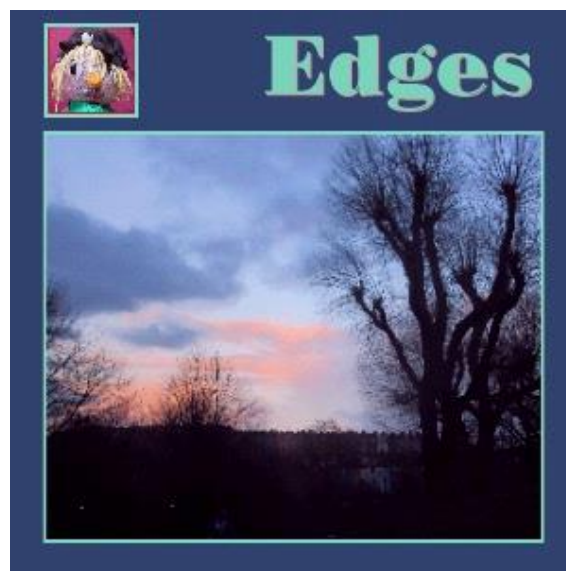


EDGES

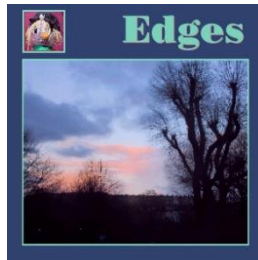


(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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EDGES



(Words and music: Robin Hill unless stated)

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EDGES OF THE MIST

(Instrumental: music: Robin Hill)

CHIP CHIP CHIPPER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Walking along, Singing this song,
Nothing is wrong, I feel chip chip chipper,
Cruising the street, Everything's sweet,
Life is complete, I feel fine, fine, fine:
Taking it easy, taking it slow,
Taking the time to let this feeling grow,
Hoping this song will make you see
That darling, you're the one for me.

Under the moon, Humming this tune,
Meeting you soon, I feel puck puck pucker,
Knowing you're mine, Everything's fine,
The world is divine, I feel good, good, good:
Keeping it simple, keeping it light,
Keeping the magic in the air tonight,
Hoping this tune will make you smile,
'Cos I'll be with you in a little while.

You don't need well crafted words
To sum up how I feel,
Everything is here and now
And everything is real;

You don't need a silver phrase
To keep the moment true,
'Cos everything is here and now
And everything is you.

Walking on air, With hardly a care,
The feeling is there, I feel spiff spiff spiffing,
Everything's grand, Going as planned,
Working out, and I feel great, great, great:
Playing it cautious, nobody's fool,
But playing it well, and playing it cool,
Hoping these words will let you know
That babe, I'll never let you go.

ADULT EDUCATION

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I can't believe the lesson's gone so well,
Yet once again it's time to say farewell;
And since our time has raced away from me,
I'll give you one last exercise to go on:
Let's conjugate the simple verb "To be":
"I am", "you are", "he is", "they are", and so on ...

"Okay, that's fine, well done,
Keep trying, and it will come ..."

There's nothing in my light supportive breeze
To compromise my air of casual ease,
And nothing to betray within the class
The days I count between the weeks that pass.

"First rate, spot on, now just once more,
You're bound to pass, of that I'm sure..."

And nothing in my friendly smile will show
The faintest hint of what I hide below,
And nothing in my manner will set down
The hours I tread within the days I drown.

It seems another hour has passed us by,
That once again it's time to say goodbye;
And to myself now, over and above
The work we've done towards your final test,
I conjugate the verb "to fall in love":
"I fall", "you never know it", and the rest:

I fall, but never show it, it's for the best...

TO THE DAWN

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

We seem to have consensus, me and you,
A well-shaped sense of what we're leading to:

I will take you soaring
To where the lightning meets the rain,
To where the thunder echoes full without restrain;
And I will hold you oh so tightly
Through the raging of the storm,
If you in turn will hold me to the dawn.

