

CALISTOGA BAY
(Based on "Harlem Air Shaft")
Music, Duke Ellington
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Tonight we're goin' with the tidal flow
The moon above us and the sea below
We'll have a party out on Calistoga Bay

Say "Adios" to ev'ry care and woe
'Cause we'll be shakin' up
the status quo
Soon as we're driftin' onto Calistoga Bay

Tonight all troubles
Will be transcended
A comet's passing
It should be splendid

Invite your mama and her latest beau
Call up your dad, because
the dude can blow
We'll make some music out on
Calistoga Bay
Sail away!

We'll hang those baby blue lights
It's time for celebrating life
All the sights and sounds of springtime
Ohh, cruise on to heavenly heights
It's a glittering, glamorous trip
You know you want to take it

We'll ride a wave
On up one side and down the other
And then another and
another and another
And if the ballroom
Should get to rockin'
We'll still be swingin'
Stompin' on the dance floor

C'mon, Willie!

Drop everything you're doing
'Cause you don't need to mow the lawn
Those dirty dishes will never
know you're gone
Can't you hear that siren song
Sayin' "Take a little trip, take a little trip

Take a little trip take a little trip
take a little trip"

Call up all our pals
The hippies and those crazy queens
They used to play the Golden Lantern in
New Orleans

There'll be boocoo huggin'
Jitterbuggin' too
One fine yacht is what we got
Room for everyone we ever knew

Get on the horn to every friend and foe
The girl who dumped you in Atascadero
Could break away and come to
Calistoga Bay
Why not say all is forgiven

Pull up the anchor and we're good to go
The decks are gleaming,
there's a feast below
It's great to be together
on a night like this
I put your name on a big kiss

We star-eyed lovers
Are set for sailing
The comet hovers
The section's wailing

Yo-ho everybody
Let's hit the ocean
Cause one big-time commotion
Full-steamin' laughin' and
Screamin' Bon Voyage
Hey, we're on our way
Out onto Calistoga Bay

CICADA TIME
Music, Shelly Berg and Eddie Arkin
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

There's a very odd cicada
Who is fairly rarely seen
He hangs out underground
Till he's a red-eyed 17
He briefly paints the town
He finds a treetop home and then
The hatchlings flutter down

So it can all begin again

The darling buds of May
Know today could not be
 any normal day
 It's finally cicada time
 It's finally cicada time
They crawl up one by one
Like a couple billion in the blazing sun
 It's really cicada time
 It's really cicada time

Well they're gonna breed and die
 By and by
First they're gonna cry out loud
 People gonna stop and sigh
 When they fly
Takin' to the sky in a murky cloud
 I heard a deafening screech
 Did you, my dear?
 It's clearly cicada time
 They're finally here

My oh me, my cicada
Fly, be free, yada yada
Find your tree, my cicada

Hi-de-hi, my cicada
Breeze on by, my cicada
Watch my eye, my cicada
(Saved a couple on the highway...)
 Hup! Hup!

Soon they're gonna dance and dream
 Swarm and scream
 Ain't it great to be alive
They'll be sure to savor it
 Then they'll split
Make-a like-a Hoffa in '75

I felt a gathering force
 And I could tell
By God, it's cicada time
 I wish them all well

 Hey guys
I know you'll be out partyin'
 Until your time is done
I hope I see your crazy kin
 In 2021
Havin' just a little too much fun

Cicada

REMEMBERING TO BREATHE

Music, Bill Elliott

Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Just above the Pick-and-Pay
The baby dancers learn ballet
All smiling and remembering to breathe
Dressed in tights and satin shoes
And Velcro-closing pink tutus
And usually remembering to breathe

They never grumble
And if they stumble
Their tears won't ever reach their eyes
Madame Ouspenskaya knows
That when you're on your tippy-toes
You've got to keep remembering to
 breathe

Following your heart's desire
More than often does require
Dealing with failure and pain
Even though know you love it
Are you truly worthy of it
Do you have the right to complain

You try again and then
You have your shining moment
Reaching far and standing tall
Not caring that you still could fall
You'll always keep remembering to breathe

"Pirouette, jeté, jeté
No pooching out when you *plié*
Keep smiling and remembering to breathe"
Eight and one and two and three
Across the floor so gingerly
 "Girls, we must keep
 remembering to breathe!"

