

BALLAD OF THE SHORT AND CURLIES

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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key G

Time sig 4/4 (switch to 3/4 on bars indicated)



INTRO:

1				D7/A
2	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A
6	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A
10	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A
14	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A

VERSE 1:

18	G	Em	Bm	D7/A
	You lay me on the	wooden rack and	turned the	handle
22	G	Em	Bm	D7/A
	You placed me in the	spiky box and	closed the	door
24	G	C	D/A	D7/A
	You trickled water	drop by drop a-	gainst my	forehead
28	G	D7		
	Until I couldn't	stand it any-		
30	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A
	more			
34	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

38	G
	You strapped etc

BRIDGE:

62	G	Em	C	D7/A	
	Life can be a	torture, and that	torture is the	fear Of	
66	C	Em	G >>> D7/A	Em	D7/A
	waking in the	night and finding	no-one	there;	
71	Em	G	Em	D7/A	
	Thus we cling for	comfort, yet our	torturer in	chief Is	

75	D7/A	D7	G >>> D7	Em
	just the one we	cling to most for	our-re	lief;

79	G	D7/A	D7/A
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INSTRUMENTAL:

82	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A
86	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A
90	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A
94	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A

It

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1 except for coda or as indicated)

98	G	Em	Bm	D7/A
	seems again you	have me by the	short and	curlies,
102	G	Em	D7/A	D7/A
	Once again your	gentle hand reached	out at	night,
106	G	C	D/A	D7/A
	Tempted me with	love, breezed	through my frail de-	fences, Then
110	G	D7		
	homed in on the	target, squeezing		
112	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A
	tight			
116	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A

CODA

120	G	Em	Bm (3/4)	D7/A
124	G			

v1 You lay me on the wooden rack, and turned the handle;
 You placed me in the spiky box, and closed the door;
 You trickled water, drop by drop, against my forehead,
 Until I couldn't stand it any more;

v2 You strapped me to the dentist's chair, and started drilling;
 You placed electrodes either side against my brain;
 Then, laughing, with your head tossed back, increased the current,
 Until I started screaming from the pain;

Br Life can be a torture, and that torture is the fear
 Of waking in the night and finding no-one near:
 Thus we cling for comfort, yet our torturer in chief
 Is just the one we cling to most for our relief;

v3 It seems again you have me by the short and curlies:
 Once again your gentle hand reached out at night,
 Tempted me with love, breezed through my frail defences;
 And homed in on the target, squeezing tight.....