

**FLIRTING WITH DISASTER**  
**Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

I turn to stone upon my lawn,  
Mid-September-planting,  
Some memory rekindled  
By the neighbors' children's chanting.  
The sun descends on Maple Street,  
Purple as the aster.  
The autumn air is near as sweet  
As flirting with disaster.

Two hands begin to intertwine,  
Clasping and unclasping.  
Attraction leads to passion,  
Soon insatiable and grasping.  
The charming smile that thrills you so,  
Will one day be your master,  
And this you know, but there you go,  
Flirting with disaster.

Maybe it'll be awkward.  
Maybe it'll be weird.  
Maybe the worst of me  
Is everything you feared.  
Maybe it'll be everything,  
But come to nothing after all.

Walk with me in the courtyard.  
Sleep with me in the chair.  
I knew the best of you  
Was more than I could bear.  
The touch of time upon your face,  
Intoxicates my heart.

You stand alone where I'm concerned,  
Flame remaining steady,  
The feeling always more than heat,  
Never less than heady.  
I've run from it since time began,  
But once I ran much faster.  
I need you so, and here I go,  
Flirting with disaster.

We sit there in the shadowed room,  
Moments from embracing,  
The countless years of aching need

Far beyond erasing.  
The littlest of salamanders  
Creeps across the plaster.  
A littler fly lands right nearby,  
Flirting with disaster.

### **FEELS LIKE SNOW**

**Music, Russell Ferrante/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

The lights of town shine softly,  
From where I stand upon this hill.  
I climbed up here tonight  
To ponder the fact of you.

The earth is hushed and waiting,  
As if possessed by something grand:  
The coming of the snow.  
Joy is in the wind.  
I'm joyous too.

Mystery and magic  
Drift into our heads,  
Arrive overnight,  
As we slumber in our beds.  
No need to watch and wonder;  
By dawn it will be there,  
In the chilly morning air,  
Cars on the roadside,  
Houses on the plain,  
Changed by a touch  
Far gentler than the rain.

You held my gaze a moment,  
And then you spoke to me at last,  
Your hand upon my hand.  
It seemed a shade unreal.

All my confusion,  
Any trace of shame,  
Deep dark regret,  
When it was me who was to blame,  
Faded to nothing,  
Possibly for good,  
Hearing the words I finally understood.

I almost asked if you were sure.  
High on this hill tonight, I know.  
The moon is close.  
The air is pure.  
It feels like snow, like snow.

**I'D BE DOWN WITH THAT**  
**Music, Russell Ferrante/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

*I'd be down with shootin' the breeze with you.  
I'd be down with stayin' mute,  
Hours on end.  
I'll lay it out,  
Or pretend I'd never want to be your girlfriend,  
Like I got nothin' on any of this—  
Unless and until we kiss.  
Lately, when out of the blue  
I see you in the milling crowd,  
Ecstasy gets a hold on me.  
I do my best not to groan aloud.  
Feels so good I could sing,  
So bad I could cry.  
Ohh my.  
You're a heck of a guy.*

If I could spend this day with you,  
And wonder where it went,  
Share the starlit evening  
Hunkered in your tent,  
You'd sneak into my soul,  
Quiet as a cat,  
You know what,  
I'd be down with that.

If we could carve some hours out,  
It might be super- fun  
To ask a ton of questions,  
And get the four-one-one.  
I'd read your gentle eyes,  
Find where you're at.  
I promise you,  
I'd be down with that,

And we could play  
All of the music we love,  
And some of mine would resonate with you,  
And some of yours would hit the mark with me,  
And some of my favorites  
Would leave you in mystery.  
We'd find it funny,  
All part of the journey,

Unless, the way a motor revs  
And then abruptly fails,  
The simpatico between us

Goes flying off the rails,  
My point of view repels you,  
We have some petty spat.  
Too bad, boo-hoo,  
But I'd be down with that.

