

JULES AND ANNA



(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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JUST OUTSIDE THE DOOR

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You can hear them way down there,
Soft footsteps on the stair,
Then loud across the floor
Just outside the door

You can taste the silent fear
Of those who cower here
From voices, brusque, unsure
Just outside the door

Is it sunny there outside,
Could we throw these windows wide,
And could we sniff and smell the air
That always dances just out there?

Or is it that this tiny room,
Encased in destiny and gloom,
Is where we're always doomed to hide
Huddled from what lurks just outside?

You can feel the air expelled,
From breath no longer held,
As steps recede once more
Just outside the door

UNDERSTOOD

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So shall we take a leap from our cover?
Do you really think that we could?
Pretending to each other we shouldn't,
Suggesting to ourselves that we would?
Hints that point to secret romances,
Prospects seem intriguingly good;
A catalogue of mutual glances
Understood.

So shall we run the gauntlet of whispers?
Do you really feel that we should?
Pretending to the world that we wouldn't,
But knowing to each other we could?
Manoeuvrings and sexual dances,
Outcomes seem exceptionally good,
A full evaluation of chances
Understood.

THE LOUDNESS IN THE SILENCE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Through the emptiness here,
You can almost quite hear
A loudness in the silence:
A whisper of death
In each sharp-captured breath
That gives our souls away.

Through the black of the night
You can almost catch sight
Of a dazzle in the darkness:
A spark from the eyes
That takes by surprise
And gives our souls away.

Listening out,
You can almost make out
A loudness in the silence:
An echoed rebound
With no tangible sound
That gives our souls away.

WAVING

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Running through cornfields that lead to the station,
Watching the London train steam on its way,
Walking the platform to wave at the driver,
Then back through the corn, to the rest of the day

Skiping down pathways that lead to the meadow,
Watching the tractor plough lines in the ground,
Sitting on tree stumps to wave at the farmer,
Then back to the pathways, and back into town

Waving at the townsfolk as they go about their way,
Hustling and bustling, an ordinary day,
Waving at the soldiers as they drill within the square,
Waving at the spitfires as they fly past in the air

Crossing the sand dunes that lead to the harbour,
Watching the fishing boats moor on the quay,
Sitting in sunshine to wave at the trawlermen,
Then back through the sand dunes for afternoon tea

MIEP

(Instrumental: music: Robin Hill)

SOMETHING SUBTLE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Can you sense the change,
A breath within the night,
Promises of time
And place?

Does it feel so strange,
Dangerous, but right,
Like whispers of sublime
Embrace?

Something subtle's stirring here,
Indistinct, yet calling clear,
Distant yet, but drawing near.

Could you turn away,
A last uneasy stand,
That lets the nagging doubts
Win through?

Or will you gladly stay,
Offer up your hand,
And let the time reach out
To you?

Something subtle's here tonight,
Shapeless still, yet plain to sight,
Colourless, yet vibrant bright.

Something subtle's in the air:
Change is coming, be aware,
Look around and find it there.

PERHAPS THEY'LL COME

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Sitting here from dawn to dusk
Just listening to the world beyond the curtains
Wondering how we'll make it through another day

If we had a clock it might have ticked,
To help us count each second here in shadow,
And break the silent boredom of another day.

Perhaps they'll come today
And shake alive this hanging sense of tedium,
Provide us with a welcome act of drama
That stimulates the bored,

Or best they keep away,
And keep alive this blissful dull monotony,
That cushions us from all the rich excitement
Our lives just can't afford.

Sitting here from dusk to dawn,
Just listening to the world outside the window
Wondering how we'll make it through another night

If we had a clock it could have chimed
To mark each passing hour without the moonlight
And break the silent boredom of another night

DON'T LET THESE MOMENTS PASS BY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Don't let these moments pass by:
The easy air is lifting
Towards a darker sky,
Take hold of all these memories now,
Be sure they never die,
Don't let these moments pass by.

Don't let these moments slip past:
The carefree sand is running through
Your fingers all too fast,
Reach out now, and grasp it tight,
Try to make it last;
Don't let these moments slip past.

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There's a hey diddle diddle, a nursery rhyme riddle
Of a cow feeling over the moon,
But one day we hear a dog's turned to beer,
And a dish is divorcing a spoon,

While down in the wood, the picnic was good,
With teddy bears dancing all day;
'Til a greedy old hag, or a wolf dressed in drag,
Stole innocent wonder away.

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Don't let these moments drift by:
The lazy flow will ebb away
To leave you stranded high
In murky depths of muddy pools
Where all our childhoods lie:
Don't let these moments drift by.

WHISPER TOMORROW

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

These voices that whisper “tomorrow”
Flit lightly around in the head,
Like echoes of long remembered sorrow
Perception has never quite shed,
The meanings now fading away,
To words mouthed in silent display
Which voices that whisper “tomorrow”
Can never quite say.

