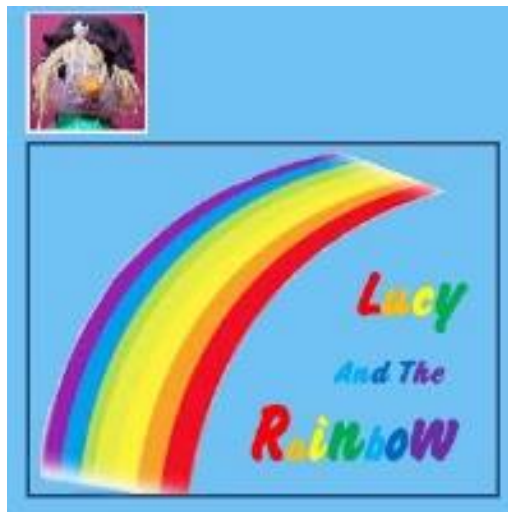


# LUCY AND THE RAINBOW



(Words and music: Robin Hill)



[www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk](http://www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)



# LUCY AND THE RAINBOW



(Words and music: Robin Hill unless stated)

[www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk](http://www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk)

All original material copyrighted

## CONTENTS

A Clown in Empty Boots  
Lucy And The Rainbow  
In The Meadow  
No-One Saw  
Where Did Larry Go?  
Stacey  
Rust  
The Circles Of our Lives  
The 60s Are Gone - Long Live The 70s (instrumental)  
In Your Own Way  
Maybe, Just Maybe  
Who You Are  
The Last Of The Twilight  
Spirit Of The Age



## **A CLOWN IN EMPTY BOOTS**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So there you are,  
A clown with wonky nose,  
Sad eyes peering through the custard pie,  
As laughing children slowly start to cry.

So there you stand,  
A clown in empty boots,  
Naked but for whirly twirly tie,  
As spinning self respect begins to die.

So there you go,  
A clown without a Kleenex,  
Lipstick smudges spoil the feigned surprise,  
With more than greasepaint running from your eyes.

## **LUCY AND THE RAINBOW**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Soft eyes now lit bright,  
Driven on by starlight,  
Lucy checks the name of the hotel,  
Waves away the taxi,  
Hurries up to floor three,  
Trembling as she reaches for the bell

Fingers now crossed tight,  
Hoping that she looks right,  
Leather boots and shapely legs combine,  
Mini skirt revealing  
More than it's concealing,  
And what the hell, it's 1969.

Did you find what you were looking for,  
Is this what you imagined in your head?  
Did fortune dance there with you, dark and dusty on the floor,  
Or pose right there beside you on that vaguely musty bed?

Back streets of Soho.  
Pot of gold and rainbow,  
Maybe it was time to cross that line,  
Hopes that gently flutter,  
With the clicking of a shutter,  
And what the hell, it's 1969.

## **IN THE MEADOW**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So softly, then, she calls his name,  
Like whispers from a lovers' game  
Down there in the meadow:  
The flowers she places at his feet  
Will wither in the summer heat  
Down there in the field

Figures rise and float unseen  
Blending soft to black and green  
Down there in the meadow,  
Briefly caught through half closed eyes,  
Like fleeting summer butterflies  
Down there in the field

Many years have come and gone  
Yet still the memory lingers on  
Down there in the meadow:  
Softly, still, she calls his name  
Like echoes from a lover's game  
Down there in the field

## **NO-ONE SAW**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

No-one saw you running through the sand dunes,  
Windmill tilting arms and windswept hair,  
Barefoot tracks that formed, in perfect writing,  
“SOS!” when viewed from in the air.

No-one saw you sliding on the ice field,  
Legs and arms akimbo, flailing high,  
Backside tracing out, in rounded letters,  
“Help!” when viewed from somewhere in the sky.

No-one seemed to spot the slightest gesture,  
No-one seemed to hear the faintest sound,  
No-one smelt the fear, or tasted danger,  
No-one felt the tremors in the ground.

No-one saw you tumbling down the mountain:  
Did you fall or give yourself a shove?  
Scattered boulders spelling, in the valley,  
“Sod it all!” when viewed from up above.



## **WHERE DID LARRY GO?**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You stopped to check the signposts  
To find out where he'd gone,  
But if they had an answer,  
They failed to point you on;  
And is it really all that strange  
If life moves on, directions change?  
You stopped to stare at signposts,  
But the signposts didn't show  
Just where did Larry go?

You punched into the Sat Nav  
Her last known when and where,  
But if it found a target,  
It didn't guide you there;  
And is it really so bizarre  
To switch the routes to who we are?  
You programmed up the Sat Nav  
But the Sat Nav didn't know  
Which way did Carrie go?

You filled the box on Google  
With every detail known.  
But if it found the vaguest match,  
Still no results were shown;  
And is it really so profound  
To alter strings by which we're found?  
You searched at length with Google,  
But Google couldn't show  
Quite where did Harry go?

