CTRL-ALT-DEL

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Bm Time sig 4/4

A A7	D Em	F#m F#7	g ullih
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INTRO			
1			A7
2 Bm	A	D	F#m
6 Bm >> F#m	А	Bm	F#7 A
VERSE 1			
10 Bm	А	D	F#m
muffled sound of	footsteps, A	creak upon a	stair, The
14 Em	F#m	Em	Bm
deep and subtle	stirrings Of	senses, full, a-	ware; The
10 F#m	I _A	In .	
18 F#m almost breathless	A silence Of	D one who's listening	F#m yet: Then, Con-
			<u> </u>
22 Bm >> F#m	A late the eathire	Bm	F#7
trol, Alt, De-	lete, I'm getting	set	
26 Bm >> F#m	A	Bm	F#7
			A
VERSE 2 (as Verse 1, but re	epeat 4 trailing bars)		
30 Bm	A	D	F#m
shadow from the	landing etc		
V			
42 Bm >> F#m	A	Bm	F#7
trol, Alt, De-	lete, I'm nearly	done	
46 Dm >> F#m	I _A	Bm	F#7
46 Bm >> F#m 50 Bm >> F#m	A A	Bm	F#7
,	<u> </u>	<u> </u>	ı
BRIDGE			
54 Em	D	G	A
thought this was im-	portant, The	timeline cut so	fine, A
58 Em	F#m	Em	В
boss who wants things	yesterday, A	job that's on the	line; Yet
62 F#m	A	D	F#m
who would doubt the	argument It	matters not a	lot? I
66 B >> F#m	А	F#	F#7
thought this was im-	portant, But it's	not	<u></u>
70 Bm >> F#m	A	Bm	F#7
74 Bm >> F#m	A	Bm	F#7
INSTRUMENTAL VERSE (as	Verse 2)		
78 Bm	A	D	F#m

82	Em	F#m	Em	Bm
86	F#m	A	D	F#m
90	Bm >> F#m	A	Bm	F#7
94	Bm >> F#m	A	Bm	F#7
98	Bm >> F#m	A	Bm	F#7
				The

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

102	Bm	A	D	F#m
-	shadow loaves the	ctudy otc		

shadow leaves the study etc

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114 Bm >> F#m	A	Bm	F#7	
trol, Alt, De-	lete, I'll be right	there		
118 Bm >> F#m	А	Bm	F#7	

CODA

122 Bm >> F#m	A	Bm	F#7
126 Bm >> F#m	A	Bm	

- v1 A muffled sound of footsteps, A creak upon a stair, The deep and subtle stirrings Of senses, full, aware; The almost breathless silence Of one who's listening yet: Then, Control-Alt-Delete, I'm getting set.
- v2 A shadow from the landing Flits across the study floor, And a silhouette, familiar, In the recess of the door; A rising recognition Of a protocol begun: Then, Control-Alt-Delete, I'm nearly done.
- Br I thought this was important,
 The timeline cut so fine,
 A boss who wants things yesterday,
 A job that's on the line;
 Yet who would doubt the argument
 It matters not a lot:
 I thought this was important,
 But it's not.
- v3 The shadow leaves the study,
 And tracks the landing floor,
 While one it follows turns
 From just beside the bedroom door;
 There's a shimmer in her eyes
 To match the sparkle in her hair:
 So, Control-Alt-Delete,
 I'll be right there.