

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

**YOU'RE OUTA HERE**

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "The Minor Drag")**  
**Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

You're more than a minor drag.....

Now the clock on the wall says 11:30  
Give a minute or two  
When the little and the big hand meet at 12  
I want to see the last of you  
I know I said I loved you, but tonight, my honey dear  
Three other words are on my mind:  
You're outa here

Take your books and your bike and your Barcalounger  
Leave the table and chairs  
Keep your big mouth shut or I'll tell you what  
You're gonna feel your butt bounce down the stairs  
No time for explanations or one more German beer  
Put down the chips and read my lips:  
You're outa here

Go, damn you, go  
None of your crying  
No reminders of the tender kiss  
You won't be supplying  
Book the Plaza, sleep in the park, or  
Ring up that blonde cashier  
Stay wherever you want to  
You're outa here

You never will back down  
Your favorite pastime is to nag me  
You bully and you bluster  
Like some would-be Jimmy Cagney  
My sweaters are too small  
My 501s are far too baggy  
It bugs me, it bugs me  
I've got to set you free

Tick-tock, tick-tock  
That's yours, that's mine  
Keep an eye on the clock  
Leave this, take that,  
Wait, that was mine – oh well it's fine  
Don't stop, don't stop  
Oo-wee, you look ready to me, so  
Call a cab, that's that  
Close the door, don't step on the cat

It's not the way you got next to me  
Just to borrow my car  
The little things you do and say

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

Betray the guy you are  
You called my doorman "Pancho"  
And my Uncle Bob "a queer"  
I sure don't dig where you're comin' from  
And now you're outa here

I was alone in bed because you said  
You were hangin' with the guys  
Rolled over to hug your pillow  
And much to my surprise  
Underneath that pillow  
Was a polka-dot brassiere  
I never cared for polka-dots  
Mm, you're outa here

Tock-tick, tock-tick  
That's yours, that's mine  
Get a move on it, Slick  
Take this, and that  
Wait, that one's mine, oh hell it's fine  
Make like a tree and leave  
Oo-woo, won't do to  
Sit there like a bump on a log  
Hit the road  
Steer clear of the dog

Sayonara, see you around  
One day I'll catch you on the rebound  
Take a 20 if you wish  
But don't yell, you'll frighten the fish  
Hop to, hop to, you got  
10 seconds to grab a clue  
I know I swore that I loved you  
But tonight I'm even more sincere  
When I say so long, you're outa here

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

**TOO GOOD LOOKIN'**

(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Blue Black Bottom")  
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

You got a face that beckons commuters on every subway  
A pair of eyes that Leo da Vinci would love to draw  
The kind of lips that hardly anyone was actually born with  
The kind of body that doesn't have a single flaw

Now that you've risen to glory on your camera-friendly cheekbones  
You don't get into make-up for less than 20 G's , maybe 30  
You're quite impossible to flatter  
That's right, it really doesn't matter  
You smile and half the world is on its knees

*Now why is that?*

'Cause you're a little too good-lookin'  
A little too good-lookin'  
When they handed out the genes you shouted "Bingo"  
Because your parts all work together  
They all work together  
With the synergy of John, Paul, George and Ringo

You can't relate  
You make little jokes  
About the weight  
Of us normal folks

You might be slightly out of touch it's true  
Who wouldn't be if they were you  
You could be just a little too good-lookin'

On TV you proselytize  
'Bout your own brand of exercise  
How I crave the dynamism  
Of your fast metabolism  
You're here, you're there, you're everywhere  
You're like a constant fever dream  
My friend saw you uptown  
Swore up and down  
You were flawless as you seem

In that magazine  
You came off regal as a queen  
Oh sure some pundits found it crude  
You were totally, totally, totally nude

As if they could turn away  
From your nuclear appeal!  
Your consummate loveliness is nothing less  
Than the American ideal

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

You were a teenage goddess when you first hit Manhattan  
You and your mama got off the bus from Crested Butte  
Before you had the opportunity to write a single postcard  
You caught the notice of an Oscar de la Renta suit

Before you knew it, you were parading down the catwalk  
Done up in almost nothing but a look of pure disdain  
You know the men'll want to meet you  
Although they're only gonna to treat you  
As if you simply couldn't have a brain

'Cause you're a little too good-lookin'  
A little too good-lookin'  
With a closet twice the size of Colorado  
Because you cultivate your beauty  
It's a sacred duty  
Late at night you smear your bod with avocado

Front cover news, you're stayin' mighty hot  
High-level schmooze, parlayin' what you got  
Into what you choose  
There's gonna be a day  
It all slip-slides away

But last year God knows how much you took in  
Just because you're so good lookin'  
Guess you can't be too good

If they asked you  
You could write a book  
A book about how good you look

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

**CALIFORNIA STREET**

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Bond Street")**  
**Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

