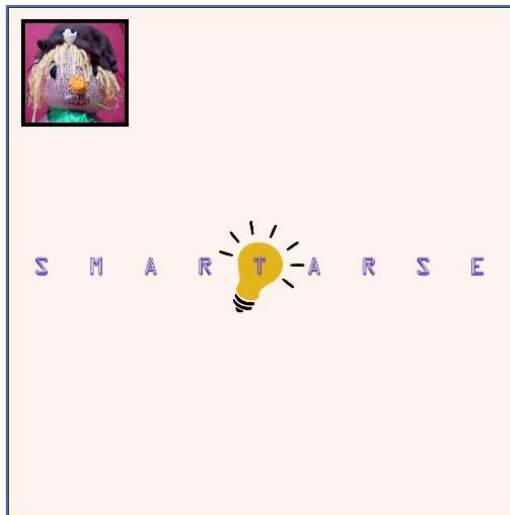


SMARTARSE

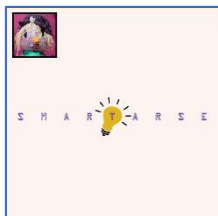


(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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SMARTARSE



(Words and music: Robin Hill unless stated)

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WORDS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I've been through every forest,
Carved our names on every tree,
In lavish fonts designed
To tell the world of you and me:
Yet these are only words,
And words have failed me now.

I've lobbied every pilot,
Persuaded each to fly,
So you could see my love lit large
In smoke trails in the sky:
Yet these were merely words,
And words have failed me now.

I've conquered every mountain,
Planted flags within the snow,
Yodelled out your praises
To everyone below:
Yet words are simply gestures,
Their purpose just for show,
And words have failed me now

I've garnished every love note,
With glitter spray and glue,
Sealed each flap with loving kisses.
Posted on to you:
Yet all it was, was words,
And words have failed me now.

FLOUNDERING

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A jaunty style, a carefree intuition,
A breezy smile, a pleasant disposition,
So versatile, a multipurpose show
That neatly hides the things I feel below.

And if you see me swimming on a pleasant gentle tide,
It's just to hide the floundering man inside.

This casual play of cheerful presentation,
The easy sway of upbeat conversation
Is just a way of lying through my teeth
About the things I badly feel beneath.

And if you see me waving, it's just a way to hide
The panic of the drowning man inside.

SOLO RIDER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Driven by a quiet resignation,
Of one, perhaps, who knows he did the crime,
He stops to view, with careful contemplation,
The foothills of the slopes that he must climb:

There he goes, the hardened solo rider,
Baking in the full remorseless sun:
The penance for his monumental folly
Has clearly now begun.

Happiness was just an empty notion,
A muse, perhaps, of one beset by curse,
Who pauses now to view, without emotion,
The boulders on the ridge he must traverse:

There he goes, the seasoned solo rider,
Bedraggled in the crooked slanting rain:
Immersed, for all his many heartless errors,
Within his sodden pain.

Love was just the other side of never,
The scourge, perhaps, of one who's doomed to fail,
And destined now to contemplate forever
The snowlines of the summits he must scale:

There he goes, the grizzled solo rider,
Exposed against the penetrating chill:
Locked within the frigid aspirations
Of what he can't fulfil.

LIKE THUNDER AWAY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So you were the king,
And he a mere jester,
But he made her laugh
Before he undressed her,
And stole her like thunder away

So you were the peacock,
And he but a rooster,
Yet he showed the plumage
With which he seduced her,
And stole her like thunder away

So was it the prowess you thought you displayed
That led to these conquests you never quite made?

Or was it these conquests that lurked in your mind
That led to the love you could never quite find?

So you were the master,
And he just a rookie,
But he had the finesse,
So he got the nookie,
And stole her like thunder away

THE WORST OF TIMES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A bunch of well-worn phrases,
Not one of them quite rhymes:
The best intentions, the worst of times.

A heap of lame expressions,
And none of them quite stays:
The brightest aims, the darkest days.

Even the good times seemed bad,
A ceaseless search
For crafted skills
I never had.

Even the great days were poor,
A hopeless quest
To find the powers
I hankered for.

A pile of clumsy verses,
And none of them quite scans:
The smartest dreams, the daftest plans.

THE MONKEY ON YOUR BACK

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

It's time to shed that weight around your neck,
The ballast that will slowly pull you down;
For when your gravelled ship descends to utter wreck,
That'll be the weight around your neck.

It's time to ease those ties around your wrists,
The binds that hold you firmly to the wall;
For when your helpless arms can't reach what else persists,
That'll be the ties around your wrists.

It's time to drop that blindfold from your eyes,
The hood that masks the vista there beyond;
For when your hazy hopes are lost in clouded skies,
That'll be the blindfold on your eyes.

It's time to lose that monkey on your back,
The gibbering foe that leaves you unfulfilled;
For when your only dreams are shaped in purest black
That'll be the monkey on your back.

SEVERAL MILLION MILES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A moment of unguarded relaxation,
A sudden pang of what we dare to feel,
A grasp for something buried deep within us,
Made short by what we dare to know is real ...