They never grumble
And if they tumble
Their mummies never see them cry
Three and four and five and six
And seven, eight, again, the trick's
Relaxing and remembering to breathe

Dancing toward your dreams can bring

A breathless joy, but here's the thing
You've got to keep remembering
To breathe

I KNOW THE WAY TO BROOKLYN

Music, Eddie Arkin
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

I don't know how to bake a pie
Or skywrite a letter in the summer sky
And I sure don't know how to keep a guy
But I know the way to Brooklyn

I don't know how to build a boat
Or operate the buttons
on the damn remote
But I've got one skill of particular note
I know the way to Brooklyn

Bookin' out to Brooklyn on an early train
Bringin' my umbrella
'cause there might be rain
Time to hang a little with Amanda Jane
She's always lived in Brooklyn

I couldn't say how to get to Spain
Or help you make your way
across the Ukraine
And flyin' to the moon
would bend my brain
But I know the way to Brooklyn

Can't charm a snake or hold my booze
I'm lousy at debating my political views
But I can feel better any time I choose
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Can't pretend I have a lot of style and grace
Can't play the ocarina or the upright bass
But I can always get to my favorite place

They've got a fabulous diner there
Gets a colorful crowd from everywhere
Havin' the best meal that ever was
Workin' up a coffee buzz

We'll gab, giggle the way we do
She's the craziest girl I ever knew
We'll plan to head out but stay instead

Big-talkin' 'bout the week ahead

Can't run a mile in a minute flat
Can't pull off a toga or a pillbox hat
But I can get to Coney Island
Just like that

My hair's an unbelievable catastrophe
Can't spell "Tyrannosaurus"
for the life of me
But I know every stop along the IRT
Go on, try me

I don't know how to tell a joke
Or turn a clever phrase with uptown folk
But I can mend my heart
whenever it's broke
'Cause I know the way
I know the way

I don't know the way to San Jose
Never seen the birds in Bodega Bay
I got lost for a day in downtown L.A.
But I know the way to Brooklyn

Yeah yeah yeah yeah
I know the way to Brooklyn

Can't swing a bat
Can't change a flat
Can't scat
Sca do be do ya do ba
Do ba doo wee

ON THE ESPLANADE

Music, Russell Ferrante
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

I met you
In the year of El Niño
At the edge of the ocean
My skirt brushed your hand
on the esplanade
Your kind face
Hadn't ever been handsome
What I thought was compassion
Flooded my soul on the esplanade

I was off to a seaside hoedown
You broke my stride

Turned me around
All the boys would be waiting
None especially worth dating
I was dissatisfied
And then I found

Something so real
As the tide leapt in closer
And the sky became inky
One fine stormy day on the esplanade
Oh, on the esplanade

We took flight
Circle following circle
Wheeling over the water
One fine starry night on the esplanade
Moments later, the old pier
Was to be our arena
Flashy Venus our spotlight
As indigo clouds ringed the esplanade

With the innocent pride of lovers
We claimed the stage
A dancing flame
Curious heavenly creatures
Jammed the celestial bleachers
You hadn't spoken it
But I knew your name

Knew your sweet kiss
Long before you would offer it
By the barnacled pilings
Swaying with me on the esplanade

SWEET HONOLULU
(based on "Dooji Wooji")
Music, Duke Ellington
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Warm was the night when I drew you
Cold chills, like mine, ran through you
Back on sweet Honolulu

I was torn with confusion
While reading the words
that you wrote
By the way that you answered
my serious question
With one of your witty rejoinders,
in your note

Over open ocean
On a fragile notion
We were headin' somewhere
Would we ever get there

Paradise
Asks not a little price
Now and then, men and women who
Walk in it, swim in it
Do get eaten alive
But we needed it bad
Went a little mad in Honolulu