I could stay with you  
Until your final breath,  
Or you stay until mine.  
You could bring me up short  
For my imperfect rhyme,  
And I would make it right,  
Time after time,  
As we press onward,  
Follow the sinuous road,  
Losing our dread of the night,  
And our need to be over-polite:  
*"Honey, give me some money."*  
*"Turn that radio off."*  
*"Yeah, you told me already."*

If I could spend this life with you,  
And wonder where it went,  
I'd call the meeting of us two  
A heavenly event.  
Send my spirit dancing,  
Or pin me to the mat.  
Either way,  
I'd be down with that.

I'm flying and I'm falling,  
I'm a virtual Wallenda.  
I want you, but it's weirdly true,  
I'm minus an agenda.  
Lift me to the Pleiades,  
Bore me to the bone,  
Be my life-companion,  
Or leave me here alone.  
I could love you always,  
I could love you never.  
We could kiss till Christmas,  
And then say goodbye forever.  
You could steal my heart away  
In half a second flat.  
And if you did, I gotta say,  
I'd be down with that.

*I'd be down with runnin' around with you.  
I'd be down with stayin' still,  
All day long.*

*It's comin' on strong,  
Like some '70s pop song.  
Mm, somethin' about ...  
"You light up my ..."  
Eyes, face, hair, teeth.  
You're the sky above, you're the earth beneath.  
You're the reason why  
I stay awake till 3 or 4, mi amor.  
Can't figure it out.  
Feels so good I could shout,  
So bad I could hurl.  
I'm a lovesick girl.*

**OFF-CENTER**

**Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

When will I know your sweet heart,  
Sweetheart?

We went looking for a treasure,  
Forbidden to be found.  
You advanced and I retreated,  
And then we switched around.  
You're something, you,  
Sad to be a little too  
Off-center.

I couldn't place your accent,  
Or my fingers on your wrist,  
Or ever catch the scent of you,  
Or steadily resist  
What we'd become,  
Each with our equilibrium  
Off-center.

We see the sky in brilliant little chinks,  
And you and I don't ask what the other thinks.

You beheld my heart in tatters,  
A less than pretty sight,  
Offered tea and consolation  
In the middle of the night.  
By morning, I was free  
From caring if they laughed at me  
For being off-center.

You declined my invitation  
To lay your troubles down.  
But I found your secret hiding place  
On my way to town.

I tripped upon the entrance,  
Where a sign said "Do not enter."  
*It was a trifle*  
Off-center.

### **BE MY MUSE**

**Music, Shelly Berg/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

My words have not been flowing right  
For ninety days and ten.  
I'm desperate for a pilot light  
To activate my pen.  
My songs of love are all, at best,  
Devoid of fire and thrust,  
Which brings me to the small request  
I make, because I must.

You lure me like a deep-sea cave  
The wiser soul avoids.  
When you're near, I'm fierce and brave.  
You could have me  
Gobbling inspiration like a shark on steroids.  
Don't want to shop for ski boots with you,  
Move to Rye,  
Raise malamutes with you,  
Don't want to do  
My taxes with you,  
Just want you to  
Gimme the chorus,  
Gimme me the verse.  
Make me feel better, then a  
Whole lot worse.  
Be good as gold,  
Or badder than the nightly news.  
Come on, baby,  
Be my muse.

You radiate a primal force.  
It lifts, then drops, my bed.  
Am I on a hopeless course,  
Mad to want you,  
Given the fact you said I was a stone-cold egghead?  
I don't want to talk through our issues  
Late at night, go through the tissues,  
Buy a divan with you,  
Make a five-year plan with you.  
Just want you to  
Gimme the rhythm,  
Gimme the rhyme.  
Destroy me like the D train flattens a dime.

Gimme the crooked little grin  
That says you won't refuse.  
Come on, big boy.  
Be my muse.

Let me find you where you live.  
I crave your bewitching foyer,  
Your kitchen of quicksilver,  
Your unfathomable garden.  
I wanna be reckless,  
I wanna be dumb,  
I wanna tie one on in your atrium.  
Your mannerisms light my flame.  
I'm melted by your middle name.

