

VERY UNBECOMING

Music by Tony Morales and Eddie Arkin/Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

I was stuck in a rut.
And I was explaining to you
How I had this fear that in 30 years,
I'd be frail, destitute and alone,
Nothing to show for my life, nothing,
Living in a house of cats,
Afraid to go to the store,
Not so attractive anymore.
I was going on and on about it at great length/
All of a sudden I stopped and sighed,
And you replied:

"I can hear every word you say,
But it's very unbecoming.
Once in a while you may feel that way,
But it's very unbecoming.

There's so much to worry about!
It can take up absolutely all your time.
The cruel tricks of fate, the ravages of age,
The decline of music, the way the world is run...
It's enough to make you sabotage your fun,
Just waiting for the axe to fall.
You watch the news so often, you're in thrall.
'Fraid you'll take off through the roof,
The way your nerves are humming.

"I can hear every word you say,
But it's very unbecoming.
Once in a while you may feel that way,
But it's very unbecoming."

*I used to be terrified of being betrayed, right?
And I'd made this guy the center of my life.
He'd stay out late at night.
I'd lie there and count the passing cars,
Fifty-one, fifty-two.
At the time, there seemed like nothing I could do.
He'd never come over, never call.
Invariably, I'd wake up fuming about it all,*

*Have screaming arguments with him in my head.
Then one morning I looked in the mirror and I said:*

"I can see how upset you are,
But it's very unbecoming.
You've taken this quite a bit too far,
And it's very unbecoming.
I can hear every word you say,
But it's very unbecoming.
Now and again you might feel this way,
But it's very unbecoming."

You can fear that if you find success,
You'll be torn to pieces by a nasty throng,
Because they're all convinced your point of view is wrong.
You could lose your marbles, or even break your heart.
You can fear the psycho lurking in the minimart,
Or fear the splitting of the earth,
Or fear you overestimate your worth.
You can be afraid of everything,
But it's very unbecoming.

I can see how upset you are,
But it's very unbecoming.
You've taken this quite a bit too far,
And it's very unbecoming.
I can hear every word you say,
But it's very unbecoming.
Now and again you might feel this way,
But it's very unbecoming.

FIVE

Music, Tony Morales/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

One night in June, I was visiting my girlfriend,
When suddenly there came a little voice from behind—
Phoebe announcing that she could do a backbend.
My friend tried to shush her, I really didn't mind.
“Oh mommy, mommy, I gotta tell you one other thing,” she said,
Her face upside-down and red.
“Okay, young lady, then you'd better get your butt back to bed.”
She said:

“I can count to five, I can count to five, I can count to five,
I can count to five, I can count to five, I can count to five.”

What a clever little girl!
Where in the world did you learn to count to five?
I'm blown away by your new ability,
Pointing out that you are one.
And she and I make three;
Kitty and the turtle make five, make five.

You know Melissa, I really can't ignore
The way she counts to five when the music is in four.
She's a darling thing, a gem of a child,
But this obsession with five has gone on for awhile.
She's got five dolls, five braids on her head,
Five pairs of shoes at the foot of her bed.
I can't imagine where this might end, but honey,
Maybe you should talk to her five best friends about it.
Uh-oh, here she comes again.

“One two three four five, one two three four five,
I can count to five, I can count to five, I can count to five, I can count to five.”

What a pleasure, little girl,
Hearing the confident way you count to five!
You say the numbers with such authority,
Pointing out that you are one,
And she and I make three,
Kitty and the TV make five, make five.

“I can count to five [13 X],
All the way to five.”

TOUCHY

Music, John Capek/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

I didn't mean to bite your head off, baby;
You know I'm not like that,
But all of a sudden,
It seemed like such a big deal.
You can't imagine the way I feel,
When I begin
Behaving a little like an evil twin
Who has taken me her hostage.

Another word and I could break out sobbing.
Why am I so upset?
Some Vitamin B1
Might help untangle my mind.
What I would love is a glass of wine;
It makes me loose,
But who knows what thoughts it could introduce
Into this waking nightmare.

