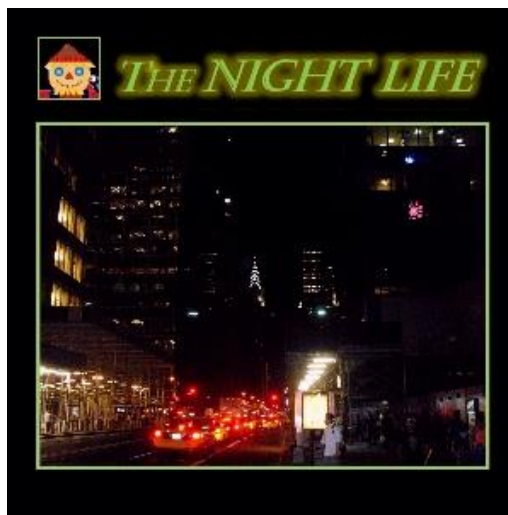


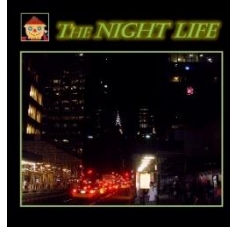
THE NIGHT LIFE



(Words and music: Robin Hill)

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[*] NOTE: "Twinkle" is partially based around a traditional lullaby, "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" aka "The Alphabet Song", composer unclear (though some sources claim it was Mozart). The rest of the music and all words by Robin Hill

MRS THATCHER`S BRITAIN

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

In every doorway, every alley, every corner of every city street
Of Mrs Thatcher`s Britain there`s a scent upon the air,
The dank aroma of a century turning circles full upon itself,
No longer heading nowhere, `cos it`s already there.

The blue-eyed boys and bright young things who bustled here an hour ago
Have radiated outwards to the palaces of home,
And stirring in the shadows of the vacuum that they left behind,
A grey and ghostly army have started now to roam.

A prudish left, a narrow right,
Each purge their wrongs from dreams of right,
And all is lost in black and white.

Dark April comes, the coin is tossed,
Britannia waves, the rules are lost,
But no-one dares to count the cost.

The hammer fell, the red flag burned,
A passion killed, a circle turned,
Yet not once was a lesson learned.

In every corner, every doorway, every pavement of every dirty street
Of Mrs Thatcher`s Britain, any sniff of hope has gone,
While in the spacious and perfumed suburbs, where the scented air`s still soft
and sweet,
No-one notices the subtle hint of bullshit linger on.

SALLY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Sally took you as she saw,
She didn't mind you rich or poor,
Just 50p, and anyone could kiss her;
But as she lies upon the stone
I rather feel, if truth be known,
That none of them will ever truly miss her.

Sally had no favourites,
She didn't care who shared her tits,
For just a fiver anyone could know them;
But as she lies there on the slab,
I feel, if I could have a stab,
That no-one really knew what lurked below them.

Sally sought no favours back,
She'd spread her legs and just lie back,
For twenty pounds but anyone could screw her;
But as she lies there, icy cold,
I know, that if the truth were told,
Nobody could ever claim they knew her.

Sally thought her last client nice,
So offered him her love half price,
And yet, to save ten quid, he chose to kill her;
But as she lies, devoid of breath,
I can't help thinking of her death
That here at last is one thing to fulfil her.

CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

IF GOD WERE ALIVE TODAY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The bomb has torn a hole
In the city's mortal soul,
And the preacher knows the role
That he must play
To keep God alive today.

An injured woman cries,
The preacher dries her eyes,
Tends her wounds, and tries
To say
That God can still help today.....

Tomorrow they'll avenge the deeds of yesterday, and then,
When further vengeance follows, they'll avenge it all again;
And so the circle turns, to who knows where and who knows when?

The preacher's face is lined with scars he picked up long ago
From backward looking people with no forwards left to go;
And yet it's never God, it's man, and that's the thing they have to know....

A teenage soldier dies
In the gutter where he lies,
As the tired preacher tries
To pray
That God's looking down today.

There's carnage everywhere,
The priest regards the air,
And even he would dare
To say
Things would never be this way
If God were alive today.....

THROUGH KINDER EYES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

If you think the only way
To progress must exclude the sick and needy,
Then look again, through kinder eyes.....

And if you think we must obey
The precepts which reward the slick and greedy,
Then look again, through kinder eyes.....

I dreamed that each had comfort, enough to keep him fed,
A fire to keep him warm at night, a blanket for his bed;
And those already warm would pay the modest price per head:
You laughed and called me dreamer, and took my dream to task,
Yet did it really seem that much to ask?

I dreamed about an England where nobody was poor,
Fair health and education, and justice from the law;
Where the comfortable were thankful, so found a little more:
You scoffed and called me fantasist, laughing loud and long;
Yet did it really seem so very wrong?

Did you think the future lay
In ways which only help the few grow wealthy?
Then look again, through kinder eyes.....

