

TWO SLICES IN THE TOASTER



(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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TWO SLICES IN THE TOASTER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

When I woke up this morning
And stumbled down the stairs,
I was feeling rather dozy,
And only half awares;
I put two eggs in the saucepan,
One hard-boiled, the other not,
Two slices in the toaster,
Two teabags in the pot:
Yes, doziness would help explain
The milk I put in yours-
Yet doziness was only half the cause.....

When I got home this evening
After such an awful day,
I was feeling rather tired,
Which might just explain the way
I peeled two large potatoes,
Put two chops in the tin,
And tuned the box to Neighbours,
For you when you got in:
Yes, tiredness would partly be
The reason for my lapse-
Tiredness, and something else perhaps.....

When I retired tonight,
To bid the world goodbye,
I was feeling somewhat lonely,
Which might perhaps be why
I failed to mark the bed out,
As usual, into two,
But crept across the middle,
Reaching out to you;
To reassure me I'd been dreaming,
That you'd come home again:
Yes, loneliness would rather well explain-
And also hint at reasons
Why my reaching was all in vain.....

SHADOW DANCE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Just here,
Where two deceptive beings make a silent compromise,
There's a semblance of a likeness of an image in your eyes,
Of something I still vaguely recognise;

Unclear,
Like the outline of a shadow of a half-glimpsed silhouette,
Which rises from the vapours of a ghostly minaret,
To mouth an anagram of some vague threat;

Yet near,
Like a vision of an insight of a truth within my grasp,
A symbol of a metaphor whose meaning I just might clasp,
To comprehend its secret with a gasp;

And dear,
Like a relic of a keepsake of a one time memory,
A rich and deep forget me not of subtle mystery,
Of how our dark and shadowed lives could be,
If only they could dance in harmony.

LEAVING ROSE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Beyond the silent quayside, to the west,
The sun-stained waters lie in perfect rest,
So gently soothed, so lovingly caressed
By Autumn's evening light,

That I must swallow every dreg of pride,
Gently part myself and look inside
For part of me with strength to turn the tide
And tame its destined might;

For looking back across the spreading sea,
I see you formless, standing on the quay,
Deaf as ever to my silent plea
For warmth within your light;

You were so far away, and yet so near,
Your face was unfamiliar, yet so dear,
Your mind so closely guarded, yet so clear,
So warm and burning bright;

Who were you Rose, what strange compelling force
Within me makes me look back with such remorse,
Inviting me to change that steady course
I'd planned so carefully;

What lurks in wait beneath that veiled flower
To beckon me so that, even within this hour
Of new found hope, my life seems crabbed and sour,
Divided by the sea

Between two glowing beacons, to summon me
Louder than that kind yet dampened breeze,
Which echoes those elusive memories
Of someone I never quite knew;

And Rose, I know it's easy to forget
The things we never knew to start with, yet
A weird eternity stains my regret,
And my memories are all of you.....

IN YOUR EYES (Part 1)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Maybe I should have risen to face my failings,
But hiding seemed the perfect compromise:
It always seemed the natural thing to do,
To forge my truths from what I wished was true;
So, always fooling me, whilst never fooling you,
My alibis
Took form in empty promises,
And kindled a deep forboding in your eyes.

I didn't want to be the one who lost most,
And so ensured that it was you who'd take that prize:
Believing only you'd think the world of me,
And never being one to wholly disagree,
Or pause for thought for long enough to see
What that implies,
I forged a hollow battle cry
Which fed the disappointment in your eyes.

So simple to wish just what I could be,
So difficult a dream to realise:
While there, in the darkness just beyond my nose
The things I should have done, but failed to do, and those
I shouldn't have but did, joined forces to expose
The futile lies
Which shaped my self deception,
And fuelled the disillusion in your eyes.

CABBAGE WHITE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I thought I held you here, my cabbage white,
You`d settled on my hand, I thought to stay;
Yet time has left my colours, once so bright,
To fade to grey.

I hoped you`d rest content, my cabbage white,
But never knew quite what it was you sought;
And verity can never hold the light
Of dreams, once caught.

And fragrant, like a freshly scented room,
Your soul has built a garden in the breeze,
Where butterflies can flit from bloom to bloom
With perfect ease.

I didn`t feel a thing, my cabbage white,
For I had glimpsed the shape of days to come,
Silhouetted, sharp, as you took flight,
Against the sun.

YOULESS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I'd planned to watch the football, but I'd heard the score
They'd given it out on News at Ten an hour before,
And I couldn't say I fancied much a nil nil draw,
Especially the way I feel tonight;

I hopped between the channels, but was unimpressed.
Question Time and chat shows held no interest;
And even in the play on Four they both stayed dressed,
For what that's worth, the way I feel tonight;

I idled through the paper for a while instead,
But every word just permeated through my head,
Lost, along with all Edwina Currie said,
In the nausea of the way I feel tonight;

I tinkered with the crossword, at a total loss,
Admittedly put off a bit by Jonathan Ross,
But I never even got to grips with one across,
So cryptic is the way I feel tonight;

I'm feeling mirthless, listless, scopeless, ployless, clueless,
Worthless, wistless, hopeless, joyless, youless.

The adverts came and went, I didn't even blink,
Chocolates, cars, and housewives at the kitchen sink;
And I guess it's clear Black Label's not my favourite drink,
But I sure could use five Hamlet here tonight;

I sighed, and pressed once more upon the remote control,
Just in time to catch Gazza missing an open goal,
Then again, to watch the screen become just like my soul,
As jet black as the way I feel tonight;

I'm feeling goalless, aimless, creedless, trendless, viewless,
Soulless, nameless, seedless, friendless, youless.

