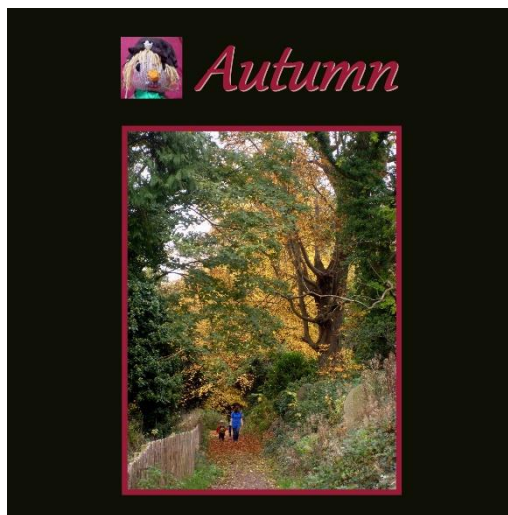


# AUTUMN



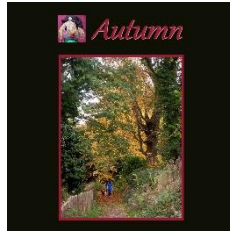
(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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# AUTUMN



(Words and music: Robin Hill unless stated)

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## **THE EVENING'S NEARLY OVER**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The evening's nearly over,  
The light has slipped to grey,  
Let's pull and draw the curtains,  
And shut the night away:  
You can fill the kettle,  
And I will make the tea,  
We'll sit and muse together  
On how things came to be:

Imperfections present,  
Frailties from the past,  
Seep away to nothing,  
Vanquished at last,  
Enticing me to take your hand ...

The Summer's nearly over,  
The days have slipped away,  
Let's lock and bolt the windows  
And keep the chill at bay:  
You can fetch the kindling,  
And I will make the fire,  
We'll sit and warm together  
To hopes that still aspire:

Discords once between us,  
Tensions that still hold,  
Resolve to reassurance  
To make me bold,  
Inviting me to take your hand ...

## **GREATER THAN THE PARTS**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I stare in abject wonder,  
At booty far too rich to be believed,  
A treasure chest of plunder  
The likes of me have never quite achieved;

But now the prizes beckon,  
Enticing me to think this life anew;  
For who would ever reckon  
That one and one could ever equal two:

Yet this just isn't me, it's me and you.

Could you quite conceive it?  
Who'd have thought that things would come to this?  
And can you now believe it -  
A state of torpor turns to state of bliss?

This spell you're fully under  
Will show you things the moon alone could see;  
And who can help but wonder  
How greater than the parts the sum could be:

Yet this just isn't you, it's you and me.

## **DO YOU REMEMBER? Part 1**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Do you remember,  
Can you recall  
The ease with which we made some sense of it all;  
Two wide-eyed youngsters, stood fearless and tall,  
In a world that smiled without end;  
Before the darker tomorrows  
That prowled each twisted winding way;  
Before the shadows of our failings,  
Stole our innocence away.

## **LIFE'S TOO SHORT**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Sometimes I'll sit with paper and a pen  
Thinking I might eulogise your timeless wonder,  
But life's too short:  
Soon we'll both be lying six feet under.

Sometimes I'll start to tune up my guitar,  
Thinking I might strum along your countless praises,  
But life's too short:  
Soon we'll both be pushing up the daisies.

What's the point of words,  
Well-meant but seldom heard,  
Resplendent yet absurd  
To an aching heart,

A timeless melody  
That spans eternity,  
Where cold mortality  
Has us beaten from the start?

Sometimes I think I'll call you on the phone,  
And start to list the many ways I just adore you,  
But life's too short:  
You'll die of boredom, if I don't die before you.



## **WHEN BOY MEETS GIRL**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A longstanding calmness so rudely exchanged  
For a buzz of suspense at a life rearranged,  
And a thrill of suspicion that everything's changed  
When boy meets girl;

Who would have thought it would happen like this,  
The heart all a stutter, the head just a whirl,  
Caught in a flutter, the flutter of bliss  
When boy meets girl?

A long dormant ember that bursts into flame  
At the stir of a thought, or the thought of a name,  
Or suggestion that nothing can quite be the same  
When girl meets boy;

Who would have thought it would happen this way,  
The head full of themes for the heart to enjoy,  
Of floating on dreams, or just floating away  
When girl meets boy?

## **WILLING SPIRITS**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

If I had the courage and  
The fortitude to take your hand,  
Just think how very different this could be:  
The deftest touch, the lightest squeeze,  
Then fingers wrap, and tensions ease,  
With willing spirits yearning to be free.

If I had the nerve somehow  
To tell you what I feel right now,  
Just think of what my words could bring about:  
The senses stir, the meaning grows,  
Then yawning chasms shrink and close,  
With willing spirits boldly reaching out.

If I had the bravery  
And strength to hold you close to me,  
Just think of what misgivings we could still,  
The doubts that peel, and start to slide,  
With human warmth revealed inside,  
And willing spirits sighing to fulfil.

## **PENNY**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Hush,  
Lie here now at rest,  
I see the smile upon your face:  
Tell me what you're thinking of:  
Do you think of here?  
Does the beating in your chest  
Lead you to this place?  
Ah Penny,  
Penny for your thoughts.

And ssh,  
Lie here now in peace,  
I see the sparkle in your eyes:  
Tell me what you're dreaming of:  
Do we feature clear?  
And when the misty swirlings cease,  
Do they crystallise?  
Oh Penny,  
Penny for your dreams.

