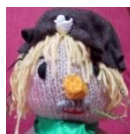


PERFECT STRANGERS



(Words and music: Robin Hill)



www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

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CONTENTS

Morning Light
The Far Side Of Your Dreams
Where This Leads
Any Old Sad Song
Whisper
The Folly And The Wisdom
A Perfect Stranger
Dee Bee
Same Time Next Week
In The Air
Lover For A Day?
The Passion Here Tonight
A Fortnight In Hell
Boo Hoo!
Spin Me Round

MORNING LIGHT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Morning light,
The sunshine wanders through the window bright,
To vanquish dreams and render vision clear,
And banish her from here.

Cup of tea,
A steaming kettle, and a mug like me,
To bring the fortitude to face the day,
That takes her clean away.

Thank you for these hours,
For human moments simply unsurpassed,
Untarnished by reminders that the time slips fast
Towards the morning light.

Getting dressed,
Reluctant veils that hide a vision blessed,
Leaving just the curtains that the light creeps through,
To steal her now from you.

THE FAR SIDE OF YOUR DREAMS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Like thermals that were never really there,
Or glides that stall to downspin in the air,
The slightest breeze that blows your grandest schemes
Will lead you to the far side of your dreams.

Like undercurrents lost within your mind,
Or slipstreams of the winds you fly behind,
The softest gust that sets your heart on fire
Will dump you on the dark side of desire.

Like noisy afters formed from quiet befores,
Or nows that shape regretful evermores,
The merest pang that makes the heart more fond
Will leave you in the back end of beyond.

WHERE THIS LEADS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Let's be aware where this leads now,
A trail of wants that lures us on to more,
Hopes that rise,
As doubt subsides,
Let's be aware where it leads.

Let's be sure where this goes now,
A hint of dreams that holds us through the night,
An urge that grows,
Desire that flows,
Let's be sure where it goes.

Let's be clear where this ends now,
A grip of love that takes us past the dawn,
Needs that swell,
As passions well,
Let's be clear where it ends.

ANY OLD SAD SONG

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Sitting there at his piano, late at night,
A stifled yawn gives way to need to get it right,
Fingers hover, tired, across a doubtful chord,
Pondering the next one they might move toward;

In his head the perfect way to knock her dead,
A rhapsody that says it all when he's not there,
Yet in this hour just so much weary trite instead,
Where all he's ever felt drifts, clichéd, in the air:

It's nothing more, the same old score
Of aching hearts that ache too long:
The how it goes, and love you sos,
Of any old sad song.

His usual mix of major themes in minor keys
That once danced on his fingertips with candid ease,
Gives way to yawn that shuns the need to get it right,
For aching hearts will ache on in the morning light:

Another way to still convey
That pang of yearning, deep and strong:
The soulful blues, and missing yous,
Of any old sad song.

WHISPER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

High clouds drift
Across the sky
In patterns of the things that just might be:
While in the breeze that blows them through,
The whisper is of me and you,
And whisper is, the whisper might be true.

Vast dunes shift
As time goes by,
In subtle hints of changes we might see:
While in the sand their shapes conceal,
A rumour threatens to reveal,
And rumour says the rumour might be real.

Fond hopes lift,
As others die,
Ephemeral, like our dreams of you and me:
While in that circle, life and death,
Whispers hold, and catch the breath,
And whispers hold that whispers hold their depth.

THE FOLLY AND THE WISDOM

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Flirting to please, or flirting to tease,
Excitement that mingles with wary unease,
The dark unspoken shadows
Where doubts and whispers dwell
Jostle with the brightness
Of love's unbroken spell:
The folly of a man who doesn't know where things are going,
The wisdom of a man who knows it all too well.

Teasing to flirt, or teasing to hurt,
Soft luring truths, or the lies they assert,
The nagging contradictions
Where wishes start to fray
Will merge to disappointments
In love's sad interplay:
The folly of a man who never noticed what was coming,
The wisdom of a man who saw it miles away.

Life is full of little snags and hitches,
And with it you must learn the golden rules -
Young girls always make the biggest bitches,
Old men make by far the biggest fools.

Falling in love, or falling down flat,
The intricate promise, the brutal 'that's that',
And in the swirling maelstrom
Of years that come and go,
A one-time hero starts to flounder
In life's relentless flow:
The folly of a man who never thought he might grow older,
The wisdom of a man who guessed it long ago.

A PERFECT STRANGER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

She never really knew where he came from,
Or what it was happened at all:
Yet nervous, like trembling arms that reach across the air,
She feels the hushed excitement of finding someone there;
Drawn on by a strange compelling need
To seize a moment, find where it will lead;
A perfect stranger in the hall,
Whose bright eyes whisper “Stay”.

She never really knew what he wanted,
It never seemed clear in her head:
Yet cautious, like timid hands that reach across the night,
She feels that aching longing to hold somebody tight;
Drawn on by a desperate need to feel,
To seek and touch, and cling to something real;
A perfect stranger in the bed,
Whose bright eyes show the way.

