

dooji wooji

CALISTOGA BAY
(Based on “Harlem Air Shaft”)
Music, Duke Ellington
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Tonight we’re goin’ with the tidal flow,
The moon above us and the sea below.
We’ll have a party out on Calistoga Bay.

Say “Adios” to ev’ry care and woe,
‘Cause we’ll be shakin’ up
the status quo,
Soon as we’re driftin’ onto Calistoga
Bay.

Tonight all trouble
Will be transcended.
A comet’s passing;
It should be splendid.

Invite your mama and her latest beau.
Call up your dad, because
the dude can blow!
We’ll make some music out on
Calistoga Bay.
Sail away!

We’ll hang those baby blue lights;
It’s time for celebrating life,
All the sights and sounds of springtime,
Ohh, cruise on to heavenly heights.
It’s a glittering, glamorous trip.
You know you want to take it.

We’ll ride a wave
On up one side and down the other,
And then another and
another and another,
And if the ballroom
Should get to rockin’,
We’ll still be swingin’,
Stompin’ on the dance floor.

C’mon, Willie!

Drop everything you’re doin’,
‘Cause you don’t need to mow the lawn.
Those dirty dishes will never
know you’re gone.
Can’t you hear that siren song,
Sayin’ “Take a little trip, take a little trip,
Take a little trip take a little trip,
take a little trip?”

Round up all our pals,
The hippies and those crazy queens
Who used to play the Golden Lantern in
New Orleans.

There’ll be boocoo huggin’,
Jitterbuggin’ too,
One fine yacht is what we got,
Room for everyone we ever knew.

Get on the horn to every friend and foe,
The girl who dumped you in Atascadero
Could break away and come to
Calistoga Bay.
Why not say all is forgiven?

Pull up the anchor and we’re good to go.
The decks are gleaming,
there’s a feast below.
It’s great to be together
on a night like this.
I put your name on a big kiss.

We star-eyed lovers
Are set for sailing.
The comet hovers;
The section’s wailing.

Yo-ho everybody
Let’s hit the ocean,
Cause one big-time commotion,
Full-steamin’ laughin’ and
Screamin’.
Bon Voyage!
Hey, we’re on our way,
Out onto Calistoga Bay.

CICADA TIME

Music, Shelly Berg and Eddie Arkin
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

There's a very odd cicada,
Who is fairly rarely seen.
He hangs out underground
Till he's a red-eyed 17.
He briefly paints the town;
He finds a treetop home, and then
The hatchlings flutter down.
So it can all begin again.

The darling buds of May
Know today could not be
Any normal day.
It's finally cicada time,
It's finally cicada time.
They crawl up one by one,
Like a couple billion in the blazing sun.
It's really cicada time,
It's really cicada time.

Well they're gonna breed and die
By and by
First they're gonna cry out loud
People gonna stop and sigh
When they fly
Takin' to the sky in a murky cloud
I heard a deafening screech
Did you, my dear?
It's clearly cicada time
They're finally here

My oh me, my cicada,
Fly, be free, yada yada.
Find your tree, my cicada.
Hi-de-hi, my cicada,
Breeze on by, my cicada,
Watch my eye, my cicada
(Saved a couple on the highway).
Hup! Hup!

Soon they're gonna dance and dream,
Swarm and scream.
Ain't it great to be alive?
They'll be sure to savor it,
Then they'll split,
Make-a like-a Hoffa in '75.

I felt a gathering force.
And I could tell.
By God, it's cicada time.
I wish them all well.

Hey guys,
I know you'll be out partyin'
Until your time is done.
I hope I see your crazy kin
In 2021,
Havin' just a little too much fun,
Cicada.

REMEMBERING TO BREATHE

Music, Bill Elliott
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Just above the Pick-and-Pay,
The baby dancers learn ballet,
All smiling and remembering to breathe.
Dressed in tights and satin shoes,
And Velcro-closing pink tutus,
And usually remembering to breathe.

They never grumble,
And if they stumble,
Their tears won't ever reach their eyes.
Madame Ouspenskaya knows
That when you're on your tippy-toes,
You've got to keep remembering to
breathe,

Following your heart's desire,
More than often, does require
Dealing with failure and pain.
Even though know you love it,
Are you truly worthy of it?
Do you have the right to complain?

You try again, and then
You have your shining moment.
Reaching far and standing tall,
Not caring that you still could fall,
You'll always keep remembering to
breathe.

