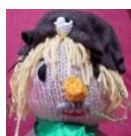


BEYOND THE HALF LIFE



(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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EVERY HEART STILL WARMING

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Stomping through the puddles, arm in arm,
Laughing through the showers like lovers do:
 Every spring flower growing,
 Every young heart glowing,
 Glowing in the rain with you.

Chasing through the long grass, flushed and red,
Lost within the games that lovers play:
 Every sunlight streaming,
 Every fond heart dreaming,
 Dreaming every sunlit day.

Strolling through the forest, hand in hand,
Tramping through the piles of fallen leaves:
 Every colour turning,
 Every heart still burning,
 Burning on the changing breeze.

Watching from the window, side by side,
Holding on to love the way we do,
 Every snowflake forming,
 Every heart still warming,
 Warming us the winter through.

THE MANY WAYS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The summer gown that dances light upon the breeze,
The voice that calls across the field with never caring ease,
The gentle laugh that lifts and floats across the evening air,
The many ways I think of you when you're not there.

The subtle way the firelight falls across your face,
The faithful way your shadow follows every soft embrace,
The teasing way you reach for me, and find the passion there,
The many ways I think of you when you're not there.

The fears and doubts I have, but never need explain,
The melting reassurance when you're with me once again,
The gentle way you take my hand and show me that you care,
The many ways I think of you when you're not there.

GET BETTER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Rest awhile,
Sleep, my love,
Take the time,
Get better;
The happy smile
Will keep my love,
Just take the time,
Get better;
There's nothing you can face today
That calls for courage anyway,
So, rest awhile,
And sleep, my love,
Get better.

Close your eyes
Rest, my love,
Take the time,
Get better;
Dreams comprise
The best, my love,
So take the time,
Get better;
There's nothing left for you to fear
That cannot wait 'til morning's here,
So, close your eyes
And rest, my love,
Get better.

WHAT WAS, AND WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Lovers now lost through the years:
Each comes and goes, like a drop in the rain,
Shimmers, and then disappears,
Changes to shape, and then formless again,
Like a lover now lost through the years.

Longings and hopes washed away:
Each weathered down, like a stone in the stream,
Slowly dissolving to clay,
Where nothing remains but the silt of a dream,
In the eddies of hopes washed away.

Yesterday fades into now,
The span of a lifetime reduced to today,
Eternal, yet fleeting somehow,
The twists of the fibre beginning to fray,
As everything fades to today.

What was, and what might have been,
Merge into one by some trick of the mind,
And dance through the spaces between,
A waltz, both apart, and yet fully entwined,
Of what was, and what could have been.

PASSION IN THE SUN

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

We had a go at passion in the sun,
With hearts that pound together, beings merged to one,
A fiery glow that held us there, within the long tall grass,
A searing heat, and sunburn on the arse;

We took a tilt at passion in the sky,
Soaring in our union, love a mile high,
A roaring wind, a towering view, exhilaration found,
A lack of lift, a bumping on the ground;

Love the way it once was,
Love as things are now,
The spirits will,
The bodies won't,
The passions do,
Logistics don't,
With more than fervent sweat upon the brow;
And no incline to fervent anyhow.

We had a bash at sex upon the beach,
With bodies closing tightly, frenzied arms that reach,
Soft warm sand, a wild desire, beneath a wild, wild moon,
A gushing tide that comes in way too soon.

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

In the glint of the sun,
Or the flash between dare not and done,
They will steal every spark of your soul

In the swoop of a bird,
Or the snatch between swift and unheard,
They will steal every crumb of your soul

Between the flash of a blade,
Or the instant where wishes are made,
And the blink of an eye,
Or the time it takes wishes to die,
They will steal every breath from your soul

At the drop of a hat
Between never, and done, and that's that,
They will steal every thread of your soul

AMELIA (When All Is Sad And Done)

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

AN URGENT UPGRADE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I need an urgent upgrade:
The guidance systems, finely tuned and primed,
Fire high and wide and handsome every time;

I need the latest install:
The version purring noiselessly below
Throws error codes that sum to overflow;

The bits that work, don't work too well,
And those that don't, just don't,
Those that couldn't go, don't go,
And those that could, still won't;
The sticky tape that held them down's
Not sticky anymore,
Reducing them to random piles
Of bits across the floor -
And I don't know what half of them are for.

I need an urgent upgrade:
The well-oiled cogs performance rests upon
Show state of art that creaks of long since gone.

