

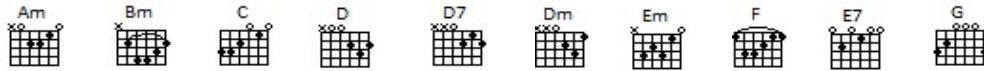
## ANY OLD SAD SONG

(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key Em

Time sig 4/4



### INTRO

1				D7
2	Em	C	G	D
6	Em	C	G	D7

### VERSE 1

10	Em	C	G	D
	Sitting there at his pi-	ano late at	night,	A
14	Em	C	G	D7
	stifled yawn gives	way to need to get it	right,	
18	Em	G	chord,	G
	Fingers hover,	tired across a doubtful	chord,	
22	Em	Bm	E7	Am
	Pondering the	next one they might	move toward,	
26	Em	Bm	E7	Am

### VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

30	Em	C	G	D
	In his head the	perfect way etc	etc	etc

V

42	Em	Bm	E7	Am
	all he's ever felt	drifts cliched	in the air	
46	Em	Bm	E7	Am
				It's

### CHORUS 1

50	F	Dm	Am	Dm
	nothing more, the	same old score, Of	aching hearts that ache too	long, The
54	G	Em	D7	D7
	how it gos and	love you sos Of	any old sad	song
58	D7	D7		

### INSTRUMENTAL

60	Em	C	G	D
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64	Em	C	G	D7
68	Em	G	chord,	G
72	Em	Bm	E7	Am
76	Em	Bm	E7	Am
				His

### VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

80	Em	C	G	D
	usual mix of	major themes etc	etc	etc

### V

92	Em	Bm	E7	Am
	aching hearts will	ache on in the	morning light	

96	Em	Bm	E7	Am
				An-

### CHORUS 2 (as Chorus 1)

100	F	Dm	Am	Dm
	other way to	still convey that	pang of yearning, deep and	strong, the

104	G	Em	D7	D7
	soulful blues and	missing yous Of	any old sad	song

108	D7	D7
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### CODA

110	D7	D7	Em
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v1 Sitting there at his piano, late at night,  
A stifled yawn gives way to need to get it right,  
Fingers hover, tired, across a doubtful chord,  
Pondering the next one they might move toward;

v2 In his head the perfect way to knock her dead,  
A rhapsody that says it all when he's not there,  
Yet in this hour just so much weary trite instead,  
Where all he's ever felt drifts, cliched, in the air:

Ch1 It's nothing more, the same old score  
Of aching hearts that ache too long:  
The how it goes, and love you sos,  
Of any old sad song.

v3 His usual mix of major themes in minor keys  
That once danced on his fingertips with candid ease,  
Gives way to yawn that shuns the need to get it right,  
For aching hearts will ache on in the morning light:

Ch2 Another way to still convey  
That pang of yearning, deep and strong:  
The soulful blues, and missing yous,  
Of any old sad song.