



TRAFFIC AND WEATHER

Music, Shelly Berg/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

So, there's a bit of a situation
On the Golden Gate.
Steer clear of the number 2 lane
If it's not too late.
Got carpet unspoolin'
For a mile, no foolin'.

Now, if you're traveling from Sonoma,
That's a nasty route.
You're seething with irritation
From the harsh commute.
That's our copter above you—hi!
God, there's so many of you.

Your life's in your paws
As you creep along the causeway,
If your attention
Meanders out to sea.
Try not to gawk
At the tussle on the walkway!
Mind how you swerve
While avoiding the debris!

We got traffic and weather,
Traffic and weather.
Like Barnum and Bailey,
They're always together.

I see some heavy precipitation
In the northern bay.
Might not want a plan a picnic—
It'll be headed your way.
Brackish clouds moving inland...
Soon you'll think you're in Finland.

Still recovering from the outages
In Walnut Creek;
We might have told you diff'rent,
But it'll rain all week,
Rain, rain, rain, rain...

It falls once again.
Is the winter never-ending?
Soaked to the gills,
Which we really ought to grow...
Creeks overflow;
There's a heady scent of mildew
In the canyons of San Mateo.

We got traffic and weather,
Traffic and weather.
Like Rand and McNally,
They're always together.

There'll be some tricky vehiculation out on
Highway One.
Watch out for Cal Trans
On Devil's Slide, Devil's Slide.
It's fragile and slippery and not very wide.

Three little words,
If you're traveling north on I-5
I can only say three little words:
"Stalled big rig."

Move it!

We've got reports of a little twister
Over Watsonville.
There's hail the size of ponies
Out in Pleasant Hill,
Hail, hail, hail, hail hail, hail....

We got traffic and weather,
Traffic and weather.
Like "cease" and "desist,"
You know they were made for each other.

Traffic and weather,
Traffic and weather.
Like movies and popcorn,
Like flotsam and jetsam,
Like models and make-up,
Like Itchy and Scratchy,
Like breaking and ent'ring,
Like protons and neutrons,
Like drummers and singers,
They're always together.

Boop boop boop, de doop de de (etc.)...

Are you ready to hear the news?

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATIENCE
Music, Shelly Berg/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

She said,
"Thanks for calling!
This is a recording, but
Don't be nervous.
Our goal is to you provide you with
Excellent service.

"Please forgive us.
No one would intentionally
Overstrain you
Soon, music from the '80s will
Entertain you.

"We appreciate your patience,
And we promise you
A customer care representative
Will be with you shortly.
We appreciate your patience.

"We now have a functioning website.
Maybe you're still not aware?
Most customers choose
To do absolutely everything there.

"I suppose I'm implying
That this phone call, in fact,
Is what we now consider
To be an outmoded method of contact.

"But we appreciate your patience—
No, I'm serious.
Soon a cheerful and calm individual
Will be here to assist you.
We appreciate your patience.

"How poignant it seems,
When you know what you know.
You'll live in our dreams
When you go,
When you go."

He said:

"Thanks for listening.
Guess we both agree that it's
Never easy.
Deciding how to tell you,
I felt a bit queasy.

"Please forgive me.
Say I didn't emotionally
Maul or main you.
You've grown so much
You almost are not the same you.

"And I appreciate your patience,
'Cause I'm not another
Coldly uncaring Lothario
Like the rest of your boyfriends.
I appreciate your patience!

"How poignant it seems,
When I know what you know.
You'll live in my dreams
When I go, I go."

VERY UNBECOMING
Music, Tony Morales/Eddie Arkin
Lyrics, 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 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,

And it's very unbecoming.
Now and again 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.
Oh, 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.
Now and again you may feel that way,
But it's very unbecoming.

I LOVE NEW YORK AT CHRISTMAS **Music, Shelly Berg/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

When the sun rose
Christmas morning,
Central Park was dressed in white,
Soft and peaceful,
Hushed and gleaming.
There is no more lovely sight.

