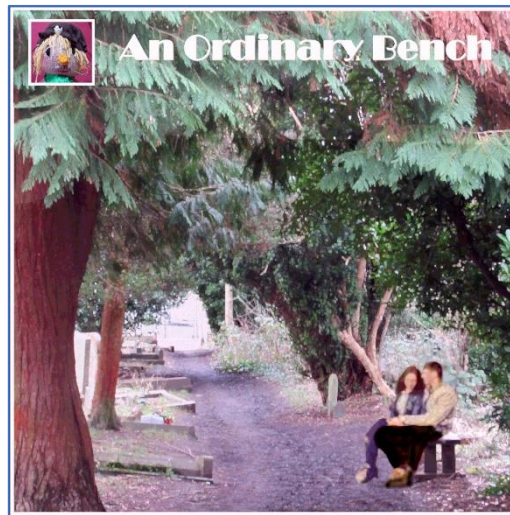


AN ORDINARY BENCH

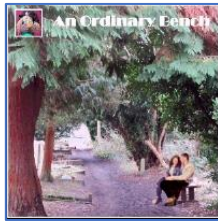


(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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AN ORDINARY BENCH



(Words and music: Robin Hill unless stated)

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NIGHT IS DRAWING NEAR

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Silent clouds of black and grey
That catch the wind and drift away
To steal the light from Summer's day:
Night is drawing near

Tales that hang within the air
Of memories still present there,
Elusive and unclear:
Night is drawing near

Black and grey within the sky,
That hold the ever-wistful eye:
With time to notice time slip by:
Night is drawing near

===

Leaves that lie in red and gold
To wilt within the Autumn cold,
While Summer loves are turning old,
And winter's drawing near

Tales that linger on the breeze,
Like memories, that softly tease
Of loves no longer here,
Or winters drawing near

A LIFETIME IS A LONG TIME

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Weary is your body,
Restless is your mind,
You've come so many miles in search
Of one you hoped to find;
And though you've reached acceptance
Of where your path went wrong,
A lifetime is a long time
To learn where you belong.

Uncertain is your compass,
Indistinct your star,
You've come a long, long way in search
Of one you really are;
And though you've reached a truce now
With what the heart forgets,
A lifetime is a long time
To live with your regrets.

Dampened is your footstep,
Flattened is your spur,
You've travelled now so far to be
The one you always were;
And though you're acquiescent
Of errors from the past,
A lifetime is a long time
To come to terms at last.

UNDRESSING

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

At the ending of an evening which has seen so many moments,
There's a moment of perfection, and a reaching out of hands,
A setting down of glasses, and a rising now before him,
Undressing, right there where she stands.

At the ending of an evening which has seen so many longings,
There's a longing of desire that's forged across her silent face,
With words that need no speaking, or no gesture to the hallway,
Undressing, right here in this place.

No need to whisper softly with some question of tomorrow,
No need to speak in tones of evermore,
No need for reassurance of where this might be leading,
Just garments falling, silent, to the floor.

At the ending of an evening which has seen so many promises,
There's a promise here that lingers in the softness of a kiss,
A promise in his eye that fills the gaps within her breathing,
Undressing, undressing now like this.

SPOILERS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So, run this thing through me one more time,
And this time try to spot
The countless holes and pitfalls in your
Less than perfect plot;

And I'm not one for telling tales,
But let's hope you will see
Spoilers of the way that this might be.

So, take me through this thing once again,
And try to pinpoint where
Your neatly formed contingencies
Descend to wing and prayer;

And I'm no fan of wrecking fun,
But let's hope you will heed
Spoilers of the way that this could lead.

So, run this one through me just once more,
And maybe I can show
Where nuanced shades of well laid plans
Lock horns with gung and ho;

And far from me to blab and tell,
But I'll mention, as a friend,
Spoilers of the way that this will end.

SOME SORT OF LOVE SONG, PROBABLY

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

LITTLE DREAMS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The sadness of a heartfelt wish,
Where hope has all run through;
Softened by the compromise
Where gentler dreams come true:

Funny how things turn out sometimes,
Not the way we planned:
Long live the little dreams,
Goodbye the grand.

The sorrow of a love now lost,
A once bright flame now dead;
Tempered by a kinder spark
Of friendship found instead:

Funny how the small flowers grow
Where tall trees used to stand:
Long live the little dreams,
Farewell the grand.

The boulders of a toppled tower,
In ruins on the ground,
Or in their place the sturdier frame,
Of shelter, strong and sound:

Funny how the grandest of schemes,
Are seldom for the best:
Long live the simple dreams,
Riddance the rest.

THE RIVER FLOWS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The days have brought a kindness,
The skies are soft and blue,
A blossom lines the hedgerows,
To usher me and you;
Just starting out together,
The early love that glows:
And hands that hold on tight,
So tight, as all the while
The river flows;

Thirty years have passed now,
Yet still the sky stays blue,
Small birds still line the hedgerows
To sing for me and you;
And still the days feel warmer,
As love still gently grows,
And hands still hold, despite,
Despite that all the while
The river flows;

Another thirty years now,
The skies have turned to grey:
And snow now lines the hedgerows
For love that's passed away;
The days without you colder,
An emptiness that knows
A longing for the light,
That spark of light from which
The river flows.

