

# WRITING, SHE MURDERED



(Words and music: Robin Hill)

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## WHAT`S HE GOT?

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Anyone can do the things he`s done for you,  
The guy seems such a lemon, he almost can`t be true,  
If only now the truth were not so stark:  
I wrote about the splendour of the Summer skies,  
Of how they matched the light that shone within your eyes;  
Yet now it seems my words have missed the mark:  
I wrote romantic poems, he changed your light bulb,  
And turned you on to him, to leave me standing in the dark.

Nobody could match for you the way I feel,  
This chap seems such a plonker, he almost can`t be real,  
If only what was real could be denied:  
I wrote about the fields, and all the barley there,  
And how it matched the wind within your golden hair;  
Yet now it seems my words have all blown wide:  
I wrote immortal lines, he got your car to start,  
And drove off to the sunset, with you sitting by his side.

He`ll never write you a true love poem, or sing you a song,  
The bloke seemed such a knobhead; yet that`s where I went wrong,  
For in the end you called my double bluff:  
I talked about the depths of all the oceans blue,  
Of how they matched the depth of all my love for you;  
Yet this it seemed was never quite enough:  
I talked of giving love, he went and gave it,  
And left me here to churn alone this fool romantic stuff.

## **SHE WAS A GENTLE LOVER**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

She was a gentle lover:

She was a gentle lover, she was always there to please,  
She was tender and relaxing, with a gentle air of ease,  
She provided hope and shelter, put the warmth within my bed,  
Her wine kept me from thirsting, her larder kept me fed;  
And when I walked alone, then she was with me every mile,  
Her nature was my company, its gentleness my smile,  
She was such a gentle lover, there was kindness on her face,  
And many's the time I've held her in a soft and warm embrace:  
She was a gentle lover.

She was a willing lover:

She wore the finest dresses, there was a richness in their hue,  
From snowfall white, to desert red, to ocean turquoise blue,  
And I've known their subtle textures where she's lain within my arms,  
Delicate, inviting, full of gentle and willing charms;  
I have climbed her contoured mountains, felt her fingers through my hair,  
Wandered her lush green forests, picked the flowers which gathered there,  
Explored her deepest valleys, entered caves where rivers flow,  
She was a willing lover, who never once said No:  
She was a willing lover.

She was a fragile lover:

She once seemed a sturdy lover, she was strength and will to live,  
She was kindness and compassion, ever ready to forgive,  
But I think of those who raped her, in an unprovoked attack,  
Laid bare her fragile nature, tore the clothes from off her back,  
Took her at their leisure in a frenzy of wanton lust,  
Then sated, left her naked, bruised and bleeding in the dust;  
Her face still bears those scars now, in the shadows upon her brow,  
She was always a sturdy lover, but she's much more fragile now:  
She was a fragile lover.

## YESTERDAY AND TODAY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Yesterday I lay upon my bed  
And spent an hour just staring at the ceiling:  
I may have nodded off, I can't recall,  
I don't remember anything at all;  
Except, I know, I kept an empty head,  
An empty head and heart devoid of feeling,  
An empty mind devoid of inspiration.

Last night I sat and idled through a book,  
Quite unaware that I was even reading:  
There may have been some words, I can't recall:  
There may have been some writing on the wall  
If only I had raised my head to look,  
If only I had made a point of heeding  
The signs that may have led to my salvation.

This morning I just let my body sink,  
With just my head protruding through the bubbles:  
If I saw the soap I can't recall,  
I don't know if the water all went cool;  
But even so I'm sure I couldn't think,  
I'm positive I had no cares and troubles  
From which to draw the slightest motivation.

This afternoon I chewed upon my pen,  
Determined I was going to write her praises:  
I may have had ideas, I can't recall,  
But if I did, the pieces didn't fall  
The way they seem to fall for better men  
In piles of neatly balanced words and phrases,  
A masterpiece borne out of isolation.

## **SWANSONG (A Song About Swans)**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Wipe my clothes of traffic,  
Brush the city from my hair,  
Provide a stretch of water,  
A rod and line,  
And you`re going to find me,  
You`re going to find me;

Soothe and cleanse my body  
Of the dreary urban air,  
Bait a hook, and cast,  
And where it lands,  
Then you`re going to find me,  
You`re going to find me there.....

A swan, paddling upon the water,  
A swan, drifting on down the stream,  
Then gone, hazy and wild, a vision  
Of a dream.....

