

In Berth

Words By Paul King -

Musical Arrangement By Will Sanders Copyright 2021

Musical Arrangement -

This is a voice over piece so the music is played in a simple 4 beats per bar and 4 bars per measure. We starting with 2 - 12 string guitars and a bass guitar. Leads set up higher in volume and rhythm set very soft. Bass is very soft as well. Rhythm strums on second and fourth bars (beat - 2 / 3-4) Throughout the whole song. Bass plays exact same pattern as rhythm until the second time through. Then entire chord progressions are played.

Intro

1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2-3-4
C / Am7	C / Am7	C / Am7	G

V1

1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4
C / Am7	C / Am7	C / Am7	G / C

V2

1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4
G / Am7	G / Am7	G / C	Am7/ G

V3

1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4
C / Am7	C / Am7	C / Am7	G / C

V4

1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4
G / Am7	G / Am7	G / C	Am7/ G

V5

1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4
C / Am7	C / Am7	C / Am7	G / C

V6

1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4
G / Am7	G / Am7	G / C	Am7/ G

V7

1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4	1-2 / 3-4
C / Am7	C / Am7	C / Am7	G /

V8

1-2 / 3-4 1-2 / 3-4 1-2 / 3-4 1-2 / 3-4

G / Am7 G / Am7 G / C Am7/ G

Instrumental

1-2 / 3-4 1-2 / 3-4 1-2 / 3-4 1-2-3-4

C / Am7 C / Am7 C / Am7 G

From here the arrangement is played through a second time up to verse 5 and is faded out by the end of verse 5. As the Instrumental is played the Drums and an Organ are added. All instruments are the played at the same volume range as the leads were set too. Bass begins to play the entire chord progression.

Words (for Voice Over) -

The ventilation moans a non-stop serenade
pushing air across the decks of marbled tile **grae**y.

The air is filled with grunts and groans of us who dwell within
this cold **grae**y void surrounded by plate steel we call a skin.

Bright light— it pierces every part as if to make us falter
and wraps us neatly in at night in racks we call coffin lockers.

Organized as little things among a higher being,
we settle in as if this hulk was here to do our keeping.

Our bodies rest on pads too thin to serve a healthy lad
we wake a bit more battered for a good rest still not been had.

We occupants arise and roll to step on cold and dress;
rarely do you hear complaint of ill or of distress.

The voice that sounds without a word is heard within this berth,
the absence of a loved one waiting somewhere here on earth-**earth**.

We put our lives out on the line. With **h**Honor we serve gladly
equipped to fight in any war 'cept that of social apathy.