

404

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Em

Time sig 4/4

Tempo approx 130 bpm



1

B7

INTRO

2	Em	Am >>> Am7	CMaj7 >> B7	Em >>> B7
6	Am	CMaj7 >> B7	Em	Em >>> B7
10	Em	Am >>> Am7	CMaj7 >> B7	Em
14	Am	CMaj7 >> B7	Em	Em >>> B7

A

VERSE 1

18	Em	Am >>> Am7	CMaj7 >> B7	Em
	shaft of rapier	sunlight flits a-	cross the darkened	room, He
22	Am	CMaj7 >> B7	Em	Em
	pauses for a	moment, his	concentration	gone, Gets
26	Am	CMaj7 >> B7	Em	Em
	up and shuts the	curtains, at-	tempting through the	gloom To re-
30	Em	Am	Em	Em
	sume the steadfast	quest that drives him	on;	Yet be-
34	G	D	Em	Em
	neath this solo	passion, ths a-	mazing iron	will, There's a
38	G	D	Em	Em
	flaw within his	vision, a	thought which holds him	still, That
42	Em	Am >>> Am7	CMaj7 >> B7	Em

if you were to google what he's really searching for, You'd

46	Am	CMaj7 >> B7
	only get a	4 - 0

48	Em	Am >>> Am7	CMaj7 >> B7	Em >>> B7
	4			

52	Am	CMaj7 >> B7	Em	Em >>> B7
				It etc >>> verse 2

BRIDGE 1

86	Em	Am >>> Am7	CMaj7 >> B7	Em >>> B7
	<< verse 2 Found			

90	Am	CMaj7 >> B7	Em	Em >>> B7
94	G	D	Em	Em
	Life can be that	lonely word that the	spell check never	nails, An

98	G	D	Em	Em
	endless loop of	logic, An	If The Else that	fails, Yet for

106	G	D	Em	Em
	all the faulty	logic, there's an	output that pre-	vails, And the

106	Am	CMaj7 >> B7	Em	Em
	full on inter-	action it en-	tails	

BRIDGE INSTRUMENTAL:

108	G	D	Em	Em
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112	G	G	G7	G7
116	G	G	G7	G7
120	Am	CMaj7 >> B7		
122	Em	Am >>> Am7	CMaj7 >> B7	Em >>> B7
126	Am >>> Am7	CMaj7 >> B7	Em	Em >>> B7

His >>> verse 3

v1 A shaft of rapier sunlight flits across the darkened room,
 He pauses for a moment, his concentration gone,
 Gets up and shuts the curtains, attempting, through the gloom,
 To resume the solo quest that drives him on:
 Yet beneath this sense of passion, this amazing iron will,

There's a flaw within his vision, a thought which holds him still,
That if you were to google what he's really searching for,
You'd only get a 404.

v2 It doesn't make you lonely just because you're on your own,
He's been through all this a hundred times, so it must be true, as such:
For despite his endless solitude, he's a man who's in the zone.
His gadgets all he needs to stay in touch:
He's got all the latest downloads, keeps up with all the trends,
Two hundred feeds on Twitter, and a thousand Facebook friends;
Yet if you were to post a link to the ones who stuck around,
All you'd get is a Page Not Found.

Br1 Life can be that lonely word that the spell check never nails,
An endless loop of madness, an If Then Else that fails;
Yet for all the faulty logic, there's an output that prevails,
And the full on interaction it entails.

v3 His unconcern was legendary, his nonchalance renowned,
Every guarded stranger hid a warmer stranger's smile,
Aloofness was his trademark, his lack of care profound:
The comforts of a life spent in denial:
Yet for all his offhand waving, he was lying through his teeth,
Steadfastly concealing the drowning man beneath,
Who, clicking on the help bar with each frantic gasping breath,
Could only get the blue screen of death.