Raging-hot romance is the  
Artistic spirit's crack.  
Let your heart run wild with me,  
Sparing no excess,  
Trampling on my feelings like the Green Bay Packers.  
I won't pledge my life to you,  
Be trouble and strife to you,  
Only put on my purple dress,  
And ravish you with my thankfulness,  
If you

Gimme the title,  
Gimme the hook.  
Gimme the walk-away,  
And then the killer backwards look.  
Gimme the kiss that gets me moanin'  
Like a Memphis blues.  
Come on, baby.  
Be my muse.

### **LATER**

**Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

You said your mind was reaching toward tonight,  
The ways it might or might not be all right.  
That's all you wrote,  
In your note.  
You signed it "Later."

I'm hovering between the earth and sky.  
The laziest of clouds pass me by.  
My day is slow,  
Because I know  
I'll see you later.

The hurried breath, the sweet dream dreamed,  
The object of affection ...  
Past lovers seem unlikely choices,  
Upon reflection.  
Once you said that thing,  
And it left me wondering.  
First time you kissed my cheek,  
So quick, so chaste,  
*I couldn't speak.*

The ways you feel you'll let me down, you won't,  
And all you fear I care about, I don't.  
Straight up, it's true.  
Can't wait to see you  
A little later.

The steps we take,  
The games we play,  
The words our friends and neighbors say,  
The definitions of love and like,  
The thoughts that calm, the doubts that strike,  
This need of yours and mine ...  
The truth will find us down the line,  
Whatever it is.

It's getting near the time.  
Meet me at the place.  
I hope to see that lovely feeling  
Lighting up your face,  
A little later.

I'm on my way.  
I liked your note.  
You hold my heart.  
That's all she wrote.

### **THE LAST WAVE**

**Music, Eddie Arkin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

The words you say are often unexpected.  
You speak your truth out of a kindly heart.  
We never seem to end our conversation,  
But only kiss goodbye and drift apart.

We cry our tears in love's exalted kingdom,  
And ceaselessly explore its hallowed halls,  
And you will live in my imagination,  
Until the last ship takes to sea,  
Until the final raindrop falls.

I dream that I am racing through the wilderness,  
Protecting something magical that I possess,  
Never looking down or looking up,  
Careful not to spill the precious cup.

If you were lost, I promise I would find you.  
If it is you who travels on before,  
My aching heart will see the tender curve of your smile,  
Until the distant train is heard no more,  
And I will await the press of your hand,  
Until the last chord dies away,  
Until the last wave storms the shore.

### **DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES**

**Music, Russell Ferrante/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

I don't hate you anymore,  
Or love you either,  
Like I used to.  
What's left is mild,  
Each time we meet,  
Which isn't that often, nowadays.  
You pursued me ardently,  
Slowly set fire to my senses.  
It was a wild ride from bliss to despair,  
And there were disastrous consequences.

Back when *Revolver* was number one,  
You blasted my world,  
You sent it spinning,  
An Uncle Charlie  
Right to the moon,  
And parts beyond.  
You admired me. I was giddy,  
Blithely forgave our offenses.  
You were taken, and I was aware,  
And there were disastrous consequences.

*How well I remember lying by the lake, we  
Repeated ourselves the way ...  
The way people in the grip of passion often do.  
I kept on saying, "I adore you."  
Each time you spoke,  
The joy split my heart.  
You told me over and over, that I thrilled you deeply.  
You said I made you whole,  
You said I was your twin soul,  
Your twin soul.*

Wish I could unsay

Everything I said.  
I'm embarrassed now, to the bone.  
Love chewed me up,  
And spat me out  
On the shoulder of some frozen back road.  
You called it first,  
Danger ahead.  
I was grief-struck.  
Deep in the night, I'd wake myself up crying, crying.

I don't love you anymore.  
I don't miss you,  
Badly need you.  
Your turns of phrase,  
No longer possess  
The brilliance and charm of yesteryear.  
I protested. You convinced me,  
Tore down my feeble defenses.  
We were careless, and we were unfair,  
And there were disastrous consequences.

I was destroyed, for all my bright pretenses.  
It was a thing of beauty.  
It broke like glass,  
And there were disastrous consequences.

