

YOU'RE OUTA HERE

(based on Fats Waller's recording of "The Minor Drag")
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

You're more than a minor drag.....

Now the clock on the wall says 11:30,
Give a minute or two.
When the little and the big hand meet at 12,
I want to see the last of you.
I know I said I loved you, but tonight, my honey dear,
Three other words are on my mind:
You're outa here.

Take your books, and your bike, and your Barcalounger.
Leave the table and chairs.
Keep your big mouth shut, or I'll tell you what,
You're gonna feel your butt bounce down the stairs.
No time for explanations, or one more German beer.
Put down the chips and read my lips:
You're outa here.

Go, damn you, go!
None of your crying.
No reminders of the tender kiss
You won't be supplying.
Book the Plaza, sleep in the park, or
Ring up that blonde cashier.
Stay wherever you want to.
You're outa here.

You never will back down.
Your favorite pastime is to nag me.
You bully and you bluster,
Like some would-be Jimmy Cagney.
My sweaters are too small,
My 501's are far too baggy.
It bugs me, it bugs me,
I've got to set you free.

Tick-tock, tick-tock,
That's yours, that's mine,
Keep an eye on the clock.
Leave this, take that,
Wait, that was mine – oh well it's fine.
Don't stop, don't stop.

Oo-wee, you look ready to me, so
Call a cab, that's that.
Close the door, don't step on the cat.

It's not the way you got next to me
Just to borrow my car.
The little things you do and say,
Betray the guy you are.
You called my doorman "Pancho,"
And my Uncle Bob "a queer."
I sure don't dig where you're comin' from,
And now you're outa here.

I was alone in bed because you said
You were hangin' with the guys.
Rolled over to hug your pillow,
And much to my surprise,
Underneath that pillow
Was a polka-dot brassiere.
I never cared for polka-dots
Mm, You're outa here.

Tock-tick, tock-tick,
That's yours, that's mine.
Get a move on it, Slick.
Take this, and that.
Wait, that one's mine, oh hell, it's fine.
Make like a tree and leave.
Oo-woo, won't do to
Sit there like a bump on a log.
Hit the road,
Steer clear of the dog.

Sayonara, see you around.
One day I'll catch you on the rebound
Take a 20 if you wish,
But don't yell, you'll frighten the fish
Hop to, hop to, you got
10 seconds to grab a clue.
I know I swore that I loved you,
But tonight I'm even more sincere,
When I say so long, you're outa here!

TOO GOOD LOOKIN'

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Blue Black Bottom")
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

You got a face that beckons commuters on every subway,

A pair of eyes that Leo da Vinci would love to draw,
The kind of lips that hardly anyone was actually born with,
The kind of body that doesn't have a single flaw.

Now that you've risen to glory on your camera-friendly cheekbones,
You don't get into make-up for less than 20 G's , maybe 30.
You're quite impossible to flatter.
That's right, it really doesn't matter.
You smile, and half the world is on its knees.

Now why is that?

'Cause you're a little too good-lookin',
A little too good-lookin'.
When they handed out the genes you shouted "Bingo!"
Because your parts all work together,
They all work together,
With the synergy of John, Paul, George and Ringo.

You can't relate.
You make little jokes
About the weight
Of us normal folks.

You might be slightly out of touch, it's true.
Who wouldn't be if they were you?
You could be just a little too good-lookin'.

On TV, you proselytize
'Bout your own brand of exercise.
How I crave the dynamism
Of your fast metabolism.
You're here, you're there, you're everywhere,
You're like a constant fever dream.
My friend saw you uptown,
Swore up and down
You were flawless as you seem.

In that magazine,
You came off regal as a queen.
Oh sure some pundits found it crude.
You were totally, totally, totally nude.

As if they could turn away
From your nuclear appeal!
Your consummate loveliness is nothing less
Than the American ideal.

You were a teenage goddess when you first hit Manhattan.

You and your mama got off the bus from Crested Butte.
Before you had the opportunity to write a single postcard,
You caught the notice of an Oscar de la Renta suit.

Before you knew it, you were parading down the catwalk,
Done up in almost nothing but a look of pure disdain.
You know the men'll want to meet you,
Although they're only gonna to treat you
As if you simply couldn't have a brain.

