

# THE UNTOGETHER



(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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## **THE UNTOGETHER**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Lawks! And lummy Charlie!  
Who'd have thought that things would go this way?  
Who'd have thought it, eh?

Yikes! And blow me over!  
Who'd have thought we'd come to this fine mess?  
Who would ever guess?

Our act has never been so untogether,  
The two it took to tango couldn't dance,  
The left hand and the right on different planets,  
Arse and elbow lost in games of chance;

Our front has never been so disunited,  
The backs we tried to cover opened wide,  
The pot was black, the kettle even blacker,  
The fall concluded long before the pride.

Cripes! And well I never!  
Who'd have thought that this was how we'd be?  
I'm well dumbfounded, me!

## **NOTHING**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

There's nothing that's louder than silence,  
Nothing so sharp on the ear  
Than a failure to hear what I desperately wanted to hear,  
As we slip through the evening,  
Wishing the hours away,  
Taking the care to stay guarded in all that we say.

There's nothing more dazzling than darkness,  
Nothing more vibrant to me  
Than the absence of hues I was fondly hoping to see,  
As we glide through a lifetime,  
Holding our brightness at bay,  
Staring at shadows, bewildered by patterns of grey.

There's nothing more tactile than numbness,  
Nothing that pains me so much  
Than the dullness of all I was plainly longing to touch,  
As we lie here 'til morning,  
Watching each other awake,  
Resisting all urge to give in to a warmth we can't fake.

## ADIEU

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The Good Lucks and Take Cares  
Seem tired and jaded now,  
The shiny stars we once were  
Have tarnished somehow,  
And this, it seems our last farewell,  
Seems hackneyed, and how:  
Je t'aime, un peu,  
But darling, adieu.

A vague sense of yesterday  
Still hangs in the air,  
A flickered sweet memory  
That lingers somewhere,  
And floats through this emptiness  
Past candour or care:  
Je regret, un peu,  
But darling, adieu.

## **BE BRAVE**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Be brave, dry your eyes:  
There's a hope that lurks outside of ours,  
Taking colour as its grief now dies;  
And somewhere in these teardrops  
Are the tinted hues that you and I both know –  
The tulips on the ring road,  
Or reflections in the pure white Arctic snow.

Be bold, face the storm:  
There's a light that burns outside of ours,  
A fire to keep us safe and warm;  
And somewhere in this darkness  
Are the boundaries of all that still remains -  
From the car park at the station,  
To the vastness of the far off pampas plains.

Be calm, let it pass:  
There are dreams that hold outside of ours,  
With promise that our own can't surpass:  
And somewhere from our nightmares  
Are the places that the demons cannot reach -  
The fresh food aisle at Tesco,  
Or the ocean, breaking mighty on the beach.

Be strong, and survive;  
There's a world that lives outside of ours,  
Whose turning keeps our own alive:  
And somewhere in that paradox  
Is the gap that we could always understand,  
Between the place you lay beside me,  
And the boulders strewn across the Martian sand.

## **PLEASE SAY YOU DO**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Please say you do,  
Don't pretend you don't:  
I'd love to think you will,  
And don't believe you won't,  
So darling, let's go and do it now.

You tell me that we shouldn't,  
But wonder if we could:  
A suggestion that we couldn't  
Becomes a reason that we should;  
And darling, we should go and do it right now.

===

A holding of breath,  
A heart that won't still,  
A fear that you won't, but  
A guessing you will.

A twist of excitement,  
A twinge of delight,  
A knowing I want to,  
A thinking you might;

===

Please say we can,  
I'd hate to think we can't:  
Let's just agree we shall,  
It makes no sense to say we shan't,  
And darling, let's do it right now.



