

UNDRESSING

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key G

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

1				D
2	G >> Bm	D >> C	G >> Bm	F >> D
6	G >> Bm	D >> C	G >> D	G >> D7
				At the

VERSE 1

10	G >> Bm ending of an evening which has	D >> C seen so many moments, There's a	G >> Bm moment of perfection, and a	F >> D reaching out of hands, A
14	G >> Bm setting down of glasses, and a	D >> C rising now before him, Un-	G >> D dressing, right there where she	G >> D7 stands
18	G >> Bm	D >> C	G >> Bm	F >> D At the

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1, except last bar)

22	G >> Bm ending of an evening etc	D >> C etc	G >> Bm etc	F >> D etc
----	-------------------------------------	---------------	----------------	---------------

V

26	G >> Bm etc	D >> C etc Un-	G >> D dressing, right here in this	G >> D7 place,
30	G >> Bm	D >> C	G >> Bm	F >> Bm No

BRIDGE

34	C >> Em need to whisper softly with some	D >> C question of tomorrow, No	G >> Bm need to speak in tones of ever-	F >> D more, No
38	C >> Em need for reassurance of	D >> C where this might be leading, Just	G >> D garments, falling silent to the	G >> D7 floor

INSTRUMENTAL (as Verse 1)

42	G >> Bm	D >> C	G >> Bm	F >> D
46	G >> Bm	D >> C	G >> D	G >> D7
50	G >> Bm	D >> C	G >> Bm	F >> D At the

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

54	G >> Bm ending of an evening etc	D >> C etc	G >> Bm etc	F >> D etc
----	-------------------------------------	---------------	----------------	---------------

V

58	G >> Bm etc	D >> C etc Un-	G >> D dressing, undressing now like	G >> D7 this
62	G >> Bm	D >> C	G >> Bm	F >> D

CODA

66	G >> Bm	D >> C	G >> D	G
----	---------	--------	--------	---

v1 At the ending of an evening which has seen so many moments,
There's a moment of perfection, and a reaching out of hands,
A setting down of glasses, and a rising now before him,
Undressing, right there where she stands.

v2 At the ending of an evening which has seen so many longings,
There's a longing of desire that's forged across her silent face,
With words that need no speaking, or no gesture to the hallway,
Undressing, right here in this place

Br No need to whisper softly with some question of tomorrow,
No need to speak in tones of evermore,
No need for reassurance of where this might be leading,
Just garments falling, silent, to the floor.

v3 At the ending of an evening which has seen so many promises,
There's a promise here that lingers in the softness of a kiss,
A promise in his eye that fills the gaps within her breathing,
Undressing, undressing now like this.