

NAKED EMPERORS



(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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LET'S TAKE A LITTLE WALK

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Let's take a little walk along the clifftop,
Or clamber down the rockpools to the sea;
Stroll awhile in talk along the shingle,
In words that soothe and flow of you and me.

Let's take a little walk within the forest,
Cross the stream to where we used to lie,
Sit awhile and talk within the shadows,
In words that whisper soft of you and I:

Taking it slow,
A gentle rippled flow,
That dances on the waves that shape our lives,
Yet lucid and clear,
Where all we hope for here
Survives;

Let's take a little walk within the meadow,
Find the shade beside the fallen tree,
Sit awhile and talk there in the long grass,
In words that murmur kind of you and me.

Let's take a little walk across the hillside,
Basking warm beneath the cloudless sky,
Sit awhile and talk there at the summit,
In words that speak in triumph of you and I.

Helping it grow,
A rich and subtle flow
That dances on the breeze that warms our lives,
Easy and free,
Where all we longed to be
Now thrives.

THE HALF PINT GLASS SONG

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I thought I heard a hint of mischief,
Somewhere there above the cheers,
Whispering to the foolish,
Beguiling easy ears:

It can't be right, so must be wrong,
A project based on fear,
The facts made up, the science a lie:
Fake news is here

Truth is simply where you want it,
Facts just things you hope will be,
Wisdom just a vision
That any fool can see:

It can't be wrong, so must be right,
A full and perfect plan:
A pint in every half pint glass,
Trust me, you can.

It can't be false, so must be true,
For truth is all it seems:
And two plus two can equal
Whatever suits your dreams.

CTRL -ALT -DEL

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A muffled sound of footsteps,
A creak upon a stair,
The deep and subtle stirrings
Of senses, full, aware;
The almost breathless silence
Of one who's listening yet:
Then, Control-Alt-Delete,
I'm getting set.

A shadow from the landing
Flits across the study floor,
And a silhouette, familiar,
In the recess of the door;
A rising recognition
Of a protocol begun:
Then, Control-Alt-Delete,
I'm nearly done.

I thought this was important,
The timeline cut so fine,
A boss who wants things yesterday,
A job that's on the line;
Yet who would doubt the argument
It matters not a lot:
I thought this was important,
But it's not.

The shadow leaves the study,
And tracks the landing floor,
While one it follows turns
From just beside the bedroom door;
There's a shimmer in her eyes
To match the sparkle in her hair:
So, Control-Alt-Delete,
I'll be right there.

I LIKE YOURS THE BEST ...

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

COMPLETE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Did you hear the silence?
Did you sense the still?
Did you catch the whisper
In the shrill?
Or were these quieter moments,
Where kindness could prevail,
Battered into nothing,
Remorseless by the gale?

The wind was howling
In circles through our hair,
As if to make complete this mad despair.

Did you spot the rainbow?
Did you find the dry?
Did you view the colours
In the sky?
Or were those brighter moments
Where hope could take new form,
Washed away to nothing,
Bedraggled by the storm?

The rain was falling
In rings around our eyes,
As if to make complete this sad demise.

Did you touch the sunshine?
Did you sense the glow?
Did you watch the thawing
Of the snow?
Or were these warmer moments,
Where love could strike out bold,
Set frozen into numbness
Left dormant in the cold?

The ice was forming
To frostbite round our feet,
As if to make this wretchedness complete.

LIQUID SORROW

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I seek retreat these days behind a liquid sorrow,
Encased in numbness is the perfect way to be
To drown my senses in some vague unshaped tomorrow,
In places where they've never even heard of you and me.

Just one more drink,
Less urge to think
Of what it is I'm failing to forget.

The simple aspirations now by which I pass the hours,
Want for nothing grander than the filling of a glass,
A satisfying conquest of the spirit it devours,
To celebrate the death of things we never brought to pass.

Just one more beer,
To make less clear
The things it seems I still remember yet.

And in the deeper silence that our failures keep concealing,
A hollow sense of comfort stirs, like echoes in the beer,
Despite the bitter flavour of an always nagging feeling
That what it is I'm looking for might never turn up here.

So, just one more,
And then one more:
The easy way's the best way to forget,
With drunkenness the least of my regret.

