

SWANSONG (A Song About Swans)

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key C

Time sig 4/4



INTRO:

2	C	C	G7	G7
6	C	C	G7	G7
10	C	C	G7	G7
14	C	C	G7	G7

VERSE 1:

18	C	Em/C	Em	E6 (or try Em7)
	Wipe my clothes of	traffic, brush the	city from my	hair, Pro-
22	C	Em/C	E6 (or try Em7)	Em
	vide a stretch of	water, A	rod and line, And	you're going to find me,
26	E6 (or try Em7)			
	you're going to find me,			

VERSE 2:

27	C	Em/C	Em	E6 (or try Em7)
	Soothe and cleanse my	body of the	dreary urban	air;
31	C	Em/C	E6 (or try Em7)	Em
	Bait a hook, and	cast, and	where it lands, then	you're going to find me,
35	E6 (or try Em7)			
	you're going to find me			
36	C	C	G7	G7
	there			
40	C	C	G7	G7
				A

CHORUS 1:

44	C	Em/C	G7	G7
	swan,	paddling upon the	water,	A
48	C	Em/C	Em	Em
	swan	drifting on down the	stream;	Then
52	C	Em/C	Em7	Em7
	gone,	hazy and wild, a-	vision	Of a

56	C	Em/C	G7	G7
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dream

BRIDGE:

60	C	Em/C	G7	G7
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You

64	C	Dm	G7	G7
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say we're not born free, but show me where we are in chains; Let's

68	C	Dm	G7	G7
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rise above our failings, and live our lives by what remains; Our

72	C	Dm	G7	G7
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swansong will be our spirit, the flow we plan our futures by; Soft

76	C	Dm	G7	
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ripples upon the river. As one by one we're

79	C	Em/C	G7	G7
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born and die.

83	C	Em/C	G7	G7
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CHORUS 2:

87	C	Em/C	G7	G7
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Swans, peddling upon the water,

91	C	Em/C	G7	G7
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Swans, treading against the stream; With

95	C	Em/C	G7	G7
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songs, beautiful re-verberations Of a

99	C	Em/C	G7	G7
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dream

103	C	Em/C	G7	G7
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VERSE 3:

107	C	Em/C	Em	E6 (or try Em7)
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Patterns on the water, Re-flections from some - where; A

111	C	Em/C	E6 (or try Em7)	Em
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dream of what could be, And you're going to find me, you're going to find me

115
there.....

v1 Wipe my clothes of traffic,
Brush the city from my hair,
Provide a stretch of water,
A rod and line,
And you're going to find me,
You're going to find me;

v2 Soothe and cleanse my body
Of the dreary urban air,
Bait a hook, and cast,
And where it lands,
Then you're going to find me,
You're going to find me there.....

Ch1 A swan, paddling upon the water,
A swan, drifting on down the stream,
Then gone, hazy and wild, a vision
Of a dream.....

Br You say we're not born free,
Yet show me where we are in chains;
Let's rise above our failings,
And live our lives by what remains;
Our swansong will be our spirit,
The flow we plan our futures by;
Soft ripples upon the river,
As one by one we're born, and die.....

Ch2 Swans, peddling upon the water,
Swans, treading against the stream,
With songs, beautiful reverberations
Of a dream.....

v3 Patterns on the water,
Reflections from somewhere,
A dream of what could be,
And you're going to find me,
You're going to find me there.....