'Cause you're a little too good-lookin',
A little too good-lookin',
With a closet twice the size of Colorado.
Because you cultivate your beauty.
It's a sacred duty.
Late at night, you smear your bod with avocado.

Front cover news, you're stayin' mighty hot.
High-level schmooze, parlayin' what you got
Into what you choose.
There's gonna be a day
It all slip-slides away,

But last year, God knows how much you took in,
Just because you're so good lookin'.
Guess you can't be too good ...

If they asked you,
You could write a book.
A book about how good you look.

CALIFORNIA STREET

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Bond Street")
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

The shore was right on the brink of night.
The pier was decked in electric light.
We laughed and chattered,
Our faces bright from the heat.

We pulled our shoes off, shook out the sand.
We headed east and you grabbed my hand.
My mood was reckless, your smile was sweet,
As we slowly ambled up to California Street.

Set free, school was done and gone,
And we counted on
The time till September

To hold us forever.

We planned our moves, pictured how we'd dress,
To crash the party they called Success,
A fragile vision still incomplete,
As you wrapped me in your arms on California Street.

The Santa Anas were gusting,
The long tall trees
Were listing at a graceful 45 degrees.
A local band began to shine,
On songs from circa 1969.

The amber sun had tumbled
To meet the sea,
Spilled over the horizon
Like a cup of tea.
We couldn't find one reason why
Our future wasn't golden as the sky.

You murmured words no one else could hear,
Tucked a hibiscus behind my ear.
Bring on tomorrow, we had it beat,
By the promise that we made on California Street.

From heart to heart, we felt our lives begin,
As every dream we ever knew, came rushing in.
Whatever happened would happen soon,
Our future full of mystery as the moon.

**GAL ON THE SIDE
Part II:
SHE'S GETTIN' SOME**

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Gladyse")
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

The girl put down her little suitcase for a moment and checked her watch. She'd been waiting by the garden gate for some time...waiting for her lover to come and fetch her for their ride into the proverbial sunset. But he said he had one thing to do first: say goodbye and good luck to the Mrs. - a woman the girl waiting by the garden gate had never met. She had been described as his female counterpart in what – in years gone by - had been a passion play, but now had devolved into, sadly, no more than a brother and sister act.

Well, the birds chattering in the nearby honeysuckle vines found this all somewhat questionable; and they mocked the girl (although they were not mockingbirds) with a little ditty, a taunting little ditty that went like this:

He's been seeing you on the side,
And the passion won't be denied.
All I'm saying is, girl, now don't you be dumb.
You know she's gettin' some.

At their cabin in Monterey,
After dinner or PTA,
One martini, that boy is bound to succumb.
She's gettin' some.

Though he tells you he's gonna split,
Something in you won't swallow it.
Still, you hesitate to admit
They're doin' the horizontal tango.

Is he savin' it up for you?
I'll eat my hat if it's really true.
Sorry, honey, but I just don't trust the bum.
She's gettin' some.

She's in the game.
She's got the name.
The love you want from your sweet pea,
Is still community property.

On their sabbatical to Patee,
Or in the back of their SUV,
While you're waiting for him to toss you a crumb,
She's gettin' some.

You haven't got a face to sneeze at,
Or a kiss to disregard,
But maybe all it takes to please that man
Is right smack in his own back yard.

While you're trimming your hollyhocks,
Watchin' "Oprah" or darnin' socks,
Thinkin' 'bout the dime novel life has become,
She's gettin' some.

Silly girlie,
What are you gonna do when he,
What are you gonna do when he,
What are you gonna do when he lies to you?
What are you gonna do when he,
What are you gonna do when he,
What are you gonna do when he lies

Men are fools,

And passion cools,
Oh ,what are you gonna do when it,
What are you gonna do when it,
What are you gonna do when it dies?

Though you figure you've got it planned,
Got the situation' well in hand,
Deep inside, you do understand
That stealing the candy is a no-no.

At the charity masquerade,
You saw him nibble her shoulder blade.
Tell me stranger, what planet have you come from?
She's gettin' some.

Fly, fly high and away.
You'll spy a true love some day.
Why keep moonin' while they're spoonin'?

