

THE FAT LADY

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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key A

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

1				E7
2	A	E	F#m	D7
6	A	E	F#m	E7
				We

VERSE 1

10	A	E	F#m	D7
	must have been two	crazy fools To	think that this would	last, Our

14	A	E	F#m	E7
	futures shaped from	deep within the	past	And

18	D	A	Bm	G
	somewhere in her	dressing room, Dis-	dainful of our	dreaminess, the

22	D	A	Bm >> D	E7	E7
	fat and portly	lady is	slipping on her	dress.....	It (v2)

VERSE 2 as verse 1

27	A
	must have been etc

V

41		Bm >> D	E7	E7
		practising her	scales	The (Br 1)

BRIDGE 1

44	D	A	Bm	G
	braver talk that	once was us is	now just me and	you, And

48	A	E	F#m	E7
	all the things the	other didn't	do;	The

BRIDGE 2

52	D	A	Bm	G
	gulf that yawns be-	tween us now grows	louder every	day, With

56	A	E	F#m	E7
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all the things we simply failed to say

VERSE 3 (part instrumental)

60	A	E	F#m	D7
64	A	E	F#m	E7

While,

68	D	A	Bm	G
	there behind the	curtains, des-	pite the dreams false	hope still brings, the

72	D	A	Bm >> D	E7	E7
	fat, effusive	lady is	waiting in the	wings	It (v4)

VERSE 4 (as verse 1)

77	A
	must have been etc

V

91	Bm >> D	E7	E7
	waiting on the	stage	

REPEAT TO FADE

94	A	E	F#m	D7
98	A	E	F#m	E7
	(etc)			

v1 We must have been two crazy fools
To think that this could last,
Our futures shaped from deep within the past;

While, somewhere in her dressing room,
Disdainful of our dreaminess,
The fat and portly lady
Is slipping on her dress.....

v2 It must have been naïve of us
To think we could stay strong -
Our weakness lay within us all along;

And, there before the mirror,
To spite the hope that still prevails,
The fat imposing lady
Is practising her scales.....

Br 1 The braver talk that once was us
Is now just me and you,
And all the things the other didn't do;

Br 2 The gulf that yawns between us now
Grows wider every day,
Echoing things we simply failed to say;

v3 While there, behind the curtain,
Despite the dreams false hope still brings,

The fact effusive lady
Is waiting in the wings.....

v4 It must have been the height of daft
To think we'd claim the prize
When wishes turn to dust before our eyes;

And, there before the orchestra,
To wipe us from our empty page,
The fat and full voiced lady
Is waiting, on the stage.....