MEN IN BEIGE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

It's been a long life,
You've done a few things,
But everything falls to decay:
With slippers and pipes,
The men in beige coats
Are coming along
To take you away.

You've had a good time,
You've raised a few eyes,
But time leads you back from astray:
With cocoa and mugs,
The men in beige suits
Are coming for you
To take you away.

You lost that war with nature,
It finally ground you down,
And there to press their triumph,
The men in beige have hit the town.

Your once fantastic pencil
Has all but lost its lead,
And where you once stood proudly,
The men in beige will loaf instead.

You've had a good knock,
Turned up a few books,
But some things you cannot delay
With cardigans drawn,
The men with beige nets
Are coming to catch you
And take you away.

THE TIME TONIGHT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The time tonight is brave and bold,
Where arms that reach meet arms that firmly hold;

Breath that catches breath,
And eyes that stay with eyes,
'Til time tonight is done, and time to rise.

The time tonight is full and kind,
Where passion seeks the passion it will find;

Hands that dance with hands,
Caress with soft caress,
'Til time tonight is spent, and time to dress.

The time tonight is long and sweet,
Where bodies press, and bodies close to meet;

Arms entwined with arms,
Until the morning sun
Calls time tonight, and time tonight is done.

AN ORDINARY BENCH

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Just inside the park, within a clearing in the trees,
Sheltered from the balmy springtime breeze,
An ordinary bench,
Weathered through the passage of the years.
The man who pauses briefly on his way,
Not old as such, but older than he was,
Made curious, for a moment, by 'if only' and 'because',
Or how the varnished wood has faded grey,
Won't stop to dwell on memories here, of laughter, or of tears:

It's empty now,
The soaring hearts that lived here once have long since flown away.

= = =

The boy and girl who sat here once before,
Not young as such, but younger both than now,
With not a thought of 'one day' or 'somehow',
Have lived their day of passion, their story told no more.

= = =

Just inside the park, beneath the summer skies,
Discreetly set apart from prying eyes,
An ordinary bench,
And two young souls, intent on firm embrace.
The man who hastens past them on his way,
Not wise as such, but wiser than his dreams,
And far too wise for thoughts of 'how this is' or 'what it seems',
Or whether older names stay carved today,
Won't stop to grieve the spirit that has lifted from this place:

It's empty now,
These other hearts have taken root and stolen it away.

TOGETHER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Wrap your arms around me,
And I will hold you tight,
Our simple human longings
Connected by the night,
And driven by the promise
That things will be alright,
That we will make it through
Together

From just beyond the future,
To just before the past,
From every dark filled outline
Of the shadows that we cast,
A timeless revelation
That what we have can last:
There's nothing we can't do
Together

The me that is despite you
Seems less than full beside
The me that finds these reasons
To lie here by your side,
With every reason leading
To courage magnified:
The strength of me and you
Together

So put your arms around me,
And I will squeeze you tight,
We'll keep these human longings
Connected here tonight,
In certain celebration,
Of all we can put right,
All we're equal to
Together

FUTURES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You mustn't grieve for this, the past is over,
And futures stay in all the paths you tread:

A road that stretches out, no longer winding,
A sign that never turns to point astray,
And demons at the crossroads no more lurking
To snatch your plans away.

You mustn't try to cling to what's behind you,
When memories still live on in what's ahead:

A warmer sun no longer casting shadows,
A moon that bathes the night in silver grey,
And thieves behind the bush no longer hiding
To steal your hopes away.

You mustn't be contrite about your failures,
Be brave for what you tried to do instead:

A softer rain that soothes but no more drenches,
A kinder breeze that sees you through the day,
And chasms in the road no longer yawning
To wash your dreams away.

BUSHEL

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Alone,
I've seen you crying alone,
Your dreams stripped bare;
Your own,
To leave you here on your own,
In quiet despair:
Let's dry those sorry tears,
And make things right:
For there,
Over there's a bushel,
Let's see your light.

I know,
I can't explain, but I know
The hurt and pain,
Or show,
Just what it takes now to show
Your smile again:
And though there's nothing here
That I can teach,
Just look,
Over there's a moonbeam,
Let's stretch and reach.

Let's go,
Let's stand up brave, and let's go,
The time is right,
And blow,
Let's breathe in deeply, and blow
With new found might:
I know you're struggling
To find your way:
But hey,
Over here's your trumpet,
Let's hear you play.

SOMEWHERE DOWN THE ROAD

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So now it seems two lofty hearts
With so much to convey
Have recognised their time has come to this,
A careworn act of listless parts
With nothing more to say,
Beyond a sweet but unfilled parting kiss;

And long before this vacant space
Lets tell that you've moved on,
You'll be somewhere down the road;
Yet even if your winding ways
Lead on to somewhere new,
I'll be thinking of you.

Familiar sounds of silent phones
Or doorbells never rung
Reverberate, like echoes in the air
Of simple words just not quite said,
The hope on which they're hung,
And fondest dreams too often not quite there;

And long before this empty place
Shouts witness that you're gone,
You'll be somewhere down the road;
Yet even if your compass
Points you on to someone new,
I'll be thinking of you.