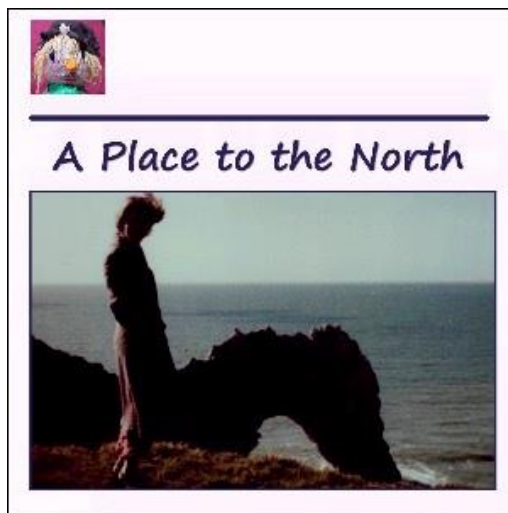


A PLACE TO THE NORTH

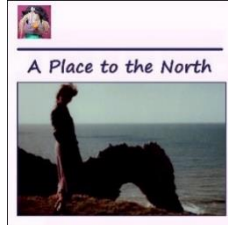


(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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A PLACE TO THE NORTH



(Words and music: Robin Hill unless stated)

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THE CLIFFTOP'S EDGE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Let's take this kind and balmy air,
And wander, you and I,
Together, hand in hand, to where
The clifftop meets the sky:
Let's feel our longing spirits soar,
Imaginations flow:
So easy, if we just ignore
The rocks that lurk below.

So, come with me to the clifftop's edge,
The grandest view of all:
Will we leap, and will we fly,
Or will we simply fall?

Let's feel this breeze within our hair,
And stand here, you and me,
Embrace that warm belonging where
Horizon meets the sea:
Let's fuel our deepest yearnings yet,
Go where we long to go,
So simple if we just forget
The whirlpools down below.

So, come with me to the clifftop's edge,
Where vistas take your breath:
Will we jump, and will we glide,
Or will we plummet to our death?

THE VOICES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You hold the key to all you do,
Or so the voices tell you;
Success and fame just there for you,
Or so the voices say
Then whisper in delight about
Misfortunes that befell you;
Of why what's done has come about,
And where your failures lay.

You stand here tall, a self-made king,
Or so the voices proffer;
And through it, won't achieve a thing,
Or so the voices say:
Some promises that vaguely tell
The colours life can offer,
Then contradict, with louder yell,
In monotones of grey.

You shine aloud, the brightest star
Or so the voices mention,
Then once again, how frail you are,
Or so the voices say;
The stuff of dreams, and how they turn,
Defeats your comprehension,
But with each dream you quickly learn
How soon it fades away.

STRANGE SKIES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

We stood awhile, bemused,
Disoriented, confused,
Distracted by the hues
Of strange skies,
Our hands across our eyes
As if to give disguise
To what the dancing light
Implies

We always thought our right would see us through,
Our aspirations, virtuous and true,
Would chair us to the glories we pursue

Yet all the thoughts that Gods were on our side,
And other idle boasts, have been belied,
The promises of fame they held now died,
Oh how they died

We stood there, looking on,
All shred of faith now gone
As darkness fell upon
The strange skies,
Mouths closed to hold the breath,
And ward the taste of death
Of all the hope the night
Denies

GENTLENESS AND KINDNESS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Gentleness and kindness,
Calmness and control,
Compassion and benevolence,
A stillness in the soul:
When bigots turn to temper
And hatred starts to brew,
There's gentleness, there's kindness, there's you.

Honesty and decency
Dignity and grace,
Fairness and integrity,
A pure unfeigned embrace:
When liars take to subterfuge
To hide the things they do,
There's honesty, there's decency, there's you.

Bravery and courage,
Mettle set apart,
Selflessness and fortitude,
And purity of heart:
When cowards hunker, fearful
Of things they have to do,
There's bravery, there's courage, there's you.

THE STARS OF TIME

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

How cruel the fiery stars of time must be.
To let us smoulder, twisted in an Earth
That burns with memories of pointless birth
And taunts us endlessly

Was it really all that long ago
When optimism hung on glorious frames
In galleries to dance among the flames
That those stars daily throw?

How did we come to throw it all away,
To grow from red hot childhood into this,
An embered memory of how we kissed
With nothing in our way?

Do you suppose we'll ever see the day
We'll walk again, our hands fused into one,
Searching for a love spot in the sun
Like we did yesterday?

THE ENDARKENMENT

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

REMNANTS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A stagnant pond that's ruffled by the breeze,
The hills beyond now lost behind the trees,
It seems we must expect unsettled weather,
Where dreams unpick, then fail to hold together,
Just remnants of the wind on which they're blown.