## **DAMSEL IN NO DISTRESS**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Many long miles I have joined with my steed  
To arrive at your castle today;  
Over canyons and mountains I've called out your name,  
Sent messengers on with the news of my fame,  
But no answer has come back my way;

I've scaled the ramparts and made for the keep,  
Still calling your name as I go,  
But your windows stay shut and the curtains stay drawn,  
And the one hollow sound that returns through the dawn  
Is the loud mocking laugh of a crow;

I've parried the guards and then vaulted the stairs  
To arrive at your room in the tower,  
Rattled the handle, kicked at the door,  
Made rams out of tree trunks, then battered some more,  
But to open it is not in my power:

Who is the jailer and who is the jailed,  
When so many brave champions have ridden and tried,  
Through deeds of great courage, to arrive at your door,  
Just to find that it's locked, with the key on your side?

Who is the hero, and who but a fool  
Who will ride day and night, steeped in honour and pride,  
With derring do sorties of love never ending,  
Just to find the door locked, with the key on your side?

Many long miles have I ridden in quest,  
So, prithy, fair lady, confirm your request.....

## **SOMETHING STINKS**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Our atmosphere of stilted ease  
Hangs heavier tonight,  
And conversations just like these  
Unbearably polite;  
The nonchalance with which we speak  
Just failing to conceal  
A subtle game of hide and seek  
With anything we feel .....

..... And though I've always tried to be  
The best that I can be,  
Still, something in here stinks –  
And it might be me.

The "once it was", and "used to be"s,  
Now dominate our thoughts,  
The "never were"s just parodies  
Of darker "should"s and "oughts";  
And though we choose our words with care,  
And never talk of blame,  
The tacit thought is always there,  
Accusing all the same .....

..... And though I know you've always done  
The best that you can do,  
Still, something in here stinks –  
And it could be you .....

..... And though we try to breeze away  
The things we can't discuss,  
Still, something in here stinks –  
And I think it's us.

## **I NEVER SAW IT COMING**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

In hindsight, it came as a shock, I suppose,  
That a world could exist at the end of my nose:  
And I never saw it coming,  
I just never thought it could be.

I thought it was perfect, but somehow it seems  
Perfection woke up while I stayed in my dreams:  
And I never saw it coming,  
It's something I just didn't see.

I thought you loved me, I said I loved you,  
But maybe the truth was, I just loved me too:  
And I never saw it coming,  
It just couldn't happen to me.

## **THE REDNESS OF THE SKY**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Go and warn the shepherd  
Of the redness of the sky,  
Foul weather's on the way,  
It seems;  
Let's run towards the shelters,  
Remain secure and dry,  
Until the break of day  
And the gentle softness of your morning dreams.

Go and warn the weathercock  
To hold his hat on tight,  
The winds are on the rise,  
It's said:  
Let's keep a fast direction,  
Hold steady through the night,  
Until the morning skies  
Point firmly to the kinder day ahead.

Put your hand in mine,  
I will squeeze it tight,  
Hold it firmly 'til the morning light;

Put your arms around me,  
I will keep you warm,  
Hold you 'til the passing of the storm.

Go and warn the lighthouseman  
To keep his lantern bright,  
The storm is brewing fast,  
I hear:  
Let's edge on forward slowly,  
Keep his beacon in our sight,  
Until we sail at last  
Where calmer waters mark our passage clear.

## **SAY NOTHING**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Say nothing,  
There is no phrase, no sentence to be heard,  
No clever line, no choice or telling word  
That makes this situation less absurd.

Do nothing,  
There is no deed, no bold compelling act,  
No stunt or caper, tour de force or fact  
That keeps this rather flimsy cause intact.

And now, within this crumbling sense of worth,  
The plans you thought were poised to win the earth,  
Descend to this, in ridicule and mirth.

Want nothing,  
There is no wish, no craving to acquire,  
No burning need, no hankering desire  
That makes this foolish failure less entire.

## **IN THE BY AND BY**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Maybe when these troubles end,  
We'll talk awhile, as friend to friend;  
And in the by and by,  
We'll slowly start to learn to comprehend.

Maybe when these fears subside,  
We'll walk a short way, side by side;  
And in the by and by,  
We'll come to terms with what remains inside.

