

THE MIDDLE OF THE BED

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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key C

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

1		G7
2	C	Am
4	F	G7
6	C	Am
8	F	G7

VERSE 1

10	C	Am
	Far too aware of a	silence to be broken,
12	F	G7
	not really knowing quite	where to begin; The
14	Em	G
	two of us together,	not enough to say, and
16	Am	F >>> Dm7
	too much time to	say it all in;
18	Em	G
	Caught in the void where	anything said is
20	Am	G7
	Lost down the folds in the	middle of the bed, or the
22	C	G7
	cracks in the plaster of the	ceiling over -
24	C	Am
	head;	

26	F	G7
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VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

28	C	Am
	Somewhere behind me as I	etc

V

42	C	Am
	day;	

44	F	G7
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VERSE 3 (bridge)

46	Em	G
	Night after night now,	pistols at the ready,

48	F	G7
	Lying back to back in our	ongoing duel;

50	Em	G
	Each of us awake but	pretending we're asleep, it's the

52	Am	F
	need to be kind which	keeps us both cruel; And

54	Em	G
	all to aware that	anything said is

56	Am	G7
	Liable to lead to a	bullet in the head, a

58	C	G7
	single flash of light, and	Bang!, you're

60	C	Am
	dead;	

62	F	G7
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64	C	G7
	Falling down the hole in the	middle of the

INSTRUMENTAL

66	C	Am
	bed;	
68	F	G7
70	Em	G
72	Am	F >>> Dm7
74	Em	G
76	Am	G7
78	C	G7
80	C	Am
82	F	G7

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

84	C	Am
	Lying in bed now,	etc

V

CODA (repeat to fade)

98	C	Am
	head;	
100	F	G7
102	C	Am
104	F	G7
106	C	Am
108	F	G7
110	C	Am
112	F	G7
114	C	Am
116	F	G7
118	C	Am
120	F	G7
122	C	

v1 Far too aware of a silence to be broken,
Not really knowing quite where to begin,
Two of us together, not enough to say,
And too much time to say it all in;
Caught in the void where anything said
Is lost down the folds in the middle of the bed,
Or the cracks in the plaster of the ceiling overhead.

v2 Somewhere behind me, as I stare towards the window,
Is you, with your eyes on a half open door,
The draught at our backs blowing passion from a bed
Where even our bodies don't talk anymore;
And it isn't the things they never quite say,
But the way they don't say them that gives them away,
As the middle of the bed gets wider every day.

v3 Night after night now, pistols at the ready,
Lying back to back in our ongoing duel,
Each of us awake, yet pretending we're asleep,
It's the need to be kind that keeps us both cruel;
And all too aware that anything said
Is liable to lead to a bullet in the head,
A single flash of light, and Bang, you're dead;
Falling down the hole in the middle of the bed.

v4 Lying in bed now, staring through the darkness,
Neither of us knowing quite which one to blame,
The war between us broken only by a truce
Where silence and wisdom are one and the same;
An unsteady peace where anything said
Is lost down the chasm in the middle of the bed,
And echoes through the void in the ceiling overhead.