Those eyes that will flirt with “forever”
Light flickering hopes in the gloom,
Like candles which dance a while but never
Find spark to light up a room,
Their patterns now faded and gone,
To shadows that only live on
Where eyes that will flirt with “forever”
Have never quite shone.

A NIGHT LIKE THIS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The silver moon is smiling
As it shines upon the ocean:
Let's take the chance now, hand in hand,
To waltz together on the sand,
To seize the moment, grasp it if we dare:
A night like this, with wonder in the air.

Could we hold a fathom
To the depth of this emotion?
Let's keep the feeling well in reach
And paso doble on the beach,
Hold the moment, lithe in firm embrace:
A night like this, a special time and place.

Ah yes, the moon is smiling
At the warmth of this devotion,
Let's stay here dancing, side by side,
And tango on the rising tide,
Then close, compelled, drawn onward by a kiss,
To celebrate with love a night like this.

STORIES OF THE DAYS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

She sits alone, the curtains wide,
As daylight dwindles fast,
Watching shadows there outside,
Draw patterns from the past:
Childhood forms that dance and sing
Of Summers long since gone,
Then older years, the hopes they bring
Of Summers that live on.

Memories come, and memories go,
A softly swirling haze
Of shapes which merge, to hum and glow
In stories of the days.

Hopes that live in whispered words
Of promised sweet delight,
Or hopes that leave like feckless birds
In swift erratic flight:
Hopes that live, and hopes that die,
And hopes that burn on still,
Or hopes that long to touch the sky
And hopes that never will

Memories form, and memories fade,
In soft and subtle ways,
Restored to life, and then relayed
In stories of the days.

Memories turned to Autumn gold
Where faded lustre stays,
Their half kept truths still keenly told
In stories of the days.

GOOD AT HEART?

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Who would have quite believed it now
That all this has passed, and still, somehow,
Compassion survives to think of you
As good at heart?

Who would have thought the story led
Through all that was done, and all that was said,
To finish like this, with you coming through
As good at heart?

The longing for a Summer breeze within her hair,
The softness of a lover's hand across her face,
Simple yearnings, full of human love and care
Within a different place;

The hatred of a steely heart that won't impair
Its pitiless despisings based on creed or race,
A measureless dispassion that just cannot bear
The warmth of human grace.

Who would have guessed, despite it all,
The twisted way our outlooks fall
That she'd be the one to think you truly
Good at heart?

HERE'S TO THOSE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Another day that passes
Another cheat on death,
The trick it seems is just find one more breath.

So here's to those whose triumph is to live to old and frail -
And also those whose fortune was to fail.

Another past reflection,
The memory lost in haze,
The thing it seems is just collect the days.

So here's to those who can no more recall their times with ease;
And those who are themselves just memories.

Another year of struggle
To simply stay alive
The knack it seems is somehow just survive.

So here's to those whose hours still pass with faint and faltering flow,
And those whose sand ran empty long ago.

HOW I USED TO LOVE YOU

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Picture the scene, a lifetime ago -
Two faces flushed red with love's rosy glow,
Entwined at the arms during days in the park,
Entwined by their bodies at home after dark;
Passion compelling, a tireless display,
With nothing that courage could falter to say:
Oh, how I used to love you
Back in the day.

Picture this, too, a clearer recall -
Two constant companions who've been through it all,
Held to each other, through happy and sad,
Enjoying the good times whilst riding the bad:
The sharing of triumphs, the drying of tears,
The courage of passion, the conquest of fears:
Oh, how I used to love you
Down through the years.

Picture this now, a shape from the past,
Joined with the present in oneness at last,
A flicker of passion, a ghost of desire,
That stirs once again from the warmth of the fire,
Making me bolder, reaching to you,
Taking your hand with courage anew:
Oh, how I used to love you -
And I still do.

JULES AND ANNA

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Jules enjoys the seashore, and the Summer breeze,
Walks on shingled beaches, then home for Cornish teas,
The lazy taste of ripe fresh fruit, and rationed cheese.

While Anna dreams in silence on her tiny bed,
Pen in hand, a million thoughts that form inside her head,
A million things she badly feels should not remain unsaid.

Jules enjoys her memories, over ginger beer,
Of blackened nights in hiding, a tingling sense of fear,
Of bombs that fell, or clacking trains that brought her here.

While Anna dreams of breaking free from everyone,
A precious hour where all that went before can be undone,
Of stepping from her dingy attic, out into the sun.

*

The yawning worlds, with yet so little time apart,
The grace of gods, or twists of fate, on which our childhoods start,
And lead us to that crossroads where our dreams depart.

*

Jules enjoys her armchair now, beside the door,
Generations kneel around her, gathered on the floor,
Listening to her tales of eighty years or more,

While there behind, for anyone who stops to look,
The twists and turns that shape our lives, the courses that they took,
And Anna dreaming outwards, from the cover of a book.

SO LITTLE TIME APART

(Instrumental: music: Robin Hill)