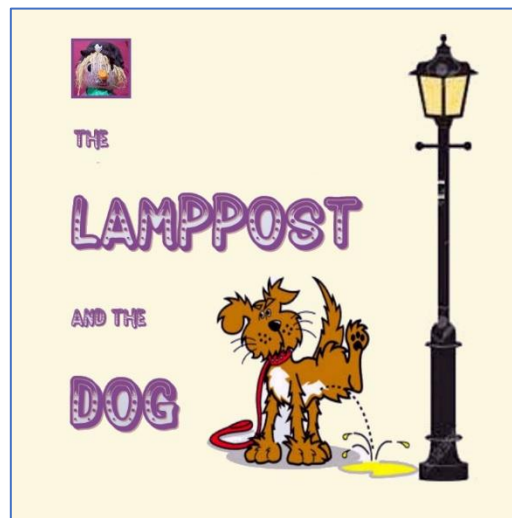


# THE LAMPPOST AND THE DOG



(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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## GONE FISHING

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Gone fishing,  
I'm not here today,  
So wishing  
That you'll go away,  
And leave me here wishing  
That I had gone fishing  
Alone.

Stop talking,  
There's no-one to hear,  
I've gone walking,  
I'm no longer here,  
So let's stop the talking  
Of how I've gone walking  
On my own.

===

You should have listened to me,  
And I should have listened to you,  
But I was the fool who just knew it all,  
And you were the fool who just knew.

I should have listened to me,  
And you should have listened to you,  
But you were the fool who stayed through it all,  
And I was the fool you stayed through.

===

Gone fishing,  
I'm just not at home,  
And wishing  
You'd leave me alone,  
To wish I was fishing,  
Or maybe just wishing  
On my own.

## **THE LAMPPOST AND THE DOG**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So, there it goes again, my dignity,  
Billowed on the air for all to see,  
A tell-tale plume of steam  
That rises in the fog:  
I was the lamppost,  
You were the dog.

So, there it goes once more, my sense of pride,  
Dumped upon the ground, then putrefied,  
A hint of something foul  
That wafts upon the air:  
I was the woods,  
You were the bear.

So, there it goes for good, my self-esteem,  
Lost upon the butt end of a dream,  
The droppings of our lives,  
The distance they were flung:  
You were the beetle,  
I was the dung.

## **GONE, ALL GONE**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Gone, all gone.  
No more emeralds in the mine,  
No glint of lusted brilliance  
To sparkle in the sunshine,  
Just a row of disused pylons  
That rust against the skyline,  
And a darkness at a pithead  
Where fortune glows no more.

Gone, all gone.  
No more nuggets in the stream,  
No hint of spangled richness  
To ripple in the soft gleam,  
Just a dried out bed of gravel  
And silt where once was daydream,  
And cracks within the hollows  
Where water flows no more.

Gone, all gone.  
No more passion left for you,  
No flowing Summer meadows  
That sweethearts long to run through,  
Just a lifeless black horizon  
Where graceful swallows once flew,  
And a stillness in the treetops  
Where the warm wind blows no more.

## LUCKY GUY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

My friends tell me I'm a lucky guy,  
A born winner through and through,  
But luck ran out the day I first met you.

Your friends tell you you're a lucky girl,  
Success a sure-fire guarantee,  
But failure started the day you met with me.

Your mother's house, a cup of tea,  
Familiar sheets to rest upon,  
While taking stock of all that's gone,  
And all that churns inside

Some mates, some snacks, an hour's TV,  
Then maybe later hit the town,  
A jar or three, 'til sorrows drown  
The errors and the pride.

People tell me I'm a lucky guy,  
Blessed in everything I do,  
But all that's blessed was cursed when I met you.



## SELLOTAPE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Better we were beating as one heart,  
Than out of sync, each separate, apart:

And even if now we continue to feel  
The love we're insistent will last,  
I can't help but notice, it's started to peel,  
The sellotape holding us fast.

Better we were joined to share the strain,  
Than each alone, facing the rain:

And even if now we continue to say  
We'll hold through the stormiest weather,  
I can't help but spot that it's started to fray,  
The stitching that binds us together.

Better we were us, than me and you –  
Together, there is nothing we can't do:

And even if now we continue to stick  
To the lies we so proudly embrace,  
I just can't but notice, we've started to pick  
At the plasters which hold them in place.

## **THE FEAR AND THE DREAD**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

It's late still,  
As, listening to soft quiet breathing elsewhere in the bed,  
I wait still,  
Then turn from the ceiling to stare at the wall now instead,  
Where darkness plays tricks on the eyes that remain open wide,  
In shadows that cast from the trees in the moonlight outside:

And all that remains is disquiet, brought on by the night:  
A sense of foreboding, a feeling that something's not right,  
And a fear you won't be here tomorrow - or a dread that you might.

I lie still,  
Grappling with strange contradictions that linger on air,  
And try still  
To resolve them to softer solutions that used to be there,  
Where warmth played no tricks on the arms that remained open wide:  
And kindness no shadows on walls from the moonlight outside:

Yet all that remains are these nagging misgivings I've got:  
Of things that you'll always remember of things I forgot,  
And a fear that one day you'll leave me - or a dread you might not.

## **THE WAY WE ONCE WERE**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Searching out that secret inclination,  
Eyes that sparkle soft in hazel brown,  
Mouth that curls in silent affirmation,  
The way we once were.