The shore was right on the brink of night  
The pier was decked in electric light  
We laughed and chattered  
Our faces bright from the heat

We pulled our shoes off, shook out the sand  
We headed east and you grabbed my hand  
My mood was reckless, your smile was sweet  
As we slowly ambled up to California Street

Set free, school was done and gone  
And we counted on  
The time till September  
To hold us forever

We planned our moves, pictured how we'd dress  
To crash the party they called Success  
A fragile vision still incomplete  
As you wrapped me in your arms on California Street

The Santa Anas were gusting  
The long tall trees  
Were listing at a graceful 45 degrees  
A local band began to shine  
On songs from circa 1969

The amber sun had tumbled  
To meet the sea  
Spilled over the horizon  
Like a cup of tea  
We couldn't find one reason why  
Our future wasn't golden as the sky

You murmured words no one else could hear  
Tucked a hibiscus behind my ear  
Bring on tomorrow, we had it beat  
By the promise that we made on California Street

From heart to heart we felt our lives begin  
As every dream we ever knew, came rushing in  
Whatever happened would happen soon  
Our future full of mystery as the moon

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

GAL ON THE SIDE  
Part II:  
SHE'S GETTIN' SOME

(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Gladys")  
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

*The girl put down her little suitcase for a moment and checked her watch. She'd been waiting by the garden gate for some time...waiting for her lover to come and fetch her for their ride into the proverbial sunset. But he said he had one thing to do first: say goodbye and good luck to the Mrs. - a woman the girl waiting by the garden gate had never met. She had been described as his female counterpart in what - in years gone by - had been a passion play, but now had devolved into, sadly, no more than a brother and sister act.*

*Well, the birds twittering in the nearby honeysuckle vines found this all somewhat questionable; and they mocked the girl (although they were not mockingbirds) with a little ditty, a taunting little ditty that went like this:*

He's been seeing you on the side  
And the passion won't be denied  
All I'm saying is, girl, now don't you be dumb  
You know she's gettin' some

At their cabin in Monterey  
After dinner or PTA  
One martini, that boy is bound to succumb  
She's gettin' some

Though he tells you he's gonna split  
Something in you won't swallow it  
Still you hesitate to admit  
They're doin' the horizontal tango

Is he savin' it up for you  
I'll eat my hat it it's really true  
Sorry honey, but I just don't trust the bum  
She's gettin' some

She's in the game  
She's got the name  
The love you want from your sweet pea  
Is still community property

On their sabbatical to Patee  
Or in the back of their SUV  
While you're waitin' for him to toss you a crumb  
She's gettin' some

You haven't got a face to sneeze at  
Or a kiss to disregard  
But maybe all it takes to please that man  
Is right smack in his own back yard

While you're trimmin' your hollyhocks

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

Watchin' "Oprah" or darnin' socks  
Thinkin' 'bout the dime novel life has become  
She's gettin' some

Silly girlie  
What are you gonna do when he  
What are you gonna do when he  
What are you gonna do when he lies to you  
What are you gonna do when he  
What are you gonna do when he  
What are you gonna do when he lies

Men are fools  
And passion cools  
Oh what are you gonna do when it  
What are you gonna do when it  
What are you gonna do when it dies...

Though you figure you've got it planned  
Got the situation well in hand  
Deep inside, you do understand  
That stealing the candy is a no-no

At the charity masquerade  
You saw him nibble her shoulder blade  
Tell me stranger, what planet have you come from  
She's gettin' some

Fly, fly high and away  
You'll spy a true love some day  
Why keep moonin' while they're spoonin'

No need to wonder  
If he's under  
Someone else's dainty thumb  
Though it's upsetting  
Smart money's betting  
That girl is getting some

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

**IN LIVING BLACK AND WHITE**

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Numb Fumblin")**  
**Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

He was a rascal to remember  
And he's captured here in living black and white  
A cutie on his left  
An empty brandy bottle to his right  
At the edge of the frame  
You can see the Steinway Grand  
He would man through the night

He played the organ with a silent movie  
Flickering in living black and white  
He might start swingin' into "Squeeze Me"  
Swingin' into "Squeeze Me"  
Honey why not keep it light  
He made a name out of clowning around  
But ultimately the smart set knew  
He could play, he could write

You'd hear an echo of James P.  
A giant out of New Jersey  
It was a fresh young century  
Nobody knew from boogie-woogie  
With Joplin barely gone  
Piano men were boldly moving on

Throw on that piano roll  
We'll visit the days of cakewalks  
When tongues were briskly wagging 'bout how  
Ragtime would surely cause us all to burn  
Rhythm had taken quite a turn  
In every parlor  
People were feeling the heat  
Of a syncopated beat

