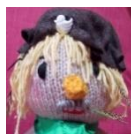


# DO NOT PRESS THIS BUTTON



(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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## **SOMEBODY SAID**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Somebody said that they saw you  
Heading out of town, taking a drive,  
Your face lit with sunshine,  
Alert and alive.

Somebody told me they saw you  
In the Fox and Hounds, sharing a drink,  
Your cheeks flushed with pleasure,  
Glowing and pink.

Do you remember the future,  
The things we were destined to do,  
The wishes bound to come true?

Can you recall never-ending,  
The dreams that would run on and on? -  
And now, where have they gone?

Somebody said that they saw you  
In the candlelight, dinner for two,  
Your soft eyes inviting the moment,  
The way that they do.

## **THE WAVES THAT BREAK THE SEA**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Still never less than charming,  
You glide between the waves that break the sea,  
Your gracefulness still calming  
To one who lurks in whirlpools, such as me,  
Yet ever more disarming  
Within this grip of cold reality,  
Of hopes that rise, then bob awhile,  
Then sink, and cease to be.

Still ever more compelling  
You shine between the rays that light the sun,  
Your whispered radiance telling  
Of secret pleasures not yet quite begun,  
Yet never more dispelling  
Of simple truths still not completely won,  
Of hopes that spark to flickered life,  
Then fade, and then are done.

Still ever more beguiling,  
You float between the clouds that ride the air,  
Your gentle eyes still smiling  
An intimate reveal of futures fair,  
Yet never more reviling  
Of shifting skies that blow illusions bare,  
Of hopes that spawn, then drift on high,  
And then no longer there.

## **GOODBYES AND HELLOS Part 1**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So once more, it seems,  
There's a hole our dreams,  
And a spirit that withers away,  
No sooner begun,  
Than we're over and done,  
And fortitude's starting to fray:

Goodbye, and hello,  
Hello, and goodbye,  
That long and repetitive flow,  
A churning supply  
Of hope in the sky,  
And a goodbye for every hello....

## **THE MORNING AFTER A BAD DREAM**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

When you wake up the morning after a bad dream,  
It wouldn't help to know the dream was true,  
Especially if the dream was losing you.

When you shower the morning following a nightmare,  
You wouldn't want the nightmare lingering on,  
Especially if the nightmare is you've gone.

Washing, taking a shave,  
Dressing, combing the hair,  
Bad dreams remain, they're always there.

Coffee, making the toast,  
More coffee, starting the car,  
Constantly with you, as bad dreams are.

When you get home the evening after a bad dream,  
You wouldn't want the dream to haunt you still,  
But since it's you, it surely will.



## **OUR TIME**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Our time is like a rainbow in the sky,  
A vibrant mix of colours,  
The tones of you and I;  
A rich entwine of subtle hues,  
That light the sun and rain  
Then fade away to dullest grey again;

I often wonder where they went,  
This passion full and free,  
This passion all but spent.

Our time is like a rampant comedy,  
A farce of changing fortunes  
That only we can't see;  
Excuses for excuses made,  
Unending alibis,  
That help us fail to notice the demise;

I often wonder where they hide,  
This fullness of the heart,  
This emptiness inside.

## TENDER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Like dreams that melt to nothing in the sky,  
Or longings that the heart just can't forget,  
The night lies tender yet:  
Tender, like the many things I clean forgot to say;

Like hopes that fall from reach, then fade and die,  
Or feelings that the heart just can't let go,  
The aching need will grow,  
Tender, like the feelings that I struggled to convey;

Tender, like the night that leads us on,  
Tender, like the passions that we build our hopes upon,  
Tender, like the promises that blink, and then are gone;

Like secrets only fools would just deny,  
Or yearnings that the heart just can't fulfil,  
The night lies tender still:  
Tender, like the moments that too often slipped away.

## **DAMSEL IN EVEN LESS DISTRESS**

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

## **FALLING OUT**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A puff of smoke illusion,  
A dream that bursts and falls out of the sky;  
To obvious conclusion  
That even such as us could not deny:

I'm falling out of you,  
You're falling out of me,  
And falling out's the best of things to be.

An air of disillusion,  
A sadness at what wasn't meant to be;  
Yet bittersweet confusion  
That nothing good could come of you and me:

You're falling out of me,  
I'm falling out of you,  
And falling out's the best thing we can do.

I'm falling out of you,  
You're falling out of me,  
Together we are falling out of we -  
And fallen out's the best that we can be.