She never really knew where he went to,
Or what it was lingering on:
Yet grasping, like fingertips that reach through empty air,
She feels a heightened urgency to cling to what’s still there;
Drawn to hold the present, make it last,
Before it finally slips away to past:
A perfect stranger, all but gone,
Whose bright eyes fade away.

DEE BEE

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

SAME TIME NEXT WEEK

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So now, as night turns into day,
We'll watch the darkness slip away,
And with a warmth here next to mine,
I'll pretend that all is fine;

And, as the birdsong starts outside,
I'll try my very best to hide
The disappointment in my eyes
As you begin to rise;

And though I shed a silent tear
To watch your body disappear,
I know the time begins to press,
And I, too, now must dress;

I shouldn't ask, I simply know
Just why it is you have to go:
He'll ask you once more where you've been,
And cause another scene;

Yet through that grip of silent pain
At knowing you'll be gone again,
Lie things we somehow rise above:
Same time, next week, my love.

IN THE AIR

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A trace, a form, a contour in the darkness,
The vaguest shape, an eagerness laid bare,
Then wishes fade so quickly into nothing,
Nothing more than shadows in the air.

A sigh, a call, a whisper in the vacuum,
The faintest sound attentive ears can bear,
Then words of hope reverberate to nothing,
Nothing more than silence in the air.

The feeling that this could have been
Just so much more beside,
The act of searching, finding nothing there,
The sense of disappointment at promises denied,
Then standing empty handed while the dream begins to slide
To nothing more than wishes in the air.

A grope, a grasp, a fumble through the darkness,
A lightest touch of chances never there
Then substance simply crumbles into nothing,
Nothing more than powder in the air.

LOVER FOR A DAY?

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Questions that stay in the back of the head
Of how, what, or whether we should:
Lover for a day, or best friend for good?

Quandaries that play in the depths of the mind
Of what would work out for the best:
Lover for one day, or friend for the rest?

Sadness is a goodnight kiss
That leaves a passion cruelly stilled,
For some hopes rise to seize the day,
And some are best left unfulfilled.

Decisions that weigh on the edge of the brain,
Between warm hopes, and teetering fears:
Your lover through the night, or your friend through the years?

THE PASSION HERE TONIGHT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A perfect evening slips away, imperfect once again,
It's almost time to leave and say goodbye:
Plans that stir within the hearts of such as you and I,
Are thwarted by the same old human pain;

So darling, let's take hold of the time,
And this time, let's try to do it right,
Realise at last
The passion here tonight.

The sorrow in your eyes reflects the sadness in my own,
And each, in turn, an emptiness inside:
We're never more alone than when we're lying side by side,
And never more together when alone.

So darling, let's take hold of our lives,
And this time, let's try to make it real,
Recognise at last
The longings that we feel.

A FORTNIGHT IN HELL

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I've packed up the suitcase, a dozen clean shirts,
Soap and a razor as well,
A bucket and spade,
Just enough for a fortnight in hell.

I've cancelled the papers, diverted the phone,
Watered the cactus as well,
Picked up the passport, locked up the door,
Then off for a fortnight in hell.

A beach, or a dip in the pool,
A breathtaking vista or view
Is never quite the same without you;

Two long weeks away from it all,
My hopes of relaxing are slim
When you're somewhere different, with him.

Now thirty-six snaps are all that I've got,
And most with my thumb in as well,
Plus an uneven tan,
Mementos of a fortnight in hell.

BOO HOO!

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The disappointment felt inside,
When expectations wane,
The briefest hopes that then subside
To emptiness again;
Through all the anguished churnings
Of longings that fell through,
It seems she'll never love you -
Boo hoo!

Then caught within the quiet despair
Of all you thought was gone,
A flickered smile, a hint of care,
And something lingers on;
While in the idle hoping
That wishes might come true,
It seems she just might love you -
Who knew?

And even in that saddest hour
Where dreams begin to fail,
The merest shoot, the finest flower,
The strangest fairy tale;
Through all the joyful poundings
Of hearts that beat anew,
It's clear she's always loved you -
Woo hoo!

SPIN ME ROUND

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A whirling, swirling tale of dance and song,
A thriving, driving rhythm
That lasts for all night long:
Spin me round, then round again,
We'll strike a catchy beat,
Down the hallway, out the door,
Then all along the street,
Around the corner,
Heading down
Towards the ring road
Out of town,
Spin me round, then spin me round again.

A dizzy, busy whirl of you and me,
Two doleful souls that dance together,
Spirits full and free:
Spin me round, then round again,
Let's spin and never stop,
Through the crossroads, up the hill,
Then onwards to the top,
Astride the ridge,
Across the lea,
Then down the valley
To the sea,
Spin me round, then spin me round again.

A jingling, tingling sparkle in the soul,
Two hearts apart that fuse and start
Within a single whole:
Spin me round, then round again,
Let's keep that catchy tune,
Into orbit, round the earth,
Then onwards to the moon,
Let's keep on dancing out to Mars
Then ever onward to the stars,
Spin me round, then spin me round again.

