

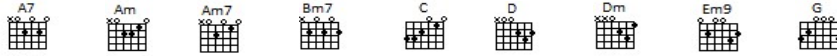
EXCUSES AND LIES

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Em

Time sig 4/4



INTRO

1				D
2	Em9	Em9	D	D
6	C	Am	Bm7	C >> D

I was

VERSE 1

10	Em9	Em9	D	D
	minding my business in the	fresh fruit and veg aisle at	Tesco today,	When a
14	C	Am	Bm7	Bm7
	spaceship came out of the	parsnips, and whisked me a-	way,	They
18	Em9	Em9	D	D
	stripped me and probed me, placed	needles each	side of my head,	And
22	C	Am	Em	C >> D
	when they returned me they	left me in error in the	booze aisle instead	Then

VERSE 2

26	G	G	D	Am7
	on the way home, at the	bus stop at the	end of the rank	Two
30	Em	D	G	G
	masked desperados came	running from out of the	bank	There was
34	D	Dm	C	Am7
	violence and gunfire with	blood raining	down from the sky,	And
38	Em	D	G	C >> D
	in the confusion, I	had to take cover in the	bookies nearby	

BRIDGE (as Verse 1)

42	Em9	Em9	D	D
	There you go, rolling your	eyes again,	Gesturing up to the	skies As
46	C	Am	Bm7	Bm7
	if it was easy to deftly	explain, With	out excuses and	lies, But
50	Em9	Em9	D	D
	some things run deeper than	easy blame, More	subtle than simple don't	know, Lies and
54	C	Am	Em	C >> D
	excuses simply one and the	same, And	some things are better let	go

INSTRUMENTAL

58	G	G	D	Am7
62	Em	D	G	G
66	D	Dm	C	Am7
70	Em	D	G	Dm >> A7

And

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

74	Em9	Em9	D	D
	as for last night, well, etc	etc	etc	etc

V

86	C	Am	Em	C >> D	C >> D
	etc	etc	etc	waving her bra	

CODA AND FADE

91	G	G	D	Am7
95	Em	D	G	G
99	D (start fade)	Dm	C	Am7
103	Em	D	G	Dm >> A7 (end fade)

v1 I was minding my business in the fresh fruit and veg aisle at Tesco today,
When a spaceship came out of the parsnips, and whisked me away:
They stripped me, and probed me, placed needles each side of my head,
And when they returned me, they left me in error in the booze aisle instead.

v2 Then on the way home, at the bus stop at the end of the rank,
Three masked desperados came running from out of the bank,
There was violence and gunfire, with blood raining down from the sky,
And in the confusion, I had to take cover in the bookies nearby.

Br There you go, rolling your eyes again,
Gesturing up to the skies,
As if it was easy to deftly explain
Without excuses and lies,

But some things run deeper than easy blame,
More subtle than simple don't know,
Lies and excuses seldom one and the same,
And some things are better let go;

v3 And as for last night, well, I took a wrong turn down some yellow brick street,
Where, helped by a witch, I was taught a new trick about clicking my feet:
Two clicks would take me right back to the spot where I'd parked up the car,
But three took me off to a strip joint, where a lady was waving her bra.