

LORRAINE FEATHER

**SUCH SWEET THUNDER—
MUSIC OF THE
DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA**

RHYTHM, GO 'WAY
(based on "Such Sweet Thunder,"
from *The Shakespearean Suite*
by Duke Ellington
and Billy Strayhorn)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Rhythm, go 'way!
I'm helpless each time you play.
Let go my body,
I'll make my getaway.

Lately it seems
You dog my dreams
[Band sings: All night long].
You're the kind who'll do me wrong,
All right,
Take me where I don't want to be.

I'm just a poor hapless hausfrau
Tangled in your snare.
You don't rush and you never drag.
Those other rhythms only pound away.
From what I hear, that's not your bag,
Oh no baby...not you.

There's no moon out tonight.
My pesky driveway light
Keeps going on and off
On two and four.
Man, I can't stand it anymore.

Rhythm, go 'way!
I lose it each time you play,
Feel my composure
Gradually slip away.

Rocks in my bed,
You're in my head.

Here in the hills of Encino,
Mem'ries crowd the halls.
My man left and my kids are grown.
I hear the beat and once again
I'm bumpin' and a-grindin' here alone.

Oh yeah baby...just me.

Shiny brass blinds my eyes,
My deepest needs arise.
You stole my heart and
Tossed it into your hi-hat.
What could hurt as good as that?

Rhythm, go 'way!
I'm helpless each time you play.
Baby won't you let go my body?
I'll make my getaway.

Rhythm won't you go away,
'Way from me?

THE 101
(based on "Suburbanite"
by Duke Ellington)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Woe is today,
My man went away.
He split from the Bay on the 101.
Soon as I knew,
I jumped in the Buick,
Really and truly undone,
And now I'm driving down the 101.
Hope to be arriving
Wherever he is on the 101.

Bottleneckin' in Gilroy,
(Met my baby in Gilroy),
What's the cause of this holdup?
Gotta race, gotta roll, gotta ride.

I gotta move it, keepin' an eye out.
Bein' without him ain't no fun.
Why did he fly out,
Make a beeline down the 101?

Somewhere in Salinas,
Found what was between us.
Bulls-eyed by Cupid's arrow,
Sittin' by the lake in Atascadero.

Fell for a smile
Wide as a mile,
Warm as the California sun,
Started to feel
That this was the real deal,

A pretty fairytale, just begun.

I'm haulin' on the 101,
My heart is callin',
Callin' me down, down, down.

Couple miles till Buellton.
Decent coffee in Buellton.
Even though I could use a cup,
Gotta race gotta roll gotta ride.

Now and again, I'm sure I can see it,
A little ragtop born to run.
No that can't be it,
It's a grey-haired lady on the 101.

Right here in Goleta,
We each had chili and a margarita.
Gettin' antsy in this car,
And the radio's only gettin' MOR.

'Nother mile to Ojai.
He's got a mother in Ojai.
Though I know I should stop by,
Once she told him that I was a tramp.

I'm so damn crazy about him.
I've had no reason to doubt him.
Don't want to ride on without him now.

Catchin' sight of that deep blue sea...
How it always thrills me.
Someday we will swim there again;
As the sun dips down I'm wondering
when.

Hold on baby
I'm drivin', drivin'!
Don't crowd me, man
Not while I'm drivin'.

Beat my best time on the 101,
But can't say I'm happy I made that
drive.
Seems that my baby
Was goin' flat out on the 5.

CAN I CALL YOU SUGAR
(based on "Sugar Rum Cherry,"
from *The Nutcracker Suite*
by Duke Ellington
and Billy Strayhorn)

Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Can I call you Sugar,
Sweetie pie, Honeybun?
You're the one.
Can I let you know?

Can we walk
Through true love's
Tangled wood,
Meet the bad
With the good?
Do you want to go?
Do you want to go?

Say I called you Sugar,
Would your hair stand on end?
I'm a friend
Filled with hope and doubt.
Would you mock me,
Would you rock me,
Would you lock me right out?

