

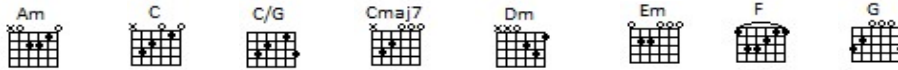
MAD, BAD, AND DANGEROUS

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key C

Time sig 4/4



INTRO (Mad Bad Theme)

1			Cmaj7
2	C >> Am	C Em >>> Cmaj7	

INTRO MAIN

4	C	Cmaj7	Am	Cmaj7
8	C	Cmaj7	Am	Cmaj7

She

VERSE 1

12	C	Cmaj7	Am	C/G
	sits beside the	fire,	Staring at the	patterns From
16	F	C	F	G
	shapes which dance and	flicker With a	brilliant orange	glow;Re-
20	C	Cmaj7	Am	C/G
	flecting her de-	sire In a	whimsied recol-	lection Like
24	F	C	F	G
	slowly moving	shadows From	oh so long a-	go;
28	C	Dm	G	G
	All her stories	tell of yester-	day,	
32	C	Dm	G	G
	All her glories	seem so far a-	way,	And
36	C	F	C	F
	sometimes she'll feel	sad At	how these things can	flow, Around the
40	C >> Am	C Em >>> Cmaj7		
	mad, bad, and	dangerous (To		
42	C	Cmaj7	Am	G
	know)			She (>> to verse 2)

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

46	C	Cmaj7	Am	C/G
	sips on China	tea etc		

V

INSTRUMENTAL BRIDGE:

74	C >> Am	C Em >>> Cmaj7		
	(<< from v 2) mad, bad, and dangerous			
76	C	Cmaj7	Am	G

80	C	F	C	F
84	C	Dm	C >> Am	C Em >>> Cmaj7
88	C	F	C	F
92	C >> Am	C Em >>> Cmaj7		
94	C	Cmaj7	Am	G

She (>> to verse 3)

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

98	C	Cmaj7	Am	C/G
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pulls upon the bell etc

V

CODA (repeat to fade)

128	C	Cmaj7	Am	G
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know

132	C >> Am	C > Em > Cmaj7	C	Cmaj7
136	Am	G		
138	C >> Am	C > Em > Cmaj7	C	Cmaj7
142	Am	G		

v1 She sits beside the fire,
 Staring at the patterns
 From shapes which dance and flicker
 With a brilliant orange glow,
 Reflecting her desire
 In a whimsied recollection,
 Like slowly moving shadows
 From oh so long ago:
 All her stories tell of yesterday,
 All her glories seem so far away,
 And sometimes she'll feel sad
 At how these thoughts can flow –
 Around the mad, bad, and dangerous

v2 She sips on China tea,
 Whilst peering through the window,
 Picking silhouettes against
 A fading autumn sky:
 The patterns she can see,
 Of trees which dance in twilight,
 Resemble now the promises
 That somehow passed her by:
 The hopes and then frustrations that she's seen,
 A past so full of things which might have been:
 Of all she might have had,
 That endless ebb and flow
 This wretched mad, bad, and dangerous

v3 She pulls upon the bell,
 Summoning the maid to bring her
 Fresh new logs and kindling,
 And to clear away the tray,
 And maybe it's as well
 To arrange to draw the curtains,
 As comfy ladies like to do
 Towards the close of day:
 All her errors buried in the past,
 All her terrors put to rest at last;
 Where sometimes she'll be glad
 For simply letting go
 Of all the mad, bad, and dangerous
 To know.