The teens and '20s, the war, the crash  
Willie the Lion would make a splash  
Holding court at a club on 140th Street  
It was magic, magic  
Music too full of joy to be denied  
Boys and girls, they called it stride

God bless the granddads of it all  
A noble gallery in living black and white  
With every note they played  
Your heart was happy and your world was bright  
How I'd love to go back  
Love to journey back  
And hear the magic, magic  
Rolling off the keys  
In living black and white

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

**ALLIGATOR**

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Valentine Stomp")**  
**Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

Hey did you see the alligator hanging around  
Hey did you see the alligator hanging around  
'Cause I could feel him in the air  
He could be almost anywhere  
And he's a lethal weapon when he's hungry

I thought I heard the alligator shaking the ground  
I thought I heard the alligator shaking the ground  
He might be in the pepper tree  
Or maybe right in back of me  
I'll thank you not to make a single peep

Talkin' 'bout that alligator  
He's the ruthless perpetrator  
Of a thousand heinous crimes  
I'm telling you, it's deep

Don't you know that scaly green  
Annihilator  
Would eat the world up if he could  
And at the end he would  
Happily go back to sleep

The whole gang was having a shindig  
When out of the blue, guess who crawls in  
That reptile - wearing a big smile  
First he inhales the giant punch bowl  
Good thing he can't hold his liquor

Once again, a narrow escape  
Our nerves are not in good shape  
No use in laying out cold cuts at night  
It's a terrible, terrible state of affairs  
Messin' up our groove  
Looks like that gator's here to stay  
And we can't afford to move

"Eek there he is" cried the little mouse  
"And there's lightning in his eyes"  
He's got the strength, he's got the size  
What's more, he's got the element of surprise  
"Yikes there he goes," yelled the water snake  
"Honey, get inside!  
I heard a sound, I turned around  
And I saw him open wide"

If he can't catch you  
Somehow he makes do  
Ask my neighbor Dee Dee

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

How he ate the car when she was out diggin' a movie  
As for us we're sick  
Of this horror flick  
I should let him have it when  
He drools on me again

There's  
Power in that big jaw  
Death in every sharp claw  
When you hear those teeth snap  
Think you're gonna feel your heart start playin' "La Bamba"

If you see his tail whip  
Shake a leg and don't trip  
Hurry, run like hell  
When he rings that dinner bell

Hey did you see the alligator hanging around  
Hey did you see the alligator hanging around  
'Cause I can feel him in the air  
He could be almost anywhere  
And he's a lethal weapon when he's hungry

I thought I heard the alligator shaking the ground  
I thought I heard the alligator shaking the ground  
When he hasn't had his food  
He gets into in a cranky mood  
You know he's got a really filthy mouth

Talkin' 'bout that alligator  
He's the ruthless perpetrator  
Of a thousand ugly crimes  
I'm telling you, it's deep

Don't you know that scaly green  
Annihilator  
Is definitely after us  
We better grab a bus  
Don't even stop to say  
"Later, 'gator"

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

**TIMELESS RAG**

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Viper's Drag")**  
**Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

She walked in wearing a timeless rag  
The band was playing the Viper's Drag  
I looked at her and she looked through me  
Lost in her own unreality

Although she slowly reconnected  
Everyone at the bar suspected  
Her backlit golden eyes reflected  
The sight of endless night

Lately by ten she'd be in the bag, in the bag  
Shaking her hips to the Viper's Drag

She tore the hem of her timeless rag  
The band was wailing - the Viper's Drag  
Blew through the atmosphere  
She was gone, that was clear  
She looked a lot like she did in school  
I said so, she said "Now don't be cruel...don't be cruel"

The place was jammed, the crowd unruly  
Somebody swore to love her truly  
She tried to make like she was duly impressed  
She did her best

Those eyes grew dark as the midnight sky  
As she waved bye-bye

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

**GAL ON THE SIDE**  
**Part I: THE GARDEN GATE**

**Based on Fats Waller's "African Ripples"**  
**Music by Fats Waller/Lyrics by Lorraine Feather**

How do you do you do a complete 360  
When what you've got  
Is really not a happy surprise  
What're you gonna do when he  
What're you gonna do when he  
What're you gonna do when he lies

He made the promise I had  
Waited for so terribly long  
And whispered in my ear  
"Sunday morning, it's a date  
Meet me by the garden gate"

Now with it getting on to noon  
I'm wondering what could be wrong  
So tired of standing here  
Worried that he'd be this late  
Getting to the garden gate

Silly starling don't you dare  
Say my darling doesn't care  
Honeysuckle in the air  
Isn't sweet as his kiss was

Will we soon kiss again or  
Will I still be languishing here  
Beside the garden gate  
Dreaming of his tender words  
Listening to these noisy birds

Sometimes the love you prize  
Is only fools' gold  
But still you keep on trying  
To make it worth the price your heart has to pay  
At the end of the day