Let me say it just one time:
Sugar, my sugar.

I'm shivering by the fire,
Outside the wind is wailing,
Sugar, woo, woo, my sugar.

I want you bad, but
Sadly, I can't insist.
Once out on the beach,
You buttoned up my overcoat.
It seemed as though we almost kissed.

Oh...oh...

If I called you, Sugar,
Rang you up late at night,
Thinkin' we might
Linger on the phone,

Would you say "Oh hi,"
That special way,
Subtly telling me
You were all alone?

Won't you call me Sugar,
Sweetie pie, darling or *Mi Amor*?
Even Dear would do,
Any way to

Somehow say you
Feel it's okay to love you.

One more time:
Sugar, oh my sugar,
Let me say it,
Let me say it,
Say it.

IMAGINARY GUY
(Based on "Dancers In Love,"
from *The Perfume Suite*
by Duke Ellington
and Billy Strayhorn)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

She is alone but never lonely,
She's made up a one and only,
She's in love with an imaginary guy.
Surpassing any actuality,
There's nothin' half as nice as bein'
Home with her imaginary guy.

He's always curious to hear about her
day,
And deeply interested in what she has to
say.

He makes a heck of a martini,
He's a hunk and he's a genius,
A fabulous imaginary guy.

When each new romance came to grief,
She cast about for some relief.
The world of dating filled her with
despair.

"Hey I love ya baby, see ya."
Married, whiny, mean or dim,
Another one who wasn't him.
A few bad years and it grew hard to
care,
Then she got the bright idea,

And she hooked up with the creation
Of her keen imagination,
Her adorable imaginary guy.
No need to rattle off her history
To yet another mister, she
Could hang with her imaginary guy.

He makes her laugh
Until she's rolling on the floor,
He makes her moan

The way she never did before,
And he can do the Macarena,
Fly most any type of plane, a
Truly Renaissance imaginary guy.

Got a great big heart,
And a small tattoo,
Just her name in blue.
He's a thoughtful sort,
Fond of books and art,
With a high IQ,
And a cute butt too.

He knows the way
She needs to feel.
Don't ever say
He isn't real.
Look at her glow—
She loves him so.
"Sorry ladies, I've got to miss happy
hour."

Got a sense of style,
Yet he doesn't preen.
Sports a drop-dead smile,
Keeps the kitchen clean (*very nice!*)

He's a tender soul,
Kind to kids and cats,
Seldom holds a grudge
After minor spats,

Better by half
Than men she knew.
I wouldn't laugh,
If I were you.
Look in her eyes
As she replies,
"No I don't want to meet that podiatrist,
No, no, no, no, no, no."

She is alone but never lonely.
She's made up a one and only.
Though it is a bit extraordinary,
I can tell the girl is very
Sure of whom she ought to marry,
It's her own imaginary guy.

SEPTEMBER RAIN
(Based on "Chelsea Bridge"
by Billy Strayhorn)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

We've been waiting for a September
rain,
To clear the air again,
Week in, week out, waiting.

We've been listening for the slightest
breeze
Among the thirsty trees,
Hillsides, valleys, list'ning.

Every avenue in town's looking
Dusty and brown.
We wander with a summer malaise,
Hoping soon to leave far behind us
Troubled nights, and these feverish
days.

We've been waiting for a September
rain,
To cool the earth again,
Morning, evening, waiting.

Will it ever end, this summer?
Everyone I know here
Is dreaming of a rainy cool November,
And it's true,
When a chill's in the air, you are
More inclined to fall in love with
someone.
Oh my body feels so heavy,
Waiting all alone here,
I can't escape a fiery sun that
Pours down on the land.
The grass is crumbling beneath my
hand.

Not a swallow in the sky,
They're too lazy to fly.
Time passes in a strange, languid way.
There's a road that meets the horizon,
But it's too hot for trav'lin today.

