



A LITTLE LIKE THIS

Music, Russell Ferrante/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Now and then I wonder what your story is.
Most of the time I truly don't care.
Mostly, it's nice when I find you there.
Occasionally we're right on the money.
Usually it's hit and miss.

Once in a blue moon,
It's a little like this.

From time to time, I've tried to tell you, clumsily,
What might be a bit sketchy at best,
The larger question unaddressed.
Once you said you fear we are crawling,
Inch by inch, to the edge of an abyss.
I know ... It does seem a little like that sometimes,
But also a little like this.

The things I notice about you
Aren't the same as anyone else might,
At least I like to think so.
You'll have a visceral reaction
To some lovely abstraction.
I find it sweet,
Like the softest note that was ever played.
I try to grab it in the air but all in vain—
Gone, like an earring down the drain, gone.

Sometimes there's a kiss with no longing.
Sometimes there's a longing but no kiss.
Once in a blue moon, It can be a little like this.

It can be a little like, like this.
Now and then I try to tell you,
Always a little clumsily, at best.
It's a little mysterious,
Can be a little complicated,
It can be a little rapturous.

It's like when you turn around and I can hear you thinking,
The sound of your breathing when you're maybe like a foot away.

Now and then I wonder what your story is,
Although I don't care.
I find the feeling can take me anywhere.
It's a little hopeless, it's a little unbelievable,
And it's a little inspiring.

ATTACHMENTS

Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

There was the love you called your first,
The one with the break-up you mishandled the worst,
The love who seemed to like being wrong,
The one who inspired you to write that song,
Fragile but strong, winding endlessly along,
The silver string of your attachments.

There was the love you grew to hate,
The one who reminded you to stand up straight,
The love you worshipped but would never touch,
The one whose compliments were a little too much,
All tagged with a destination, never going anywhere as such,
The steady march of your attachments.

You were arch, you were smart,
But incautious of heart.
You would leave and be left,
Be satiated, then bereft,
Bewitched, bored,
Tangled up in discord,
Be then again alone.

There was the love
Who left you for the love formerly known as
The love that dared not speak its name;
There was the one who thought all holidays were lame,
Sweetly, steadily, feeding the flame,
Your craven hunger for attachments.

You called it love.
What moved you more
Was the quiet scratch
At your entry door,
Was the longtime friend
You thought you'd keep,
Who suddenly cut you
Canyon-deep.
An addled guy
Lives down the hall.
You look after him,
As do we all.
He says that Central Park
Is covered in an alien glow.
You roll your eyes, but think,
Hey, man, what do I know?

There was the love who opened your eyes,

The one with a purpose to cut you down to size,
The love whose anger left you pale and wan,
The one whose wavelength
You loved being on.
Late at night you gaze amazedly upon
The vast panorama of your attachments.

*Where are you, where are you going with this, honestly,
Stopping and starting and never getting anywhere?
You wish you knew, you say, over your umbrella drink.
I don't know where you're going with this and I don't want to talk about it.
I don't want to talk about it.*

There was the one whose mere name
You could never think of without a little rush.
It was more than a crush.

*Sometimes when I'm not paying attention,
I wander into another dimension,
Beyond some distant star,
And there you are.*

I THOUGHT YOU DID
Based on Dave Grusin's "Memphis Stomp," from *The Firm*
Music, Dave Grusin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Ooh, great.
I thought you did,
And now I know.
Seems I'm not loco.
No lie,
I thought you did
All along.
Coulda been dead wrong.

As you can see,
I'm glad you've got that going about me.
I think of you
And get all *Rhapsody in Blue*,
Goosebumpy,
Seein' as you're just the best,
So smart, so funny, so totally you.
I gotta give it a rest ...

Oh, but I seriously thought you did!
I saw the signs,
Read between the telephone lines,
The little clues you nearly hid,
Shyly, slyly.

Lookin' back to the olden days,
Whenever it was we met,
I found your proper ways
Cute as kittens in a basket.
Got a peek into your head;
Fascinating in there.

You knocked me dead,
But did you care?

Now and then,
Well I really kinda thought you did.
No mystery now.
You had my heart anyhow—no doubt.
You say you never thought you did,
But you were glad to find out.

Now that you've told me when it started for you,
You tell me you want to know when it started for me.
Day one, definitely.
I felt the room electrify
All of a sudden.
I gasped.
You smiled.
Game over.