Walking past the frozen lake,
Down the path we used to take,
'Fraid my heart might break in two.
I need you now,
'Cause you know how
I love New York at Christmas.

Easy laughter,
Joyous carols,
At the Tavern on the Green—
Trees were sparkling;
You were smiling
With a warmth I'd never seen.

I was sure you'd draw me near,
Say the words I had to hear.
As the snow began to fall,
You sighed instead,
And only said
"I love New York at Christmas."

Saw the windows
Down at Macy's—
Sidewalk Santas, cheeks aglow.
Now's the time for
New beginnings;
How I'll find one, I don't know.

All Manhattan seems to be
Celebrating merrily.
In my soul I'm glad I'm here.
I love New York at Christmas,
Though in a way
It's hard to say

I love New York at Christmas
This year.

HOME ALONE
(for Kinsey Millhone)
**Music, Russell Ferrante/
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

I stare at the skylight,
The onrushing twilight,
Small, angry clouds in my view.
Darkness encroaches,
The old thrill approaches;
Raindrops begin their tattoo.

No one to hold me,
Scope me or scold me.
Makes me quite giddy somehow.
Adrift and ungrounded,
Illusions unbounded,
Feels good as the law should allow.

Though I like playin' tag with the bad guys,
Haulin' tail down the California coast,
In a world full of grifters and gadflies,
I discovered what beguiles me the most.
I don't know and baby, I don't even try to know
Why I never wind up waiting by the phone,
But I'm happy in my own private Idaho.
What I love is bein' home alone.

I buy food and flowers.
Work till all hours,
The silence not always profound,
Clean up for a while,
Then run for a mile.
The best part is turning around.

I succumb to romance on occasion.
I submit that I'm human after all,
Though a master of wily evasion,
When I feel any danger I could fall.
I can visit someone else's little hideaway.
There are memories that
Make me want to moan,
But as surely as the moon pulls the tide away,
I'll be contented going home alone.

Though I like playin' tag with the bad guys,
Haulin' tail down the California coast,
In a world full of grifters and gadflies,
I discovered what beguiles me the most.
I don't know and baby, I don't even try to know
Why I never wind up waiting by the phone,
But I'm happy in my own private Idaho.
What I love is bein' home alone

With my old oak floors,
And my dark red doors...
Mornings when a whisper seems to wake me,
It's just the distant bark of sea lions out at sea.

"I love being single. It's almost like being rich."
-Kinsey Millhone
(from Sue Grafton's book "*D*" is for Deadbeat)

HIT THE GROUND RUNNIN'
**Music, Russell Ferrante/
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

It's almost unbelievable
But the New Year's here again.
Time to pump our mood,
Get unglued from ESPN,
Our goals are still achievable,
But we gotta get back in the game.
Play ball!
Let's make it to the Hall of Fame!

We're in a must-win situation,
Back from the brink of elimination.
You and me, baby,
Gonna hit the ground runnin'

Lookin' at the numbers, we've been slippin'
Smartin' from a nasty woodshed whippin'.
Still got a good shot
If we hit the ground runnin'.

We're gonna get our fastball workin';
We're gonna throw some serious heat.
Won't see the opposition smirkin'
When we knock 'em outa the driver's seat.

Even though we took a true shellackin',
This'll be the year we come out whackin'!

Oo wee, honey,
Gonna hit the ground runnin'.

It was a shock
When life started cleaning our clock.
We've struggled offensively,
Flying blind,
And our defense
Was also maligned...
Out-muscled, out-hustled,
We've been saddled with injuries.

Gotta tighten up the line of scrimmage,
Give a hundred and ten percent,
Brighten up our image
After the regrettable away-game incident,
But-headin' to the end zone, that'll be you!
Proud to be the one I pass it to!
Oh my, big guy,
Gonna hit the ground runnin'.