We've been waiting for a September
rain,
To cool the earth again,
Morning, evening,
Waiting for a late September rain.

TENACITY
(based on "Rexatious" by Rex
Stewart)

Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

You feel powerless,
Your dreams gone sour—guess
You're 'bout as blue as you could be,
Eyes all swollen.
Honey someone's stolen
Your tenacity.
Hey, don't look at me.

You think maybe
You're a great big baby.
Well at times I'm sure we need to be,
Don't lose sight of your,
Recall the might of your tenacity.

Slowly swaying in the undertow,
Don't give way or down you'll go.
No!

Forge ahead,
Come on, get out the lead,
Remember what you said
When it was me,
And you went on at length
About the awesome strength of pure
tenacity.

It was last year,
Early July,
My life was swell,
Things were going so well,
Till they went straight to hell.

As we sat here,
Gaped at the sky,
You spoke of the champions
Who braved more than I.

Frida Kahlo and that trolley car,
Barbara Walters and her "R."
Can't stop a star.

That's when you said,
Remember our capacity
To make lemons into lemonade
Through our tenacity.

Darling,
Come and look at these photos.
They're from Voyager One.
Aren't they a trip?

Here's the famous shot
It took the day
When it was several billion miles away.
Gee, aren't we tiny?!
Yes, I do have a point.
It's got something to do with perspective.

Earth from heaven is a pale blue dot.
One small problem's all you've got .

A mere nothing,
Scarcely seen,
As a tiny blip
On the radar screen
Of the mothership
We've all come to know
As your tenacity.
Yeah, yeah, oh yeah.

Tossed about by fortune's undertow,
Don't black out or down you'll go.

Flail away,
It'll be more than okay,
So be the force of nature you can be!
Don't lose sight of your,
Recall the might of your tenacity.

BACKWATER TOWN
(based on "Suburban Beauty"
by Duke Ellington)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Say, can't believe we're moving away
To a quiet burg by the bay.
Fingers crossed, we're leaving today
For that backwater town.

We keep imagining how it will be,
When tonight we're turning the key
Of our cottage close to the sea.

Guess it's goodbye,
Old apartment up in the sky.
Gonna spend this Fourth of July
At the little harbor where
Magic truly does exist,
When fireworks are
Bursting through the mist.

Gonna stand there holding your hand,
While the colors gently rain down

On our lovely backwater town.

You'll be headin' to the beach
In a beat-up Ford.
I'll be runnin' for a seat
On the water board.
We'll be seein' to a need
We've so long ignored,
To have the postman know our name,
To play a mellower game.

Someday, ridin' on a bike,
When I'm old but strong,
Couple scruffy little dogs taggin' right
along,
I'll be thinkin' of a time
Would've seemed so wrong
To tend my garden for a year
And just forget my career.

Well, bein' in the swim has been swell,
And I 'spose you never can tell,
We may find we hunger for
Racy clubs and conference calls,
And shopping at more fashionable malls.

Roll the dice and never think twice.
There's a stronger hunger deep down
For our lovely backwater town.

You'll be headin' to the beach
In a beat-up Ford.
I'll be runnin' for a seat
On the water board.
We'll be seein' to a need
We've so long ignored,
To have the postman know our name,
To play a mellower game.

Someday, ridin' on a bike,
When I'm old but strong,
Couple scruffy little dogs taggin' right
along,
I'll be thinkin' of a time
Would've seemed so wrong,
To tend my garden for a year
And just forget my career

Such a cute and cozy little backwater
town,
Such a cute and cozy little backwater
town.

I love it, I love it,
I love it so.

A PEACEFUL KINGDOM
(based on "On a Turquoise Cloud"
by Duke Ellington
and Lawrence Brown)
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Right past the clouds,
I try and see,
Hope there might be
A peaceful kingdom.

I saw the painting back when I was a
child,
As did we all,
Lion and lamb,
Resting together in the shade of a tree,
Blissfully unaware of
How life has to be,
Full of cruelty, as well as the good.