CANDLE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I will light a candle
And place it by your bed,
A flame that burns both full and clear
And lights the way ahead;

Fleeting memories flicker round
A softly burning yellow flame,
A mix of bright and dwindled hopes,
Of sweet and sorrow both the same.

And is it strange to see a grown man crying,
When thoughts of rest at last seem so sublime?
Or maybe, it's not the dying,
But the coming to the end of your time.

I will sit beside you
And offer up a prayer,
Some simple words that reach to you
And touch the spirit there;

Aching meanings leave the tongue,
Then change their sense, and change again,
An ever-moving tale to tell
Of pain meets love, and love meets pain.

And is it daft to see a strong heart grieving,
When peace and free from pain now seem so near?
Or maybe, it's not the leaving,
But simply the no longer being here?

AN ALMOST EMPTY GLASS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A fleeting figure, there across a bar,
Distorted through the bottom of an almost empty glass,
The briefest hope, as if to say 'Ah, there you are',
Then my mistake, it's just some random lady playing darts.

A smile that ghosts across a table top,
A voice that lifts, and rises up, to float above the crowd,
The briefest laugh, at champagne corks that boldly pop,
Then emptiness, and silence that reverberates aloud.

Promises that falter from the start,
Conversations held aloud with lovers just not there,
The briefest dreams, that seem to reach and touch the heart,
Then fade again, a mirage on the all too empty air.

The barman rings his bell, and that's it, done;
Gentlemen like me, it seems, have finally had their time,
The briefest time, when beer and dreams could merge to one,
It's time to rise, and meet the night, and walk a straighter line.

THE SLOPES WHERE SHE SCATTERED HIS ASHES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Down by the stream where she first saw him fishing,
She watches the ripples, from lifetimes ago,
In patterns of sunlight, both strange and familiar,
That dance on the waters below.

There on the moor where she last saw him walking,
She stops at a cairn where it marks out a course
Of vaguely linked pathways, both strange and familiar,
That wind through the bracken and gorse.

Sunshine that rolls over hills,
Promises sometimes, but rarely fulfils;

Rainbows that form in the skies,
Dazzle, then vanish in front of our eyes;

Up on the slopes where she scattered his ashes,
She pauses to muse at the vistas down there,
A criss-cross of visions, both strange and familiar,
Confused, like the wind in her hair.

A THOUSAND DREAMS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Close your eyes and make a wish
Where heart can have free rein:
A golden sun, a stretch of field,
A winding summer lane;
A warming hand that reaches out,
And touches just once more,
Then softly squeezes, like it did before:

If I had a thousand wishes,
Every one in vain,
Still I'd wish to hold you here again.

Close your eyes and try to dream
Of what you most desire:
A snowy night, a Christmas tree,
A roaring winter's fire;
A catch of breath, a heady glow,
A presence drawing near,
A loved one now returned from far from here:

If I had a thousand dreams
And none of them came true,
Still I'd dream of one more day with you.

THE PARK BESIDE THE RIVER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The park beside the river seems deserted,
November frosts have driven all the hardier souls away,
The paths and spaces desolate and empty,
Empty, like the memories of a love that's had its day;

The corner where we listened to the poets,
Weathered clean of resonance of softly lilting rhyme,
Silent now, except for when the wind blows,
Silent, like the echoes of a love that's done its time;

I see you standing, waiting, near the ice cream van,
Then reaching out to greet me, with a radiance on your face,
Your sunshine eyes and flowing hair resplendent,
Visions of some different time and place;

Your laughter flits across a rain lashed tennis court,
Holding in the air, a carefree moment locked in play,
Yet muddied now, like ripples in the puddles,
Reminders of a love that washed away;

The long grass, where we lay and made the earth move,
Clear blue skies, and Summer days, and young love's burning force,
Lifeless now, and damp, where only leaves lie,
Fallen, like reminders of a love that ran its course.

HEY DAISY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

From the dark and shadowed vagueness,
Of the early morning light,
Comes the gradual recognition,
That the world is still alright;
And a breathing in the bedclothes,
As I lift my head to see,
Hey Daisy,
Have a sweet dream for me.

From the soft persistent nagging
Of a call I can't ignore,
Comes a swell of resignation
In those first steps to the door;
And a yawn beneath the duvet
As I trudge off for a pee,
Hey Daisy,
Keep the bed warm for me.

From the ruined devastation
Of your once so radiant face
Comes a tease of recollection
Of what happened in this place,
And an eye that sparkles briefly
As I rise to make the tea,
Hey Daisy,
Save some passion for me.