

Pink Floyd - The Scarecrow

Tom: G

^D
The black and green scarecrow, as ev'ryone knows,
^A ^C ^A ^G
Stood with a bird on his hat and straw ev'rywhere
^D
He didn't care
^G ^{Am} ^G ^A
He stood in a field where barley grows
^D ^A ^C ^A ^G
His head did no thinking, his arms didn't move,

^A ^D ^A ^D
Except when the wind cut up rough and mice ran around on the
ground
^G ^{Am} ^G ^A
He stood in a field where barley grows
^D ^A ^C ^A ^G
The black and green scarecrow is sadder than me__
^A ^D ^A
But now he's resigned to his fate's, 'cause life's not unkind
^D
He doesn't mind
^G ^{Am} ^G ^A
He stood in a field where barley grows

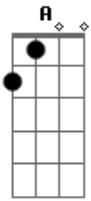
Acordes



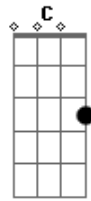
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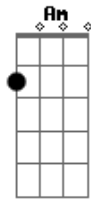
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