There seems to be a broad agreement here,
The night's arrangements sharp and crystal clear:

I will take you flying
To where the moon gives way to Mars,
And then beyond the solar system, to the stars,
I will show you fiery vapours
Where the galaxies are born,
If you will fly beside me to the dawn.

I will take you towards the earthquakes
To where the mountains fold in two,
And crimson streams of molten lava spew;
I will take you to where Earth trembles,
To where the dark volcanos spawn,
If you'll take me beyond there, to the dawn.

BURBLE

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

WAITING

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

She feeds the plants, waters them and tends them,
And wonders vaguely to herself just how she'll fill the day;
While, as the canyon rumbles,
An intrepid hero glances up and feels a longing glow,
A glow he hopes will help her warm the sweat upon his brow,
A glow which melts an icecap, yet cannot help him now:
And as she gets the coal from the cellar down below,
Musing, through the skylight, at a dingy shade of grey,
The intrepid hero shivers in the snow.

She writes some letters, stamps them up, and sends them,
Stopping on the way to get some vegetables and bread;
While, as the hero stumbles,
He feels, within his being, a most despairing sense of need;
A need to feel her next to him, and bolster up his will,
A need which floods a canyon, yet a need she can't fulfil;
And as she buttons up her coat, hastens up her speed,
Musing, as she hurries, at the black skies overhead,
The intrepid hero's will is frail indeed.

She dries his shirts, irons them, and mends them,
Puts some milk down for the cat, and finds the dog a bone;
While, as the mountain crumbles,
The intrepid hero feels an all-embracing sense of fear;
A fear his weakening fingers will no longer stroke her hair,
A fear which shakes a mountain, yet a fear she doesn't share:
For as she makes the beds and wipes the marks from the veneer,
Tidies up the bathroom, rubs some Jif around the chrome,
Admiring, through the window, how the trees are tossed and thrown,
The intrepid hero's death is drawing near.

She makes some calls, chats awhile, but ends them,
Knowing she must hurry, he is shortly coming home;
While, as the boulder tumbles,
The intrepid hero summons strength and gives a piercing cry;
A cry designed to span the miles and touch her distant ears,
A cry to drown an avalanche, yet a cry she never hears;
And as she puts the dinner on, and stares out at the sky,
Musing at the cloud forms where the swirling wind has blown,
Before drawing back the curtains, to leave the night alone,
Her intrepid hero waits, alone, to die.

EDGES PART 1 – DOORWAYS TO THE NIGHT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Mists swirl now, before your eyes,
Opening doorways to the night,
With daylight's memories now all gone,
You're overwhelmed
By peace

NIGHT FLIGHTS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The night owls call the tunes to which you dance,
Their moonlit prey applaud the fluted song;
But tonight you, too, must hunt,
So, when the owls are busy, you are gone.

The woodland yawns beneath your feathered wings,
And as you soar above it you remember
How stupid conkers are
And how you don't get tadpoles in December.

The trees remember dolls and skipping ropes,
Long evenings with the summer strawberry pickers,
Tales of Jesus Christ,
And handstands where the boys could see your knickers.

The leaves remember picnics in the fields
In days of daisy chains and raspberry jam;
When ice creams sang of Sunday afternoons -
Rewards for not being cheeky to your Nan.

And mice relate the stories of the beach
In days when you could never understand
The scolding that you got
For burying Daddy's wallet in the sand.

These daisy chains are old and broken now,
Yet who can stop you smiling as you pass;
For when the joys are not so frequent now,
You need a lover's bond with memories past;

You need a lover's bond with times gone by,
A mingling of blood to fasten to;
And so the woodland smiles at you
Within a lover's bond.....

EDGES PART 2 – EVERY BEAUTY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The mists swirl still, across your eyes,
Life is so simple, days are long,
And every beauty still consists
Of nothing but deep peace

MIRROR MAN

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

As you wander through your glories
You are wild and fancy-free;
But when you glance into the mirror,
The reflection is of me:

Do you know me, can you see me?
Can you tell me why I'm there?
Is this how it's come to be,
That I will haunt you everywhere?