You say we`re not born free,  
Yet show me where we are in chains;  
Let`s rise above our failings,  
And live our lives by what remains;  
Our swansong will be our spirit,  
The flow we plan our futures by;  
Soft ripples upon the river,  
As one by one we`re born, and die.....

Swans, peddling upon the water,  
Swans, treading against the stream,  
With songs, beautiful reverberations  
Of a dream.....

Patterns on the water,  
Reflections from somewhere,  
A dream of what could be,  
And you`re going to find me,  
You`re going to find me there.....

## **WHERE ARE THEY NOW?**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

What did they mean,  
Those long spent hours grappling with a pen,  
Faithfully recording the moments when  
The poems were all about you?  
What did they mean?

What did they say,  
Those soft well balanced words in perfect rhyme,  
So neatly poised, to conjure up a time  
When I could never doubt you?  
What did they say?

Meanings lose their purpose when their purpose is to mean,  
And times gone by become confused with times which might have been;  
A delicate reflection in a single searching phrase,  
Now weathered with the passing of the days.

Where did they go,  
The gifts I had of reaching through the dark  
To summon up a now elusive spark  
Of something which I may no longer feel,  
Yet somehow, now, just could not seem more real,  
As I stumble on without you?  
Where did they go?

## **FIFI**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

She stole a blanket,  
She was rude to the end,  
She was rough and uncouth,  
But a friend.

She flaunted her body,  
She was known to play pranks,  
But deep down she cared,  
So Fifi, thanks.

She would jump into bed  
At a moment`s release,  
But though she`s hurt me, please Fifi,  
Rest in peace.

## **THE LIFE THAT GOES ON**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Perhaps there's a chance you might venture a glance  
Through your window tonight,  
Then I suspect you might pause to reflect on the sight  
Of people who pass up and down,  
On their way through the streets of the town,  
Each pursuing situations and private relations  
In the life that goes on through the night.

A motor bike starts as a young couple parts,  
And a drunk starts to shout,  
While off in the park you can hear a dog's bark ringing out,  
A car is backfiring somewhere;  
And I hope that you're listening up there,  
While a million small sounds fill the night and the town  
With the life that goes on all about.....

Oh, the life that goes on, eagles in flight,  
Moths in the night, birds on the wing,  
Preparing to sing the beautiful song  
Of the life that goes on.....

I know it's only that you're feeling lonely,  
And let down again,  
Alone in your room, with your self laden gloom, and the pain;  
I know that you treasure your loss,  
And it's not that we don't give a toss,  
Ah but why mope around within feet of the sound  
Of the life that goes on all the same?.....

Oh, the life that goes on, dolphins in schools,  
Trout in their pools, and the mammals on land,  
All part of the band, that's singing the song  
Of the life that goes on.....

Oh, the life that goes on, cars that purr by,  
Planes that hum in the sky, and the man in the moon,  
All humming the tune, so can you tell me why,  
As you sit there and cry, that you can't sing along  
With the life that goes on?.....

## **FUMBLING**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Searching for the phrase  
Which sums up how I feel,  
But gone, enwrapped in haze,  
No longer real;

Groping for the words  
To give my feelings air,  
But gone, like flighted birds,  
No longer there;

If only you had glanced like me, and seen  
A past, so full of things which might have been,  
And futures bright, then what I tried to mean  
Could not now be denied;

But like a growing whisper in the dark,  
I feel the sharpened point of your remark  
Invade me, like a dagger to the heart,  
And twist itself inside;

Fumbling for the rhyme  
To make the thing complete,  
But gone, just like the time,  
With no repeat.

## **STRANDED**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

At rest the galleon lies  
Beneath these starless skies;  
But though it seems we`ve lost our way,  
Come, look how far we`ve sailed today:  
Don`t let the flagging sails delay  
The things we`ve still to learn.

I know it`s hard to bear  
The dues of deep despair,  
When all around is muddy sea;  
But while you`re stranded here with me,  
Let`s have no talk of mutiny,  
Or bluer waves astern.

For in a kinder tide,  
Our noble ship will glide;  
And coaxed along by coral sea,  
We`ll sail again in harmony  
To where we know we can be free,  
Never to return.