For though we sit here, just across a table,
Held together, briefly, by our smiles,
The distance of the space that lies between us
Might just as well be several million miles;

The popping of a cork, a chatty waiter,
Enough to break these thoughts of you and me,
One moment in a world of imperfection
Shot down by what we know can never be ...

For though we laugh aloud, and raise our glasses,
That carefree distance, face to radiant face,
When held against the distance still between us,
Might just as well be moon, and stars, and space;

A standing up, a slipping on of jackets,
An unasked 'why?', a deafening 'because',
A goodnight hug, a phoning for a taxi,
A moment's grief for what just never was ...

A SHORT INTERMISSION

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

SMARTARSE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

It seems the joke's on me now
How quickly fortunes turn:
I stand here like a clown
Whose smile has turned to frown
Through never heeding
The inverse rate of measure
Between trying to be clever,
And succeeding.

If fancy words were virtues
Then I would be a saint,
But since they're not then, bless my soul, I ain't.

If sparkling wit were diamonds,
Then I'd be worth a mint,
But since they're fake and worthless, I'm skint.

The lesson's there to see now,
It seems I never learn:
I stand here like a fool
Who broke some golden rule
About confusing
The smart way to be smart,
The way that wins a heart,
With simply losing.

SPLATTERED

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I dreamed of flying through the air,
Gliding on the currents in my head,
The rousing wind was dancing through my hair,
My eager course set full ahead;
My wings spread proud and mighty as I soared
In giddy paths I thought would just astound:
I dreamed of surging nose up to the sky -
Then woke up facing downwards, splattered on the ground.

The cruelty of a daydream,
The folly of a wish for what could be,
Against a sad admission
That certain hopes are out of reach for me;

The promises that waver,
The longings of a heart so bluntly stilled
By feeble recognition,
That some desires must live on, unfulfilled.

I dreamed of cutting through the sea,
Striking for the land I thought I saw,
The trailing wind was blowing full and free,
The blue horizons clear before;
My sails were tall and billowed as I sought
A plunder I believed was in my reach,
I dreamed of slipping graceful through the waves -
Then woke up dumped and graceless, battered on the beach.

ONE STEP AWAY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

One step away from So close,
Three feet away from nearly,
One but away from There but,
A clear sight away from clearly

One leap away from almost,
A loud gasp away from Oh no
A clean break away from Bad Luck
A full grade away from so-so

Down the field and unplaced
Is how it has to be,
Second best a dream to likes of me

There or thereabouts remains
Just pie within the sky,
Way beyond the grasp of such as I

A big hand away from well done,
So many miles away from not quite,
A huge gulf away from barely,
A fat chance away from just might.

I BLEW IT TONIGHT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I opted for wit,
But I had to admit
There were times, to my utter despair,
When the outcome was only half there,
And half right:
And between what I wanted to say,
And the things only half-wits convey,
I think I blew it tonight.

I aimed to impress
And I had to confess,
There were times when my consummate style
Made it all seem so nearly worthwhile,
But not quite:
And between what the consummate do
And the things that the plonkers pursue,
I guess I blew it tonight.

What's so clever about being clever?
It just doesn't cut it at all,
The wit and the erudite charm
Come over as just so much smarm;

No adulation in sophistication,
It just seems to lead to a fall,
The moment I ramp up the class,
I always fall flat on my arse.

I'd hoped to amuse
But could only confuse
The amusement with what it was for,
And nothing made sense anymore,
Wrong or right.
Compounding the lies I believed
With lies about what they achieved
It seems I blew it tonight.

HOW, THEN, SHALL I LOVE THEE?

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

How, then, shall I love thee?
By counting up the ways?
With depth and breadth and height,
Or some such noble phrase
Which brings, within a heroine's preserve,
The immortality that you deserve?

How, then, shall I love thee?
Compared to Summer days?
Too hot the eye of heaven,
Or some such lofty praise
That scales the heights of poetry and song,
And leaves you at the top where you belong?

So how, then, shall I love you?
In overdone clichés?
Where meaning flatters briefly,
But all too soon decays?
Or tone this bad boy down, as if to stress
The ordinary woman that I love nonetheless?

A MOMENT OF CLARITY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A moment of clarity,
A focus of light,
A sharpness of vision,
Rich, clear and bright,

A wash of assuagement,
A surge of relief,
A swell of reassurance,
And belief,

A clarity of thought inside your head,
That maybe you are better than they said.

A flash of lucidity,
A lifting of haze,
A clear aspiration
Of full sunlit days,

An instant of certainty,
An easing of doubt,
A gasp of recognition
Breaking out,

Lucidity of purpose ringing through,
And maybe you are smarter than you knew.

WHEN IT'S YOU

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

It's easy, when it's you,
To craft a line or two,
A seamless inspiration
Flowing through;
In natural stylish phrases
That summon up your praises:
So simple, so easy,
When it's you.

It's natural, when it's you,
To keep the meaning true,
A trusted presentation
Of point of view;
Faithfully revealing
The many things I'm feeling:
So easy, so natural
When it's you.

So simple, when it's you,
To carry it right through,
A full appreciation
Of what you do;
With words that still inspire me
And meanings that still fire me:
So natural, so simple
When it's you.