

ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER NIGHT

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Dm

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

| | | | | |
|---|----|----|----|------|
| 1 | | | | E7 |
| 3 | Dm | Em | Dm | C |
| 7 | Am | G | B7 | B7 |
| | | | | It's |

VERSE 1

| | | | | |
|----|--------------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 11 | Dm | Em | Dm | C |
| | okay, It's | over now, We | lived another day, We sur- | vived somehow, We've, |
| 15 | Am | G | B7 | B7 |
| | chased away the phantoms that | prowled this place, | Banished them to the ether Or the | depths of outer space, And |
| 19 | Dm | Em | Dm | C |
| | in this quiet minute where the | air hangs still, The | instinct poised within it Holds a | subtle sense of thrill, A |
| 23 | Em | G | B7 | E7 |
| | need to feel it's | okay, To | celebrate the passing of | another day |

INSTRUMENTAL (as Intro)

| | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|
| 27 | Dm | Em | Dm | C |
| 31 | Am | G | B7 | B7 |

INTRO REPRISE

| | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|------|
| 35 | Dm | Em | Dm | C |
| 39 | Am | G | B7 | B7 |
| | | | | It's |

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

| | | | | |
|----|----------------|--------------------|-----|---|
| 43 | Dm | Em | Dm | C |
| | alright, We're | home and clear etc | etc | |

V

| | | | | |
|----|-----|-----|---------------------------------|-------------|
| 55 | Em | G | B7 | E7 |
| | etc | etc | need to mark the passing of an- | other night |

CODA

| | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|
| 59 | Dm | Em | Dm | C |
| 63 | Am | G | B7 | B7 |
| 67 | Dm | | | |

v1 It's okay,
It's over now,
We lived another day,
We survived somehow:
We've chased away the phantoms
That prowled this place,
Banished them to the ether,
Or the depths of outer space;
And in this quiet minute
Where the air hangs still,
The instinct poised within it,
Holds a subtle sense of thrill;
A need to feel
It's okay,
To celebrate the passing

Of another day.

v2 It's alright,
We're home and clear,
We made it through the night,
And now the morning's here;
We've seen away the monsters
That filled our dreams,
Vanquished behind the curtains
Through which the daylight streams;
And in the stirring hour,
Though the space between,
There's quiet surge of power
From an impulse yet unseen;
A need to say
It's alright,
A need to mark the passing
Of another night.