FOR WHAT IT WAS
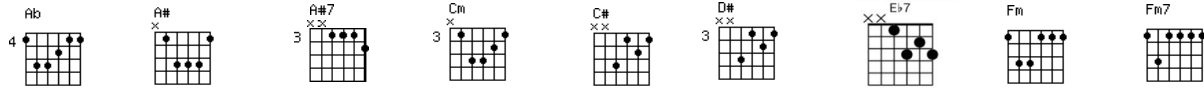
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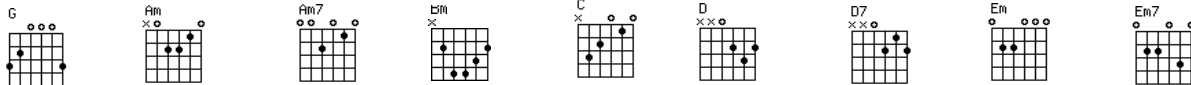
(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Ab (use G, capo 1st fret)
Time sig 4/4

Ab   A#   A#7   Cm   C#   D#   Eb7   Fm   Fm7

(Alternatives:)

G   Am   Am7   Bm   C   D   D7   Em   Em7

1

INTRO

2	Ab (as G)	Cm (as Bm)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Bbm7 (as Am7)
6	Ab (as G)	Cm (as Bm)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Bbm7 (as Am7)
10	Ab (as G)	Cm (as Bm)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Bbm7 (as Am7)
14	Ab (as G)	Cm (as Bm)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Bbm7 (as Am7)

I

VERSE 1

18	Ab (as G)	Cm (as Bm)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Bbm7 (as Am7)
	I looked into the	future,	hoping there to	see A

22	Ab (as G)	Fm (as Em)	Bbm (as Am)	Eb (as D)
	tiny clue of	what becomes of	me:	Per-

26	Ab (as G)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C)	Bbm7 (as Am7)
	haps it was the	shapes within the	mist,	The

30	Ab (as G)	Eb (as D)	Fm (as Em)	Bbm7 (as Am7)
	form in which such	prophecies ex-	ist,	And

34	Ab (as G)	Eb (as D)	Fm (as Em) >> Eb7 (as D7)
	vagaries per-	sist;	Yet

37	Ab (as G)	Ab (as G)	Fm7 (as Em7)	Bbm7 (as Am7)
	every omen,	every tiny	portent,	For

41	Fm (as Em)	Ab (as G)	Fm7 (as Em7)	Bbm7 (as Am7)	Bbm7 (Am7)
	what it was, just	never seemed im-	portant		

46	Ab (as G)	Cm (as Bm)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Bbm7 (as Am7)
50	Ab (as G)	Cm (as Bm)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Bbm7 (as Am7)

I

VERSE 2

54	Ab (as G)	Cm (as Bm)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Bbm7 (as Am7)
	gazed into the	past,	hoping there to	find A

58 Ab (as G)	Fm (as Em)	Bbm (as Am)	Eb (as D)
tiny speck of	what I'll leave be-	hind:	Per-

62 Ab (as G)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C)	Bbm7 (as Am7)
haps it was the	shapes within the	mist,	The

66 Ab (as G)	Eb (as D)	Fm (as Em)	Bbm7 (as Am7)
ghost on which such	memory re-	lies,	And

70 Ab (as G)	Eb (as D)	Fm (as Em) >> Eb7 (as D7)	
haunts its sad de-	mise;	Yet	

73 Ab (as G)	Ab (as G)	Fm7 (as Em7)	Bbm7 (as Am7)
every memory,	every recol-	lection,	For

77 Fm (as Em)	Ab (as G)	Fm7 (as Em7)	Bbm7 (as Am7)	Bbm7 (as Am7)
what it was, was	merely intro-	spection		

BRIDGE

82 Ab (as G)	Cm (as Bm)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Bbm7 (as Am7)
86 Ab (as G)	Cm (as Bm)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Bbm7 (as Am7)
90 Ab (as G)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C)	Bbm7 (as Am7)
94 Ab (as G)	Eb (as D)	Fm (as Em)	Bbm7 (as Am7)
98 Ab (as G)	Eb (as D)	Fm (as Em) >> Eb7 (as D7)	
		I	

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

101 Ab (as G)	Cm (as Bm)	Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Bbm7 (as Am7)
peered hard at my	present, etc		

v1 I looked into the future,
   Hoping there to see
   A tiny clue of what becomes of me:
   Perhaps it was the shapes within the mist,
   The form in which such prophesies exist,
   And vagaries persist:
   Yet every omen, every tiny portent,
   For what it was, just never seemed important

v2 I gazed into the past,
   Hoping there to find
   A tiny speck of what I'll leave behind:
   Perhaps it was the half remembered lies,
   The ghost on which such memory relies,
   And haunts its sad demise:
   Yet every memory, every recollection,
   For what it was, was merely introspection.

v3 I peered hard at my present,
   Hoping it would reveal,
   The subtle essence there that made me real:
   Perhaps it was the shape of who we are,
   That makes it hard to fathom who we are,
   And makes us who we are:
   Yet every notion, every tiny essence,
   For what it was, was so much evanescence.