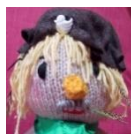


# THE OWL AND THE DEEP BLUE PUSSYCAT



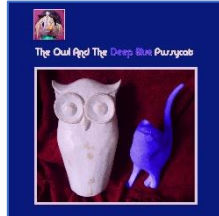
(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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# THE OWL AND THE DEEP BLUE PUSSYCAT



(Words and music: Robin Hill unless stated)

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## **ENOUGH**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Enough of something else, or can't be real,  
Enough of angry scowls, or hissy pride,  
Let's slip away the covers, to reveal  
What lies inside.

Enough of petty rants at how things go,  
Enough of chucking spanners in the works,  
Let's peel away the paint to find below  
Whatever lurks.

Enough of disappointments  
Which permeate our lives:  
The love survives.

Enough of accusations  
Which leave us both in chains:  
Our love remains.

Enough of give me strength, or gritted teeth,  
Enough of rolling eyes, and tearing hair,  
Let's lift away the stones and look beneath  
For what's still there.

## **OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

If you were to ask her  
Why it was she simply couldn't stay,  
Some restlessness inside,  
And she longs to be  
Over the hills and far away.

If you were to ask her  
Why she shuns the things you hold so dear,  
A sense that something's died,  
And she longs to be  
Over the hills and far from here.

If you were to ask her  
Why she baulks at everything you do,  
God knows how she's tried,  
But she longs to be  
Over the hills and far from you.

## **WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT? Part 1**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Who'd have thought  
As time went by  
That love would go this way,  
The once bright shades that lit the sky  
Dissolving into grey,  
The cooler breeze  
Around our face  
Runs stronger than before,  
To leave us ragged, out of place,  
Together, yes, but perfect souls no more.

## **THE THINGS WE NEVER QUITE SAY**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So, broken by the silence  
Of the things we never quite say,  
The angry sound of thunder  
Rumbles at first, but then peters away,  
While what still stirs behind it  
Deafens us more in every way.

And, lurking in the shadows  
Of the things we never quite say,  
The pallid apparitions  
Drift in and out of perpetual display,  
To taunt us through the staining  
Of colourful hues into patterns of grey.

And there, within the meanings  
Of the things we never quite say,  
The cruel insinuations,  
Much sharper in format, to stab and betray,  
Their writhing cuts much deeper  
Than anything said could ever convey.



## **HE IS THERE**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A closing door, a whisper from below,  
The creaking of a footstep on a stair,  
A stifled cough, enough to let us know,  
To let us know for sure that he is there.

A muted scowl, a single half-caught word,  
An edge of tension cutting through the air,  
Then dampened voices, too soft to be heard,  
But loud enough to tell us he is there.

The voices fade, to nothing much at all,  
Except a lingered sense of quiet despair,  
And gentle sobs, that echo through a wall,  
Just loud enough to tell us he's been there.

## **YOUR SCOWLING MASK**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

When you smile at me through your scowling mask,  
Where once I thought I knew,  
I'm not sure now  
Quite which of those is really you.....

Changing shapes of faces,  
Puzzles in the mind,  
Each one formed from traces  
Of those it left behind;

An 'is it now?' or 'was it?',  
A trail of subtle clues  
That forms a rich composite  
Of many different you;

A complex convolution  
Of yous you flit between,  
Resolve to one solution  
Of all you've ever been;

When you scowl at me through your smiling mask,  
Where once I never knew,  
I'm certain now  
There's nothing much between the two....

## **PARADISE MISLAID**

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

## **IN THE SHADOWS OF EACH OTHER**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

In the shadows of each other,  
Where two formless people hide,  
Lurks the swirling shape of something  
They used to feel inside,  
There's little more to do now  
That might just bring to one  
The fractures of the many things  
They've each already done,  
Except the vaguest impulse  
Of a distant memory,  
A teasing self reminder  
Of how love used to be;

In the echoes of each other,  
Where two hollow voices stray,  
Are the remnants of the breeze  
On which I love you's drift away,  
There's little more to add now  
That might just do instead  
To rectify the far too much  
They've each already said,  
Except perhaps a whisper  
Of a voice that lingers yet,  
A softened re-expression  
Of love they can't forget;

In the shelters of each other,  
Or the oceans in between,  
Hangs a gentle swell of something  
They both just might have been.

## **DÉJÀ VU, AGAIN**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So many times it seems that we've  
Been through all this before:  
Yet here we go again,  
It's déjà vu once more

So often that we've pondered this,  
Then proffered nothing new,  
The same old tired themes,  
It's déjà déjà vu

Circles in the darkness,  
Stones already turned,  
Forgotten in the starkness  
Of what we should have learned

The tragic would-be heroes  
We've each already been,  
Reduced instead to zeroes  
By twists we should have seen

So many times we've run this through,  
It's printed on my brain:  
Yet here we go once more,  
It's déjà vu, again.

