THE DIFFERENCE

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Em Time sig 4/4



90	A	A7		
		I	•	
	VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)			
92	Em	D	[G	D
	stand bemused, con-	founded etc		
	V			
104	С	Am	Dm	Em
	difference I can	always make	to yours in-	stead
			_	
108	A	A7		
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- v1 I stand contused and battered, and try to understand
 The richer thoughts this moment now contains:
 The difference that it makes to reach and take a troubled hand,
 And what it is to just let go of what remains.
- v2 I stand confused, befuddled, and try to comprehend
 The starker truths this moment has confessed:
 The difference that it makes to reach towards a troubled friend,
 And what it takes to step away from all the rest.
- Br1 A young boy dies of stab wounds in the street, An old girl criies for shelter in the cold, And still your arms are where these cares unfold.
- Br2 There's half a world with not enough to eat, Its fleeing children drowning in the sea, And still your tears mean more than this to me.
- v3 I stand bemused, confounded, the logic now unfurled,
 An old conundrum turned upon its head:
 The difference that I'll never make within this troubled world,
 The difference I can always make in yours instead.