There are good days, bad days, days of rest,
Days when nobody seems impressed,
Days of laughter, days of lust,
Days that don't deserve to be discussed,
Days of heaven, days of hell,
And some days when anyone around can tell
You're a little bit touchy,
Just a little bit.

I wonder, could it be coincidental
That when I'm this touchy,
Things happen to go wrong,
And people push me too far.
I guess it might be the way they are,
Or is it me,
Attracting everyone's hostility
Through the turmoil in my body?

There are good days, bad days, days of rest,
Days when nobody seems impressed,
Days of laughter, days of lust,
Days that don't deserve to be discussed,
Days of heaven, days of hell,
And some days when anyone around can tell
You're a little bit touchy,
Just a little bit.

*I know this woman
Who worked at a place downtown,
Called DaBlasio, Grishman and Brown.
She jumped on some guy
In a business suit, in the elevator— well,
They pulled her off around the 24th floor
The man was absolutely white!
She lost the case on appeal.
She'd been on her way out for a ten-course meal.*

You don't know how my back aches.
I don't ever get the breaks!
"Paper of plastic?" he says to me - "Paper or plastic?"
With an attitude.
Everyone I've been talking to is so rude,
Everyone I've been talking to is so rude.

You know, you ought to hang around until I'm 50.
I'm gonna be the queen of stability.
Wait and see baby!
I'm never gonna feel the least bit like a balloon.
That's right - I'll be out all night.
Thumbing my nose
at the moon.

There are good days, bad days, days of rest,
Days when nobody seems impressed,
Days of laughter, days of lust,
Days that don't deserve to be discussed,
Days of heaven, days of hell,
And some days when anyone around can tell
You're a little bit touchy,
Just a little bit.

WHERE ARE MY KEYS?

**Music, Tony Morales, Lorraine Feather and Terry Sampson
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather**

They're not up on the dresser;
I've looked and they're not underneath
The bed, or in the laundry.
Pardon me while I go out of my head.
They're not in any pocket.
Thank God I didn't lock 'em in the car,
But I'm so late now,
And I'd appreciate your help
If you might have any clue
To where they are.

Where are my keys?
Where are my keys?
I'd give anything if I could find my...

They're not out in the garden,
Or hidden in a pile of magazines,
Or in the dish rack.
Must be something else they'd be in between,
Be in between.
They're not up on the key hook,
Where you have told me time and time again
I oughta put them,
When I walk in the door.
Oh just get off it!
I suppose you never lose anything yourself.

Where are my keys?
Where are my keys?
I'd give anything if I could find my....

Listen, would you tell her
I won't be there right on time?
(Can I get there somehow?)
Sorry, I'm afraid that
I won't be there right on time.
(Ah, ah, they won't hire me now.)
Listen, could we possibly
Make it another day?

(Ah, ah, is that ink on my blouse?)
Sorry, won't you tell her
I'm usually not this way?

*Wait - wait a minute – okay,
I thought I had them in my
Coat last night, or were you driving?
That's right, you were.
Gotta figure out what I did,
Get a picture in my head
Of how I flung them away...
Boy, this has screwed up my day.
I know - I'll use the extra set I made!
Or did I? Or did ? Or did I?
Where are my stupid keys?
I'll go through the house just one more time.*

They're not up on the dresser;
I've looked and they're not underneath
The bed, or in the laundry.
Pardon me while I go out of my head,
Out of my head.
They're not in any pocket.
Thank God I didn't lock 'em in the car,
But I'm so late now,
And I'd appreciate your help
If you might have any clue
To where they are.

Where are my keys
(Waiting for me)?
Where are my keys
(Waiting for me)?
I'd give anything if I could find my...(etc.)

BOXBOY

Music by Tony Morales, Terry Sampson and Lorraine Feather
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

It was crystal clear to her.
The moment when it all began.
He dropped a box into the trunk
Of her loaded gold sedan.
Something in the gentle way
He moved the spider plant aside,
Something so poignant in his awkward smile,
Stayed with her through her ride,
But she said to herself:

“Girl, get a grip, it's ridiculous;
You know he's just a boxboy.
Look at yourself, you're hilarious.
He's just a boxboy.