Calm,  
Lie here now at ease,  
I watch your breathing come to rest:  
Tell me what you're hoping for:  
Does it bring me near?  
And when the moments fall like these  
Do they bring the best?  
Ah Penny,  
Penny for your hopes.

## **DO YOU REMEMBER? Part 2**

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

## **WHEN THE RAINS CAME**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

When the rains came  
From the sky,  
We took retreat and sheltered in the dry;  
When the rains came,  
We stayed warm,  
Waiting for the passing of the storm.

When the snows fell,  
Deep and white,  
We hunkered down and sheltered for the night;  
When the snows fell,  
We took store,  
Patient to the onset of the thaw.

One for all,  
And all that stuff,  
And if it gets us by, that's good enough;

You for me,  
And me for you:  
And if that does the trick, then it'll do;

When the drought came,  
Dry and bare,  
We found the shade and took our shelter there;  
When the drought came,  
We lay low,  
Together 'til the streams resumed their flow.

## **SHE'S THERE**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Like the lightest aroma that's floating my way,  
The fragrance of flowers, or fresh hay,  
Kissed warm by the sun on a bright Summer's day,  
She's there.

Like the murmur of something that calls on the breeze,  
The faintest of rustles from tall trees,  
Or the grass in the meadow that dances to please,  
She's there.

Moving from a time of trouble,  
Human warmth will quell the pain,  
Aspirations then redouble,  
Spirits come to life again;

Fresh from days of desperation,  
Tender smiles will soothe the mind,  
Hope joins dreams in inspiration,  
Leaving sadness far behind

Like a change in the air that will follow the rain,  
Or the heart that will sing, with a sweet strain,  
Of a hope, once subdued, that has risen again,  
She's there.

## **WHAT REMAINS**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

They used to tryst within the forest glade,  
There beneath the broad oak trees,  
Embrace as lovers in the leafy shade,  
Driven by the warm Spring breeze;

Sometimes she'll think these moments still live on,  
Drifting in the Autumn air,  
Other times she looks to find them all but gone,  
Formless shapes no longer there;

Nothing lasts forever, that is how it goes,  
Flights of youthful passion lie beyond here,  
Everything is fleeting, but she also knows,  
There's something more profound that lingers on here;

And in the evening, they might walk once more,  
Dreaming down their winter lanes,  
She'll seek his hand and squeeze it, like before,  
Content to hold with what remains.

### **DO YOU REMEMBER? Part 3**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Do you remember,  
Can you recall  
The days in which we ran so scared of it all,  
Two care worn veterans, so frightened and small,  
In a world that was never our friend;  
Before the warmer tomorrows  
That bathed each long straight Summer lane,  
Before we came to terms with failings,  
Before our guilt was finally slain.



## **NEXT TO ME**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A fitful sleep that falters  
In the fever of the night,  
A fumbling hand that reaches,  
To the table for the light;  
Then stops again, and pauses,  
And opts to let things be;  
To leave you in the darkness,  
Still peaceful, next to me.

A restless mind that grapples  
With some vague unfinished theme,  
A lingering half-posed question  
From some fragment of a dream;  
A nagging wish for answers,  
Yet a choice to let things be,  
And leave you there, untroubled,  
Still restful, next to me.

A brief that watches, patient,  
In the hope that you might stir,  
Mindful how things are now,  
Yet led by how they were,  
A need to say "I love you",  
Yet the sense to let things be,  
And leave you there, indifferent,  
Still sleeping, next to me.

## **THIS MORTAL COIL**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

When I shuffle off this mortal coil,  
When I get to curl my toes and die,  
I'll take a bow, preparing on the stage,  
To play that last piano in the sky;

And in the words of greater men than I,  
There've been regrets, and boy, I've had a few,  
Yet of the few I'd mention by and by,  
The only one that counts was hurting you.

When I sign off, when I pass away,  
When I shed that final lonely shroud,  
I'll strike a soft minor key, and start to play  
One more lofty ballad in the cloud;

And in the words of those who say it best,  
Sweet memories pervade the things we do,  
And soaring proudly, miles above the rest,  
The sweetest one of all was loving you.

## DAYS WE SPENT IN AUTUMN

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Shall we bathe awhile  
In the soft warm smile  
Of days we spent in Autumn,  
Holding hands again  
Down each gentle lane  
Through leaves that lined the ground?

Did our courage hold  
In the fading gold  
Of days we spent in Autumn,  
As we carried on  
With the Summer gone  
Through leaves that lined the ground?

===

Quietly, futures slip away,  
But pasts remain, and memories stay,  
And nothing seems more real today  
Than days we spent in Autumn;

In my mind you're here once more,  
Walking with me, like before,  
Or dancing still, across a floor  
Of leaves that line the ground;

===

Could it happen yet  
That we both forget  
The days we spent in Autumn?  
Could the winter breeze  
Blow the memories  
Of leaves that lined the ground?

Or will love survive,  
And our friendship thrive  
From days we spent in Autumn?  
Will the bonds remain  
Through the winter rain  
On leaves that lined the ground?

## **THAT BURNING FLAME**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Come, my love, let's keep it wise,  
Life moves on, that's no surprise,  
Let's keep the sparkle in your eyes,  
Keep it sparkling bright;

Come, let's wipe those tears away,  
Surrender never was the way,  
Let's keep your hopes alight today,  
Lit and fiery bright;

Life should be an easy game,  
Let's keep alive that burning flame,  
Keep it burning all the same,  
Keep it burning bright;

Come, my love, let's see it through,  
The world still lies in wait for you,  
Let's keep your spirit burning true,  
Burning true and bright