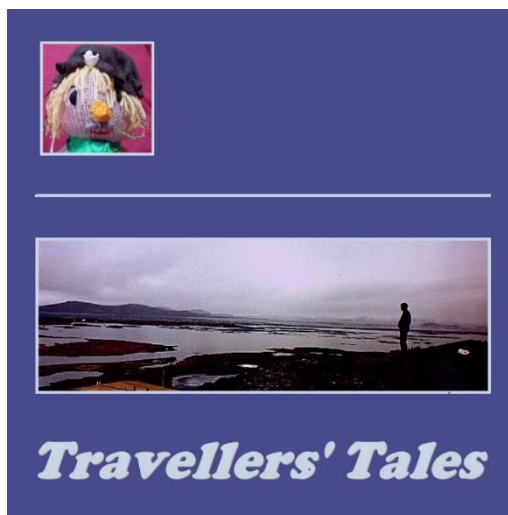


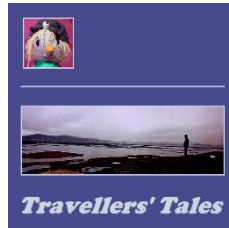
TRAVELLERS' TALES



(Words and music: Robin Hill)

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TERMINAL 3 DEPARTURE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The lights on the departures board at Terminal 3
Flash out to summon me
As I race to catch the plane;
And a flash of sorrow flickers
Through your steady cheery wave
As I mouth the words, "Be brave",
I'm sure to hurry home again.....

LOVE STORIES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I waited for her, quietly, on the sidelines,
A tingle through my spine, a trembling heart,
Through promises untold
Of secrets to unfold,
For that's the way that all love stories start;

Believing I was more than just a stranger,
Waiting for the things that time would show,
That when and where was now,
That who was me somehow,
For that's the way that some love stories go;

In my wildest dreams she was a lover,
In my fondest hopes she was a friend,
But in our dreamy lives
Reality survives,
And that's the way that most love stories end.....

THE LAVA FIELDS (SMOKY BAY)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

They took me out onto the lava plains,
To where two wildernesses meet;
The distant snow upon the mountain chains,
The twisted lava at my feet:
I watched them leave along the cinder track,
I saw them finally disappear;
I thought of loneliness, but felt no lack:
There was no need for company here.

They left me out there where the hot springs flow,
Where pools of fiery liquid rise;
From crusted craters where the geysers blow,
And turn to steam against the skies:
The distant mountains shimmered in smoky grey,
I caught the sulphur on the air;
I thought of solitude, but felt okay,
I needed no companion there.....

.....When your batteries are running low,
When you're being dragged down by life's sharp flow,
Make it to the airport, there's a place to go
Down in the Smoky Bay:

Smoky Bay, Smoky Bay,
Your troubles and cares will simply blow away
From tall rugged cliffs where the sea birds play
Down in the Smoky Bay.

Dreams are never where you think they'll be,
We all need a voyage of discovery,
And I've discovered dreams, discovered me
Down in the Smoky Bay:

(cont.....)

Smoky Bay, Smoky Bay,
Worries and woes will gently wash away
In breathless waterfalls of silver spray
Down in the Smoky Bay.

Smoky Bay, Smoky Bay,
Nature and man in perfect interplay,
With all your cares a million miles away
When you're down in Smoky Bay.....

.....They came to fetch me from the rocky ledge,
From where two continents depart;
And for a while I stood there upon the edge,
Unsure of which one held my heart:
I thought of all the things I'd always known,
I thought of things I'd still to learn,
And though relieved at being no more alone,
I vowed that one day I'd return.....

FLOWERS ON THE STAIR

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I often sense you there,
Your perfume on the air,
Your fingers through my hair
In play;

Then back again to flight,
A moth repelled from light,
The breath that fades from sight,
Away, away.....

A single wisp of smoke, the scent of flowers on the stair,
A vision of a doll's house in the attic;
A gentle laugh, I turn to look, I see you standing there,
So delicate, so faint, yet so emphatic.....

I see you clearly,
Growing ever stronger as you near me;
I see you so clearly,
Death defied and strong, you're standing near me.....

I see you clearly,
So prominent, distinctive, standing near me;
I see you clearly,
So well defined and stark, you're standing near me;
I see you so clearly,
In plain and bold relief, you're standing near me;
Oh, I see you clearly.....

SONG FOR A SAD FRIEND

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Sad friend,
Don't carry your burdens,
Put them down now, rest awhile,
Replace your anguish with a smile.

Sad friend,
Don't grapple with failings,
Let them go now, lift your head,
And grapple with your hopes instead.

A catch of breath, a tinge of fear,
A heart that's full of timeless yearning,
Hope that grasps at silhouettes,
A restless mind forever turning,
Perpetual doubts, an endless guilt,
The constant stretch of aching fingers,
Bitter hopes, and timeless needs,
The secret dread that always lingers.