No need to wonder
If he's under
Someone else's dainty thumb.
Though it's upsetting,
Smart money's betting
That girl is getting some.

IN LIVING BLACK AND WHITE

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Numb Fumblin")
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

He was a rascal to remember,
And he's captured here in living black and white,
A cutie on his left,
An empty brandy bottle to his right.
At the edge of the frame,
You can see the Steinway Grand
He would man through the night.

He played the organ with a silent movie
Flickering in living black and white.
He might start swingin' into "Squeeze Me,"
Swingin' into "Squeeze Me."
Honey, why not keep it light?
He made a name out of clowning around,
But ultimately the smart set knew
He could play, he could write.

You'd hear an echo of James P.,

A giant out of New Jersey.
It was a fresh young century.
Nobody knew from boogie-woogie.
With Joplin barely gone,
Pianomen were boldly moving on.

Throw on that piano roll,
We'll visit the days of cakewalks,
When tongues were briskly wagging 'bout how
Ragtime would surely cause us all to burn.
Rhythm had taken quite a turn.
In every parlor,
People were feeling the heat
Of a syncopated beat.

The teens and '20s, the war, the crash,
Willie the Lion would make a splash,
Holding court at a club on 140th Street.
It was magic, magic,
Music too full of joy to be denied.
Boys and girls, they called it stride.

God bless the granddads of it all,
A noble gallery in living black and white.
With every note they played,
Your heart was happy and your world was bright.
How I'd love to go back,
Love to journey back
And hear the magic, magic,
Rolling off the keys
In living black and white.

ALLIGATOR

(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Valentine Stomp")

Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Hey did you see the alligator hanging around?
Hey did you see the alligator hanging around?
'Cause I could feel him in the air.
He could be almost anywhere,
And he's a lethal weapon when he's hungry.

I thought I heard the alligator shaking the ground.
I thought I heard the alligator shaking the ground.
He might be in the pepper tree,
Or maybe right in back of me.
I'll thank you not to make a single peep.

Talkin' 'bout that alligator.
He's the ruthless perpetrator
Of a thousand heinous crimes.
I'm telling you, it's deep.

Don't you know, that scaly green
Annihilator
Would eat the world up if he could,
And at the end he would
Happily go back to sleep.

The whole gang was having a shindig,
When out of the blue, guess who crawls in?
That reptile — wearin' a big smile.
First he inhales the giant punch bowl.
Good thing he can't hold his liquor.

Once again, a narrow escape.
Our nerves are not in good shape.
No use in laying out cold cuts at night.
It's a terrible, terrible state of affairs,
Messin' up our groove.
Looks like that gator's here to stay,
And we can't afford to move.

"Eek there he is," cried the little mouse,
"And there's lightning in his eyes!"
He's got the strength, he's got the size,
What's more, he's got the element of surprise.
"Yikes there he goes," yelled the water snake.
"Honey, get inside!
I heard a sound, I turned around,
And I saw him open wide"

If he can't catch you,
Somehow he makes do.
Ask my neighbor Dee Dee
How he ate the car when she was out diggin' a movie.
As for us, we're sick
Of this horror flick.
I should let him have it when
He drools on me again.

There's
Power in that big jaw,
Death in every sharp claw.
When you hear those teeth snap,
Think you're gonna feel your heart start playin' "La Bamba."

If you see his tail whip,
Shake a leg and don't trip.
Hurry, run like hell,
When he rings that dinner bell.

Hey did you see the alligator hanging around?
Hey did you see the alligator hanging around?
'Cause I can feel him in the air.
He could be almost anywhere,
And he's a lethal weapon when he's hungry.

I thought I heard the alligator shaking the ground,
I thought I heard the alligator shaking the ground.
When he hasn't had his food,
He gets into in a cranky mood.
You know, he's got a really filthy mouth.

Talkin' 'bout that alligator.
He's the ruthless perpetrator
Of a thousand ugly crimes.
I'm telling you, it's deep.

Don't you know, that scaly green
Annihilator
Is definitely after us.
We better grab a bus.
Don't even stop to say
"Later, 'gator!"

