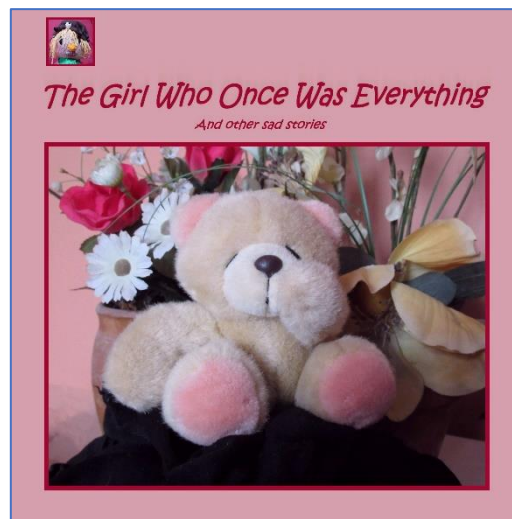
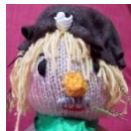


THE GIRL WHO ONCE WAS EVERYTHING

AND OTHER SAD STORIES



(Words and music: Robin Hill)



www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

THE GIRL WHO ONCE WAS EVERYTHING

AND OTHER SAD STORIES



(Words and music: Robin Hill unless stated)

www.scarecrowsongs.co.uk

All original material copyrighted

CONTENTS

A Ticking Clock Part 1 (The Heart That Holds)
And Who Knows Which
Sidney
Memories, Perhaps Part 1 (A Long Lost Time And Place)
Presence And Absence
In Search Of Things Forgotten (instrumental)
The Love
A Ticking Clock Part 2 (The Ticking Time)
A Momentary Hope
Day By Day
Nobody Knows
Resolutions
The Girl Who Once Was Everything
Memories, Perhaps Part 2 (Who We Really Are)
Celebrate
Mysterious Ways

A TICKING CLOCK Part 1 (The Heart That Holds)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A ticking clock upon the wall
That marks the quiet rise and fall
Of steady breathing, there within the bed;
And who can tell how many days,
Of heart that holds, and life that stays,
Until all days have finally passed,
And breathing stops, to leave at last
A ticking clock to tick alone instead.

AND WHO KNOWS WHICH?

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Looking through a window at a courtyard,
Edgeless figures shuffle round a square,
Silhouettes flit in and out of shadows,
And who knows which are full and real,
And which are just not there?

Staring through the fog along a corridor,
People guiding people up and down,
Recognition foiled by blurred confusion,
And who knows which are flannelled starch,
And which are dressing gown?

Peering through confusion to the distance,
Reasoned thoughts lose grip throughout the mind,
Timelines melt to one within a circle,
And who knows which lie up ahead,
And which are far behind?

Searching through a lifetime for a memory,
Truths that flirt with falsehoods all the while,
Faces, once familiar, now elusive,
And who knows which are heartless ruse,
And which are friendly smile?

SIDNEY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Sidney brings the flowers,
And plays the old familiar guessing game,
Of who it is he'll give them to today:
Someone he adores,
Or someone oh so very far away.

Sidney rings the buzzer,
Signs his name, and stops to note the time,
Then climbs the stairs towards the second floor:
Pondering, on the landing,
Just who it is he'll find beyond the door.

Sidney leaves the chocolates,
Puts them on the table by the bed,
Then buttons up his coat and moves along:
Maybe, sometime later,
She'll find them there, and know just who they're from.

MEMORIES, PERHAPS Part 1 (A Long Lost Time And Place)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The dance and sway of window blinds
Left open to the breeze,
Bring memories, perhaps, of childhood back to tease.

The clacking of a distant train
That drifts in from the night,
Brings memories, perhaps, of first loves, soft and light.

A passing phrase, a fleeting tune,
A stirring deep within the mind,
There, then vanished all too soon,
With only hints of memories left behind.

The half-caught scent of bedside flowers
That float and linger on,
Brings memories, perhaps, of pasts now long since gone.

The kisses of a midnight breeze
That nuzzle on the face,
Bring memories, perhaps, of long lost time and place.

PRESENCE AND ABSENCE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Presence and absence,
Like moths near a flame,
Flit one to the other,
Then back to the same;
A here, there, and elsewhere,
In single take scene,
That pans back and forth
Through the points in between;

Strange and familiar,
In cunning disguise,
That alternate warmth
With a cold stranger's eyes;

Love and confusion,
A blending of each,
Where one you can touch
Hides in worlds you can't reach;

Right here, and nowhere,
Somewhere, and not,
Where things still remembered
Blend with things now forgot;
And presence and absence,
Within the same frame,
Stand next to each other,
As one and the same.

IN SEARCH OF THINGS FORGOTTEN

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

THE LOVE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The usual scene:
The half Hello,
The grasp to recognise,
The flickered search from veiled and frightened eyes;
And when it's done,
A reaching out
Of scared and trembling hand,
Conflicted in that need to understand

Just why the love that every day
Brings all these thoughts from home,
Becomes the love that turns away
And leaves her here, alone.