Ooh baby, I'm
Confessin' that I
Thought you did, way back when.
I'd forget about it, then
Think it again, think it again,
And I'm over the moon to hear you do,

'Cause any time I, any time I look at you,
I go tumblin', tumblin',
Down, down, down, into the depths of love,
Where only the strong survive.

I get all swoony,
All "Bohemian Rhapsody,"
Pleasantly insane.
It's in that vein.

ANNA LEE

**Based on "In G," by Russell Ferrante
Music, Russell Ferrante/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

Three years and change,
I roomed with Anna-Lee,
9th and Hudson,
Apartment 7B.
She didn't carry any fat,
Smiled like a Cheshire cat,
Described herself quite wickedly,
Luminescent Anna Lee.

Mad hopes, odd jobs,
Assorted love affairs,
Rarely too high
To climb the many stairs,
Talking till the sky was pale,
We swore we wouldn't fail.
I close my eyes and I can see her

Buried in her diary.

Our dreams were grand,
Just past arm's reach.
We would claim them or would die.
We were fearless, we were frightened.
We were babies, Anna Lee and I.

Work slowed. Worst case,
We'd find a smaller place.
As I chattered on,
I could sense that you were gone,
Pensive, head bowed
Over the poem you'd read aloud:
"My dear, my dear,
It is not so dreadful here."

Taxi crosstown,
Grace Church, wedding gown.
I knew the tender thing
Written in your golden ring.
The sun was white,
As you whirled out of sight.

Midnight phone call,
You didn't sound like you at all.
Darkness had fallen hard
In your sweet home with its endless yard,
Anna Lee.

Five years had passed.
We'd fallen out of touch,
And when we spoke,
Wound up not saying much.
I'd moved back to the warmer coast,
Learned what I wanted most,
A dream that differed wildly
From those we shared in 7B.

White-hot summer,
Phone rang at half-past three.
An old man's voice asked,
"Were you a friend of Anna Lee?"

Today when I was searching for
Some papers in an ancient drawer,
I found an envelope from you,
Addressed in the curious hand I knew.

That late September day,
You'd thought a card was too cliché.
The wish you made for me
Was less in prose than poetry.

I read your note,
And felt my breath catch in my throat.

It said I mustn't fear the game.
It ended "I love you," with my name.

159

Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

'Rents are at the table.
Gabby's on the phone.
Daddy says, "Teddy, turn off the freakin' metronome."
I'm singin' a song about the streetcar line,
Teddy tappin' on the table at 159.

Who loves to gossip?
Who loves to tease?
Who's dreamin' of a love
That brings you to your knees?
Giants won the Super Bowl.
Pass the peas, please.

Daddy wants the paper.
Mama wants to hear a
Funky little number from the Motown Era.
The monkey chewed tobacco, and the goose drank wine,
And they all went to heaven at 1:59.
Wee ooh, wee ooh, wee ooh, wee ooh.

Who likes to chatter?
Who likes to brood?
Who won't stop for nothin'?
Who cops an attitude?

*"I swear to God, baby—my family's drivin' me crazy. I didn't hear the last three things you said. I'm goin' out of my head. It's like one of those movies where all of a sudden everybody jumps up, starts dancin' around to some oldie. You know how I feel about those movies. You **know** how I feel about those movies.*

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh ...

Gabriella's gabbin' on the rotary phone.
Teddy's wailin' on the table,
Bad to the bone,
Snatches up a cupcake meant to be mine,
Doesn't miss a beat at 159,
We-ooh, we-ooh.

Who's keen to settle?
Who's hot to fly?
Who used to play the Del Ray at Stuyvesant High?

Yeah, yeah, yeah ...

WE HAVE THE STARS

**Based on "La Valse Kendall," by Joey Calderazzo
Music, Joey Calderazzo/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

Near dawn,

Nebulous light,
End of a movie in black and white.
I was sleeping so hard,
And dreaming so deep.
I think that my dream was of you.

Faint cries
From the faraway hills,
World through my window
Is mournful and stark.
When the depths of the night
Seem impossibly dark,
I am grateful we have the stars.

The day that you fall in love,
You learn you are not the same,
Fearless and strong, then suddenly weak,
Whenever he speaks your name,

And maybe it's not to be,
Or maybe, in time, turns cold,
But to learn how much ecstasy one heart can hold,
Is a treasure worth having.

Near dawn,
Nebulous light,
End of a movie in black and white.
When I first heard those lines,
I considered them trite,
Remembered them well, even so.