ALL THAT'S LEFT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

It's funny,
I used to be a someone,
But turned away my head,
And where that someone stood,
Now no-one stands instead.

Illusions melt to vapour trails,
And one by one slip by,
'Til all that's left are dreams
Up in the sky

It's funny,
I used to stand, a giant,
My dreams were ten feet tall,
But where the giant towered,
Now no-one stands at all;

Ambitions turn to empty air
And disappear, unseen,
'Til all that's left are dreams
Of might have been

The hollow lies we tell ourselves
Will forge the things we do,
'Til all that's left are dreams
Which won't come true

OUT THERE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Beware,
There are souls of long dead folk still lost out there,
Stay on your mettle, pick your path with care,
Don't stumble unaware;
Look out,
There are spectres from the past that walk about
Out there.

Be mindful where your timid footsteps land,
Be sure to leave unbroken where you stand
The swirling lines and furrows in the sand,
Beware.

Take care,
There are wild and twisted vortices out there,
Eddies of deep love, and deep despair,
That linger in the air:
Take heed,
There are maelstroms formed from hours of human need
Out there.

LIVING IN THE ME

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The scheming plans of yesterday,
In tales of love and lust,
Erode, just like our dreams, to so much dust,

Where carefree laughs of lovers' play
Or indiscretions made,
Run faded through our every day
In cobwebbed forms of prices paid:

Where bright forever turn to grey
And steely love to stone,
Or vivid gestures fade away
To weathered piles of lifeless bone,

Distorting who we think we are
And what we hope to be:
The endless price of living in the me.

===

What's gone is gone, it's in the past,
There is no future there:
Tomorrow is the time that we repair,

Let's separate the what we know
From what we plainly don't,
The what we think we really can
From what we simply know we won't;

Strip away the wish you were
And wanting you to do
To reconstruct the really are
And celebrate the finding you:

To bring it all to life again,
Be what we hoped to be:
Free at last from living in the me.

WANTON BOYS AND GODS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So easy just to curse away
The wretched way your fortunes ran
In strange misshapen paths before your eyes;

Or beat your chest in sad display
Within your little world of man
In rants and raves of wanton boys and flies;

It wasn't yours to question why,
Or yours to ever understand
The winds that blew the lines within the sand;

It wasn't yours to comprehend,
Or yours to ever try to reach
The waves which shaped the contours of the beach;

It wasn't yours to justify,
Or yours to ever answer for
The tatters of your dreams which lined the shore;

So easy to excuse away
Your always less than perfect plan,
In terms of fate, or wanton gods in skies.

... WHEREAS YOU PREFER MINE

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

THE DIFFERENCE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I stand contused and battered, and try to understand
The richer thoughts this moment now contains:
The difference that it makes to reach and take a troubled hand,
And what it is to just let go of what remains.

I stand confused, befuddled, and try to comprehend
The starker truths this moment has confessed:
The difference that it makes to reach towards a troubled friend,
And what it takes to step away from all the rest.

A young boy dies of stab wounds in the street,
An older girl for shelter in the cold,
And still your arms are where these cares unfold.

There's half a world with not enough to eat,
Its fleeing children drowning in the sea,
And still your tears mean more than this to me.

I stand bemused, confounded, the logic now unfurled,
An old conundrum turned upon its head:
The difference that I'll never make within this troubled world,
The difference I can always make in yours instead.

NAKED EMPERORS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A never-failing story,
Of hope for hope and glory,
Where fondly wishing's all you have to do,
And all you wish for fondly must be true.

A world of smiles and laughter,
And ever ever after,
Where all that's good denies the other stuff,
And thinking that it's good is good enough.

Could you live a faith naively blind,
Your virtue built on cheery never knowing,
Or hold a healthy doubt within your mind,
With half an eye on where it is you're going?

A land of never never
Eternally forever,
Where only fools will fail to see the best,
And emperors remain completely dressed.

GLASS TO GLASS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Sitting here at odds in our corner,
Not content to let the world pass,
Arguing the usual tosses,
Pontifilating glass to glass.

Obfuscating causes and reasons,
With proofs that come from out of our arse,
Non-sequiturs in every conclusion,
Mislogifying glass to glass.

Someone said we only talked bollocks,
But even that seems out of our class,
A step beyond our usual achievements,
Self-dipstickating glass to glass.