And did I really hear you say
That not all can be well fed, clothed and healthy?
Then look again, through kinder eyes.....

FIRST THINGS FIRST, ANNABEL

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The ones she hoped would cheer her
Seemed quick to let her down,
Those she needed near her
Always out of town;
The home she might return to
Was never really there,
And the friends she chose to turn to
Could never really care.....

If she could do some taking she'd devote herself to giving,
But first she has to take the strength for giving.....

The people she'd confide in
Could never seem to hear,
The things she'd put her pride in
Would always disappear;
Fires she'd build to warm her
Would somehow fail to spark,
And when her night was stormy
She'd struggle in the dark.....

And though it's pointless dying when she's far too fond of living,
She'd often wonder, what's the point of living?.....

THE ENGLISH HORIZON

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A minor commotion, a vague muffled shout,
The sound of police radios, the neighbours peer out
As Mr Brown points to the place where he last saw his car;
But there's nothing to see and it's starting to rain,
So the cracks in the curtains are pulled straight again,
And suburbia stays deaf to the vague muffled blast from afar.

The pubs have turned out now, and Billy Green waits
At the back of the queue for his chips with his mates,
All set to banish the hunger that grows with the ale;
His pulse back to normal now, he jokes of the bar,
That pelican crossing, that fast speeding car,
That lucky near miss, and the panda car hot on its tail;

While the streets bathe light on the English horizon.

P C Frank Lemon has radioed in,
The streets are all quiet now, he's turning it in,
Back to the station, his home and his wife, and some kip;
There's nothing much out there, just a couple of toms,
A dodgy domestic, a vagrant moved on,
And a couple of joyriders - somehow they gave him the slip.

While in the warmth of his studio, cool Barry Blue
Plays records with messages, especially for you,
Soothing the night away with jazz in a sad minor key;
And if you're still motoring somewhere out there,
Remember it's icy, so the police say Take Care,
Oh, and please keep a look out for XYZ 123C;

While the moon shines white on the English horizon.

(contd)

There`s a chill in the air that the silence repeats
From the soft chambers where the English heart beats;
There`s a fast brewing storm that the cold echo meets
From the calm and the warm of suburban retreats;

There`s a wind blowing shrill through the cold English streets,
But it`s lost in the still between soft English sheets.

On an old patch of waste ground a car is alight,
And the crowd that flit round from the corners of night
Feel the thrill of excitement that warms through the holes in their lives;
A moment`s high tension, the police gather near,
The smash of a bottle, the vague smell of fear,
And then a lifetime of smouldering anger that flares and revives:

And as the flames flicker brightly, like strobes to a dance,
They capture each frame of the steady advance
In a bright orange tango of truncheons, machetes and knives;
While unseen, in the smoke that drifts off through the rain,
A ghost, once familiar, is walking again,
Through the streets and the alleys, to the gardens and groves where it thrives;

And the flames burn bright on the English horizon,
With the deep crimson light of the English horizon.

GOODNIGHT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The lot now up for auction is a bold antique princess,
The price at which the bidding stops is anybody's guess;
Collectors haggle, eager for the take:
But one will be the poorer when he finds beneath the brass
The scratches and blemishes belying all the class:
It's just another very clever fake
Designed to fool the beggars who think they're on the make.

Somewhere in these gaslit streets the hungry cur still roams
In dreams of how he'll tear at flesh and claw disfigured bones:
His deep obsession pounds within his brain,
His blackened fangs scowl through the twisted jaws on which they hang,
His tongue, thick with saliva, aches and curdles from the pang:
But yet tonight he's doomed to prowls in vain,
His wretched strands of hopefulness eroded by the rain.

The day's affairs have ended at the mansion near the park;
One solitary light delights the old man in the dark;
The drum rolls start to echo through his mind:
He stares enwrapped in wonder at the blackened silhouette,
One single magic moment in a lifetime of regret-
Until a shadowed hand pulls down the blind,
As if to snub an empty life so cruelly undesigned.

In dark and dirty bedsits now they're staring into space
At ceilings where the plaster cracks reflect their jagged face:
The heavy air has settled in to stay;
While from under sheets of comfort in a million sleeping rooms,
Through locked and bolted windows, out into the midnight gloom,
The stench of cosy couples wafts away
In drifting clouds which soon will lift to form another day.

IN ALL TRUTH

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

No shoes on her feet,
No coat to fend the rain,
She sets off down the street
Again;

The bloodstains on her dress
The darkened shadows hide,
But not the dark distress
Inside;

The rain will smooth and melt
Her face`s blood and tears,
But not the grief she`s felt
For years;

And I, though warm and dry,
Not knowing what else to do,
Drive on slowly by
Home to you.....