## **DO NOT PRESS THIS BUTTON**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Me and my big mouth,  
Me and my dumb brain,  
We've only gone and done it  
Again;

The curse of human folly,  
The head that hangs in shame,  
The mind that knows it shouldn't,  
Then does it all the same;

Do not press this button,  
Do not ring this bell,  
Do not hurt the very one  
You claim to love so well;

Do not say this sentence,  
Do not hum this tune,  
Do not light this pile of straw,  
Or prick at this balloon;

Me and my daft blunders,  
Me and my thick head,  
To plan the best, then do the worst  
Instead.

## **TABLE SEVEN**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The place seems somewhat emptier tonight,  
As down on table seven, where two lovers used to meet,  
A man who seems familiar  
Idly fiddles with a place mat,  
And gazes past a window to an almost empty street.

The place seems rather quieter than before,  
As down on table seven, where two lovestruck hearts grew fond,  
A man, perhaps once known here,  
Blankly glances at a menu,  
Whilst staring through a window at an empty street beyond.

The place seems so much lonelier these days,  
As down on table seven, where two sweethearts soared in flight,  
A man who hints at memories  
Regards, beyond a coffee,  
A street beyond a window, where no sweethearts tread tonight.

## **SWEET PIANO**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Phrases so delightful,  
So earnestly insightful,  
But when the wonder's gone,  
A nothing lingers on:

And from the depth of feeling  
That echoes down the years,  
He wrote a sweet love poem,  
She choked upon her tears.

A tale so rich in telling,  
And utterly compelling,  
But when the magic's gone  
An emptiness lives on:

And from the constant churnings  
Of passions long and deep,  
He told a sweet love story,  
She sobbed herself to sleep.

Harmonies so teasing,  
So mellow and so pleasing,  
But when enchantment's gone  
A grief still lingers on:

And from the rich crescendos  
That catch and hold the breath,  
He played a sweet piano,  
She died a choking death.

## **LOVE AND SWEET ROMANCE**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Can you remember those tales we told of love,  
Of endless summer, golden fields, and clear blue skies above?  
Or are we merely clinging to some tacit memory,  
In vague pretence of how things used to be?

Love and sweet romance, and all that jazz,  
Tales of what will never be, and frankly never has.

Can you recall now those tales of sweet romance,  
Unbridled lovers, two as one, in some enchanted dance?  
Or is this just some self-deceit we use to justify  
The failures we could never quite deny?

Sweet romance and love, and all that stuff,  
A catalogue of never good, or never good enough.



## **GOODBYES AND HELLOS Part 2**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

... So what once has gone  
Survives, and lives on,  
The circle repeating once more,  
No sooner we're through,  
Than we're starting anew,  
And reason takes leave through the door:

Hello, and goodbye,  
Goodbye, and hello,  
That daftness by which we get by,  
Where both of us know  
The way this will go,  
With a hello for every goodbye.

## **WAY FALLEN LOVERS**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Let's hear it for way fallen lovers,  
The ones for whom lessons were learnt,  
For those who reached out to the fire,  
Or those for whom fingers were burnt:  
And those who remained full and faithful,  
Right up to the moment they weren't;

Let's hear it for those who found triumph,  
Or those who were destined to fail,  
For all those whose sounds were of fury,  
Or those who were whimper and wail:  
And those who stayed loyal and constant,  
Right up to the point of betrayal;

Let's hear it for those long forgotten,  
Or those still remembered with pride,  
For those who took refuge in virtue,  
Or those who found nowhere to hide,  
And those who stood up, proud and truthful,  
Right up to the instant they lied.

## **THE GOOD OLD DAYS**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Line up the compass with the end of the rainbow,  
Start the ignition, get the engines in phase,  
Then lightly on the throttle, to set this thing in motion,  
Heading for the good old days.

Plot out a course for all we ever wanted,  
Slip into first, with no further delays,  
Then up through all the gears, to get this mother cruising,  
Heading for the good old days.

When futures fade, the past will still remain,  
Heading for the good old days,  
And memories call to lead us safe again,  
Heading for the good old days.

Prime up the sat nav for the streets of our memories,  
Follow the signposts to our previous ways,  
Then straight down every by way, to keep this bad boy moving,  
Heading for the good old days.

## STILL

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

When the rage has all but passed,  
And the still descends at last,  
We will find a time, with all the anger shed;  
Where the failings of the day,  
Of the things we didn't say,  
Will seep away to something else instead:

There's a glow upon your face  
That radiates through space,  
Reaching to assuage and reassure;  
And a warmth within your smile  
That reminds me all the while:  
You are still the lady I adore.

When the fury's turned to clear,  
And the only sound we hear  
Is the almost noiseless ticking on the wall,  
Then the words of me and you,  
Of all we failed to do,  
Will fade again to long familiar call:

There's a softness in your hair  
That lingers in the air,  
Damping down the storm we rise above;  
And a promise in your eyes  
That makes me realise:  
You are still the lady that I love.