THE MIDDLE OF THE BED

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Far too aware of a silence to be broken,
Not really knowing quite where to begin,
Two of us together, not enough to say,
And too much time to say it all in;
Caught in the void where anything said
Is lost down the folds in the middle of the bed,
Or the cracks in the plaster of the ceiling overhead.

Somewhere behind me, as I stare towards the window,
Is you, with your eyes on a half open door,
The draught at our backs blowing passion from a bed
Where even our bodies don't talk anymore;
And it isn't the things they never quite say,
But the way they don't say them that gives them away,
As the middle of the bed gets wider every day.

Night after night now, pistols at the ready,
Lying back to back in our ongoing duel,
Each of us awake, yet pretending we're asleep,
It's the need to be kind that keeps us both cruel;
And all too aware that anything said
Is liable to lead to a bullet in the head,
A single flash of light, and Bang, you're dead;
Falling down the hole in the middle of the bed.

Lying in bed now, staring through the darkness,
Neither of us knowing quite which one to blame,
The war between us broken only by a truce
Where silence and wisdom are one and the same;
An unsteady peace where anything said
Is lost down the chasm in the middle of the bed,
And echoes through the void in the ceiling overhead.

VICIOUS CIRCLES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Although the world is always lit by sun, it turns in space,
And like my spinning life remains deceptive and two-faced,
A spinning wheel of love and grief, of ecstasy and pain;
And times are on the darker side again.

Confusion leaves a film of bitter moisture on my brow,
I'm trapped within the ultimate of vicious circles now;
A moth that flits around a belisha beacon in the night,
Attracted then repelled by what is right.

And A N Other, safe behind the aliases he wears,
Will always haunt me, making sure the cared for never cares;
If I could have that power in me, if I could have that will,
I swear I'd hunt him down and shoot to kill.

AN ORDINARY WOMAN

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Once, you were an ordinary woman,
Who turned into a princess, and caused me so much pain;
Yet now you cannot hurt me, `cos you`re ordinary again.....

At best he is the rampant furnace of a hero
Who fights with magic dragons and destroys them with his breath,
But when her heartless icicles cool down past zero,
The hero meets a most ignoble death;

He`s felt the searing heat of life just once too often
To ever hope to find a chilly heart to give relief,
And all around his iron core the edges soften,
To melt into a pool of liquid grief;

His knack for loving stunning strangers is habitual,
A legend in his lifetime, he is held in great renown;
The sacrifice of all his heart completes each ritual,
And then her cold indifference brings him down.....

Your weaknesses and failures are a part of you,
And if they make you no-one special,
Then rejoice, rejoice, for being no-one special;

Let your human failings help you start anew,
As no-one in particular;
Be glad, for being no-one in particular.....

Before, he`d lost count of the ways she was fantastic,
So ultimate a woman just could not be real,
And sure enough, the visions run like drops of plastic,
Distorting as they now again congeal.....

You used to be an ordinary woman,
You turned into a goddess, who I knelt in fear before;
But now perhaps I`ll love you, since you`re ordinary once more.....

BALLAD OF THE SHORT AND CURLIES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You lay me on the wooden rack, and turned the handle;
You placed me in the spiky box, and closed the door;
You trickled water, drop by drop, against my forehead,
Until I couldn't stand it any more;

You strapped me to the dentist's chair, and started drilling;
You placed electrodes either side against my brain;
Then, laughing, with your head tossed back, increased the current,
Until I started screaming from the pain;

Life can be a torture, and that torture is the fear
Of waking in the night and finding no-one near:
Thus we cling for comfort, yet our torturer in chief
Is just the one we cling to most for our relief;

It seems again you have me by the short and curlies:
Once again your gentle hand reached out at night,
Tempted me with love, breezed through my frail defences;
And homed in on the target, squeezing tight.....

RAIN

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The rain sounds so much louder than before
When mixed with sad and mourning candlelight;
I lie in bed, unhappy to the core,
Wondering if others will stay awake tonight,
Listening to the mocking of the rain,
Their candles faintly dancing in the draught;

I weep for them, for I, too, am in pain,
Recollecting days I sang and laughed;
Now trying to piece together every night
The cracked and broken bits of porcelain
Which once were linked to form this brittle life;

Trying to piece them back together again,
Only to find they fit haphazardly,
That some are gone, others in disrepair,
Too far ever to hope for, embittering me
With memories of when rain first filled the air.

EVERY NOW AND THEN

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Every now and then my thoughts will land
On long gone days, and strangeness never seems
So strange until it's locked in half-lit dreams
Of labyrinths of twisted ends and means,
With every tunnel leading to strange lands.

Certain times are easier to recall,
And I remember just what I lived for;
A lifted skirt, a hand keen to explore,
And the fear of gentle knuckles on the door;
These are so clear, but how can I be sure
I'll ever know the forces that shaped them all?

If I could have that certainty, I'd know
That we were playing to win, but being sure
Is only being selective, calling for
The things we learn to live for, more and more,
Staking all we have on every throw.

I'll grope on through this darkness to the end,
Wondering who she was, my fairy queen
Who never dares to ask me where I've been
Or tells me how the juice runs from her spleen,
Until a raindrop falls, and washes clean
Everything, save that she was a friend.

I know that love can never mean a thing
To he who lives with plunders on his mind,
Yet when I dare to look ahead I find
The very things I thought I'd left behind;
That's why, at times like this, I am resigned
To find out how these tunnels are designed,
So that, to you, I'll never be unkind,
Pretending once too often I am king.

IN YOUR EYES (Part 2)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Maybe, just maybe, I should have seen it,
Maybe I should have realised:
You had the same fears and weaknesses as me,
The same human failings, and insecurity;
And it seems so very obvious, its truth is plain to see
Now to the wise,
With the benefit of hindsight,
Or a momentary reflection in your eyes.