TIMELESS RAG

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Viper's Drag")
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

She walked in wearing a timeless rag.
The band was playing the Viper's Drag.
I looked at her, and she looked through me,
Lost in her own unreality.

Although she slowly reconnected,
Everyone at the bar suspected
Her backlit golden eyes reflected
The sight of endless night.

Lately by ten she'd be in the bag, in the bag,
Shaking her hips to the Viper's Drag.

She tore the hem of her timeless rag.

The band was wailing— the Viper's Drag
Blew through the atmosphere.
She was gone, that was clear.
She looked a lot like she did in school.
I said so, she said "Now don't be cruel... don't be cruel."

The place was jammed, the crowd unruly.
Somebody swore to love her truly.
She tried to make like she was duly impressed.
She did her best.

Those eyes grew dark as the midnight sky,
As she waved bye-bye.

GAL ON THE SIDE
Part I: THE GARDEN GATE

Based on Fats Waller's "African Ripples"
Music by Fats Waller/Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

How do, you do you, do a complete 360,
When what you've got
Is really not a happy surprise?
What're you gonna do when he,
What're you gonna do when he,
What're you gonna do when he lies?

He made the promise I had
Waited for so terribly long,
And whispered in my ear,
"Sunday morning, it's a date.
Meet me by the garden gate."

Now with it getting on to noon,
I'm wondering what could be wrong.
So tired of standing here,
Worried that he'd be this late
Getting to the garden gate.

Silly starling, don't you dare
Say my darling doesn't care.
Honeysuckle in the air
Isn't sweet as his kiss was.

Will we soon kiss again, or
Will I still be languishing here,
Beside the garden gate,
Dreaming of his tender words,
Listening to these noisy birds?

Sometimes the love you prize
Is only fools' gold,
But still you keep on trying,
To make it worth the price your heart has to pay
At the end of the day.

Sometimes you go to sleep
Lonely and cold,
Wake up in half an hour crying,
Filled with a bitterness you know isn't right,
At the end of the night.

Little sparrow in the sun,
Don't you dare go making fun.
He said I'm his only one,
Said today he would tell her.

Twenty minutes more,
That's all I'll wait,
Here by the garden gate.

Roses and columbine,
Dahlias and passion vine,
Where is that man of mine?

How do you, do you, do a quick turnaround,
When you can feel a pretty fantasy run aground?
What're you gonna do when it,
What're you gonna do when it,
What're you gonna do when it dies?

How do you, do you, make him know how it feels
To love a person who is letting you cool your heels,
Fighting back your tears in the twilight,
So tired of waiting,
So tired of waiting,
So tired of waiting by the garden gate?

NEW YORK CITY DRAG

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Clothes Line Ballet")
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

Climbing the five long flights
Has grown to be a New York City drag.
Why did you hightail it out of town?
Bitter December nights
Are definitely a New York City drag.

Lights and music only drag me down.

The last leaf drops from a maple tree.
The saxophone in apartment three
Describes the word "lonely."

Your pocket change, your
Scribbled reminder,
Tug at my heart again.
New York is strange,
A little unkind.
It wore your smile, back then,
Back then when

We strolled the sidewalks,
We sailed the Hudson,
An unashamed cliché.
More than the splendor of the skyline,
You took my breath away.

Sleeping without you,
Dreaming about you,
Wondering if you ever loved me,
Is getting to be
A New York City drag.
Deeply blue
From lack of you,
I'm turning into
A New York City drag.

A sharp wind rattles the maple tree.
Some guy yells up at apartment 3,
"Melancholy Baby!"

Climbing the five long flights
Has grown to be a New York City, New York City drag.

JUKEBOX

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Fractious Fingering")
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

Would you drop another quarter in the jukebox?
Would you drop another quarter in the jukebox?
It's a Friday night and everybody's gettin' into gear.
If you put another quarter in the jukebox,
If you put another quarter in the jukebox,
I can recommend a record that you're going to want to hear.

Bunch of guys from Sarasota,
Got their quota of good cheer,
Oh yeah.

Takes you back to the jazz age.
Hot piano was all the rage.
It was bliss — it felt like this.
Makes you jump off the chair,
Shout Holy Moly, clap your hands.
Nothing less than sheer finesse.

