

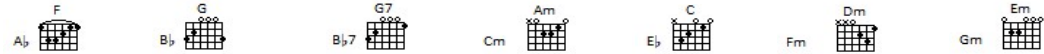
GREATER THAN THE PARTS

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Cm/ Eb (play as Am with capo 3rd fret)

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

1				Fm (as Dm)
2	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb (as G)
6	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb (as G)

VERSE 1

10	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb (as G)
	I	stare in abject	wonder	At
14	Gm (as Em)	Bb (as G)	Cm (as Am)	Cm (as Am)
	booty far too	rich to be be-	lieved	
18	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb (as G)
	A	treasure chest of	plunder	The
22	Fm (as Dm)	Ab (as F)	Eb (as C)	Eb (as C)
	likes of me have	never quite a-	chieved	
26	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb7 (as G7)
	But	now the prizes	beckon	En-
30	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Fm (as Dm)	Cm (as Am)
	ticing me to	think this life a-	new	
34	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb7 (as G7)
	For	who would ever	reckon	That
38	Fm (as Dm)	Ab (as F)	Eb (as C)	Bb (as G)
	one and one could	ever equal	two;	Yet
42	Fm (as Dm)	Ab (as F)	Cm (as Am)	Cm (as Am)
	this just isn't	me, it's me and	you	

BRIDGE (Instrumental - as first 16 bars of verse 1)

46	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb (as G)
50	Gm (as Em)	Bb (as G)	Cm (as Am)	Cm (as Am)
54	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb (as G)
58	Fm (as Dm)	Ab (as F)	Eb (as C)	Eb (as C)

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

INTRO REPRISE

50	Ab (as G)	Fm (as Em)	Ab (as G)	Fm (as Em)
54	Db (as C) >> Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Eb (as D)	Ab (as G)	Ab (as G)
58	Db (as C) >> Eb (as D)	Db (as C) >> Eb (as D)	Ab (as G)	Ab (as G)
				The (> v2)

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

62	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb (as G)
		Could you quite con-	ceive it?	etc

V

92	Fm (as Dm)	Ab (as F)	Cm (as Am)	Cm (as Am)
	this just isn't	you, it's you and	me	

CODA (repeat to fade)

98	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb (as G)
102	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb (as G)
106	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb (as G)
110	Gm (as Em)	Cm (as Am)	Bb (as G)	Bb (as G)

v1 I stare in abject wonder
At booty far too rich to be believed,
A treasure chest of plunder
The likes of me have never quite achieved;

But now the prizes beckon,
Enticing me to think this life anew;
For who would ever reckon
That one and one could ever equal two:

Yet this just isn't me, it's me and you.

v2 Could you quite conceive it?
Who'd have thought that things would come to this?
And can you now believe it -
A state of torpor turns to state of bliss?

This spell you're fully under
Will show you things the moon alone could see;
And who can help but wonder
How greater than the parts the sum could be:

Yet this just isn't you, it's you and me.