How quickly we fall in love,
How surely we come to change,
Simply struck dumb at finding, by chance,
A beauty so glorious and strange,

And maybe it's not quite real,
Or maybe it ends too soon,
But as someone once said,
Don't let's ask for the moon,
When we already have the stars.
We have the stars.

I LOVE YOU GUYS

Music, Shelly Berg/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Oh yes, I love you guys.
I'm sure it's no surprise that I do.

I love your sound, your swing,
Love that thing you bring
To the most well-worn song,
To make us want to hear it all night long,
To make us want it to go on all night long.

To death, I love you guys.

Hearing you improvise lays me flat.
I love your twos, your fours,
Love the way you blew the doors off
That little joint in Vegas,
Where the pay was a joke,
And the A/C broke.

Wish I could show you guys
How much I care,
Put a million bucks into your Pension and Welfare,
For those years you spent developing your knack,
In the hopes that you would
Someday wind up on some *soundtrack*
Where you're not even heard.
It's a little absurd.

Oh God, I love you guys.
You're heroes in my eyes, for real.
I love to watch you go to town.
I'll never tell you to turn it down,
'Cause I love you guys.
That's the deal.

I'd like to take a moment
To apologize to you guys,
For any lapse
In my musicality,
Scattin' the blues
Over a non-blues tonality,
Accidentally changing key,
Then looking around at you furiously.

We often struggle with insecurity,
'Specially those of us who don't play
(that would never apply
To Miss Carmen McRae),
And I'm sorry,
Though it had nothing to do with me,
For times along the way
When you fell prey to some awful indignity,
Being made to wear matching vests,
Being told, "The nuts are for the guests."

So bad, I love you guys.
To hear you cracking wise is a treat.
I love your early takes, and your final takes,
The alleged mistakes
That you insist require punching in.
I never notice them,
And never could begin to say

How I adore you guys.
I'd do anything for you guys,
And your long-suffering families
(would you remember to thank them, please?)
Love how you go straight ahead.

It especially knocks me dead
When you take it 'round the bend together,
Then you somehow mysteriously end together.

I've dated a ton of you,
Married one of you.
His license plate is a seven-stroke roll.
*That's Gregg demonstrating. It goes
Right, right, left, left, right, right, left.
I kind of explain it in the booklet.*
I love you guys,
Heart and soul.

I HOPE I NEVER LEAVE THIS PLACE
Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

I can't recall a winter
So long or so severe.
The snow piled 'round my cabin,
Taking me hours to clear.
The life I used to know
Has gone and left no trace.
I hope I never leave this place.

I wake up near the cool green water,
The pine trees towering high,
Go to sleep when the rest of the universe
Slowly fades into the sky.
The sea stars doze in the tidepools;
We float together in space.
I hope I never leave this place.

The wind was fast and fierce today.
I don't didn't mind a bit.
Most people don't realize
That if you turn just right,
You can lie down on it.

If the earth should move, and the water rise,
I'll head for higher ground,
And the memory of everything
That made this home I found,
Will move me to tears for a thousand years,
As they now roll down my face.
I hope I never leave this place.
I hope I never leave this place.

HEARING THINGS
Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

I saw the fluttering night light.
I heard the hammering beak.
I listened to the words you didn't speak,
But I was only hearing things.

There were the shuddering poplars,
There was a deafening crack.
I could have sworn you begged me, "Hurry back,"
But I was only hearing things.

I opened up the note my mother wrote me:
She said happiness was not my cup of tea,
And if I found contentment,
I wouldn't write a bit.
She thought I ought to get a handle on it.

I touched the blue delphinium.
I felt the summer go.
The ancient pier was moaning low,
Or I was only hearing things.

I made my reservation,
Admired the driving rain.
Was that my next-door neighbor playing "A-Train?"

There was the topic that you touched upon so lightly,
And then you might have heard me whimper slightly.
What if we let it blossom?
What if we let it bleed?
What if we get what we need?

I swung 'round to the very same location,
Then arrived in a different place.
You and I never reached our destination,
But we were in its airspace.

As the plane made its less than graceful landing,
I saw tears on a tiny face.
You and I never reached an understanding,
But we were in its airspace.

THE VEIL

Music, Shelly Berg/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

I'm sorry for the times I was impatient,
And you would hear my voice begin to crack,
When you had disappeared around a corner,
And I couldn't bring you back.

