## **SWEET LOVE SONGS**

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk (Words and music: Robin Hill) Key Am Time sig 4/4 G11 1 G11 **INTRO** 2 Am G Am Em 6 C Em Am G11 Two VERSE 1 10 Am G Am Em7 gentle flight, Guipoets souls in tars which wail on through the night, With G 14 F Dm G11 time will soon con-Soft simple phrases fuse; 18 Am Em7 C >>> Em7 Am search of riffs the soul forgets, Profingers moving up the frets In 22 Am G11 G gressions that the ailing heart sub-As dues, 26 Am C >>> Em7 G11 G sweet love songs turn slowly to the blues 30 Am C >>> Em7 Am Em >>> G11 A >> (verse 2) VERSE 2 (as Verse 1) 34 Am G Am Em7 tone too low, etc etc

50 Am		C >>> Em7	G11	G	
sweet lo	ve songs turn	slowly to the	blues		
54 Am		C >>> Em7	Am	Em >>> G11	
BRIDGE (	(12 bar blues)				
58 Am		Dm	Am	Am	
62 Dm		Dm	Am	Am	
66 Em		Dm	Am	G11	
70 Am		Dm	Am	Am	
74 Dm		Dm	Am	Am	
78 Em		Dm	Am	G11	
2 Am		G	Am	Em	
2 Am 6 C		G Em	Am Am	G11	
6 C	(as Verse1)				
6 C VERSE 3	(as Verse1)			G11	
6 C VERSE 3		Em	Am	G11 It's	
6 C  VERSE 3  90 Am		Em G	Am	G11 It's	
6 C  VERSE 3  90 Am	can't etc	Em G	Am	G11 It's	
6 C  VERSE 3  90 Am  what we	can't etc	G etc	Am	G11 It's Em7	
6 C  VERSE 3  90 Am  what we	can't etc V	Em  G etc  C>>>> Em7	Am Am	G11 It's Em7	
VERSE 3  90 Am what we  06 Am sweet love	can't etc V	Em  G etc  C>>>> Em7	Am Am	G11 It's Em7	

v1 Two poets' souls in gentle flight,

Guitars which wail on through the night,

With simple phrases time will soon confuse;

Soft fingers sliding up the frets

In search of riffs the soul forgets,

Progressions which the ailing heart subdues,

As sweet love songs turn slowly to the blues.

v2 A tone too low, a beat too late,

Their faltered sounds reverberate

To false crescendos neither of them choose:

Their rhythm stutters, voices strain,
The night, the sounds, the songs remain
In pastel passion morning will diffuse
As sweet love songs turn slowly to the blues.

v3 It's what we can't, but think we can
That forms the flaw in every plan,
Distorts the form of everything we lose,
It's what we don't, but think we do
That brings the minor keys on through,
And strikes the discord in our sad adieus,
As sweet love songs turn slowly to the blues.