We're in a must-win situation;
Need to stop the dribble penetration.
You and me, baby,
Gonna hit the ground runnin'.

Red-hot, givin' it all we got,
We live 'n' die by the outside shot.
We're so up-tempo
When we hit the ground runnin'.

We're gonna dominate the floorboards,
Though we've been quiet so far,
Light up a million scoreboards.
Together we're a shooting star!

Get ready for a
Nail-biter, barn burner,
Game of inches, a real head-turner.
Eyes on the prize, nose for the ball,
This time we're gonna take it all;
We're gonna stay focused on the dream,
Remember that there's no "I" in "TEAM."
Let's get out there and just have fun!

I've got the heart of a champion.
You've got a great pair of hands.

This year
They're gonna be screaming in the stands,
If we can
Hit the ground runnin',
Hit the ground runnin'!

*"You know, Bob, I'm just happy I was able to
make a contribution."*

WHERE ARE MY KEYS?
**Music, Tony Morales and Terry Sampson/
Lyrics, 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 outa 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 ought to 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?
Sorry, I'm afraid that
I won't be there right on time.

Listen, could we possibly
Make it another day?
Sorry, would 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 I? 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,
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?
Come on, come on, come on,
Where are my keys?
I'd give anything if I could find my keys.
I'm asking anyone to help me please
To fi-yi-yi-yind my keys.

They're not up on the key hook,
They're not out in the garden,
They're not up on the dresser.
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
(etc.)

IN FLOWER
(for Billy Strayhorn)
Music, Shelly Berg/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

I touch the piano

And feel you are there,
A brave little smile on your face.
Your words and your music
Inhabit the air;
I sigh at their elegant grace.

Not everyone knew
You were funny and wise.
You often had nothing to say,
But the lost and the crazy
Could look in your eyes,
And know you would not turn away.

The mockingbird
You sometimes heard
Beyond your windowpane,
Told you all your sleepless nights
Were not in vain.

Your music and words
Fairly dance in the air—
Bring voice to the longing of spring.
A spirit in flower,
Exquisite and rare,
Is truly a glorious thing.

The golden broom
That glowed in bloom
Beside your kitchen door,
Brought you so much joy
Your heart could hold no more,
No more.

I gaze at the stars
And imagine you there,
More patient, more gracious than I,
A spirit in flower,
Exquisite and rare,
Too beautiful ever to die,
A spirit in flower,
Exquisite and rare,
Who climbed all the way to the sky.

WAITING TABLES
(Based on The Hornheads'
"Can't Quite Put My Finger On It")
Music, Michael B. Nelson/
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

I came here hoping to be a Broadway star—
Another dimpled and dewy ingénue
Who wound up waiting tables.

When all humanity backs up at the bar,
Some nights, there's
Nothing I wouldn't rather do
Than be here waiting tables.

One Tanqueray and tonic, one B&B!
Guy looks a little hinky at table three.
One mango margarita, one rum and coke!
I'm swillin' down the coffee, I'm goin' for broke.

Friday's crazy!
Oh, Bembe, *ajuda me*
A limpiar la mesa, por favor?

It's tough but
Nobody's gotten me fired so far.
I'm pretty certain in time I could be
Truly good at waiting tables.

Hey! Hot plate!
Watch your back!
All the regulars like me,
I'm not without charm,
But I can't carry more than
Two trays on my arm.
(That's pretty hard-core)

Sometimes I stand frozen
In the middle of the floor,
Spaced—like there's something I've misplaced.

Might be my name,
Which now is apparently "Miss,"
Or a summoning finger-snap.
There's a lesson in this,
But I can't quite put my finger on it.

One Miller in the bottle, one J&B!
Guy's definitely trouble, at table three.
These maraschino cherries are gettin' gross.
I'm pullin' in a hundred, or real close!

Ordering, ordering!
Sad to say

The chef's gone AWOL
And I got a party of seventeen.

