

LUCY AND THE RAINBOW

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Dm

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

2	Dm	A	G	D
6	Bm	G	A	A7
10	Dm	A	G	D
14	Bm	A	Dm	A7

VERSE 1

18	Dm Soft eyes now	A lit bright,	G Driven on by	D starlight,
22	Bm Lucy checks the	G name of the ho-	A tel,	A7
26	Dm Waves away the	A taxi,	G Hurries up to	D floor three,
30	Bm Trembling as she	A reaches for the		
32	Dm bell	A	G	D

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1, but with added bars at end)

36	Dm Fingers now	A crossed tight,	G Hoping that she	D looks right,
40	Bm Leather boots and	G shapely legs	A combine,	A7
44	Dm Mini skirt re-	A vealing	G More than it's con-	D cealing, But
48	Bm what the hell, it's	A nineteen sixty		
50	Dm nine	A	G	D
54	Bm	G	A	A7

BRIDGE 1

58	G Did you	A find what	Bm you were looking	A7 for? Is
62	Bm this what you im-	A7 agined in your	Bm head?	A7 Did
66	G fortune dance there	A with you, dark and	Bm dusty on the floor?	A7 Or
70	Bm pose right there be-	A7 side you on that	Bm vaguely musty	A7 bed?

INSTRUMENTAL

74	Dm	A	G	D
78	Bm	G	A	A7
82	Dm	A	G	D
86	Bm	A	Dm	A
90	G	D	Bm	A
94	Dm	A7		

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

96	Dm Back streets of	A Soho,	G Pot of gold and	D rainbow,
100	Bm Maybe it was	G time to cross that	A line,	A7
104	Dm Hopes that gently	A flutter with the	G clicking of a	D shutter, And

108	Bm	A
	what the hell, it's	nineteen sixty

CODA

110	Dm	A	G	D
	nine			

114	Bm	G	A	A7
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(repeat and fade)

118	Dm	A	G	D
122	Bm	G	A	A7
	(etc)			

v1 Soft eyes now lit bright,
 Driven on by starlight,
 Lucy checks the name of the hotel,
 Waves away the taxi,
 Hurries up to floor three,
 Trembling as she reaches for the bell

v2 Fingers now crossed tight,
 Hoping that she looks right,
 Leather boots and shapely legs combine,
 Mini skirt revealing
 More than it's concealing,
 And what the hell, it's 1969.

Br Did you find what you were looking for,
 Is this what you imagined in your head?
 Did fortune dance there with you, dark and dusty on the floor,
 Or pose right there beside you on that vaguely musty bed?

v3 Back streets of Soho.
 Pot of gold and rainbow,
 Maybe it was time to cross that line,
 Hopes that gently flutter,
 With the clicking of a shutter,
 And what the hell, it's 1969.