## STACEY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Stacey was a dancer,  
And dance was all she ever longed to do:  
Bright lights, bright music,  
Life then seemed whole,  
Star-eyed dreams that lined the way,  
Contentment just a reach away

Stacey was a stripper,  
It helped whenever dancing work fell through:  
Soft lights, soft music,  
Still in control,  
Dance was dance, so that's okay  
And life moved forward anyway

Stacey was a call girl;  
It came to be the only life she knew:  
Dim lights, dark silence,  
Dim dark soul,  
A deed to do and rent to pay  
Her motto through each long hard day

## RUST

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So, were there voices warning in your head,  
Of victories that just might never last?  
And did you listen to a word they said  
When futures slipped to blunt and grinding past?  
You took your chances and they seemed to pay  
In glittered hurrahs throughout the night,  
But golden reputations fade away  
To rust within the pale morning light;

The satisfaction as you stood again,  
To take that well deserved applause,  
Turned to disappointment as you grasped in vain  
At prizes that were simply never yours;  
The friends you won became the friends you lost,  
In spirals of erosion and decay,  
Their sparkle weathered by the gripping frost  
To rust within the cold light of day;

And so, did you live to learn the lavish price  
Of thinking every triumph to be real:  
A turn of luck made good with tumbling dice  
Negated by the spinning of a wheel?  
And did your flaws, in all their devious ways,  
Corrode the good intentions of your dreams,  
And turn these sequences of blinding plays,  
To rust within the flywheels your schemes?

## **THE CIRCLES OF OUR LIVES**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Somewhere behind you is the shore you hope to reach,  
Somewhere in front of you your clothes still on the beach;  
And right there in the middle, the current where you drown,  
The circles of our lives, in silent whirlpools, pull you down.

Somewhere in the future is the you you long to flee,  
And somewhere in the past there lurks the you you long to be;  
And right here in the present, a merging of the two,  
The circles of our lives, in changing shapes of who is you.

Somewhere after sunrise is the swirling black of night,  
Somewhere after dusk the wash of gentle morning light;  
And caught between the two, the glow of ever-changing themes,  
The circles of our lives, which thwart our fondest hopes and dreams.

## **THE 60s ARE GONE – LONG LIVE THE 70s**

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

## **IN YOUR OWN WAY**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Pain that you've been through,  
Courage you've found,  
Spirit and purpose,  
Rich and profound;  
Setbacks defeated,  
Vanquished away,  
Triumphs completed  
In your own way.

There's a murmur in the air,  
The softest breath of something stirring there.

There are changes coming through,  
Bringing out the best of what you do.

Hardships you've fought with,  
Obstacles cast,  
Richness of vision,  
Subtle and vast,  
Reason confounded,  
Cause swept away,  
Insight compounded  
In your own way.

## **MAYBE, JUST MAYBE**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Some days, at evening,  
She'll settle here alone,  
Turn down the telly  
And quietly disconnect the phone;  
Where, silent, and pensive,  
Her mind can wander free,  
Lost a while, absorbed in all  
The many things that used to be:

A half-caught breath of scandal  
Still lingers in the air  
And mouths a silent "maybe"  
To those who care

The young loves that once were  
Have all but slipped away,  
And deeper loves with meanings  
Will fade at times from day to day;  
Yet woven in their patterns,  
A rich but hidden seam  
Of secret loves and yearnings,  
All forged from things she dared to dream:

A half-glimpsed indiscretion  
Still permeates the mask  
And softly whispers "maybe"  
For those who ask

A half-seen revelation  
Still breaks the deep disguise,  
And half-suggests "just maybe"  
From silent eyes ...

## WHO YOU ARE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

When your failings make you feel uptight,  
It's who you are that makes it turn out right,  
And who you are that means you sleep at night,  
Restful in your bed;

When you're gripped by all this fear and doubt,  
It's who you are that keeps it working out,  
And who you are that brings the turnabout  
To fortitude instead;

Be yourself,  
Stay steadfast, strong and true;  
And if you're not sure what else to be,  
Be you,

You don't have to be brilliant,  
You don't have to be a star,  
You shine already, just the way you are

Be yourself,  
Keep courage shining through;  
And whatever else you try to be,  
Be you,

You don't have to be perfect,  
You don't have to clear that bar,  
You soar already, just the way you are

You don't have to be wonderful,  
You don't need the big cigar,  
You're smoking now, just the way you are.



## **THE LAST OF THE TWILIGHT**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

In the last of the twilight,  
As the day nears its end,  
We'll breathe in the quiet,  
Watch the darkness descend,  
Thoughtful and musing,  
Holding the eye  
On patterns that swirl  
In what remains of the sky.

In the last of the twilight  
Of all that has passed,  
Our one time aspirations  
Lie peaceful at last,  
Lost behind shadows  
Of half opaque shrouds,  
Like patterns that drift  
In what remains of the clouds.

In the last of the twilight,  
At the end of the day,  
Nothing to do now,  
Nothing to say,  
Arms softly reaching,  
Where warm friendship thrives  
In patterns that bathe  
What remains of our lives.

## **SPIRIT OF THE AGE**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

So drop those yellow go-go boots,  
Put on your platform heels,  
Just seize the mood, and go with how it feels

Changes come and changes go,  
A blinking of the eye,  
Years go round in constant flow,  
And life itself slips by

So goodnight Sergeant Pepper,  
And good morning Major Tom,  
The spirit of the age is moving on.

===

Maxi coats and maxi cars,  
Late night parties, rock guitars,  
Peace and love, and burning bras the rage

Lunar landings, jumbo jets,  
Psychedelic discotheques,  
Dancing with the spirit of the age

===

So drop that purple mini skirt  
An inch below the knee,  
Up or down from there is where to be;

(contd .....)

Fads and fashions change so fast,  
And nothing's here to stay,  
Years just come and years go past  
While life just slips away

So goodnight, Sergeant Pepper,  
Good morning Major Tom,  
The spirit of the age keeps marching on.

===

So goodbye, Sergeant Pepper  
Why hello, Elton John,  
The spirit of the age moves ever on.