Maybe when this hurt has passed,  
We'll sit and talk about the past;  
And in the by and by,  
We'll come to understand ourselves at last.

## **NOTHING BUT THE ECHOES**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Outside of this is nothing but the echoes  
Of everything we longed and strived to be:  
A soft reverberation down a hallway,  
A fading pulse from deep within the sea,  
An ever vaguer trace of you and me.

Outside of here is nothing but the shadows  
Of everything we hoped and prayed would last:  
A silhouette of half misshaped conclusions,  
A mirage of conjectures from the past,  
A logic that was never holding fast.

Outside of us is nothing but the remnants  
Of everything our hollow hopes betrayed:  
A twisted dance of dares and double meanings,  
A bossa nova forged from prices paid,  
Of statements shaped and mouthed, but never made.

## **AS GOOD AS IT GETS**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Here we go again:  
The endless circle of hurt and pain,  
The deeds of spite, the words of blame,  
The passage of time, and regrets:

Arms within the darkness,  
Reach across the bed,  
Love that fuels resentment  
Turns to love that needs instead;

Me and you, you and me,  
This is the way that it always will be,  
Just trying again relentlessly,  
For this is as good as it gets.

===

Here we go once more:  
Another round in our lovers' war,  
The can't forgive, the won't ignore.  
The cold light of day that forgets:

Smiles that greet the morning,  
Eyes that meet by day,  
Where scowls of accusation  
Turn to everything's okay;

You and me, me and you,  
Doing our things in the way that we do,  
The patching it up, the starting anew;  
And this is as good as it gets.

The two of us, you and I,  
Pursuing a dream somewhere up in the sky,  
Then heading to Earth for the humbler pie;  
And that's as good as it gets.



## **THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPENED**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

These days it seems we take ever more pains  
To channel our truths into parallel lanes  
Where things that never happened  
Run alongside what we both know:  
The eyes that said Did You? then hid it so well,  
The innocent shrug that said Guilty as hell,  
Decay to a sigh and a nod that deny it was so -

Apparently:

Yet still as these moments pass by,  
Lost in our mutual lie:  
I knew that you knew what I knew,  
And that only made it more true.

These days I guess we've learned to be wise  
Turning our heads in a compromise  
Between things that didn't happen  
And the things we chose not to see:  
The brief checking glances, so hard now to miss,  
The fleeting embrace, the light stolen kiss,  
The soft brush of hands where hands weren't intended to be -

Reportedly:

Yet for all this day after day,  
Perpetually looking away,  
I saw that you saw what I saw,  
And there lies the obvious flaw.

These days it seems we grow ever more smart,  
In making up means for telling apart  
The things that never happened  
And the things which might have happened or not,  
The flimsy excuse, so overplayed,  
The slipping away, the phone call made,  
The cooed salacious whispers out of shot -

Allegedly:

Yet despite all the clever pretence  
That all this is making some sense,  
I heard that you heard what I heard,  
And it's that that makes it absurd.

## **ADIEU, ENCORE**

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

## **FORTY DAYS**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

It's alright, don't panic, don't worry, it's grand,  
It's quite okay;  
So hold tight, and slip me your hand,  
Let's keep those tears at bay;  
And granted, there were times before now  
When hopes were slipping away -  
There were forty days of pain  
To match the forty nights of rain;  
But just as the sunshine will break through at last,  
The puddles that drowned us are drying out fast,  
And with warmth on our backs, like before,  
We'll head for the distance once more.

It's no sweat, no problem, no hassle, it's fine,  
We've got it nailed,  
So don't fret, the sun will still shine,  
The daylight never paled,  
And okay, there were times in the past  
When maybe our visions had failed -  
There were forty nights of discord  
To match the forty days when it poured;  
But just as the warm wind will melt off the cloud  
That aura around us stays sunlit and proud,  
And we'll head through this gentle terrain,  
Towards the horizon again.