"Pirouette, jeté, jeté,
No pooching out when you plié,

Keep smiling and remembering to breathe.”

Eight, and one, and two, and three,
They cross the floor so gingerly.

“Girls, we must keep
Remembering to breathe!”

They never grumble,
And if they tumble,
Their mommies never see them cry.
Three, and four, and five, and six,
And seven, eight, again, the trick’s
Relaxing and remembering to breathe.

Dancing toward your dreams can bring
A breathless joy, but here’s the thing:
You’ve got to keep remembering
To breathe.

I KNOW THE WAY TO BROOKLYN

Music, Eddie Arkin

Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

I don’t know how to bake a pie,
Or skywrite a letter in the summer sky,
And I sure don’t know how to keep
a guy,
But I know the way to Brooklyn.

I don’t know how to build a boat,
Or operate the buttons
on the damn remote,
But I’ve got one skill of particular note:
I know the way to Brooklyn.

Bookin’ out to Brooklyn on an early train,
Bringin’ my umbrella
‘cause there might be rain,
Time to hang a little with Amanda Jane.
She’s always lived in Brooklyn.

I couldn’t say how to get to Spain,
Or help you make your way
across the Ukraine,
And flyin’ to the moon
would bend my brain,
But I know the way to Brooklyn.

Can’t charm a snake or hold my booze.
I’m lousy at debating my political views.
But I can feel better any time I choose,
Yeah yeah yeah yeah.

Can’t pretend I have a lot of style and
grace.
Can’t play the ocarina or the
upright bass,
But I can always get to my favorite
place.

They’ve got a fabulous diner there,
Gets a colorful crowd from everywhere,
Havin’ the best meal that ever was,
Workin’ up a coffee buzz.

We’ll gab, giggle the way we do.
She’s the craziest girl I ever knew.
We’ll plan to head out but stay instead,
Big-talkin’ ‘bout the week ahead.

Can’t run a mile in a minute flat,
Can’t pull off a toga or a pillbox hat,
But I can get to Coney Island,
Just like that.

My hair’s an unbelievable catastrophe,
Can’t spell “Tyrannosaurus”
for the life of me,
But I know every stop along the IRT.
Go on, try me.

I don’t know how to tell a joke,
Or turn a clever phrase with uptown folk,
But I can mend my heart
whenever it’s broke,
‘Cause I know the way,
I know the way,

I don’t know the way to San Jose.
Never seen the birds in Bodega Bay.
I got lost for a day in downtown L.A.,
But I know the way to Brooklyn.
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
I know the way to Brooklyn.

Can’t swing a bat,
Can’t change a flat,

Can't scat.
Sca do be do ya do ba
Do ba doo wee.

ON THE ESPLANADE
Music, Russell Ferrante
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

I met you
In the year of El Niño
At the edge of the ocean
My skirt brushed your hand
on the esplanade
Your kind face
Hadn't ever been handsome
What I thought was compassion
Flooded my soul on the esplanade

I was off to a seaside hoedown
You broke my stride
Turned me around
All the boys would be waiting
None especially worth dating
I was dissatisfied
And then I found

Something so real
As the tide leapt in closer
And the sky became inky
One fine stormy day on the esplanade
Oh, on the esplanade

We took flight
Circle following circle
Wheeling over the water
One fine starry night on the esplanade
Moments later, the old pier
Was to be our arena
Flashy Venus our spotlight
As indigo clouds ringed the esplanade

With the innocent pride of lovers
We claimed the stage
A dancing flame
Curious heavenly creatures
Jammed the celestial bleachers
You hadn't spoken it
But I knew your name

Knew your sweet kiss
Long before you would offer it
By the barnacled pilings
Swaying with me on the esplanade

SWEET HONOLULU
(based on "Dooji Wooji")
Music, Duke Ellington
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Warm was the night when I drew you.
Cold chills, like mine, ran through you,
Back on sweet Honolulu.

I was torn with confusion,
While reading the words
that you wrote,
By the way that you answered
my serious question
With one of your witty rejoinders,
in your note.
Over open ocean,
On a fragile notion,
We were headin' somewhere.
Would we ever get there?

Paradise
Asks not a little price.
Now and then, men and women who
Walk in it, swim in it,
Do get eaten alive,
But we needed it bad,
Went a little mad in Honolulu.