## **WRITING, SHE MURDERED**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Writing, she murdered:  
A frenzied dagger thrust into the heart,  
And flesh which once was whole was torn apart,  
Bloodstained on the floor;

Writing, she murdered:  
A heavy hammer struck upon the head,  
And what was once alive now lay stone dead,  
Breathing no more;

They asked the chauffeur where he was last night,  
They hauled the gardener in at dawn's first light,  
The lover and the maid both took a grilling,  
The butler was arrested for the killing;

And as they scratched their heads and stood bemused,  
She watched their petty circles from her tower, amused  
At how the clues which might have solved the mystery  
Lay censored by her pen, no longer history;

Writing, she murdered:  
No prints upon the gun that fired the shot,  
A perfect alibi, a perfect plot,  
Without a single flaw.

## **STROPPY**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Laugh? - I can't right now,  
I've clean forgotten how,  
It's all so hopeless really:  
It's just not worth my while  
To try to raise a smile,  
I can't, not even nearly.

Smile? - That makes no sense,  
I'm too uptight and tense,  
Too tired and ill at ease,  
Too deep and complicated,  
Empty and frustrated,  
To even murmur 'Cheese'.

Jokes? - What good are they?  
None at all today.  
They're bound to disappoint:  
It won't be worth pretending  
That I understand the ending  
Or ever get the point.

Drink? - There's just no way  
I'll drive my cares away  
By falling to the floor:  
I might forget them, yet  
I'm bound not to forget  
Just what it is I'm drinking for.

Write? - that's no release,  
Any masterpiece  
Would end up trite and sloppy,  
And meaningless today;  
For when I pack away  
I'll still be feeling stropic.

## LUST AND DESIRE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The firelight fills the room,  
It gently permeates the gloom,  
And warms the hearth on which we stand;  
While, in the space between,  
A subtle instinct moves unseen,  
Enticing me to take your hand:-  
Or is this just the way I'd always planned?

Your face, awash with light,  
Comes shining through the misty night,  
A yellow beacon in the haze;  
And surely, now, it seems  
The sum of all my hopes and dreams  
Are there within your trembling gaze:-  
Or is it just my devious ends and ways?

Lust and desire, like logs upon the fire, blaze away;  
Lust and desire, in scheming plans, conspire our interplay.

The firelight holds our shadows in a trance,  
A still life held in wall to wall expanse  
Within a slowly moving orange dance  
Of wild and deep romance;  
And, as our warm desires reach synthesis,  
Our appetites, our lustful avarice,  
Combine, within a deeper emphasis;  
And so, now, as we close to kiss,  
There's so much more in this.....

Lust and desire, like coals upon the fire, blaze away;  
Lust and desire drive all that we aspire to every day.

(cont.....)

I feel you closing in,  
So delicate, so feminine,  
My plans complete, success entire;  
Our shadows still hold their trance,  
But richer now in radiance,  
And complex, like the flames within the fire,  
So rich and vast, this thing called deep desire.

Lust and desire, deep patterns in the fire that dance and sway;  
Lust and desire, the colours of the fire, a rich array;  
Lust and desire, composing, in the fire, our Passion Play.....

## **THE YOUNG MAN AS AN ARTIST**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The young man as an artist  
Is destined to stay unfulfilled,  
His love affairs with phrases  
Are but seconds in a minute  
In an hour of a timeless day;  
Caught but never savoured  
In a web of satisfaction  
Tangled fast around the tragedy  
Of what he has to say.

The young man as an artist  
Is a martyr only to himself,  
A metaphor of nothing  
As he screams above the madness  
Like a feeble rumbling from afar;  
Heard but never heeded  
Like an after dinner speaker  
When the audience have clapped their hands  
And made off for the bar.

The young man as an artist  
Is a mix of love and agony,  
A twisted double meaning,  
Like a mother in her labour  
When the child she loves is almost nigh;  
The unfulfilled fulfilment  
In the unsolved contradiction  
Of a lie within a truth, or else  
A truth within a lie.

## **POET`S FARM**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The long hot summer was now dead, and I  
Was left alone to face the winter chill;  
The flowing corn now reaped, the stubble burned,  
My fields lay bare and empty, and the frost  
Bit deep into the soil and froze it firm  
As winter nestled into Poet`s Farm.

And yet I know the patient seeds still lie  
Below the frost, and I am hopeful still;  
For through the constant seasons I have learned  
Not to grieve for that which I have lost,  
Because I know, for sure, it will return  
When Spring is born again on Poet`s Farm.