

THE DUCKBOARDS OF YOUR TRENCH

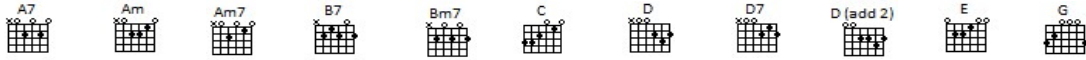
(www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Key G

Time sig 4/4 (as 12/8 with "swing")

(NOTE - for effect, changes of chord within bars should normally occur on beat 4 of 8)



INTRO

1			
2	G >> D add2	E >> D add2	Am7 >> B7
6	G >> D add2	E >> D add2	Am7 >> B7
			From the

VERSE 1

10	G >> D add2 duckboards of your	E >> D add2 trench, The	Am7 >> B7 vista spans for	C >> A7 miles around, A
14	D vantage point for	Am7 >> B7 all that's good, And	Am7 >> B7 all that's fine, and	C >> A7 all that's sound: There's
18	D carnage out in	C no-man's-land, But	D no-man's-land is	Am out of sight, And from the
22	G >> Bm7 duckboards of your	G >> Bm7 trench, The	Am >> D7 world's alright	C >> D7 From the

VERSE 2 (as Verse 1)

26	G >> D add2 blackness of your	E >> D add2 blindfold etc	Am7 >> B7 etc	C >> A7
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V

38	G >> Bm7 blindfold keeps what's	G >> Bm7 real away from	Am >> D7 such as you	C >> D7
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INTRO REPRISE

42	G >> D add2	E >> D add2	Am7 >> B7	C >> A7
46	G >> D add2	E >> D add2	Am7 >> B7	C >> A7
				From the

INSTRUMENTAL (as Verse 1)

50	G >> D add2	E >> D add2	Am7 >> B7	C >> A7
54	D	Am7 >> B7	Am7 >> B7	C >> A7
58	D	C	D	Am
62	G >> Bm7	G >> Bm7	Am >> D7	C >> D7
				In the

VERSE 3 (as Verse 1)

66	G >> D add2 place your head lies	E >> D add2 buried etc	Am7 >> B7 etc	C >> A7
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V

78	G >> Bm7 place your head lies	G >> Bm7 buried, There's	Am >> D7 no alarm	C >> D7
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CODA

82	G >> D add2	E >> D add2	Am7 >> B7	C >> A7
86	G >> D add2	E >> D add2	Am7 >> B7	C >> A7
90	G >> D add2	E >> D add2	Am7 >> B7	C >> A7
94	G >> D add2	E >> D add2	Am7 >> B7	C >> A7

CODA (repeat and fade)

98	G >> D add2 (start fade)	E >> D add2	Am7 >> B7	C >> A7
102	G >> D add2	E >> D add2	Am7 >> B7	C >> A7
				(end of fade)

v1 From the duckboards of your trench,

The vista spans for miles around,
A vantage point for all that's good,
And all that's fine, and all that's sound,

There's carnage out in no-man's-land,
But no-man's-land is out of sight:
And from the duckboards of your trench
The world's alright.

v2 From the blackness of your blindfold,
The dark will keep you free from harm,
A Shangri-la, where all is safe,
Where all is restful, all is calm,

There's horrors in the world outside,
But nothing in that world is true:
Your blindfold keeps what's real away
From such as you.

v3 In the place your head lies buried,
A fortress holds, beneath the sand,
A castle built on all that's bold,
All that's solid, all that's grand,

There's peril lurking just up there,
But nothing here can do you harm:
From the place your head lies buried,
There's no alarm.