Breath that hangs in quiet anticipation,  
Arms that reach and stretch to peel the gown,  
That momentary pause of expectation,  
The way we once were.

A sense of moving on,  
A sense that we've grown old,  
A sense of being no more  
The way we once were.

A sense that something's gone,  
A sense that we've grown cold,  
A sense of grieving for  
The way we once were.

Promises that heighten all the senses,  
Needs that meet with needs and snuggle down,  
Desires that breeze and sail through all defences,  
The way we once were.

## **MAYBE YOU DON'T LOVE ME ANYMORE**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You've been talking to the plants again,  
Whispering in their ear:  
You thought I wouldn't hear,  
But I heard you loud and clear;

You've been meeting with the dog again,  
Long walks in the wood,  
Much longer than you should,  
Too long to be good;

===

Maybe my suspicions are off beam,  
But notwithstanding any proof  
That things aren't as they seem,  
Conclusions stand inexorable,  
The logic has no flaw:  
And maybe you don't love me anymore.

===

You've been flirting with the car again,  
You thought I wouldn't see,  
As you fondled with the key -  
But I saw conclusively,  
You love it more than me.

## INSIDE YOU

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

No hanging in shame,  
No stumbling in pride;  
No-one to blame,  
And no-one to chide,  
Just a sense all the same  
That something has died  
Inside you

No wish to forget,  
No wailing despair,  
No deep held regret,  
No burden to bear,  
Just a pang that lives yet  
Of emptiness there  
Inside you

No question or not  
To rise and break free,  
No searching for what  
You wanted to be,  
Just a dull aching spot  
That gnaws endlessly  
Inside you

No sacred lines crossed,  
No taking of toll,  
No innocence lost,  
No selling of soul,  
Just the sheer daunting cost  
Of a vast empty hole  
Inside you.

## **EVENING FALLS**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Evening falls,  
She's never more alone than when  
The gloomy evening falls,  
Evening calls  
To cast deceptive shadows on  
Those same four lonely walls:  
She pauses awhile,  
And catches his smile  
Across the darkened room,  
Then reaches through air,  
To touch at his hair,  
Stroking it through the gloom,  
To feel him, like before,  
As evening falls once more.

Together, they are strong,  
But spirits depart  
To tear them apart,  
And how their hearts will long.

Morning light,  
He's never missed her more than in  
The dazzled morning light,  
The morning bright  
Brings soft and spurious mirages,  
Remainders of the night:  
He stirs in his bed,  
While lifting his head  
To watch her yawn and rise,  
Then reaches through space,  
Caressing her face,  
To tease sleep from her eyes,  
And love her, like before,  
As morning falls once more.

## **WHO I THOUGHT YOU WERE**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Will I miss you when you're gone?  
Or will I just move on?  
Of all the things that went before,  
It isn't you I hanker for,  
But only who I thought you were -  
And all I'll ever miss is her.

Will your memory linger yet?  
Or will I just forget?  
The you it seems I most recall  
Was never really you at all,  
But someone else I thought you'd be -  
And she's my one true memory.

Will I love you by and by?  
Or is this just goodbye?  
The love I thought I carried through  
Was never really love for you,  
But love for who I hoped you'd be -  
And she's the only girl for me.

## **SO MANY DIFFERENT COLOURS**

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)



## **THE WAY THINGS ARE, TONIGHT**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So come, let's lay these demons,  
The you and I's that lurk unseen,  
Let's snuff their tireless darkness  
And light the spaces in between

It's not some futile yearning  
Or a wish to find the light;  
It's just the way things are, tonight.

And come, let's slay this harshness,  
And talk in tones of moments past  
When kindness had its reasons,  
And love and laughter held us fast:

It's not some precious sorrow,  
Or a need to put things right;  
It's just the way things are, tonight.

So come, let's seek the courage  
That held us spellbound once before,  
When lovers had a future,  
And learn that future just once more;

It's not some pointless longing  
To put this troubled past to flight;  
It's just the way things are, tonight.

## **ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER NIGHT**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

It's okay,  
It's over now,  
We lived another day,  
We survived somehow:  
We've chased away the phantoms  
That prowled this place,  
Banished them to the ether,  
Or the depths of outer space;  
And in this quiet minute  
Where the air hangs still,  
The instinct poised within it,  
Holds a subtle sense of thrill;  
A need to feel  
It's okay,  
To celebrate the passing  
Of another day.

It's alright,  
We're home and clear,  
We made it through the night,  
And now the morning's here;  
We've seen away the monsters  
That filled our dreams,  
Vanquished behind the curtains  
Through which the daylight streams;  
And in the stirring hour,  
Though the space between,  
There's quiet surge of power  
From an impulse yet unseen;  
A need to say  
It's alright,  
A need to mark the passing  
Of another night.

## **LET'S WALTZ**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Let's waltz this time away,  
Gliding across the floor,  
A tripping touch  
That says so much  
And whispers of so much more.

Let's waltz this hour away,  
Holding each other near,  
A clinch that feeds  
The where it leads  
And captures the outcome clear.

Let's waltz the night away,  
With rhythm that belies  
A step so light,  
And shouts "all night"  
From brilliant excited eyes.

Let's waltz our lives away,  
Gliding across the floor,  
A night ascends  
To where it ends,  
Waltzing for ever more.