## TORCHES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

What little breeze has come to rest across these fields,  
The air descends to silence at the close of day,  
And if she listens long enough, she just might hear  
The rhythm of their chanting,  
In echoes far away;

Sunlight sinks to nothing now behind a hill,  
Shadow fills the land it used to occupy,  
And if she peers for long enough, she might just see  
The flicker from their torches,  
Reflected in the sky;

It wasn't always like this, once he used to care:  
Love and kindness lit across his face,  
And never in her musings could she point to where  
This vitriol and hatred came to take their place;

She paces the veranda, pleased to be alone,  
Savouring the respite of these moments there,  
And if she waits for long enough, she might just find  
The lifting of her sadness,  
In smoke upon the air.

## **THE TURNING OF THE TIDE**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I always had an inkling we would get there,  
The hint of resolution where the obstacles once stood:

Is it me, or can I feel  
A subtle change from deep inside?  
Is it me, or is this real,  
The turning of the tide?

I always had suspicions this would happen,  
A genuine contentment in the buzz of making good:

Is it you, or has, somehow,  
The well of anger cracked and dried?  
Is it you, or is this now  
The turning of the tide?

I always had a feeling we could do this,  
The ways we couldn't hack it giving way to those we could:

Is it us, we've bridged the past,  
And made it to the other side?  
Is it us, and can it last,  
The turning of the tide?

## **WHAT WE KNOW IS REAL**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Let's take some time, my love,  
To sit and talk together,  
We'll reassess these failings  
And try to put them right;  
Let's put away the daggers  
We wield in words of anger,  
And trade those fake frustrations  
For what we really feel.

Let's take the time, my love,  
To sit and talk with calmness,  
We'll dampen down these tensions  
That smoulder and ignite;  
Let's smooth the roughened edges  
That wound in words of harshness,  
And trade them for the kindness  
That softer tones reveal.

Let's take a while, my love,  
To sit and talk with candour,  
We'll reappraise these nightmares  
And send them off to flight;  
Let's cast aside the phantoms  
That lurk in words of doubting  
And trade their hollow meanings  
For what we know is real.



## **WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT? Part 2**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So, who'd have thought  
As time moved on  
That love would start anew,  
The greyness of the sky now gone,  
Resolving back to blue,  
The warmer sun  
That bathes our face  
Now easing guilt and blame,  
To leave us dancing through this space,  
Imperfect, yes, but lovers all the same.

## **THE OWL AND THE DEEP BLUE PUSSYCAT**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So, silently now,  
In what remains of the gloom,  
Comes a deepening shadow  
Which spreads through the room,  
There's a reach of bizarre  
And a touch of unreal,  
Then the cold grip of something surreal,

Where the owl and the deep blue pussycat  
With eyes that follow every move,  
Accuse you of almost anything  
They might just prove.

So, breathlessly now,  
From that hook on the wall,  
Comes the murmur of something  
You can't hear at all,  
There's a mouthing of menace,  
A hint of absurd,  
And a warning that lingers, unheard,

Where the owl and the deep blue pussycat  
With eyes that search and seek as one  
Pronounce you guilty of everything  
You've ever done;

And the owl and the deep blue pussycat  
With eyes that pierce your soul and stare,  
Pass sentence on almost everything  
They'll find in there.

## **OUT OF YOUR NIGHTMARES**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

When we call the ceasefire,  
That brings an end at last  
To ambushade and sniper fire,  
And outright open wars;  
Let's plead for mitigation  
Of what defined the past:  
If I put you out of my nightmares,  
You can put me out of yours.

When we sign the treaty,  
That finally puts to bed  
The tangled web of treachery  
By which our lives entwine;  
Let's start negotiations  
For kinder ways instead:  
If you put me out of your misery  
Then I'll put you out of mine.

When we write our history,  
A complex masterpiece  
Of artful thoughts and shameless tricks  
That drove our many schemes,  
Let's add a simple footnote  
For the starting of the peace:  
You can take me out of your nightmares  
If you just vacate my dreams.

## **QUIET OF THE EVENING**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A gentle swell,  
A lapping tide,  
Enough to quell  
This storm inside,  
A subtle sway,  
A soothing drift,  
And tensions start to lift:

No passion tossed,  
No conflict stirred,  
No temper lost,  
Or anger heard,  
All soothed within the quiet of the evening.

A smoother blend  
Of softer light,  
Enough to send  
These qualms to flight,  
A breath of air,  
A lighter breeze,  
And rancour starts to ease;

No vent of spleen,  
No hiss of fire,  
No chastened scene,  
Or spit of ire;  
All calmed within the quiet of the evening.