The daylight hour by which we forged our way,
The morning shower that settled in to stay,
Belief bedraggled, worn down by attrition,
And grief for hopes, bereft of recognition,
Just remnants of the careless way they're thrown.

Champagne that turns to warm flat beer,
The strain of holding what seems dear,
Remnants that float and disappear

Tall plans frustrate to bite us on the bum,
Like cranes that wait for ships that never come,
The themes that lead to long familiar stories
Of schemes which somehow fail to live their glories,
Just remnants of some triumph they've never known.

THE ARC OF DESCENT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

There's a place to the north, wrapped in dark swirling haze,
Where the cliffs and the ocean unite in their ways,
And a hero can stand ah but once in his days,
And for once in his days be a king;

He can stand proud and tall in the darkest of skies,
Where a cold Northern wind blows the tears from his eyes,
And carries the strains of the soft lullabies
That the valkyrs are starting to sing;

In that place to the north where the valkyrs are heard,
Honour's the signal, honour's the word.

Now, drawn in the path of a free-falling bird,
In the arc of descent between bold and absurd,
He can beat at his chest and then holler the word
That he knows now not once meant a thing;

Then with spray on his tunic, the wind in his hair,
He can rise up above it and soar through the air,
Over conquests of pettiness dotted down there
And the future he knows they will bring.

In the arc of descent between bold and absurd,
Honour's the signal, madness the word.

CHRISTOPHER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

These miles have left you weary,
It shows upon your face,
The seeping of another hour,
Another different place;
But letting go of journey now,
You'll make it homeward soon,
Where, anchored fast, you'll turn around
The tide that pulls the moon.

This fortune has you listless,
Defeats have left their mark,
As aspirations slip away
From brilliance into dark:
But letting go of chances lost,
The turn round has begun,
Where, spark by spark, you'll fuel once more
The fire that lights the sun.

Direction has you beaten,
We see it in your eyes,
Concession and confusion,
Desire that simply dies:
But letting go of precious past,
A future takes control,
Where, with new hope, you'll find at last
The man that drives the soul.

ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Kol had murdered Svart
So Alti murdered Kol
And Brynjolf murdered Alti
To preserve the protocol,

Thord thus murdered Brynjolf
And Sigmund murdered Thord
So Helgi, with Skarp-Hedin
Put Sigmund to the sword.

Round and round and round, endlessly:
Round and round's the way it has to be.

Round and round and round, without a thought:
Round and round these battles must be fought

Round and round in circles, they all die,
Round and round, with no good reason why

Thjostof murdered Thorvald
And murdered Glum as well
So Hrut then murdered Thjostof
In the spot where Thorvald fell.

WITH GODS ON OUR SIDE

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

SIRENS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So, high and dry,
Washed up on illusions all was grand,
We wake, and lie,
Taking stock of senses in the sand;

And here upon this desolate beach,
Remorsefulness is all
For those who fail to change their tack
When sirens call.

So, shamefully,
The structures that we thought would hold the tide,
Have proved to be
The driftwood that we end up strewn beside;

And on these god-forsaken rocks,
Regret is everything
For those who simply won't turn back
When sirens sing.

So, just what cost,
That single ringing of a solemn bell
For souls now lost,
Or those that live their special place in hell;

And on these cliffs where dreams are crushed,
All hope must surely die
For those who sail when winds fall slack
And sirens cry.

THE WAY YOU WEAR YOUR HAT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Is it just the way you wear your hat,
That jaunty angle on the head,
That fills the hearts of other men with dread,
And grinds their feeble spirits flat?
Is it just your rich sartorial air
That puts to shame their total lack of flair?
Is it just the hat
That keeps you where you're at
And makes the dreams of lesser men go splat?

Is it just the way you drive your car,
That throbbing mix of power and noise,
That sorts the real men, and shows the boys
As just the wimps they really are?
Is it just the way all heads will turn,
Or just the way all envious stomachs churn?
Is it just the car
That puts you where you are
And keeps you riding streets ahead by far?

Is it just the way you strut your stuff,
That pulse of manhood beating in your chest,
That brings these gasps of awe, and leaves the rest
Shamefully not masculine enough;
Is it just that echo of Stallone,
Two hundred pounds of pure testosterone?
Is it just the strut
That keeps you in the cut
And brushes off the rest of us like fluff?

THANK YOU

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Thank you for being so constantly there
To hold me together in times of despair,
Thank you for being the rock of my life:
Thank you for being my wife.

Thank you for seeing the pinpricks of light,
That led from the tunnels of darkness and night
Thank you for seeing me through to the end:
Thank you for being my friend.

Thank you for comfort, for words that you said,
For kindness of past, and courage ahead:
Thank you for doing these things that you do:
Thank you for just being you.