We watched a crazy lady roaming through the restaurant,
Becoming ever harder to ignore,
The waitresses all running interference,
Trying to steer her out the door.

I stared down at my salad.
I'd made you change your order,
Explained again why even one would be too much.
I know that I seemed rigid,
And possibly unfeeling.
It's horrible to crave the thing you mustn't touch.

The veil drifted down and clung,
Back when your world was still so young.
Manhattan parties, in the style of Nick and Nora Charles ...
The crowd was jovial and gay,
And a few would stay that way.

You had a knack for spotting the good-hearted,
A trusty plan for not appearing shy,
A tolerance for those you pegged as climbers.
You were whimsical and wry.

You had a laugh that people hear in my laugh,
An ear for fine musicians who were lesser-known.
Your Holiday impression was outstanding.
You'd do it now and then, when we were all alone.

I'm sorry I was angry.
I know how hard it hit you
To find what you'd been living for was simply gone.
The endless missed appointments,
And cancelled reservations,
All spoke of an unwillingness to carry on.

The nurse was gentle when she said, "Your mother
Has traded in one problem for another,
But doesn't understand why she is here.
I think you need to come collect her, dear."

You nodded as we sat there in the restaurant,
Thought every new suggestion sounded great,
The Ojai trip, the Yoga class for seniors.
It was clearly not too late.

A fresh new start was fitting for your birthday.
By Labor Day, why, you'd be mean and lean.
Meanwhile, the crazy lady held the patrons hostage,
With nothing but the mere idea she'd make a scene.

The veil came to mask your wit,
Your lovely looks, the slightest bit.
I'd go to see you,
Always vowing not to get upset
By dark allusions to my past.
In the end you'd hold me fast.

Your room was near Reception.
Your arm was shaking slightly.
In disbelief, I found the veil no longer there.
I wrote a lengthy letter
With vehement instructions.
At that point they were moot.
I really didn't care.

I'm sorry, more than I could ever tell you,
For certain things I felt, or didn't feel.
You were the only one who asked the waitress

If you could buy the crazy lady a meal.

SMITTEN WITH YOU

Music, Russell Ferrante/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

I'm smitten with you,
You adorable thing,
With the chaos you bring
To the world we share,
My hair often
Standing on end,
When you do what you do, but
I'm utterly smitten with you,

Taken with you,
It's an obvious fact,
Though the way that you act
Can leave a little to be desired.
You're wired
Like nobody else,
And there's nobody who
Wouldn't be smitten with you.

I've never known anyone
To greet the day
With more unbridled passion,
Play Hide-and-Seek
And Keep-Away
In such a clever fashion.
There is no wall
Too high to leap,
Too low to wriggle through,
And I don't mind at all
Losing sleep
'Cause of you,
And your nocturnal yipping,
Or that my guests
Mention your frequent nipping.

They're unlikely to sue.
They're smitten with you,
Little mischievous mouse.
Ruin my house,
My shoes,
You're still my singular muse.
Do what you gotta do.
I will always be smitten with you.

Guess what, my dear?
I've decided to bail
On my so-called career,
And devote myself to your happiness.
You deserve nothing less,
Princess.

I love you a lot,

Keep you home when it's hot.
Though I'm careful to not
Leave the kitten with you,
He's smitten with you too.

TRUE

**(Based on the Bach Orchestral Suite #3 in D major,
BWV 1068: "Air on the G String")
Arranged by Dave Grusin/Lyrics by Lorraine Feather**

True, when I drifted off to sleep that night,
You were not the last thing on my mind,
Your easy smile, so awfully kind,
Often taken for granted,
The way I count on the air or the sky.

True, I'd been caught up in my plans of late.
You were full of gladness for me, too,
Urging me forward toward the new,
Voicing calm reassurance
That great good fortune would not pass me by.

All I desired so much
Seems pale, lost and far away.
Surrounded by each humble thing
You used to touch,
My sense of purpose drowns in the deep silence.

Life comes calling, still,
And I busy myself,
Feel I am ready to heal.
Then, ragged pain
Starts again,
Twice as strong.
I'd ask to bear a little more,
If it meant
The pain were spent,
Would fade away, then cease,
Leaving me freedom
To seek and find some peace.

"True," you would say,
"There are times
When the choice is hard to make.
Try to do the decent thing.
Live, if you can, honestly."
Now, please hear me promise you,
Promise I'll try with all my heart,
And as I do,
I will be glad, I will be grateful
That everything you told me was true.