

RUST

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Dm

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

1				A7
2	Dm	Gm7 >> A7	Gm7 >> A7	Dm
6	Dm	Gm7 >> A7	Gm7 >> A7	Dm

So,

VERSE 1

10	Dm were there voices warning	Gm7 >> A7 in your head Of	Gm7 >> A7 victories that just might never	Dm last? And]
14	Dm did you listen to a	Gm7 >> A7 word they said When	Gm7 >> A7 futures slippd to blunt and grinding	Dm past? You
18	F >> C took your chances and they	F >> E seemed to pay In	Dm >> A7 glittered hurrahs throughout the	Dm night, But
22	Dm golden reputations fade a-	Gm7 >> A7 way To	Gm7 >> A7 rust within the pale morning	Dm light
26	Dm	Gm7 >> A7	Gm7 >> A7	Dm

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

30	Dm The satisfaction etc	Gm7 >> A7 etc	Dm etc	Gm7 >> A7 etc
V				
42	Dm etc	Gm7 >> A7 etc	Gm7 >> A7 rust within the cold light of	Dm day
46	Dm	Gm7 >> A7	Gm7 >> A7	Dm

INSTRUMENTAL (as Verse 1)

50	Dm	Gm7 >> A7	Gm7 >> A7	Dm
54	Dm	Gm7 >> A7	Gm7 >> A7	Dm
58	F >> C	F >> E	Dm >> A7	Dm
62	Dm	Gm7 >> A7	Gm7 >> A7	Dm

And (verse 3)

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

66	Dm so, did you live to learn	Gm7 >> A7 etc	Gm7 >> A7 etc	Dm etc
V				
78	Dm etc	Gm7 >> A7 etc	Gm7 >> A7 rust within the flywheels of your	Dm schemes?

CODA

82	Dm	Gm7 >> A7	Gm7 >> A7	Dm
86	Dm	Gm7 >> A7	Gm7 >> A7	Dm

v1 So, were there voices warning in your head,
Of victories that just might never last?
And did you listen to a word they said
When futures slipped to blunt and grinding past?
You took your chances and they seemed to pay
In glittered hurrahs throughout the night,
But golden reputations fade away
To rust within the pale morning light;

v2 The satisfaction as you stood again,
To take that well deserved applause,
Turned to disappointment as you grasped in vain
At prizes that were simply never yours;
The friends you won became the friends you lost,
In spirals of erosion and decay,
Their sparkle weathered by the gripping frost
To rust within the cold light of day;

v3 And so, did you live to learn the lavish price
Of thinking every triumph to be real:
A turn of luck made good with tumbling dice
Negated by the spinning of a wheel?
And did your flaws, in all their devious ways,
Corrode the good intentions of your dreams,
And turn these sequences of blinding plays,
To rust within the flywheels your schemes?