Sad friend,
Don't wrestle with shadows,
Put their darkened shapes to flight,
And let your spirit flood with light.

STORYTELLER

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

A FRIEND IN NEED?

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Hello, who`s calling?..... Oh, hello there.....
No trouble at all, it`s quite OK.....
I was trying to watch the football when you called,
But the lads were playing rubbish anyway.
So what brings you to ring tonight?.....
No, take your time, it`s quite alright.....
I really wasn`t going anywhere.....
You mean she`s kicked you out again? I`m just appalled.....

Come in my friend, and close the door.....
No, not at all, I`m glad you came.....
I was going to eat my tea, not that it mattered,
I`ll warm it up, it`s bound to taste the same.....
So what`s caused you to drop on by?.....
It`s quite okay, feel free to cry.....
After all, that`s just what friends are for.....
You say he`s slept with her again? You must feel shattered.....

A friend in trouble,
A friend in need,
A friend in dire straits
Is a pain in the ass indeed.....

A friend in the doldrums,
A friend in pain,
There but the grace of God,
So you`ll never hear me complain.....

You need a place to stay the night?.....
It`s okay mate, there`s no disruption.....
I was trying to do the missus there upstairs,
But I`m sure she`ll understand the interruption.....
Hang on a sec though, I won`t be long,
I must just put my trousers back on.....
No, please dont feel so bad, it`s quite alright.....
Yes, I know, it`s great to have a friend who cares.....

THE LAST SUPPER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

And a napkin sighs,
Crumpled up and tossed,
Like my courage, lost
On the table between us now;
And a truth denies
A choking need
To make an hour recede
Somehow,
As the napkin sighs.

And the blue ink dries
As a smooth steel pen
Signs a last amen
To the time that it writes away;
And your bold front eyes
Find a strength unknown,
So gallant, that my own
Must look away
As the blue ink dries.

The food and wine were there for us to savour,
The conversation made it more complete,
Yet nagging through the aftertaste, a flavour
That outside is a cold and empty street;

Tomorrow, we will be so very lonely,
And more so, since tonight was so intense,
And I just can't but help to wish, if only
Our talk tonight was of a different tense.

And a wine glass cries
As a dear friend stands,
And impatient hands
On a wristwatch bind a fate;
And a strong heart tries
To hold against its pain,
Be bold and brave again,
Perhaps too late,
As the wine glass cries.

THE MILES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

When you can't unlock the spaces
Between the sad and lonely faces,
And their cares and woes leave traces
In your own;

When the whole wide world's around you,
Yet your loneliness surrounds you,
And one who loves you hasn't found you,
Don't feel alone;

He is there across the miles,
Sharing all your hopes and trials,
All your laughter, tears, and smiles,
With his heart;

And if he's sometimes prone to meekness,
Realise, behind the bleakness,
He's got the strength to meet your weakness
Set apart;

And if you ever feel you doubt it,
Don't just struggle on without it,
Keep on looking, help him shout it,
And he will;

If you keep the thought inside you
That he's the love and strength to guide you,
Then he'll be right there beside you
Up every hill.

THE RAIN THAT FALLS IN SUMMER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

There is no rain quite as numbing
As the rain that falls in Summer:
It soaks quicker through the shirt,
And leaves a coldness on the skin;
And the heart that's newly coming
From the harshness of the winter
Finds a seeping sense of hurt
Which leaves it cold from deep within.

And the man who's known the seasons,
And survived thanks to her friendship,
Knows too well the false rebirth now
That the Summer rain can bring;
For although he knows her reasons,
And is grateful for her kindness,
He's a new found sense of worth now
That doesn't mean a thing.

He still senses that she's near,
Although he can't quite reach and touch her;
Yet it's this that makes him sad
Because he wishes that he could;
For although he takes good cheer
To have a friend throughout the bad times,
Such times are only bad
Because he's no friend through the good.

STARS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

There've been so many many times when you've been far from here,
I've woken, silent, in the night,
And thinking only how it would be if you were somewhere near,
I sigh, and rise, turn on the light.

Pacing up and down around the bedroom, lighting up a cigarette,
Wondering if I'll ever get to sleep,
Yet passing by your picture just reminds me that I can't forget,
That my longing is too deep.

Trying to read a book but glossing through the pages, not taking anything in,
Setting up the chess set, running through the latest game,
Taking out a pen to maybe write a letter, but not knowing where to begin,
Wondering if I hugged the pillow, would it be the same?

Finally getting dressed and going downstairs, raiding the food supplies,
Staring at the phone but letting temptation pass by,
Fetching the lead and waking up the dog, much to his great surprise,
And stepping out beneath the cold clear skies.

