

ALMOST

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key D

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

| | | | |
|---|----|----|----|
| 1 | | | |
| 2 | Am | Dm | E7 |
| 6 | Am | Dm | E7 |

VERSE 1 / CHORUS 1

| | | | | |
|----|-------------------|----------------------|------------------------|----------|
| 10 | Am | Dm | E7 | Am |
| | Staring from the | ledge that spans the | way our futures | go At |
| 14 | Am | Dm | E7 | A |
| | distant shapes of | "almost" | strewn be- | low |
| 18 | Dm | Em | E7 | Am |
| | A long naïve for- | ever | And a constant lack of | care |
| 22 | Dm | Em | E7 | A >>> E7 |
| | Has left the | "almost" | in the "almost | there" |
| 26 | Dm | Em | E7 | A >>> E7 |

VERSE 2 / CHORUS 2 (as Verse 1 / Chorus 1)

| | | | | |
|----|-----------------|-------------|-----|-----|
| 30 | Am | Dm | E7 | Am |
| | Peering rom the | shadows etc | etc | etc |

V

| | | | | |
|----|--------------|----------|----------------|----------|
| 42 | Dm | Em | E7 | A >>> E7 |
| | Preserve the | "nearly" | in the "nearly | won" |
| 46 | Dm | Em | E7 | A >>> E7 |

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE / CHORUS

| | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----------|
| 50 | Am | Dm | E7 | Am |
| 54 | Am | Dm | E7 | A |
| 58 | Dm | Em | E7 | Am |
| 62 | Dm | Em | E7 | A >>> E7 |

VERSE 2 / CHORUS 2 (as Verse 1 / Chorus 1)

| | | | | |
|----|-----------------|-------------------|-----|-----|
| 66 | Am | Dm | E7 | Am |
| | Gazing from the | barren plains etc | etc | etc |

V

| | | | | |
|----|---------------|-------------|-------------------|----------|
| 78 | Dm | Em | E7 | A >>> E7 |
| | Will keep the | "not quite" | in the "not quite | ours" |

| | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----------|
| 82 | Dm | Em | E7 | A >>> E7 |
|----|----|----|----|----------|

CODA

| | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|---|
| 86 | Dm | Em | E7 | A |
|----|----|----|----|---|

v1 Staring from the ledge that spans the way our futures go,
 At distant shapes of 'almost' strewn below:
 A long naïve forever, and a constant lack of care
 Has left the 'almost' in the 'almost there'.

v2 Peering from the shadows of the hopes that slip away,
 At silhouettes of 'nearly' through the grey:
 A string of self-deceptions, unravelled one by one,
 Preserve the 'nearly' in the 'nearly won'.

v3 Gazing from the barren plains of dreams that long ran dry
 At wispy shapes of 'not quite' in the sky:
 A nag of deep suspicion, and the trust that it devours
 Will keep the 'not quite' in the 'not quite ours'.