*“Gotta focus - I am bigger than this
I am moving this energy into acceptable channels
I am doing it now, yes I'm doing it now.”*

Soon there were those extra trips
To buy a box of dryer sheets,
And watch the way his graceful hands
Shuffled the frozen meats.
She wondered why the blonde cashier
Had asked him when his shift was through,
Vaguely aware that on her desk at home
Was three weeks of work to do...
She was scaring herself.

“Girl, get a grip, it's ridiculous
You know he's just a boxboy
Look at yourself, you're hilarious
He's just a boxboy

“Girl, get a grip, it's ridiculous
You know he's just a boxboy
Clearly you must be delirious
He's a boxboy, okay...a boxboy.”

Then one day she asked his help
To reach some paper towels;
She could see his empty eyes,
And hear his Valley vowels.
He called her Ma'am, she called him Steve,

Afraid her voice would crack.
She turned to leave,
And thought she heard him
Laugh behind her back.

*"I'm escaping from this hell of unwanted desire
And inflammatory habits;
I am doing it now, yes I'm doing it now.*

"Girl, get a grip, it's ridiculous;
You know he's just a boxboy.
Look at yourself, you're hilarious
He's just a boxboy.

"Girl, get a grip, it's ridiculous
You know he's just a boxboy
Clearly you must be delirious
He's a boxboy."

*"Attention all Food Queen employees:
There is a broken heart on Aisle 11."*

THE BODY REMEMBERS

Music by Don Grusin and Lorraine Feather/Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Early today, I felt a strange delight.
At first, I didn't quite understand why.
All of a sudden I knew—
My body was remembering you.
Ooh, you know I shivered all over.
My hair stood on end.
I felt my head, my heart, my hands,
All start to be, at long last,
Happy again.

Once upon a time, you were near.
Oh sweetheart, it was more than clear to me,
Even if you left,
You'd be worth your weight in gold as a memory,
And so, it gets a little complicated,
Finding someone new.

I know someday I'll get over you,
But not just yet.
I don't want to.
It's true, the body remembers
What the mind tries to forget.

Somehow my friends think if they speak your name,
I'll go into some kind of depression.
I would expect it myself,
And yet I go into something else.
Ooh, it feels too good to relive it,
But still I would choose
To keep your words, your touch, your smile
And such - too sweet by a mile
For me to lose.

Everybody says to move on,
You're long gone,
Part of ancient history,
But it's up to me
If I wish to replay each lovely memory.
So what if they should laugh and call me crazy?
Baby, I may be.

I know someday I'll get over you,
But not just yet.
I don't want to.
It's true, the body remembers
What the mind tries to forget.

INDIGO SKY

Music by Eddie Arkin/Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

I know the troubles of the day
Are preying on your mind.
It's time to let them be.
Let's go and watch the setting sun,
And wander down the shore
Along the lazy sea,

Where an indigo sky is waiting,
With a beauty beyond all words.
The sorrow you feel will be lifted up
On the wings of a thousand birds.
We'll get lost in the purple twilight,
And the wind, and the sea birds' cry,
And I'll cling to you there, my darling,
Under an indigo sky.

Sometimes the questions get so hard,
The answers are so few,
And nothing's very clear,
But still, a heaven of the heart
Belongs to me and you,
Whenever we are here,

Where an indigo sky is waiting,
With a beauty beyond all words,
The sorrow you feel will be lifted up
On the wings of a thousand birds.
We'll get lost in the purple twilight,
And the wind, and the sea birds' cry,
And I'll cling to you there, my darling,
Under an indigo sky.

The sunset will change the ocean,
The ocean will change the land,
In the way that I'm changed forever
By each touch of my lover's hand,
And if ever our hearts are broken,
We'll be sure to remember this,
The seagulls' cry, the indigo sky,
And the rapture of a kiss.

