

WAITING

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

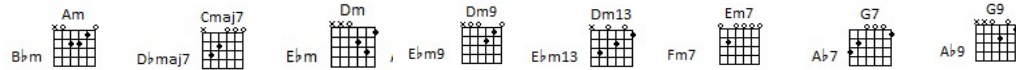
(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Bbm

Play as Am with capo 1st fret

Time sig 4/4

Tempo approx 120 bpm



INTRO

1			Ab7 (G7)
2	Bbm (Am)	Ebm13 (Dm13)	Ab9 (G9)
6	Bbm (Am)	Ebm9 (Dm9)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)
			Bbm (Am) >>> Ab7 (G7)
			She

VERSE 1

10	Bbm (Am)	Ebm13 (Dm13)	Ab9 (G9)	Bbm (Am) >>> Ab7 (G7)
	feeds the plants,	waters them and	tends them,	And
14	Bbm (Am)	Ebm9 (Dm9)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Bbm (Am) >>> Ab7 (G7)
	wonders vaguely	to herself just	how she'll fill the	day; While
18	Ebm9 (Dm9)	Ab9 (G9)		
	as the canyon	rumbles, An		
20	Bbm (Am)	Ebm13 (Dm13)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Bbm (Am) >>> Ab7 (G7)
	intrepid hero	glances up and	feels a longing	glow, A
24	Bbm (Am)	Ebm13 (Dm13)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)
	glow he hopes will	help her warm the	sweat upon his	brow, A
28	Bbm (Am)	Ebm13 (Dm13)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)
	glow which melts an	icecap, yet	cannot help him	now, And
32	Bbm (Am)	Ebm13 (Dm13)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Bbm (Am) >>> Ab7 (G7)
	as she gets the	coal from the	cellar down be-	low,
36	Bbm (Am)	Ebm13 (Dm13)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)
	Musing, through the	skylight at a	dinghy shade of	grey, The in-
40	Bbm (Am)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)
	trepid hero	shivers in the	snow,	She(>> verse 2)

VERSE 2

44	Bbm (Am)			
	writes some letters,	etc		
	V			
75		Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)
		will is frail in-	deed	She(>> verse 3)

VERSE 3

78	Ebm (Dm)	Bbm9 (Am9)	Ab9 (G9)	Bbm (Am) >>> Ab7 (G7)
	dries his socks,	irons them and	mends them,	
82	Bbm (Am)	Ebm9 (Dm9)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Bbm (Am) >>> Ab7 (G7)
	Puts some milk down	for the cat, and	finds the dog a	bone; While
86	Ebm9 (Dm9)	Ab9 (G9)		

as the mountain crumbles, The

88	Bbm (Am) intrepid hero	Ebm13 (Dm13) feels an all em-	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7) bracing sense of	Bbm (Am) >>> Ab7 (G7) fear, A
92	Bbm (Am) fear his weakening	Ebm13 (Dm13) fingers will no	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7) longer stroke her	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7) hair, A
96	Bbm (Am) A fear which shakes a	Ebm13 (Dm13) mountain, yet a	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7) fear she doesn't	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7) share: For
100	Bbm (Am) as she makes the	Ebm13 (Dm13) beds and wipes the	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7) marks from the ven -	Bbm (Am) >>> Ab7 (G7) eer,
104	Bbm (Am) Tidies up the	Ebm13 (Dm13) bathroom, rubs some	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7) Jif around the	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7) chrome, Ad-
108	Bbm (Am) miring, from the	Ebm13 (Dm13) window, how the	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7) trees are tossed and	Bbm (Am) >>> Ab7 (G7) thrown, The in-
112	Bbm (Am) trepid hero's	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7) death is drawing	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7) near	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)

INSTRUMENTAL

116	Bbm (Am)	Ebm9 (Dm9)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Bbm (Am) >>> Ab7 (G7)	
120	Bbm (Am)	Ebm9 (Dm9)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)
125	Bbm (Am)	Ebm9 (Dm9)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Bbm (Am) >>> Ab7 (G7)	
129	Bbm (Am)	Ebm9 (Dm9)	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)
134	Fm7 (Em7) >> DbMaj7 (CMaj7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)	Ebm (Dm) >>> Ab7 (G7)		

She (>> verse 4)

- v1 She feeds the plants, waters them and tends them,
And wonders vaguely to herself just how she'll fill the day;
While, as the canyon rumbles,
An intrepid hero glances up and feels a longing glow,
A glow he hopes will help her warm the sweat upon his brow,
A glow which melts an icecap, yet cannot help him now:
And as she gets the coal from the cellar down below,
Musing, through the skylight, at a dingy shade of grey,
The intrepid hero shivers in the snow.
- v2 She writes some letters, stamps them up, and sends them,
Stopping on the way to get some vegetables and bread;
While, as the hero stumbles,
He feels, within his being, a most despairing sense of need;
A need to feel her next to him, and bolster up his will,
A need which floods a canyon, yet a need she can't fulfil;
And as she buttons up her coat, hastens up her speed,
Musing, as she hurries, at the black skies overhead,
The intrepid hero's will is frail indeed.
- v3 She dries his shirts, irons them, and mends them,
Puts some milk down for the cat, and finds the dog a bone;
While, as the mountain crumbles,
The intrepid hero feels an all-embracing sense of fear;
A fear his weakening fingers will no longer stroke her hair,
A fear which shakes a mountain, yet a fear she doesn't share:
For as she makes the beds and wipes the marks from the veneer,
Tidies up the bathroom, rubs some Jif around the chrome,
Admiring, through the window, how the trees are tossed and thrown,
The intrepid hero's death is drawing near.
- v4 She makes some calls, chats awhile, but ends them,
Knowing she must hurry, he is shortly coming home;
While, as the boulder tumbles,
The intrepid hero summons strength and gives a piercing cry;
A cry designed to span the miles and touch her distant ears,
A cry to drown an avalanche, yet a cry she never hears;
And as she puts the dinner on, and stares out at the sky,
Musing at the cloud forms where the swirling wind has blown,
Before drawing back the curtains, to leave the night alone,

Her intrepid hero waits, alone, to die.