Unbelievably green was the isle
that we flew to.
I was in love and a bit of a drama queen,
You were a pretty riddle
I had no clue to.
It was a riddle
Posed on sweet Honolulu.

Once, I could swear that I knew you.
Soft was the kiss I blew you.
We dreamed one dream—it threw you.
Darlin,' it was a dream on
sweet Honolulu,

It was a dream on sweet Honolulu,
Honolulu.

ONCE BITTEN

**Music, Eddie Arkin
and Shelly Berg
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

Anyone can see the man is awful fine.
We used to be an item,
but he wasn't mine.
Thought he was a cutie,
and we sure did click,
But first he'd cozy up,
and then he'd back off quick.

Ever since '01 he's had the same m.o.
His women say there's
never any quid pro quo,
So if you fall in love with him,
you ought to know
That he was once bitten.

Told me all about her on a fateful night.
No lie, I got the heebie-jeebies
when he went all white.
I was cuddled up beside him
in his classic car,
When I saw the humiliation
and I felt the scar.

Some get hurt by love,
and love another day,
Some will take a vow to make
the whole world pay,
And some will simply
ever after stay away,
If they were once bitten.

Once bitten, twice shy,
He was a cautious and a careful
A beware-ful guy;
He would jump back
from wherever we were,
Look in the eyes of romance
and see a nasty cur.
He tried to shake it,
But couldn't take it.

He's got a tender little heart,
And he's afraid to break it.

It's a drag,
The day you first get bit.
You can get in a bit of trouble,
Tryin' to handle it.
Passion has a pretty vicious appetite.
Never was a love who
wouldn't sometimes bite.

I could play it safe until I'm old and grey,
But I'm too big a fool
to live my life that way,
So I'll be reaching out my hand one day,
Though I was
Once bitten.

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE PARK

**Music, Russell Ferrante
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

Would you like to take a ramble
through the park,
Till the cheerful strains of day
Become the plaintive notes of dark,
Walk arm in arm
Along the Hudson?

All our long-forgotten dreams
are in the breeze.
Once I listened for your footsteps
In this very grove of trees,
When I was yours,
One endless April.

Came here as a kid.
Everybody did,
To ride our Stingrays,
And play jacks on the wall.

Loved this place, and you,
Still somehow you knew
I'd break away,
Break away from it all,
And leave Manhattan.

Would you care to take a ramble
through the park,
Amble on till we're enfolded
By the deep embrace of dark?
The sylvan lawns
Go on forever.

Trav'ling far past conversation,
We'll remember who we are,
By the shy illumination
Of a twilight April star.

INDIANA LANA
(based on "Jubilee Stomp")
Music, Duke Ellington
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Indiana Lana was a runner
out of Gary, Indiana.
Never was a runner who could beat the
time of Indiana Lana.
When she was only one,
She jumped up and began to run.
She ran around the apple tree,
Until you couldn't even see a blur.
"Now, get her!"

Soon the baby Lana was
the dinner table
talk of Indiana.
Our budding champion!
Oh baby, how she could cover ground.

Quicker than a rabbit,
With a habit
Of passing every car in Indiana.
"Way to go, Lana!"
How that little girl ran around!

Once she started movin',
Couldn't hardly stop.
She raced her brother's pickup truck
To the bait and tackle shop.
The boys all found it funny,
Till it hurt their pride,
To see that squirt smoke
everybody's ride.

High school brought her Track
and Field,
And though she'd always fly,
Something never quite appealed,
And Lana told me why.

Pontiacs and Oldsmobiles
Were really more her speed.
She needed horsepower at her heels,
To revel in her lead.

One day, at the end of May,
She jogged up to Thunder Bay,
Then thought it might be fun
To run down to Indianapolis Town.

Got to the place
Where there was a race,
Onto the speedway,
Into the lead, hey,
I don't jive.
She won the Indy Five.

Indiana Lana was a runner out
of Gary, Indiana.
Never was a Hummer who could beat
the time of Indiana Lana.
She yelled "First place or bust!"
Then left those race cars in the dust.
She ran around the track and back,
Around the track and back
around the track.
"You go, girl!"

Who began again to be the dinner table
talk of Indiana?
Our home-grown champion!
Oh baby, how she could cover ground.

Quicker than a rabbit,
With a habit
Of passing every car in Indiana.
"Way to go, Lana!"
How that little girl ran a-
How that little girl,
How that little girl,
How that little girl ran around!