Would you drop another quarter in the jukebox?
Would you drop another quarter in the jukebox?
It's a Friday night and everybody's gettin' into gear.

Can't stand too close
To the jukebox,
Or that groove knocks off your socks, oh baby,

If you drop another quarter in the jukebox,
Every worry that you have is gonna up and disappear.

Hey, check out the fractious fingering,
Tell me you don't want to dance and sing,
When you hear the band begin to swing like crazy!
Man that music drives me crazy.
It's beautiful, it's beautiful.

They've got spirit.
When I hear it,
Buddy boy, I like to die.

*Oh yeah, I love that part.
Who's that piano player?
I like that guy...who is that guy?*

Oh yeah,
Mm, mmm, mm, mm,
Hold that groove now,
Can't stop nohow.
Everybody's on this train — I wonder,
Where'd they learn to play like that?
Can't hang onto my hat.
Put another quarter in,
I want to hear it all again.
Yeah.

YOU AND YOURS

(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Chelsea")
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Dear friend of mine,
Thought I'd drop you a line.
Can't tell you how much
I've missed you and yours.
Pictures come back,
Of days at the shore,
And starry nights worth living for.

We'd only met, and I'll never forget
Growing so quickly
To like you and yours.
I should have known,
Right from the start,
I'd keep you inside my heart.

Hours rolled by.
Still, you and I
Would be by the fire
With our longtime sweeties,
Talking about
The state of the world.
Once in a blue moon,
We disagreed.

Grandma would wisecrack,
Kicked back in the kitchen,
With a Pabst Blue Ribbon,
The little ones in PJs.
They were two or three.
Remember when you were
Their one and only?

May fortune smile,
And the stars brightly shine
Over us all,
Me and mine, you and yours.
How glorious life is,
When friendship endures.
Our love to you and yours.
Love always to you,
To you and yours

CÉZANNE

(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Smashing Thirds")
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

You just wouldn't,
You sure shouldn't,
You plain couldn't stop, you knew that.
You had strange ways,
A funny hat,
But from the git-go,
You never took
No for an answer.

The dawn's glimmer,
A young swimmer,
A pear shimmering in your view,
You could find God
In a shade of blue,
And you never took
No for an answer.

You had vision,
Learned precision,
Bore derision
Tirelessly,
You were sneered at
By the bourgeoisie.
It must've hurt,
But you never took
No for an answer.

Your fixation:
The re-creation of the
Vegetation and the river,
And the pine trees,
Ever lovelier,
That would never take
No for an answer.

Though you hadn't shown much of a flair for
Law school or matters of finance,
You thought the family would faint,
During the dinner table chat,
When you said you would become a painter.

Tears in the eyes of your mama,
You nauseated your papa.

You begged them, you begged them,
You begged them, you begged them,
 To believe in their son,
And when you headed to Paris,
 You could use a little money.

 The bright city
 Had no pity
On that pretty terrible trip.
 The Salon said sorry, pal,
 You ain't hip.
It was a blow, but you never took
 No for an answer.

 At one showing,
 The least glowing
 Review going,
Declared your work a true abomination,
And he thought you ought to get real.
 You had to say "No,"
'Cause that wasn't the answer.

See, when it all came together,
 You felt like singing.
Some days, you were sunnier,
 Had to admit you were
 Really something.
Now let's add a little red here,
 Try a little more yellow,
 More yellow,
 Sweet symmetry,
Greenery rapturously portrayed.
 A little orange over there,
 Come on now.

 The mountain,
 A thousand tries and countin',
 You drew and you drew.
 It always eluded you
Now and then you would paint your wife.
 You had no betters,
 And in your letters,
 Wrote you finally had sight of
 The light of your promised land,
 On the other side of sixty.

 You just wouldn't,
 You sure shouldn't,
And you didn't stop, you had that down flat.

You had strange ways,
A funny hat,
But from the git-go
You never took
No for an answer.

You did suffer,
But got tougher,
An old duffer, brave in your gloom,
Like the poster in the dining room.

Sadly looking out from the distant past,
Did you know there would be a yes at last,
Or did you wind up crazy?
Well, maybe baby,
You had to be,
To be Cézanne.