Unbelievably green was the isle
that we flew to
I was in love and a bit of a drama queen
You were a pretty riddle
I had no clue to
It was a riddle
Posed on sweet Honolulu

Once, I could swear that I knew you
Soft was the kiss I blew you
We dreamed one dream—it threw you
Darlin' it was a dream
on sweet Honolulu
It was a dream on sweet Honolulu
Honolulu

ONCE BITTEN
Music, Eddie Arkin
and Shelly Berg
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Anyone can see the man is awful fine
We used to be an item
but he wasn't mine
Thought he was a cutie
and we sure did click
But first he'd cozy up
and then he'd back off quick

Ever since '01 he's had the same m.o.
His women say there's
never any quid pro quo
So if you fall in love with him
you ought to know
That he was once bitten

Told me all about her on a fateful night

No lie, I got the heebie-jeebies
when he went all white
I was cuddled up beside him
in his classic car
When I saw the humiliation
and I felt the scar

Some get hurt by love
and love another day
Some will take a vow to make
the whole world pay
And some will simply
ever after stay away
If they were once bitten

Once bitten, twice shy
He was a cautious and a careful
A beware-ful guy
He would jump back
from wherever we were
Look in the eyes of romance
and see a nasty cur
He tried to shake it
But couldn't take it
He's got a tender little heart
And he's afraid to break it

It's a drag
The day you first get bit
You can get in a bit of trouble
Tryin' to handle it
Passion has a pretty vicious appetite
Never was a love who
wouldn't sometimes bite

I could play it safe until I'm old and grey
But I'm too big a fool
to live my life that way
So I'll be reaching out my hand one day
Though I was
Once bitten

**A RAMBLE THROUGH
THE PARK**
Music, Russell Ferrante
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Would you like to take a ramble
through the park
Till the cheerful strains of day

Become the plaintive notes of dark
Walk arm in arm
Along the Hudson

All our long-forgotten dreams
are in the breeze
Once I listened for your footsteps
In this very grove of trees
When I was yours
One endless April

Came here as a kid
Everybody did
To ride our Stingrays
And play jacks on the wall

Loved this place, and you
Still somehow you knew
I'd break away
Break away from it all
And leave Manhattan

Would you care to take a ramble
through the park
Amble on till we're enfolded
By the deep embrace of dark
The sylvan lawns
Go on forever

Trav'ling far past conversation
We'll remember who we are
By the shy illumination
Of a twilight April star

INDIANA LANA
(based on "Jubilee Stomp")
Music, Duke Ellington
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Indiana Lana was a runner
out of Gary, Indiana
Never was a runner who could beat the
time of Indiana Lana
When she was only one
She jumped up and began to run
She ran around the apple tree
Until you couldn't even see a blur
"Now, get her!"

Soon the baby Lana was

the dinner table
talk of Indiana
Our budding champion
Oh baby, how she could cover ground

Quicker than a rabbit
With a habit
Of passing every car in Indiana
"Way to go, Lana!"
How that little girl ran around

Once she started movin'
Couldn't hardly stop
She raced her brother's pickup truck
To the bait and tackle shop
The boys all found it funny
Till it hurt their pride
To see that squirt smoke
everybody's ride

High school brought her Track and Field
And though she'd always fly
Something never quite appealed
And Lana told me why

Pontiacs and Oldsmobiles
Were really more her speed
She needed horsepower at her heels
To revel in her lead

One day at the end of May
She jogged up to Thunder Bay
Then thought it might be fun
To run down to Indianapolis Town

Got to the place
Where there was a race
Onto the speedway
Into the lead, hey
I don't jive
She won the Indy Five

Indiana Lana was a runner out
of Gary, Indiana
Never was a Hummer who could beat the
time of Indiana Lana
She yelled "First place or bust!"
Then left those race cars in the dust
She ran around the track and back
Around the track and back
around the track

"You go, girl!"

