

DELETED SCENES

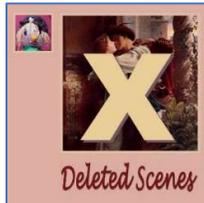


(Words and music: Robin Hill)



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INDISCRETIONS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

In that world of playful phantoms,
Indiscretions dance and sway,
Shine just briefly now, then fade away.

In that world of secret fancies,
Indiscretions waft and tease,
Here, then gone, with ever fleeting ease.

Better wry regret
Than simply just forget
A past that shapes the way we are today;

Better pause awhile,
And raise the fondest smile,
As indiscretions shine, then fade away.

In that world of teasing memories,
Indiscretions float on air,
Buried deep at times, but always there.

THE EARLY MORNING SONG

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

The usual creep of early morning light,
A shapeless time projected on the ceiling overhead,
A radio that reassures from somewhere out of sight,
And yet, within this hung and musty head,
A sense of something else besides, that's missing from the bed.

The usual rush of early morning shower,
Hot water over shoulder blades, a reaching for the soap,
A lathered shave, a slow return to former mental power,
Yet nagging through this new found rush of hope,
A feeling something's not quite there, still lost within the hour.

The usual early morning breakfast scene,
The loading of a toaster, a hunt for marmalade,
A rummage through the fridge to find a tub of margarine,
A hurried slurp of coffee freshly made;
And through the many pauses in between,
The silent sound of something more, of simply might have been.

CHANCE ENCOUNTERS?

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Just one more random chance they meet at Chez Vous,
Another time they stay alert, aware,
Furtive sideways glances in the lobby,
Rehearsing how they happen to be there;

Just one more sidled visit to reception,
The other keeping watch from just ahead,
The always wary steps towards to the stairwell,
The other wise to take the lift instead;

Still ever more excuses at the ready,
Flimsy tales of why, or just what for,
A sense of dread that keeps them ever guarded,
Nervous, down that last long corridor:

Then all is well, now safe behind a door,
Where guard can fall with clothing to the floor,
And needs and wants can give full vent once more;

Just one more chance event an hour later,
From lift and stairwell, happening to meet,
The merest nod at such a brief encounter,
Then off in separate ways along the street.

EBEGUILE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

She stood upon the beach
And held you with her haunting smile;
Just so out of reach,
The sweetness that was Ebeguile.

She walked along the sand
And beckoned, teasing all the while,
Just beyond your hand,
The vision that was Ebeguile.

She turned towards the sea,
Leaving you to reconcile
The haunting mystery
And beauty that was Ebeguile.

SUGGESTIONS

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

As the twilight starts to creep across the room,
There's a promise in her eyes
That seems to shine on through the gloom,
Suggestions that an evening once thought done
Can lead to so much more.

As the shadows start to lengthen on her face,
There's a glow within her smile
That seems to hold throughout this space,
Suggestions of a path that just might lure
Beyond the hallway door.

Subtle shifts of thought,
Of could, and might, and ought,
Suggestions of the changing ways we feel
When days slip into night,
And moments just seem right,
And mere suggestions turn to something real.

As the dusk descends to stillness on the air,
There's a whisper in her breathing
That will linger on the stair,
Suggestions of what lingers still elsewhere
Across the landing floor.

I WASN'T, YOU WERE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Now and again, as we sit side by side,
Familiar frustrations start churning inside
That our feeble pretensions can't hide ...

You were with him last night when I was away,
Yes, your eyes tell me so, in the cold light of day,
And you're lying in all that you say.

I simply resent the things you infer:
No, I wasn't with him, but you were with her,
And don't just deny it, you were.

Then with forces well spent we will dampen our fires,
Each lost in the calmness the peace now requires,
And our own private thoughts and desires ...

DINNER FOR TWO, TAXI FOR ONE

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

A notion that takes shape before the starter,
The subtle soft implanting of a seed,
From eyes that sparkle bright behind a soup spoon,
An inkling of just where this all might lead;

A vague idea that pesters through the main course,
From conversation's slick and easy flow,
And head tossed laughter, brandishing two chopsticks,
A flash of how this evening might just go;

Dinner for two, taxi for one,
The stories that seek to confound,
Of glories that never quite made it,
Or courage just never quite found;

A stirring thought that lingers with the ice cream,
As inhibitions ease, and hopes pretend,
And licking lips play lightly on the pavlova,
A teasing glimpse of how tonight might end;

Reality that kicks in with the coffee,
The tempting smile, the laughter, like before,
A goodnight kiss, a hug, there in the lobby,
A cab for one that waits outside the door -
And 'So long' to a dear, dear, friend once more.

BE KIND ENOUGH

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Maybe it just isn't that important,
Irrelevant when set against the rest,
Bur darling, if you're really going to leave me,
Be kind enough to leave me at my best.

