

## THE WEEDS THAT TAKE ROOT IN THE CRACKS

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(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key F#m

Time sig 4/4

Tempo approx 72 bpm



### INTRO

1			A
2	F#m	F#m	D
6	F#m	F#m	D
10	C	F	Am
14	Bb	C	C
			The

### VERSE 1

18	F#m	F#m	D	G
pale, pale sun That		slips from the horizon when the	feeble day is	done; The
22	F#m	F#m	D	G
cold, cold land, The		chill that bites our fingers as you	offer me your hand;	hand; So
26	C	F	Am	Am
where did they go, These		glories that we knew, Now	weathered own to brittle and	bones?
30	Bb	C	C	C
Hiding away,		Quietly seeking shelter, like the	weeds that take root under	stones,

### INSTRUMENTAL (as verse 1)

34	F#m	F#m	D	G
38	F#m	F#m	D	G
42	C	F	Am	Am
46	Bb	C	C	C
			The	

### VERSE 2 (as verse 1)

50	F#m	F#m	D	G
long, long years etc				

V

62		C	C
		weeds that take root in the	cracks

### CODA

66	Bb	C	C	C
70	C	C		

v1 The pale, pale sun  
That slips from the horizon  
When the feeble day is done;

The cold, cold land,  
The chill that bites our fingers  
As you offer me your hand;

So where did they go,  
Those glories that we knew,  
Now weathered down to brittle and bones?  
Hiding away,  
Quietly seeking shelter,  
Like the weeds that take root under stones.

v2 The long, long years,  
The echoed sound of laughter  
Or the taste of salted tears,

The foul, foul breath,  
The deeply scented odour  
Of a slow malignant death;

So where are they now,  
Those moments that we savoured  
Of compassion that this other world lacks?  
Biding their time,  
Clinging on to hope still,  
Like the weeds that take root in the cracks.