Who began again to be the dinner table
talk of Indiana?
Our home-grown champion!
Oh baby, how she could cover ground

Quicker than a rabbit
With a habit
Of passing every car in Indiana
"Way to go, Lana!"
How that little girl ran a-
How that little girl
How that little girl
How that little girl ran around

SHAMEFUL

**Music, Eddie Arkin and Bill Elliott
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

The hour is tiny
The room is black
You're dead awake
And flat on your back, when
Stray thoughts make a sneak attack
And they're shameful

You've got all you need
But you lust for more
Like a crazed consumer
Who buys out the store
A frantic feeling
Shakes your core
And it's shameful

People think you're so mellow
An exemplary fellow
A reputation that's nothing
At which to sneeze
You're adored by your legions
Of employees

But there's a hidden smallness
You don't find cute
Makes you less than comfy
Inside your suit
They've declared you great
But it won't compute
And that's shameful

Climbing up the ladder was a ton of fun
Although you trembled in your shoes at
every one-on-one
Drawin' a blank on
what you'd say to impress
But baby you pulled it out of the hat
When you laid out the new solution
All the brass were mumbling
"Who was that?"
They loved your clear-sightedness
You were on your way, hey
You were on your way

You've mastered all the corporate
Lingo of the day
Now even you can barely understand a
word you say
You got precision vision
Your easy manner says
"I'm casual
But still in charge"

You're never heard to make
An inappropriate crack
About the leggy new designer
Behind her back
The yearly seminars taught you well
You're worse than all of 'em
but no one can tell
No one could possibly tell

You feel shallow and
envious, lacking in class
Your consummate cleverness
gives you a pass
Their cover boy's really
a walking disaster
It's shameful

You wish you were more
full of cheer than you are
Like the guy who sings *Tosca*
while washing your car
Your soul's a black hole
deep inside of the star
and it's shameful
Sha-a-a-meful

TRYIN' TO GET OVER
(Based on "Doin' the Voom Voom")
Music, Duke Ellington
and Bubber Miley
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Now some gals think they're funny
And some come from old money
But there's one thing I can
Promise you, honey
They're tryin' to get over

Well some guys dress real pretty
And some sure know the city
There are those who'll cry
and ask for your pity
All tryin' to get over

Walking down the Promenade
Conservative or quirky
Implacable or perky
See they're really all the same
They're simply bent on
finding one who'll
Love and never leave them
Who'll unblamingly receive them
Even when they learn the truth

Now some gals wear black leather
Or string long words together
Either way there's not much
doubt as to whether
They're tryin' to get over

I remember being late for kindergarten
'Cause I took an extra hour
Polishing my Mary Janes

Gotta get 'em nice and shiny...

Sulking all through Junior High and
Asking God to tell me why
He didn't give me
looks instead of brains
So I could get over, get over

Even when I turned into a swan
I spent a thousand tearful nights
With only Mittens and the big TV
That was a big TV

Pondering my future
Watching flicks where leading men of 56
Made love to chicks of 23

Leading men of 56
And chicks of 23

We're all tryin' to make the big score
Get that fabled "Something to Live For"
Even stay in love forevermore

Some girls may sport big muscles
Or parasols and bustles
Fake an accent and pretend
they're from Brussels
They're tryin' to get over

Some boys will choose your vino
Then fork out cash for Keno
And the question is
Do they know that we know
They're tryin' to get over?

You can snag a mate if you're
notorious or handy
Be burly or a dandy
Or a thief who's on the lam or simply
Wax articulate
Like Eleanor "La Roosevelt"
Who bewitched the dashing Franklin
With her pithy little quotes

We start cute conversations
Or mindless altercations
It's the same old game
with endless mutations
We're tryin' to get over

Everybody's tryin' to get over
Everybody's tryin' to get over

HAPPY YOU WERE HERE

Music, Eddie Arkin

Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Happy you were here
To change my days
Delight me with
Your little ways
Your soulful eyes

Wouldn't let me pass you by

Happy you were here
Despite it all

To stroll the pier
That last warm fall
I turned my head
Couldn't let you see me cry

Through my tears
I always knew
How grateful I would be
For the years
That God gave you and me

Sometimes I see you in a dream
My dearest one
The way you were
When we had just begun
I meet your eyes
And once again it's clear
Although it broke my heart to lose you
I'm so happy you were here