I'm guessing it won't really make much difference,
It won't affect the way I feel inside,
Bur darling, if you really have to leave me,
Be kind enough to leave me with some pride.

I took your cold assertions where the blame lies,
I bore the constant slagging with your friends,
The jibes and haunts of satisfaction wanting,
But let me walk unscathed from how it ends.

I rode the Facebook flames, the taunts on Twitter,
The scathing words of never quite enough,
I gritted teeth through every call of failure,
But when I've gone, please free me from that stuff.

I'm sure it just won't matter in the long run,
I'm certain things will turn out for the best,
But darling, when the time has come to leave me,
Be kind enough to put our time to rest.

YET ANOTHER LAST GOODBYE

(Instrumental - Music: Robin Hill)

ONCE UPON A TIME

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Once upon a time,
Two longing souls connected,
With hearts that yearned to climb
To glory in the sky;
And spirits that surrendered
To soaring passion's swell,
Once upon a time,
Or once in a motel.

Once upon a time,
In precious stolen moments,
Their love remained sublime
With passions gliding high;
And when they chose to dare,
Their ardour kept them able,
Once upon a chair,
And once upon a table:
Once upon a time,
Then twice more on the table.

Once upon a time,
Reality found reason
And laid the paradigm
By which their love would die;
Where firm heads cautioned "Never"
And fond hearts whispered "Soon"
Once upon a time,
Now once in a blue moon.

THE SWEETEST GOODNIGHT

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

There's a presence here between us,
I can sense it drawing near,
Like a whisper of a rumour
Of a secret, still unclear,
Of something quite profound that's stirring here;

Must it always be like this,
The pull of some alluring kiss,
The teasing hint of bodies closing tight,
Of hands that reach and clasp
At something just within their grasp:
Then empty air, the sweetest 'So, goodnight.'

There's a faint but growing heartbeat,
I can sense its pump and sway,
Like the rise within an ocean
Of a swell of heady spray,
Exhilaration, just a gasp away;

Must it always be this way,
The mocking games that passions play,
The soaring of desires that lead us on,
The urgent need to feel
That here at last is something real:
Then stone-cold truth, the loveliest 'Well, so long.'

DELETED SCENES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

Another flashback scene
Of what we might have been,
Or what we could have done if only but;
The same compelling act,
More poignant for the fact
That some scenes never make the final cut.

Deleted scenes,
The dialogues that seldom see the light,
Of secret truths our lives go on despite.

Awards that slipped us by,
Like glitter in the sky,
Two secret selves who shun the spoils of fame,
Yet never quite forget,
And never once regret
That some scenes hold their sparkle all the same.

Deleted scenes,
The narratives of never meant to be's,
Still leave behind uncensored memories.

Deleted scenes,
The escapades still vivid all the while,
Recalled at will, to quiet but knowing smile.

YOU CAME BACK *

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

You came back to me,
Oh darling, I'm so glad,
When all my dreams had faded to the darkest black,
You came back,
Oh, you came back.

You came back to me,
Oh darling, don't be sad,
With all I longed for lost along a railway track,
You came back,
Oh, you came back.

You've been so very far away,
And I can't find a single thing to say,
But Thank You for coming,
Coming back to me.

Our journeys are tortuous and long,
And seldom lead us back where we belong,
So Thank You for coming,
Coming back to me.

You came back to me,
Oh darling, I'm not mad,
With all my feelings hampered by the words they lack,
You came back,
Oh, you came back,
Oh, you came back.

* You Came Back" was partly inspired by the final scene of "Brief Encounter", but is not meant to be a faithful reproduction.

WHEN SOMEONE'S BEEN EATING **YOUR PORRIDGE**

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

When someone's been trying your armchair,
It's no great surprise you're annoyed:
The telltale shapes in the cushions
That somebody's ass has destroyed;
And despite all the awkward pretension,
There are subjects you cannot avoid.

When someone's been tasting your porridge,
You feel you must take it to task:
The glaring spoon on the table,
Is something you cannot let pass;
And in spite of the need to be wary,
There are questions you really should ask.

When somebody's slept on your pillow,
The thoughts can play havoc in your head:
The giveaway crumples and creases
That run down the length of the bed,
And despite all the tactful avoidance,
There are things that just need to be said.

OLD DESIRES

(Words and music: Robin Hill)

In the quietness of an evening
When the fury's all but gone,
The louder echoes fade away,
But playful memories whisper on,
As long gone loves and passions,
Like old extinguished fires,
Stir within their embers
To teasing shapes of old desires;

In the stillness of your memories,
Where a sadness used to lie,
A quieter mood uncovers
A sense of calm, of life passed by,
And furrows of old failings
That used to line your brow,
Have weathered with a lifetime
To old desires still smiling now.