

## AN ORDINARY BENCH

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Am

Time sig 4/4



### INTRO

|   |    |    |    |    |
|---|----|----|----|----|
| 2 | Am | Em | Am | Em |
| 6 | D  | C  | Em | Em |

### VERSE 1

|    |                       |                      |                     |             |    |
|----|-----------------------|----------------------|---------------------|-------------|----|
| 10 | Am                    | Em                   | Am                  | Em          |    |
|    | Just inside the       | park, within a       | clearing in the     | trees,      |    |
| 14 | D                     | C                    | Em                  | Em          |    |
|    | Sheltered from the    | balmy springtime     | breeze,             |             |    |
| 18 | C                     | G                    | C                   | Em          |    |
|    | An ordinary           | bench,               |                     |             |    |
| 22 | D                     | G                    | Am                  | Em          |    |
|    | Weathered through the | passage of the       | years,              | The         |    |
| 26 | D                     | G                    | C                   | C           |    |
|    | man who pauses        | briefly on his       | way,                | Not         |    |
| 30 | D                     | G                    | Em                  | Em          |    |
|    | old as such, but      | older than he        | was,                | Made        |    |
| 34 | C                     | Em                   | G                   | Em          |    |
|    | curious for a         | moment by "if        | only", and "be-     | cause", Or  |    |
| 38 | C                     | Em                   | D7                  | D7          |    |
|    | how the varnished     | wood has faded       | grey,               | Won't       |    |
| 42 | Am                    | Em                   | Am                  | Em          |    |
|    | stop to dwell on      | memories here, of    | laughter, or of     | tears, It's |    |
| 46 | G                     | Em                   | Am                  | Em          |    |
|    | empty now,            |                      |                     | The         |    |
| 50 | Am                    | G                    | Em                  | Am          | Am |
|    | soaring hearts that   | lived here once have | long since flown a- | way         |    |
| 55 | Am                    | G                    | Em                  | Am          | Am |
| 60 | Em                    |                      |                     |             |    |

### INTRO 2

|    |    |    |    |     |
|----|----|----|----|-----|
| 61 | Am | Em | Am | Em  |
| 65 | D  | C  | Em | Em  |
|    |    |    |    | The |

### BRIDGE

|    |                    |                   |       |      |
|----|--------------------|-------------------|-------|------|
| 69 | D                  | G                 | C     | C    |
|    | boy and girl who   | sat here once be- | fore, | Not  |
| 73 | D                  | G                 | Em    | Em   |
|    | young as such, but | younger both than | now,  | With |

|    |                  |                     |       |      |
|----|------------------|---------------------|-------|------|
| 77 | C                | Em                  | G     | Em   |
|    | not a thought of | "one day" or "some- | how", | Have |

|    |                    |                |               |      |    |
|----|--------------------|----------------|---------------|------|----|
| 81 | Am                 | Em             | Am            | Em   | Em |
|    | lived their day of | passion, their | story told no | more |    |

**VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)**

|    |                 |           |                  |        |
|----|-----------------|-----------|------------------|--------|
| 86 | Am              | Em        | Am               | Em     |
|    | Just inside the | park, be- | neath the Summer | skies, |

V

|     |            |    |    |       |
|-----|------------|----|----|-------|
| 122 | G          | Em | Am | Em    |
|     | empty now, |    |    | these |

|     |                   |                |              |     |    |
|-----|-------------------|----------------|--------------|-----|----|
| 126 | Am                | G              | Em           | Am  | Am |
|     | other hearts have | taken root and | stolen it a- | way |    |

|     |    |    |    |    |    |
|-----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 131 | Am | G  | Em | Am | Am |
| 136 | Am | Em |    |    |    |

Just inside the park, within a clearing in the trees,  
 Sheltered from the balmy springtime breeze,  
 An ordinary bench,  
 Weathered through the passage of the years.  
 The man who pauses briefly on his way,  
 Not old as such, but older than he was,  
 Made curious, for a moment, by 'if only' and 'because',  
 Or how the varnished wood has faded grey,  
 Won't stop to dwell on memories here, of laughter, or of tears:

It's empty now,  
 The soaring hearts that lived here once have long since flown away.

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The boy and girl who sat here once before,  
 Not young as such, but younger both than now,  
 With not a thought of 'one day' or 'somehow',  
 Have lived their day of passion, their story told no more.

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Just inside the park, beneath the summer skies,  
 Discreetly set apart from prying eyes,  
 An ordinary bench,  
 And two young souls, intent on firm embrace.  
 The man who hastens past them on his way,  
 Not wise as such, but wiser than his dreams,  
 And far too wise for thoughts of 'how this is' or 'what it seems',  
 Or whether older names stay carved today,  
 Won't stop to grieve the spirit that has lifted from this place:

It's empty now,  
 These other hearts have taken root and stolen it away.