

CAFÉ SOCIETY

Music, Russell Ferrante/ Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Their photograph is fragile in my hand.
I stare at them, the singer and the band.
They pull me in the way a magic mirror does,
And I'm imagining how sweet the music was.
I wish with all my heart that I could be
At Café Society.

The singer's eyes are sad, her body strong.
She's watching as the saxes take the song.
The crowd's in darkness, but I think they all were still,
The sound releasing them as pure emotion will,
Each note a little breath of history,
At Café Society

Remembered by a scattered few—
I wonder sometimes if they knew
Those were the legendary days,
Recaptured now and then when someone plays
A graceful line,
A perfect phrase.

Those were the legendary days,
Recaptured now and then when someone plays
A graceful line,
A perfect phrase.

I trace the faded picture with my hand.
It holds a simple truth I try and understand.
They live forever in that moment of the night,
Sharing the certainty of doing something right.
I wish with all my heart that I could be
At Café Society,
Café Society.