Sir, you should 86
The fat cigar.
Yeah, well, I promise you would be too if you
Were out here waiting tables.

Hey! Heads up!
Comin' through!
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo, comin' through!

By now I figured to be
A household name,
On stage and screen,
But I'll tell you what,
I've learned a lot from waiting tables.
Learned to handle
Several things at once, for instance,
And when a buck's not
Even ten percent.

I came here hoping to be a great big star—
Another dimpled and dewy ingénue
Who wound up waiting tables.

When all humanity backs up at the bar,
Some nights, there's nothing
I wouldn't rather do
Than be here waiting tables.

Friday's crazy!
Oh, Bembe, *ajuda me*
A limpiar la mesa, por favor?

Tanqueray and tonic, one B&B!
Guy's little hinky at table three.
One mango margarita, one rum and coke!
I'm swillin' down the coffee, I need a
Miller in the bottle, one J&B!
Definitely trouble, at table three.
These maraschino cherries are gettin' gross.
I'm pullin' in a hundred, or real close!

I moved here to
Keep an appointment with destiny,
And I'm still waiting.

A HOUSEHOLD NAME

Music, Bill Elliott/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

I used to think success would make me happy.
I used to feel that fame would make me proud.

I craved the glory and the gold,
The influence untold,
The ride upon the shoulders of the crowd.

Today my price is 20 mil a picture;
Now that's about two hundred bucks a frame,
And there's a lot I didn't know
Till I became
A household name.

It's awful nice to do the thing you're good at,
And mostly, the attention is divine.
There's nothing like the thrill
Of being the first they bill,
And reading just how brilliantly you shine.

But when you flub a line or fudge an accent,
The pundits take their swift and deadly aim.
It's quite the dirty little rush
When you can shame
A household name.

They gorge upon your beauty
And they gobble up your youth.
They photograph you flawlessly—
Your mother knows the truth.
You're splashed across those magazines
That mock the privileged few.
You share the wry amusement
Till the joke's on you,
On you.

You feel the march of time
Across your forehead;
You dread the subtle soft'ning of your jaw.
It seems the public would prefer
You stay the way you were,
Or else they take it as a personal faux pas.

I've hardly had a meal since I was twenty,
Since fat is incompatible with fame.
I learned the rules, I got the breaks,
And I became

A household name.

Fans dog me at the market;
They're adoring or they're cruel.
Reporters climb the hedge
And sometimes crash into the pool.
Today my mother told me
I was acting like a star.
The trick is not to be one,
When of course you are,
You are.

Well, none of it has truly made me happy,
Though some of it has really made me proud.
And I'd be slightly insincere
To say I didn't love to hear
The clapping and the cheering of the crowd,
Oh yeah.

Some years from now, relaxing in my rocker,
I'll be glad I had the guts to play the game—
'Cause they can try to kill your spirit
But no one's gonna douse my little flame,
Even tomorrow,
When I'm no longer a household name,
Household name.

MAKING IT UP AS WE GO ALONG Lyrics, Lorraine Feather/Music, Eddie Arkin

A pleasure here,
A heartache there;
We're shooting for the moon,
If we only dare.
We're just as right
As we are wrong—
Making it up as we go along.

We grow confused,
Or understand;
We wander off alone,
Or offer a hand;
We hide our eyes,
We come on strong,
Making it up as we go along.

The hustle, the hurry,
The too-familiar worry

That wakes you up at half-past three;
The passion that claims you,
The kind remark that shames you,
To realize you didn't see
How very fine a soul could be,

The breakups, the laughter,
The naked feeling after
You know you've been a bit too proud;
The act of forgiving,
The simple joy of living,
The arms that find you in a crowd,
The wish you bravely make out loud,

It ebbs and flows,
It comes and goes,
And where it goes from here,
Well, who knows who knows?
We're often told
It's always the same old song,
But we're making it up as we go along,
Making it up as we go along.