SHAMEFUL

**Music, Eddie Arkin and Bill Elliott
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

The hour is tiny,
The room is black.
You're dead awake,
And flat on your back, when
Stray thoughts make a sneak attack,
And they're shameful.

You've got all you need,
But you lust for more,
Like a crazed consumer
Who buys out the store.
A frantic feeling
Shakes your core,
And it's shameful.

People think you're so mellow,
An exemplary fellow,
A reputation that's nothing
At which to sneeze.
You're adored by your legions
Of employees,

But there's a hidden smallness
You don't find cute,
Makes you less than comfy
Inside your suit.
They've declared you great,
But it won't compute,
And that's shameful.

Climbing up the ladder was a ton of fun,
Although you trembled in your shoes at
every one-on-one,
Drawin' a blank on
what you'd say to impress,
But baby, you pulled it out of the hat.
When you laid out the new solution,
All the brass were mumbling,
"Who was that?"
They loved your clear-sightedness.
You were on your way, hey,
You were on your way.

You've mastered all the corporate
Lingo of the day;

Now even you can barely understand a
word you say.

You got precision vision.
Your easy manner says
"I'm casual
But still in charge."

You're never heard to make
An inappropriate crack
About the leggy new designer
Behind her back.
The yearly seminars taught you well.
You're worse than all of 'em,
but no one can tell.
No one could possibly tell.

You feel shallow and
envious, lacking in class.
Your consummate cleverness
gives you a pass.
Their cover boy's really
a walking disaster.
It's shameful.

You wish you were more
full of cheer than you are,
Like the guy who sings Tosca
while washing your car.
Your soul's a black hole
deep inside of the star,
and it's shameful,
Sha-a-a-meful.

**TRYIN' TO GET OVER
(Based on "Doin' the Voom Voom")
Music, Duke Ellington
and Bubber Miley
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

Now some gals think they're funny,
And some come from old money,
But there's one thing I can
Promise you, honey,
They're tryin' to get over.

Well, some guys dress real pretty,

And some sure know the city.
There are those who'll cry
and ask for your pity,
All tryin' to get over.

Walking down the Promenade,
Conservative or quirky,
Implacable or perky,
See they're really all the same.
They're simply bent on
finding one who'll
Love and never leave them,
Who'll unblamingly receive them,
Even when they learn the truth.

Now some gals wear black leather,
Or string long words together.
Either way, there's not much
doubt as to whether
They're tryin' to get over.

I remember being late for kindergarten,
'Cause I took an extra hour
Polishing my Mary Janes ...

Gotta get 'em nice and shiny...

Sulking all through Junior High, and
Asking God to tell me why
He didn't give me
looks instead of brains,
So I could get over, get over.

Even when I turned into a swan,
I spent a thousand tearful nights
With only Mittens and the big TV.
That was a big TV.

Pondering my future,
Watching flicks where leading men of 56
Made love to chicks of 23.

Leading men of 56,
And chicks of 23!

We're all tryin' to make the big score,
Get that fabled "Something to Live For,"
Even stay in love forevermore.

Some girls may sport big muscles,
Or parasols and bustles,
Fake an accent and pretend
they're from Brussels.
They're tryin' to get over.

Some boys will choose your vino,
Then fork out cash for Keno,
And the question is,
Do they know that we know
They're tryin' to get over?

You can snag a mate if you're
notorious or handy.
Be burly, or a dandy,
Or a thief who's on the lam, or simply
Wax articulate,
Like Eleanor "La Roosevelt,"
Who bewitched the dashing Franklin
With her pithy little quotes.

We start cute conversations,
Or mindless altercations.
It's the same old game,
with endless mutations.
We're tryin' to get over.

Everybody's tryin' to get over,
Everybody's tryin' to get over.

HAPPY YOU WERE HERE
Music, Eddie Arkin
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Happy you were here,
To change my days,
Delight me with
Your little ways.
Your soulful eyes
Wouldn't let me pass you by.

Happy you were here,
Despite it all,
To stroll the pier
That last warm fall.
I turned my head.
Couldn't let you see me cry.

Through my tears,
I always knew
How grateful I would be
For the years
That God gave you and me.

Sometimes I see you in a dream,
My dearest one,
The way you were
When we had just begun.
I meet your eyes,
And once again it's clear.
Although it broke my heart to lose you,
I'm so happy you were here.



Dash, 1985-2001
Happy You Were Here