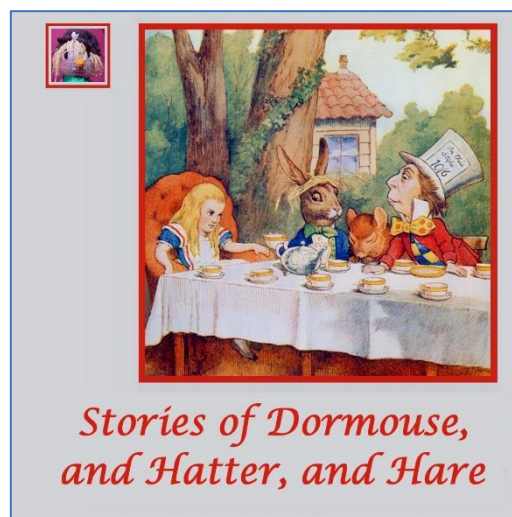
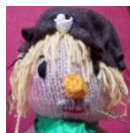


STORIES OF DORMOUSE, AND HATTER, AND HARE

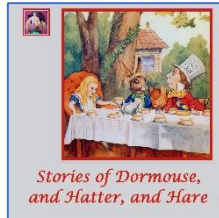


(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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STORIES OF DORMOUSE, AND HATTER, AND HARE



(Words and music: Robin Hill unless stated)

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OFF WITH THE FAIRIES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

It seems, again, he's on a different planet,
A world of blinding lights and meteor showers,
But on the whole,
I'd guess that it's a better world than ours.

So once again, he's off within in a daydream,
Exactly where his mind is isn't clear,
But then again,
I'm sure that it's a better place than here.

You might think he's off to join a picnic,
A sandwich short with hatter and the hare,
But though you might dismiss him as a dipstick,
It's fair to say he really wouldn't care:
No words of yours can touch him when he's there.

So, yet again, he's gone off with the fairies,
A place of if and but, or hit and miss,
But what the hell,
It's got to be a better place than this.

A LINE OF FOOTPRINTS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A line of footprints on a winter's day
That cross a snowy field, and lead away,
To where the far horizon fades to deepest grey;

A silhouette upon a distant hill,
In stark relief against the pure white fill,
Stands proud and bold to face the bitter winter chill;

Behold the fleeting shapes of glimpses caught,
The ever-changing face of answers sought,
Of deepest perils faced, or costly lessons taught;

Behold as well the places where we go,
The changing forms of what we love and know,
Or memories, like lines of footprints in the snow;

A huddled figure, collar fastened tight,
Hastens off within the fading light,
Footprints leading back across a field of white.

SO HERE'S A THOUGHT, SAID ALICE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So here's a thought, said Alice,
While strolling one fine day,
Let's find our flaws, and wish them clean away;

And tell you what, said Alice,
As she rested in the shade,
Let's just excuse the errors that we've made;

And after that, said Alice,
As she lay back in the sun,
Let's just pretend no harm was ever done;

We could whisper away
The deeds of the day,
In voices that never quite mean what they say;

We could cover from sight
The wrongs of the night,
In gestures that never quite make it to light;

And furthermore, said Alice,
As she stood to turn away,
Let's just disown the things we do and say.

CAN OF WORMS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Caught in the flames between bigot and bigot,
Spectacularly coming to blows
About what it is
That apparently everyone knows:
And how much fist banging thunder
Defends the perfect plan?
Be careful, be careful,
There are worms in that can.

Imaginary fingers on imaginary pulses,
Each telling us what we agree,
A pat diagnosis
Of whatever we want it to be:
And how many ignorant falsehoods
Will bolster up your flag?
Be mindful, be very mindful,
There are cats in that bag.

The ignorant stand cocksure,
The wise stand back with doubt,
And all seems back to front to back,
Or upside inside out;
And how many contradictions
Do you think your master plan affirms?
Same old can, same old worms.

Caught in a crossfire of piffle and piffle,
A crazy mix of anything goes,
Where questions beg answers,
And answers the questions they pose:
And how much disinformation
Can make your plan the best?
Be wary, be very, very wary,
There are cuckoos in that nest.

DORMOUSE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

There's no chill upon the air,
Where kinder sun once shone,
No hint of nightfall easing out the day;
And all he failed to notice
In the world outside his head
Obscured by what he thought he knew instead;

It might have been so different
If he'd stopped to think it through,
Looked for things that all the others knew,
Yet even in the twilight
Of an ever-fading sky,
The dormouse slumbers on;

There's no trail of quiet despair
From promise all but gone,
No sense of something slipping clean away;
And all he couldn't touch there
In the world beyond his face,
Obscured by what he grasped at in their place;

It could have been quite different
If he'd woken up before,
Saw the things that all the others saw;
Yet shaded by the colour
Of a world that passed him by,
The dormouse slumbers on.

