

## SIRENS

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Eb

(Or play as D, with capo 1st fret)

Time sig 4/4



### INTRO 1

1			
2	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
6	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)

### MAIN THEME 1

10	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
14	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
			Ab (as G)

### VERSE 1

18	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
	high and dry,	Washed up on illusion all was	grand,
			We
22	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Gm (as F#m) >> F7 (as E7)
	wake and lie,	Taking stock of sense in the	sand,
			And
26	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
	here upon this	desolate beach, Re-	morsefulness is
			all, For
30	Eb (as D)	Ab (as G)	Bb (as A)
	those who fail to	change their tack When	sirens call

### MAIN THEME 2 (as Main Theme 1)

34	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
38	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
			Ab (as G)

### VERSE 2 (as verse 1)

42	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
	shamefully,	etc	etc

V

54	Eb (as D)	Ab (as G)	Bb (as A)
	etc	etc	sirens sing

### MAIN THEME 3 (as Main Theme 1)

58	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
62	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
			Ab (as G)

### INSTRUMENTAL (as Verse 1)

66	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
70	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Gm (as F#m) >> F7 (as E7)
74	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
78	Eb (as D)	Ab (as G)	Bb (as A)
			Ab (as G)

### VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

82	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
	just what cost	etc	etc

V

94	Eb (as D)	Ab (as G)	Bb (as A)
	etc	etc	sirens cry

### CODA - MAIN THEME 4 (as Main Theme 1)

98	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
102	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
			Ab (as G)

### CODA - MAIN THEME - REPEAT TO FADE

106	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
110	Eb (as D)	Bb (as A)	Eb (as D)
			Ab (as G)

## SIRENS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

v1 So, high and dry,  
Washed up on illusion all was grand,  
We wake, and lie,  
Taking stock of senses on the sand;

And here upon this desolate beach,  
Remorsefulness is all  
For those who fail to change their tack  
When sirens call.

v2 So, shamefully,  
The structures that we thought would hold the tide,  
Have proved to be  
The driftwood that we end up strewn beside;

And on these god-forsaken rocks,  
Regret is everything  
For those who simply won't turn back  
When sirens sing.

v3 So, just what cost,  
That single ringing of a solemn bell  
For souls now lost,  
Or those that live their special place in hell;

And on these cliffs where dreams are crushed,  
All hope must surely die  
For those who sail when winds fall slack  
And sirens cry.