A HUNDRED WORDS

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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key A
Time sig 4/4

A   A9   D   E7   F#m7
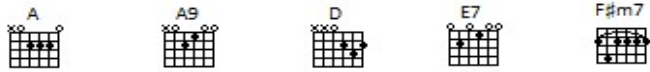
INTRO

1			E7
2 A9	A	D	A
6 D	A	F#m7	E7
10 A	D	D	E7
14 A	E7	A	E7
			A

VERSE 1

18 A9	A	D	A	
hundred words, a	thousand phrases,	Nothing seemed to	rhyme; It	

22 D	A	F#m7	E7	E7
wasn't worth a	cent (dime?),	All a waste of	space (time?)	

27 A	D	D	E7
Staring at the	same old ceiling,	Cracks and cobwebs	unrevealing,

31 A	E7	A	E7
Hiding some e-	lusive feeling,	Nothing seemed to	flow.

35 A	E7	A	E7

VERSE 2

39 A9	A	D	A	
hundred lines, a	thousand poems,	Nothing seemed to	scan, The	

43 D	A	F#m7	E7	E7
syllable count somewhat over-	ran,	Or under-	ran:	

48 A	D	D	E7
Straining hard in	concentration,	Clutching hard for	inspiration,

52 A	E7	A	E7
Giving up in	sheer frustation,	Nothing seemed to	go.

56 A	E7	A	E7

BRIDGE

60 A9	A	D	A	
64 D	A	F#m7	E7	E7
69 A	D	D	E7	
73 A	E7	A	E7	

77	A	E7	A	E7	
81	A	E7	A	E7	
				A	

VERSE 3

85	A9	A	D	A	
	hundred songs, a	thousand endings	Nothing seemed to	follow,	

89	D	A	F#m7	E7	E7
	Each denouement	hollow, So I	went down to the	pub	

v1 A hundred words, a thousand phrases,
   Nothing seemed to rhyme,
   It wasn't worth a cent (dime?),
   All a waste of space (time?).

   Staring at the same old ceiling,
   Cracks and cobwebs unrevealing,
   Hiding some elusive feeling,
   Nothing seemed to flow.

v2 A hundred lines, a thousand poems,
   Nothing seemed to scan:
   The syllable count somewhat overran
   Or underran.

   Straining hard in concentration,
   Clutching for some inspiration,
   Giving up in sheer frustration:
   Nothing seemed to go.

v3 A hundred songs, a thousand endings,
   Nothing seemed to follow,
   Each denouement hollow,
   So I went down to the pub.