ALONG FOR THE RIDE

Music by Tony Morales and Lorraine Feather/Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Come on Rover, were headin' outside;
I know you love to tag along for the ride.
The temperature's plunging to 60 degrees.
I'll roll down the window, you'll stick your nose out in the breeze.
Look at the guy in the alligator head!
It's the grand opening of the Taco Shed.
I don't get it, but he sure can dance,
In his muscle T shirt and his second-hand pants.

Red cars and blue ones
Catch the watery sun.
Bumpers read:
"I'm glad I'm Lithuanian,"
Or "Hang up and drive."
Ain't it great to be alive?

There's a hitcher, he's looking pretty fried.
I don't think we'll be askin' him along for the ride.
There's a coyote, he's standing very still.
You bark out a warning and he runs back into the hills.
Whaddya say we mosey to the beach,
Where the fancy houses seem so out of reach?
Hey, we got wheels and a greasy bag of food.
And nothin's gonna mess with our good mood.

Red cars and blue ones
Catch the watery sun.
Bumpers read:
"I voted Libertarian,"
Or "Hang up and drive."
Ain't it great to be alive?

In our own little moving space,
We glide into the purplish horizon...ahh....

C'mon boy, hop in!

I know you love to tag along for the ride.
Let's forget about the usual things.
Let's be gone when the telephone rings,
Trouble and worry melting away,
As two best buddies take a private tour of L.A.

Red cars and blue ones
Catch the watery sun.
Bumpers read:
"I brake for no apparent reason,"
Or "Hang up and drive."
Ain't it great to be alive?

Red cars and blue ones
Catch the watery sun.
Bumpers read:
"Honk if you're Scandinavian,"
Or "Hang up and drive."
Ain't it great to be alive?

LITTLE TIGER

Music by Tony Morales, Eddie Arkin & Lorraine Feather
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

They're gone now, every one of them;
Here in the darkness you remain,
With visions of the wilderness,
Of the jungle and the plain.
A searchlight finds you now and then;
You only answer with your stare,
Motionless inside your urban lair.

Oh little tiger,
I like to think one day
You'll find a place
Where all the tigers play.

They keep you, and they care for you,
But leave your power unfulfilled.
You waken to a gentle voice,
To find your food already killed.
One heartbeat told you everything:
Another world, a fiercer sun.
Close your eyes and dream of how you'd run.

Oh little tiger,
I like to think one day
You'll find a place
Where all the tigers play.

Oh little tiger,
I hear you in the night,
And feel the longing
Of your hidden light.

This place is calm and comforting,
Without the danger freedom brings.
Is this your own peculiar fate?
No need at all to lie in wait...
You lift your golden head and roar,
The warning of the carnivore,
And watch the white birds fly away.

Oh little tiger,
I like to think one day
You'll find a place
Where all the tigers play.

Oh little tiger,
I hear you in the night,
And feel the longing
Of your hidden light.

BLEECKER STREET

Music by Joe Curiale and Yutaka Yokokura
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Walking down on Bleecker Street,
Through the snow on silent feet,
Walking down on Bleecker Street again.

Deep in the night,
I heard your hello,
From far far away,
From out of a shadow.
You didn't ask
If I could recall
The soft city lights
We watched through a snowfall.
You understood
I'd be there if I could,

Walking down on Bleecker Street,
Through the snow on silent feet,
Walking down on Bleecker Street again.

Those were the days
Of hope without end.
We talked in cafes.
Our hearts were unbroken.
All of the truth
You told easily,
Went right to my soul.
It never will leave me.
Hold out your hand.
Perhaps we can

Go walking down on Bleecker Street,
Through the snow on silent feet,
Walking down on Bleecker Street again,
Walking down on Bleecker Street,
Where the dreams of drifters meet,
Walking down on Bleecker Street again.

Winter passes;
Soon it will be warm.

We'll be together,
Walking arm in arm
On Bleecker Street.

Those were the days
Of hope without end.
We'll go walking down on Bleecker Street,
Through the snow on silent feet,
Walking down on Bleecker Street again.