The usual thing:
There's nothing new,
The same old round and round,
Triggered by the same old sight and sound;
And through it all,
The same old cross
Of here, there, traitor, friend,
Tormented by that loss to comprehend

Quite how the love that eases dread,
And wipes tears from her face,
Can turn to love that shakes its head
And leaves her in this place.

A TICKING CLOCK Part 2 (The Ticking Time)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A ticking clock that holds the ear,
And marks the ticking time spent here,
Where hope still clings to hope across the gloom;
And who can guess how many hours,
Of faith that soars, desire that towers,
Until all hours have slipped on by,
And hope itself has all run dry,
A ticking clock within a lifeless room.

A MOMENTARY HOPE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Sometimes she'll catch his laughter,
Like a whisper on the breeze,
Or glance to catch him waving
From the shadows of the trees;

Sometimes she'll sense the softness
Of his fingers through her hair,
And turn within her waking
In hope to find him there;

Sometimes she'll hear his footsteps
From just across the street,
Or glimpse him in a doorway
Of some place they used to meet;
A momentary hope
Of a moment more complete;

Sometimes she might imagine
His number on her phone,
Or spot a cryptic heading
In a message flagged unknown:
A momentary hope
Of a moment less alone;

Sometimes she'll feel his body
Pressing down on hers at night,
And wrap her arms around him,
Take the pillow, hold it tight,
And hold it tight

DAY BY DAY

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Today was all it was because of yesterday,
Tomorrow will be better for today;
Think less of what you once went through,
And more of where you're going to,
Day by day.

Tuesday only sparkled because Monday did,
And Wednesday's just the next step on the way.
Think less of where you are right now
And more of where you'll get somehow,
Day by day.

The way ahead is fraught with tragic failures still,
Hopes and dreams that wait to go astray,
Think less of soaring through the air,
And more of simply getting there,
Day by day.

NOBODY KNOWS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Lurking in an alias,
A cunning weave of mask and veiled disguise,
Unrecognised,
The sum of every random stranger's eyes:

Nobody knows, nobody knows,
Nobody knows who you are.

Hiding in a half blank smile,
That briefly flits across an unseen face,
Then vanishes,
Retreating to a different time and place:

Nobody knows, nobody knows,
Nobody knows where you are.

Fading to a question mark,
A question mark that hangs within the air,
Unanswered,
The shapeless form of truths no longer there:

Nobody knows, nobody knows,
Nobody knows what you are.

RESOLUTIONS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

An easing of tension,
A slack of the rope,
Perpetual frustration
Resolving to hope;
And there in the calm
That descends from the night,
Assurance, the world is alright.

Release from foreboding,
Remission from grief,
A long troubled anguish
Resolves to relief;
And there in the truce
At the start of the day,
A comfort, the world is okay.

Confounding the riddle,
Unscrambling the clue,
Where deep seated falsehoods
Resolve into true;
And there in the logic,
In splashes of light,
Revelation, the world is alright.

THE GIRL WHO ONCE WAS EVERYTHING

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

I tried to give you all that I could give,
I tried to smile, or make you laugh, and help you carry on,
And all I ever wished for was to know just where she'd gone,
This lady who was once my will to live.

I tried to bring you all that I could bring,
The strength of touch, to reach and find a cold bewildered hand,
And all I ever wanted was to somehow understand
Just where she'd gone, the girl who once was everything.

MEMORIES, PERHAPS Part 2 (Who We Really Are)

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The vaguest glimpse, the merest sound,
That drifts in from afar,
Brings memories, perhaps, of who we really are.

CELEBRATE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The bad times are over,
It's good to see you smile;
So let's find a corkscrew
And celebrate in style:

A need to have you here,
A wish to find you strong,
Relief to see you back
Where you belong;

Let's say goodbye to heartbreak,
Good riddance all the pain,
And celebrate, the future's here again.

The wishing is done now,
And every wish came true,
So let's find some glasses,
And raise them high to you:

A wish to feel you here,
A need to know you're strong,
A longed for reassurance
There's nothing wrong;

Let's just forget what went before,
And drink to what's ahead;
Let's celebrate, the future's here instead.

MYSTERIOUS WAYS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Like a dance across the ceiling of the room,
A tango, lost in shadows from the fire,
There, then maybe gone, within the gloom,
You move in mysterious ways.

Like a vapour trail that hangs within the air,
An essence doomed to fade and then expire,
Distinct, perhaps, yet also hardly there,
You move in mysterious ways.

A paradox set loose inside a puzzle,
A poser that will baffle and amaze,
An anagram wrapped up in a conundrum,
Moving in mysterious ways.

Like a notion teasing lightly in the mind,
A hint of subtle love, or wild desire,
A something, yet a nothing much, combined,
You move in mysterious ways.