

SOMETHING STINKS

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key E

Time sig 4/4



4 fr.



INTRO

1				B7
3	E	B	A	E >> B7
7	E	B	A	E >> B7
				Our

VERSE 1

11	E	B	A	E >> B7	
	atmosphere of	stiled ease hangs	heavier to-	night, And	
15	E	F#m	A	C#m >> B7	
	conversations	such as these un-	bearably pol-	ite; The	
19	E	B	A	E >> B7	
	nonchalance with	which we speak just	failing to con-	ceal A	
23	E	F#m	A	C#m >> B7	C#m >> B7
	subtle game of	hide and seek with	anything we	feel.....	And
28	E	C#m	A	A	
	though I've always	tried to be the	best that I can	be, Still	
32	B	A	B	B	
	something in here	stinks.....		And it might be	
36	E	C#m	A	A	B A >> B7
	me				The

VERSE 2 (as verse 1)

42	E				
	"once it was", and etc				
	V				
63	B	A	B	B	
	something in here	stinks.....		And it could be	
67	E	C#m	A	A	B A >> B7
	you				And

CODA

73	E	C#m	A	A	
	though we try to	breeze away the	things we can't dis-	cuss, Still	
77	B	A	B	B	
	something in here	stinks.....		And I think it's	
81	E	C#m	A	A	
	us				
85	B	A >> B7	E		

Unbearably polite;
The nonchalance with which we speak
Just failing to conceal
A subtle game of hide and seek
With anything we feel

... And though I've always tried to be
The best that I can be,
Still, something in here stinks ...
And it might be me.

v2 The "once it was", and "used to be"s,
Now dominate our thoughts,
The "never were"s just parodies
Of darker "should"s and "oughts";
And though we choose our words with care,
And never talk of blame,
The tacit thought is always there,
Accusing all the same ...

... And though I know you've always done
The best that you can do,
Still, something in here stinks ...
And it could be you ...

Coda ... And though we try to breeze away
The things we can't discuss,
Still, something in here stink ...
And I think it's us.