THE BALLAD OF TWO PLUS TWO

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Tweedledum announced one day
That two plus two would henceforth equal three,
With all the usual sanctions
For anyone who dared to disagree;

Tweedledee then countered
That two plus two was only ever five,
And anyone who differed
Would forfeit any right to stay alive;

The battle raged, the one side cheered,
The other railed, the first lot jeered,
And to and fro, all tolerance replaced
By vitriolic hatred
Of anything the other guys embraced.

And on the battle rages
For followers of Tweedledum or Dee,
Where reason's long forgotten,
And loud is just the only way to be.

HOT PURSUIT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

He pauses in the clearing
And listens out behind,
Where urgent sound
Of hoofbeats pound
In hot pursuit across the ground,
In pulses of regret within in his mind.

Not perhaps his brightest day,
And, when all's done, it's fair to say
The caper didn't go the way he planned:
And even if he gets home free,
The glittered prize he hoped to see
Just clammy tat within a clammy hand.

He pauses on the hillside,
And glances back again
At fires that glow,
Then burn and grow
In hot pursuit from down below,
In blazes of contrition in his brain.

IN THE SAND

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A sound assertion, barely heard,
A proof reduced to plain absurd,
A logic lost in lines within the sand.

A firm denial of the past,
A future glory, fading fast,
A present we could never understand;

A whispered secret, loud and clear,
A lucid truth no longer here,
A cold fact wrested from a grasping hand;

A revelation barely heard,
A proof still hinged on plain absurd,
And reason lost in furrows in the sand.

INTO LOVE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

There is nothing quite as hairy,
No terror half as scary
As a bloke who treads unwary
Into love.

There is nothing quite as humbling,
No error half as bumbling,
As some geyser blindly stumbling
Into love.

No-one said to take it steady
Or spoke of any pitfalls up ahead,
Of bunkered traps to collar the unready,
Or snares or trips, or nooses overhead;

No-one mentioned to be careful,
Or offered up the usual sound advice
Of steps that should be tentative or prayerful,
Trode with nerves of steel or heart of ice.

There is no sight so appalling,
No spectacle so galling
As a poor fool dumbly falling
Into love.

SO WHERE WERE YOU?

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A breath of something wrong, a whisper, beware,
And then it's gone, no hint of danger there,
The know how that it took to make it go away:
So where were you when I looked the other way?

The briefest sense of doubt, the simplest nagging fear,
Then driven out, suspicions disappear,
The technique that you need to make things vaporise:
So where were you when my hands were over my eyes?

An easy sense of calm, of life just drifting by,
In trails of dreamy logic in the sky,
Where all that's out of sight could simply never be:
So where were you in the world I couldn't see?

COLOURS IN THE SKY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Put your finger in the air
And sense the new direction
Of changes blowing there;

Catch the whispers on the breeze,
And learn the imperfection
Of weathered memories;

Come and watch the colours in the sky,
Shifting, as the drifting clouds go by;

Then realise, from shapes that come and go,
That change is all we'll ever truly know.

Hear the echoes as they call
And make that new connection
With hopes that rise and fall.

OF HATTER AND HARE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

We'll go to the garden,
Each pull up a chair,
And tell ourselves stories
Of hatter and hare;

We'll sit at the table,
And sip at our tea,
While spouting out stuff
That can't possibly be,
In stories of hatter and hare;

Mad men and sane,
Wise and inane,
Water to treacle,
Then water again,
In riddles that hang in the air;

Dimwits and fools,
Who sit upon walls,
The acts of sheer folly
That lead to their falls,
The premise of eggshells laid bare;

We'll argue with time,
Or the thoughts in our brain,
March round the table,
Then march round again,
In circles that lead us nowhere,
With dormouse and hatter and hare.

JUST ONE MORE THING, SAID ALICE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Just one more thing, said Alice,
As we slipped our hands as friends,
Let's find the place where all this madness ends.

NOWORRYLAND

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The better world that quietly lies
Beyond your bridge of troubled sighs,
Noworryland.

At peace with your sixes and sevens,
At ease with your fingers and thumbs,
At one with your arse and your elbow,
Content to hold onto what comes.

The paradise that bravely waits
Beyond your trail of sorry states,
Noworryland.

Set free from your qualms and your doubting,
Released from your fears and your dread,
Best mates with the world and his uncle,
And all those who live in your head.

WHO'S THAT ON THE STAGE?

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Take a look behind,
Tell me what you see,
And was it all as glittered
As you wanted it to be?

The sound of fury, finally heard no more,
An empty shell of what once stood before;

And if you think you think you've shed at last
The fretting and the rage,
If this is you right now,
Then who's that on the stage?

Take a look ahead,
Tell me how it seems,
And will it be as dazzling
As it did when in your dreams?

The closing of another strutted hour,
Tomorrow and tomorrow's crumpled tower;

And if you still can't get to grips
With petty heres and nows,
If this is you right here,
Then who's that taking bows?

THE CAT WITH JUST A GRIN

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)