Passing half an hour just throwing a ball to a tired and bemused old dog,
Giving up with him when he runs out of patience and love,
Strolling through the woods with my thoughts on you, sitting on an old fallen
log,
Glancing upwards, noticing the stars above.

Watching the stars for an hour or more, picking out the brightest and best,
Countless phrases running through my head,
Then hastening home with a grateful dog, upstairs, getting undressed,
Pulling back the covers and sliding into bed;

(contd)

Waking refreshed and reaching for a pen in the cold clear morning light,
Writing down these words with hope and spirit anew:
`Of all the many stars which brighten up my night,
By far the brightest one is you`.

And if you ever wake up lonely in the night, just crying out for love,
There still is one thing you can do,
Just step up to the window, open up the curtains, look into the stars above,
And find the one that shines for you:

Of all the many many stars that twinkle warm and bright,
There`s only one that pulls me through,
Of all the many stars that brighten up my night,
By far the brightest one is you.

Of all the many many stars that clothe me with their light,
There`s only one that warms me through,
Of all the many stars that brighten up my night,
By far the brightest one, by far the brightest one,
By far the brightest one is you.

THE NIGHT (GUARDIAN ANGEL)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

When I was lost you shone your light
To guide me from that blinding night,
You warmed me with your wine and kept me fed;

You gave me strength to carry on,
Comfort `til the night had gone,
A gentle breast on which to lay my head;

And when the night wind blew
Outside, you pulled me through
In sanctuary and warmth within
The confines of your bed;

And even now when I can hear
The sounds of night I sense you near,
You take my hand and keep me in good stead;

For though your time lies far behind,
I keep you living in my mind,
A guardian angel there to ease my dread.

THE LAVA FIELDS REVISITED

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

.....The picture postcards of a thousand scenes
Dot out the blue Icelandic sky;
Yet this is Earth, and now I know what it means
To want to stay here `til I die:
The barren wilderness of the lava fields
Has brought a strange surreal re-birth;
It may be lonely here, but I know how it feels
To know there`s magic in the Earth.....

TRAVELLERS` TALES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

He was standing by the signpost
Where the winding crossroads meet,
Worn and hungry, tired and cold,
With blisters on his feet:
She was just arriving
From another twisted lane,
And though it led from somewhere else,
She was weary just the same.

Each took out a compass
To see where their journey lay,
Yet was it just a fluke of chance
They chose the self same way?
And as they walk together now
On the way to who knows where,
Each is grateful for the company
And the stories they can share.....

We will pass in the night with a beacon, a light,
Which will blot out our darkness and restore us to sight:
We will sound out our foghorns, a single clear drone,
And rejoice we`re not sailing the ocean alone.....

When they reach another crossroads,
Who can guess what they will do:
Will they stay together for a while,
Or separate anew?
Yet paths can cross forever
On the ways to journeys` ends,
And each will take new warmth and strength
From an hour spent as friends.....

(contd)

Though our seas are confusing, our courses unknown,
We will still hold a compass to the friends that we`ve known:
They are marks on our maps as we sail on our way
To collect all the stories we`ll tell them some day.....

And in the dead of the night as we ride out a storm
They will sail close beside us and help keep us warm:
They will listen with love to the terrors we`ve known
While we in our turn hear out tales of their own.....

And though the oceans we travel are lonely and vast,
There will still be a time when we come home at last:
Then we`ll meet at the quayside, ease the wind from our sails,
And retire to the tavern to share travellers` tales.....

TERMINAL 3 ARRIVAL

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The lights of the arrivals board at Terminal 3
Shine out to welcome me
As I step down from the plane;
The lamps of welcome sparkle
Where you've lit them in your eyes,
And it's only half all lies,
It's good to be back home again.....

AS THE BREEZE BEGINS

Words and music: Robin Hill)

The sun retires behind a hill,
Droplets moisten the unstirred air,
As after the coolness of the hour,
The breeze begins.

Crickets, chirping and restless still,
Will content themselves to sing no more,
As quietly the petals on the flowers
Will secure themselves
As the breeze begins.

And the traveller, bent beneath his load,
Knows just how bitter the night can be,
But though the signpost points away
He is resolute
As the breeze begins.

For the evening of a happy day
Has forced a parting of his ways,
Beckoned him towards a journey's end:
His only need now is for a friend,
And he glances back with every step
In deep remorse and longing, yet
The evening tells him what he knows
And shows him where he has to go.

Yet somehow, on that lonely road,
The one he's left walks with him still,
And every shadow, stained and grey,
Reflects her face, and as the breeze begins
His cloak is so much thicker now,
His scarf so warm:
The signpost still points a different way,
But as it turns, it smiles on him
Like she did.