

# WHERE YOU'LL FIND ME

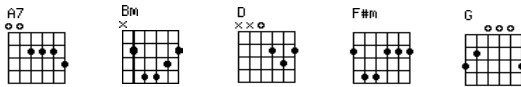
(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

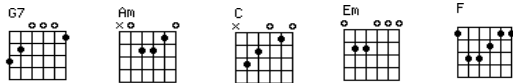
Key D (or C with capo 2nd fret)

Time sig 4/4

Tempo approx 96 bpm



Alternative chords (capo 2nd fret):



1

A7 (G7)

## INTRO

2	Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em)	D (C)
4	Bm (Am) >> D (C)	F#m (Em)
6	Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em)	G (F)
8	Bm (Am) >> A7 (G7)	D (C)
10	Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em)	D (C)
12	Bm (Am) >> D (C)	F#m (Em)
14	Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em)	G (F)
16	Bm (Am) >> A7 (G7)	D (C) >>> A7 (G7)

You won't

## VERSE 1

18	Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em)	D (C)
	find me in the splendour of the	Seychelles, Sipping
20	Bm (Am) >> D (C)	F#m (Em)
	drinks in some exotic beachside	bar, You will
22	Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em)	G (F)
	find me in the rainy streets of	England,
24	Bm (Am) >> A7 (G7)	D (C) >>> A7 (G7)
	Looking for a place to park the	car. You won't >> (to v2)

41

<< from v3

D (C) >>> A7 (G7)

bell. You can

## BRIDGE 1

2	F#m (Em) >> Bm (Am)	A7 (G7)
	offer me the	treasures That the
44	F#m (Em) >> Bm (Am)	A7 (G7)
	jet set lifestyle	brings,
46	F#m (Em) >> Bm (Am)	A7 (G7)
	Thrity cans of	lager, Two
48	F#m (Em) >> Bm (Am)	A7 (G7)
	hundred Silk Cut	Kings; You can >> (to Bridge 2)

## BRIDGE 3

56

A7 (G7)

<< from Bridge 2

tanned; Yet by

58	F#m (Em) >> Bm (Am)	A7 (G7)
	any of life's	measures, There is

60	F#m (Em) >> Bm (Am)	A7 (G7)
	nothing quite so	grand As

62	F#m (Em) >> Bm (Am)	A7 (G7)
	here and now, pre-	cisely where I stand.

## BRIDGE INSTRUMENTAL

64	Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em)	D (C)
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stand

66	Bm (Am) >> D (C)	F#m (Em)
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68	Bm (Am) >> F#m (Em)	G (F)
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70	Bm (Am) >> A7 (G7)	D (C) >>> A7 (G7)
	You won't >> (to verse 4)	

v1 You won't find me in the splendour of the Seychelles,  
Sipping drinks in some exotic beachside bar:  
You will find me on the rainy streets of England,  
Looking for a place to park the car.

v2 You won't find me in the sunshine of Barbados  
Treading barefoot on the Caribbean sand:  
You will find me in a damp suburban driveway  
With a bunch of soggy flowers in my hand.

v3 You won't find me on the brave Hawaiian shoreline,  
Boldly stepping up to surf and swell:  
You will find me in the shelter of your doorway,  
My finger reaching, nervous, for the bell.

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Br 1 You can offer me the treasures  
That the jet set life style brings:  
Thirty cans of lager  
Two hundred Silk Cut Kings;

Br 2 You can offer me the pleasures  
Of a sun drenched Southern land:  
White sand and bikinis,  
Young bodies, firm and tanned,

Br 3 Yet by any of life's measures  
There is nowhere quite as grand  
As here and now, precisely where I stand.

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v4 You won't find me in some fine Moroccan palace,  
My footfall echoed on the marbled floor:  
You will find me trudge the hall towards your kitchen  
To make a cuppa for the lady I adore.