

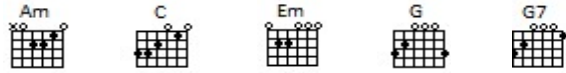
SEVERAL MILLION MILES

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Am/C

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

1				G7
2	Am	Em	G	G7
6	Am	G	Em	G7
				A

VERSE 1 (verse type A)

10	Am	Em	G	G7
	moment of un-	guarded relax-	ation,	A
14	Am	G	Em	G7
	sudden pang of	what we dare to	feel,	A
18	Am	Em	G7	G7
	grasp for something	buried deep with-	in us,	Made
22	C	C	C	G7
	short by what we	dare to know is	real,	For

VERSE 2 (verse type B)

26	Am	Em	G	G7
	though we sit here,	just across a	table,	
30	Am	G	Em	G7
	Held together	briefly by our	smiles,	The
34	Am	Em	G7	G7
	distance of the	space that lies be-	tween us	Might
38	C	C	C	G7
	just as well be	several million	miles	

BRIDGE 1

42	Am	Em	G	G7
46	Am	G	Em	G7
				The

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

50	Am	Em	G	G7
	popping of a	cork, etc	etc	

62	C	C	C	G7
	(Shot) down by what we	know can never	be,	For

VERSE 4 (as Verse 2)

66	Am	Em	G	G7
	though we laugh a-	loud etc	etc	

V

78	C	C	C	G7
	(Might) just as well be	moon and stars and	space	

INSTRUMENTAL (as Verse 1)

82	Am	Em	G	G7
86	Am	G	Em	G7
90	Am	Em	G7	G7
94	C	C	C	G7

A

VERSE 5 (as Verse 1)

98	Am	Em	G	G7
	standing up, a	slipping on, etc	etc	

V

110	C	C	C	G7
	(A) moment's grief for	what just never	was	(END)

v1 A moment of unguarded relaxation,
A sudden pang of what we dare to feel,
A grasp for something buried deep within us,
Made short by what we dare to know is real;

v2 For though we sit here, just across a table,
Held together, briefly, by our smiles,
The distance of the space that lies between us
Might just as well be several million miles;

v3 The popping of a cork, a chatty waiter,
Enough to break these thoughts of you and me,
One moment in a world of imperfection
Shot down by what we know can never be;

v4 For though we laugh aloud, and raise our glasses,
That carefree distance, face to radiant face,
When held against the distance still between us,
Might just as well be moon, and stars, and space;

v5 A standing up, a slipping on of jackets,
An unasked 'why?', a deafening 'because',
A goodnight hug, a phoning for a taxi,
A moment's grief for what just never was ...