

THE WAY YOU WEAR YOUR HAT

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key A

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

1			
2	A	Bsus2	D/A >> E
6	A	Bsus2	D/A >> E
10	A	Bsus2	D/A >> E
14	A	Bsus2	D/A >> E

VERSE 1

18	A	Bsus2	D/A >> E
	Is it just the way you wear your	hat That	jaunty angle on the head That
22	A	Bsus2	Dm >> E7
	fills the hearts of other men with	dread And	grinds their feeble spirits flat?
26	A	E	F#m
	Is it just your rich sartorial	air That	puts to shame their total lack of flair?
30	D/A >> E	D/A >> E	E7
	Is it just the hat That	keeps you where you're at And	makes the dreams of lesser men go splat?
34	A	Bsus2	D/A >> E

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

38	C	Em	Dm
	Is it just the way you drive your	car etc	etc
	V		
50	C	Em	F/A
	etc	etc	keeps you riding streets ahead by far
54	A	Bsus2	D/A >> E

INSTRUMENTAL (as Verse 1)

58	A	Bsus2	D/A >> E
62	A	Bsus2	Dm >> E7
66	A	E	F#m
70	D/A >> E	D/A >> E	E7
74	A	Bsus2	D/A >> E

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

78	C	Em	Dm
	Is it just the way you strut your	stuff etc	etc
	V		
90	C	Em	F/A
	etc	etc	brushes off the rest of us like fluff?

CODA (repeat and fade)

94	A	Bsus2	D/A >> E
98	A	Bsus2	D/A >> E
102	A (start fade)	Bsus2	D/A >> E
106	A	Bsus2	D/A >> E (end fade)

v1 Is it just the way you wear your hat,
That jaunty angle on the head,
That fills the hearts of other men with dread,
And grinds their feeble spirits flat?
Is it just your rich sartorial air
That puts to shame their total lack of flair?
Is it just the hat
That keeps you where you're at
And makes the dreams of lesser men go splat?

v2 Is it just the way you drive your car,

That throbbing mix of power and noise,
That sorts the real men, and shows the boys
As just the wimps they really are?
Is it just the way all heads will turn,
Or just the way all envious stomachs churn?
Is it just the car
That puts you where you are
And keeps you riding streets ahead by far?

v3 Is it just the way you strut your stuff,
That pulse of manhood beating in your chest,
That brings these gasps of awe, and leaves the rest
Shamefully not masculine enough;
Is it just that echo of Stallone,
Two hundred pounds of pure testosterone?
Is it just the strut
That keeps you in the cut
And brushes off the rest of us like fluff?