I can`t, in all truth, claim to be a good man,
I rarely shave, I seldom cut my hair,
I`m scruffy and unkempt, in jeans and trainers,
You really couldn`t take me anywhere;

(contd)

I couldn't claim, in truth, I'm blessed with virtue,
I sometimes drink too much, I'm prone to smoke,
I'm not unknown in betting shops or strip joints,
I swear, or even tell the odd blue joke;

I can't claim, in all truth, I've never hurt you,
I've flirted, teased you, told the odd white lie,
I've lost my temper, shouted at you in quarrels,
So much, at times, I've even made you cry;

I can't claim, in all truth, to be the best man,
That others could offer you more, I know is true,
But nothing in this world, and of this I'm certain,
Could make me do those awful things to you;

I can't claim, in all truth, to be a perfect man,
I couldn't claim to pass that stringent test,
But never could I strike at you in anger,
In gentleness and love no saint's more blessed;

I can't claim, in all truth, to be a good man,
But darling, when it's you, I'll do my best.....

CAN I HELP YOU?

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Samaritans, can I help you?
That half-heard whisper ringing down the phone;
The gentle voice of human care,
Rejoice, rejoice, there's someone there,
For half an hour an empty life no longer spent alone.

Samaritans, can I help you?
That burst of comfort cutting through the air;
Easing away a choking grief,
And making way for warm relief,
For just an hour a heavy life no longer in despair.

I understand by knowing that I cannot understand,
So you might comprehend, and take my steady hand.
I help you most by showing that I cannot help at all,
So you might face the chasm by which you rise or fall.

I teach you most by knowing that there's nothing I can teach,
So you might find the crossing still within your reach.
I guide you on by showing that I cannot be your guide,
So you might make it safely to the other side.

Samaritans, can I help you?
That urgent pleading just below the breath;
Peace again, a new found will,
The tablets remain unopened still,
For one more night the sureness of no more impending death.

TWINKLE

(Words and music: Robin Hill [*])

May the bright stars twinkle,
May the moon be bright,
And may your dreams be peaceful
Tonight.

May your courage hold you,
May your heart be strong,
And may your sleep be gentle
And long.

May your angels soothe you,
May their love be deep,
And may their blessings sing you
To sleep.

[*] NOTE: "Twinkle" is partially based around a traditional lullaby, "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" aka "The Alphabet Song", composer unclear (though some sources claim it was Mozart). The rest of the music and all words by Robin Hill

ADAM, WITH VOICES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

High upon the tall bridge, beneath the steel support,
Stands Adam, with mad voices, lost awhile in thought,
The lights of cars from far below draw patterns on his mind
Of silent peace his life can never find;
A couple stroll on slowly past, then off into the night,
As Adam, with mad voices, steps out to take the light,
A distant city lost in haze, the rocks below so clear,
The silent peace he craves at last so near.....

.....And there on the ledge that he clambers upon
Is Adam, with voices, which beckon him on.

There`s no point now in sad regrets, no gain in long farewells,
Life`s peace was always somewhere, yet somewhere somewhere else,
And life itself is less to blame for bringing things this far
Than life with things the way they always are;
So there upon the tall bridge, strengthened in resolve,
Moved forward by the paradox he`s just about to solve,
Is Adam, with mad voices, screaming in his brain,
Staring at the answer to his pain.....

.....And there on the edge with a short way to go,
Is Adam, with voices, which call from below.

The last of all decisions now doesn`t have to be the worst,
For if they`re out to get you then you have to get there first,
Confound them with the logic of their own pure living hell,
Where, though they finally win, they lose as well;
The wind whips through the tall bridge, as there upon the ledge,
Adam, with mad voices, steps bold across the edge;
Leaping from his nightmares, to dreams he hopes he`ll find,
Falling to a better state of mind.....

.....And there at the bottom, both silent and deep,
Is Adam, with voices, which join him in sleep.

CHILDREN OF THE OTHER WORLD

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

On concrete floors in dingy basements,
On fire escapes, in burnt out cars,
On waste ground, on old park benches,
In porches of long closed burger bars,
On towpaths of dark canals, beneath
The crumbling concrete underpass,
In warehouses, and bomb sites,
In beds of rubble and broken glass,
In tenement blocks, under railway arches,
On chairs in all night launderettes,
In bus shelters, and lay-bys,
Are the vague and shaded silhouettes
Of the children that the other world forgets.

In cycle sheds, and rubbish dumps,
In cold church halls, down alleyways,
In cubicles of public toilets,
In cardboard cities beneath motorways,
On station platforms, on library steps,
In lift shafts of old department stores,
In subways, and telephone boxes,
In old condemned houses with missing floors,
Are the children that the other world ignores.

And as I lie here, warm in bed,
Listening through the window to the night,
I sense you stir, and gently lift your head,
Slip your hand in mine, and squeeze it tight;
Yet though there's things I need to say,
To share with you my heavy sense of sorrow
At how the crazy world we build today
Will shape the crazier world we'll find tomorrow,
No words of mine would ever quite explain;
And as I listen once more to the night-
A neighbour's car, some steady drops of rain-
There's nothing more: I reach out for the light,
And say goodnight.....