What if we could
Open a door,
Find we were standing
On that peaceable shore,
Somewhere the innocent
Would suffer no more,
Not anymore?

Down here,
We've come to fear
There's darkness everywhere,
More than any heart should bear.
We soldier on,
Wondering why.
We search the empty sky.

But now and then,
I catch a glimpse of heaven,
Almost afraid to believe it.

There is a place
Where all are sheltered
In compassion and grace.
I know it's true, because
I've looked at your face
And seen it shining.

Bright in your eyes,
Deep in my mind,

Sometimes I find
That peaceful kingdom.

LOVELY CREATURES
(based on "Night Creature:
Second Movement"
by Duke Ellington)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Lovely creatures line the ballroom wall.
Don't you wish that you could have them
all?

Those these days you're always on the
prowl,
Friday night's your night to howl
And how you're howlin'...howlin',
Bent on provin' that your heart's long
gone,
Provin' that your heart's long gone.

Streets are slick, the hour's way too late.
Lovely creatures mumble
"Want a date?"
You've got looks and bucks,
And yet these blues
Seem to stick to you
Like gum to shoes.

You can't live off the tender beginnings
of each love affair,
Once you look inside,
And you discover that there's someone
there
Who ain't goin' anywhere.

Lovely creatures line the ballroom wall.
Nights like this, you fear you've had them
all.
Long lost raptures have become a blur.
Rain is darkening your Burberry.
You hurry, hurry,
Suddenly glad you left the lamplight on,
Glad you left the lamplight on.

ANTARCTICA
(based on "The Ricitic"
by Duke Ellington)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

I chased you from these arid parts.

The base is dead without you here.
No one to tease, or beat at darts.
I cried all night—that's half a year.

Now, with the sun rising,
Red parkas mass at the station.
Surely you loved me, but
Somehow it's poor compensation.

I made you leave Antarctica.
Now Happy Hour is always blue .
I like to think you miss our home,
The Disco parties in the Dome,
But do you?

I stare at the sliding ice
Through the yellowish gloom,
Trying to call up our first brief tryst
In the radio room.

Clearly you chafed at
The more static role
Assigned to
Support personnel.
Oh, I knew you so well.

Used to call me
Your precious little cormorant.
I'd erase your last message ,
But find I can't.

Why did you leave Antarctica?
I won't pretend that I don't know.
I've wished upon a ruby star
That you'd return,
But still you are
A no-show.

When you grew close, I pulled away.
You said I wore a haughty look,
Too seldom loose and in the mood,
Fretting about my wretched book.

Crustaceous lichens are
Not on my mind quite as often.
Ooh, you thought me frosty, but
I was beginning to soften.

I made you leave Antarctica.
Honest to God, I don't know why.
It's hurting all the more because
I know you thought

For me it was
A fly-by,
A fly-by.

MIGHTY LIKE THE BLUES
Music by Leonard Feather
Lyrics by Leonard Feather
and Lorraine Feather

What is this strange sensation
Coming over me?
I feel as low as a weeping willow tree,
And I believe I know
What the trouble must be.

Got a funny feeling
From my head down to my shoes.
Don't know what to call it,
But it's mighty like the blues.
Want somebody's friendship,
And it just don't matter whose.
Anyone can cheer you
When you're lonesome with the blues.

I was full of the joy of spring,
Now I've lost my faith in everything.
Can't believe you're gone,
But still I'm gonna spread the news,
I'm through with love forever
'Cause it's mighty like the blues.

Though the way you cheated
Wasn't easy to excuse,
In your eyes was something
That looked mighty like the blues.
Time was soon to show me,
It was all a clever ruse.
No one but yours truly,
Ever really had the blues.

I'll get out there, but who knows when.
I don't want to feel this pain again.
Romance is a game
That leaves you crazy when you lose,
Haunted by a long song,
And the song you hear
Is mighty like the blues,
The blues.