You lie sleeping as the ceiling
Shadows crack before your eyes.
Though fractured memories are imperfect,
Still, crumbling plaster never lies:

Can you see through this confusion?
Can you tell me who I am?
Or tell me how it came to be,
That I became your mirror man?

Do you want me, could you need me?
Is this really as it seems?
Is this how it's going to be,
That I will haunt you through your dreams ?

EDGES PART 3 – THE SHAPE OF HOME

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

But sighs hold you, you wave goodbye,
Life must forever drift along;
And warmer shadows through the mist
Form the shape
Of home

THE WATER'S EDGE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You've come now to that secret place,
To find again your hidden lair;
No home awaits you when you're there
'Cos you're already home.

But sometimes, though, you lose your way,
And take the lower path instead
Which winds down to the water's edge
To terminate at last.

*

And while you drink the waters play
Strange games as, in the rocks below,
A fleeting face from long ago
Disturbs your sleepy past.

You frown awhile, and then you feel
A hand run gently through your hair;
You glance across the brook at where
A familiar stranger stands.

At once you know him to be real,
For once he made your life complete;
And, as your heart begins to beat,
You hold out trembling hands.

*

Yet as you make to join him there
You feel the banks begin to slide;
The laughing brooklet opens wide,
To tear you both apart.

(contd)

A river now both dark and deep,
But you who owe so much to him
Must peel your clothes and start to swim
To save your drowning heart.

*

Your strokes are bold, but as you swim
The river widens to a lake,
Infilled by the current's wake,
And pulls you back again.

You struggle, calling out to him
Across the lake in frenzied fear,
But he's too far away to hear
Your voice, your need, your pain.

He shakes his head and turns to go,
Once more a stranger in your sight,
And you give up the hopeless fight,
In tears upon the shore.

For seeing him again you know
Just how alone you really are;
And just how near, yet just how far,
The things you're searching for.....

EDGES PART 4 – TRUTHS OF MORNING

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Dreams fade now, the vapours rise,
Tears greet the gentle waking light;
And truths of morning call you on,
They've come to take you
Home.....

DRAGONS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You talked to me of dragons
Who stalked you from their lair,
I went to look, there were no dragons there;

You talked to me of goblins
Who poked at you for fun,
I looked, but couldn't find a single one;

You talked to me of aliens
Who shot at you from space,
I scanned the skies, but couldn't find a trace;

You talked to me of pirates
Who made you walk the plank;
I sailed the seven seas, but drew a blank;

Sleep onwards, the stars are bright,
You have no need to fear the night;
There's nothing here for you to fight
That cannot wait until the light;

You talked to me of ghosties
Who haunted you at night,
Yet I kept watch, there were no ghosts in sight;

You talked to me of monsters
Who rose up from the deep,
I watched all night, there was only you, asleep;
Only you, asleep.....

HULLO BALOO

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

SECRET RUSH HOUR LOVER

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

She's auburn, blonde, brunette, or sometimes purple,
Her eyes are brown and wide, or deep and blue,
And shine in brilliant welcome every morning,
Sparkling as she waits there, in the queue,
To join you in unspoken rendezvous.

The clues are there should you but care to find them,
The enigmatic smile, the sexy pose,
The tell-tale way she pauses from her texting,
The playful way she scratches at her nose,
All aimed to catch your eye, well, maybe, who knows?

Of course, there's just a chance that you're mistaken:
An inner wisdom, sounding the alarm,
The fact that you know bugger all about her,
The guesswork on her clear and obvious charm,
The "I love Wayne" tattooed upon her arm.

A history of what's never going to happen,
A story of forever in your dreams,
Strange trysts upon a mundane weekday morning,
Where reality is seldom as it seems,
Playing out to hopeless plans and schemes.

To a fool she is a secret rush hour lover,
Who rides with him on every bus and train,
Yet to the wise she's just another stranger,
Who helps make light of queueing in the rain,
And eases him to work, or home again.