
42	Am/C/Am	C/Am/Dm7	F/Am/Em7	
	turned you on to	him, to leave me	standing in the	
45	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
	dark;			

### VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

49	Am/C/Am	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
	Nobody etc (verse 2)			
V				
80	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
	side			

# INSTRUMENTAL

84	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
88	Am/C/Am	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
92	Am/C/Am	C/Em/C	Em7/G7/Em7	Am >>> G7
96	Dm/F/Dm	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
100	Am/C/Am	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
104	Am/C/Am	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
108	Dm/F/Dm	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
112	Am/C/Am	C/Am/F	A/Em/C	G7 >>> Em7
116	Am/C/Am	C/Am/Dm7	F/Am/Em7	
119	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
123	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7

He'll

## VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

127	Am/C/Am	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
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never etc

V

158	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
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stuff

## CODA (repeat to fade)

162	Am/C/Am	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
166	Am/C/Am (start fade)	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7
170	Am/C/Am	F/Am/F	Am/C/Am	F >>> Em7 (end fade)

## ALT "FINALE" ENDING (optional)

174	Am
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- v1 Anyone can do the things he's done for you,  
The guy seems such a lemon, he almost can't be true,  
If only now the truth were not so stark:  
I wrote about the splendour of the Summer skies,  
Of how they matched the light that shone within your eyes;  
Yet now it seems my words have missed the mark:  
I wrote romantic poems, he changed your light bulb,  
And turned you on to him, to leave me standing in the dark.
- v2 Nobody could match for you the way I feel,  
This chap seems such a plonker, he almost can't be real,  
If only what was real could be denied:  
I wrote about the fields, and all the barley there,  
And how it matched the wind within your golden hair;  
Yet now it seems my words have all blown wide:  
I wrote immortal lines, he got your car to start,  
And drove off to the sunset, with you sitting by his side.
- v3 He'll never write you a true love poem, or sing you a song,  
The bloke seemed such a knobhead; yet that's where I went wrong,  
For in the end you called my double bluff:  
I talked about the depths of all the oceans blue,  
Of how they matched the depth of all my love for you;

Yet this it seemed was never quite enough:  
I talked of giving love, he went and gave it,  
And left me here to churn alone this fool romantic stuff.