### **BIG-TIME**

**Music, Dave Grusin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

I stopped by in the dead of night,  
Dragged you into a lie.  
*I made a real mess of it,*  
Didn't I?  
Without much fanfare,  
Love arrived, and laid us low.

It was more than an appetite,  
More than a whim.  
Our light made the very stars  
Seem to dim.  
Still, I took my exit,  
Knowing it would wound you so.  
*It was ridiculous*  
To abandon the sublime.  
I'll make it up to you,  
Big-time.

When we embraced goodbye tonight,  
You told me you loved me.  
In fact, you might have told me twice,

*The second time under your breath.*  
And earlier, you'd said that  
Maybe all the misery I'd been going through,  
Was more than adequate comeuppance for my crime.  
It was half and half a joke, and not really.  
You've always spoken to me freely.  
In a way that no one else was ever able.  
Made me want to reach across the table,  
Big-time.

I found you original,  
Dark, and deep,  
Met you in the hinterlands,  
And my sleep,  
The space between us  
Always neither here nor there.

It wasn't so wise of me,  
*I silently said,*  
Missing you like anything,  
In my single bed,  
When the debt came due,  
And stripped our grand illusion bare.  
I struck you down,  
In what you thought was your prime.  
I'm gonna make it up to you  
Big-time.

**WAIT FOR IT**  
**Music, Dave Grusin/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**  
**(Based on "Bossa Baroque" by Dave Grusin)**

We woke before dawn,  
You and I,  
Stood beneath a sweet sky.  
The sky, and we,  
Seemed equally endless,  
Shared an infinite circle.  
We spoke for a while.  
I swooned at your smile.  
We kissed, and I fell into heaven.

Some desire the unreal.  
Some are "My way or the highway,"  
So, imagine my amazement...  
How'd you ever ... how'd you ...could it be ... be truly  
Possible that I have found you,  
Everyone on Earth around you?  
Fortune can be awfully clever,  
Taught me I should never wait for it.

Done with overexpectations  
Prone to underestimations,  
In an instant I was side-swiped,  
To my ecstasy.  
Now books are shutter than can be.  
I love you and you love me.  
Got to say that it seemed fateful.  
Well, shut my mouth and call me grateful.  
Didn't wait for you at all.

Ten years alone ...  
How placid I'd grown,  
With my books and my garden.  
Though lonely, a bit,  
You get used to it.  
You ache less for one to be two.  
When I did,  
Still I knew,  
Somehow, always, I knew  
*Not to wait for it.*

Some will scour the personals daily,  
Looking for that certain someone.  
I, I thought, knew what was out there,  
Firm in my belief  
In being all Georgia O'Keefe,  
In my desert, vast and lovely,  
Bright eternity above me.  
Life itself can be a joy indeed.  
Isn't any need to wait for it.  
Still, at midnight I'd discover  
A longing for my own dear lover.  
No one seemed remotely right for me.  
I abandoned hope, then saw it in my scope.  
A trail of light, sublimely captured,  
Held my heart and soul enraptured.  
Whaddya know, it was my time to fall.  
Didn't wait for you at all.

### **THE STAIRCASE**

**Music, Shelly Berg/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

I will open up the door,  
Knowing what I know,  
Ushering you in  
Beyond the blasting wind and snow.  
I will take your winter coat,  
Three feet from the stair,  
Simply overcome to see you standing there.

We will slowly climb the steps,  
Hand in trembling hand,  
To a second story,  
And an undiscovered land.  
I will give my growing trust,  
Haltingly confess  
How yours can break my heart, appearing limitless,

And in one kiss will dwell the years  
When I will be the slave of fate,  
Trying to slow the setting sun,  
If you should be an hour late.

I will hear your patient knock,  
Muffled by the gale,  
See you from my window,  
Looking resolute and pale,  
Hurry down to let you in,  
Reach to touch your face,  
Holding back my eagerness  
To drown in your embrace,

And when I do, your voice will be  
A broken murmur in my ear,  
Saying a thousand things to me.  
Each one will mean, "The search ends here."

Up the steep and narrow stair,  
We will slowly climb.  
I never said I loved you,  
But I knew it all the time.