Sometimes you go to sleep  
Lonely and cold  
Wake up in half an hour crying  
Filled with a bitterness you know isn't right  
At the end of the night

Little sparrow in the sun  
Don't you dare go making fun  
He said I'm his only one  
Said today he would tell her

Twenty minutes more

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

That's all I'll wait  
Here by the garden gate

Roses and columbine  
Dahlias and passion vine  
Where is that man of mine

How do you do you do a quick turnaround  
When you can feel a pretty fantasy run aground  
What're you gonna do when it  
What're you gonna do when it  
What're you gonna do when it dies

How do you do you make him know how it feels  
To love a person who is letting you cool your heels  
Fighting back your tears in the twilight  
So tired of waiting  
So tired of waiting  
So tired of waiting by the garden gate

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

**NEW YORK CITY DRAG**

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Clothes Line Ballet")**  
**Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

Climbing the five long flights  
Has grown to be a New York City drag  
Why did you hightail it out of town?  
Bitter December nights  
Are definitely a New York City drag  
Lights and music only drag me down

The last leaf drops from a maple tree  
The saxophone in apartment three  
Describes the word "lonely"

Your pocket change, your  
Scribbled reminder  
Tug at my heart again  
New York is strange  
A little unkind  
It wore your smile, back then  
Back then when

We strolled the sidewalks  
We sailed the Hudson  
An unashamed cliché  
More than the splendor of the skyline  
You took my breath away

Sleeping without you  
Dreaming about you  
Wondering if you ever loved me  
Is getting to be  
A New York City drag  
Deeply blue  
From lack of you  
I'm turning into  
A New York City drag

A sharp wind rattles the maple tree  
Some guy yells up at apartment 3  
"Melancholy Baby!"

Climbing the five long flights  
Has grown to be a New York City, New York City drag

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

**JUKEBOX**

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Fractious Fingering")**  
**Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

Would you drop another quarter in the jukebox  
Would you drop another quarter in the jukebox  
It's a Friday night and everybody's gettin' into gear  
If you put another quarter in the jukebox  
If you put another quarter in the jukebox  
I can recommend a record that you're going to want to hear

Bunch of guys from Sarasota  
Got their quota of good cheer  
Oh yeah

Takes you back to the jazz age  
Hot piano was all the rage  
It was bliss - it felt like this  
Makes you jump off the chair  
Shout Holy Moly, clap your hands  
Nothing less than sheer finesse

Would you drop another quarter in the jukebox  
Would you drop another quarter in the jukebox  
It's a Friday night and everybody's gettin' into gear

Can't stand too close  
To the jukebox  
Or that groove knocks off your socks, oh baby

If you drop another quarter in the jukebox  
Every worry that you have is gonna up and disappear

Hey, check out the fractious fingering  
Tell me you don't want to dance and sing  
When you hear the band begin to swing like crazy  
Man that music drives me crazy

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

**YOU AND YOURS**

**(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Chelsea")**  
**Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather**

Dear friend of mine  
Thought I'd drop you a line  
Can't tell you how much  
I've missed you and yours  
Pictures come back  
Of days at the shore  
And starry nights worth living for

We'd only met, and I'll never forget  
Growing so quickly  
To like you and yours  
I should have known  
Right from the start  
I'd keep you inside my heart

Hours rolled by  
Still you and I  
Would be by the fire  
With our longtime sweeties  
Talking about  
The state of the world  
Once in a blue moon  
We disagreed

Grandma would wisecrack  
Kicked back in the kitchen  
With a Pabst Blue Ribbon  
The little ones in PJs  
They were two or three  
Remember when you were  
Their one and only?

May fortune smile  
And the stars brightly shine  
Over us all  
Me and mine, you and yours  
How glorious life is  
When friendship endures  
Our love to you and yours  
Love always to you  
To you and yours

LORRAINE FEATHER  
'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'

CÉZANNE

(based on Fats Waller's recording of "Smashing Thirds")  
Music, Fats Waller/Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

You just wouldn't  
You sure shouldn't  
You plain couldn't stop, you knew that  
You had strange ways  
A funny hat  
But from the git-go  
You never took  
No for an answer

The dawn's glimmer  
A young swimmer  
A pear shimmering in your view  
You could find God  
In a shade of blue  
And you never took  
No for an answer

You had vision  
Learned precision  
Bore derision  
Tirelessly  
You were sneered at  
By the bourgeoisie  
It must've hurt  
But you never took  
No for an answer

Your fixation:  
The re-creation of the  
Vegetation and the river  
And the pine trees  
Ever lovelier  
That would never take  
No for an answer

Though you hadn't shown much of a flair for  
Law school or matters of finance  
You thought the family would faint  
During the dinner table chat  
When you said you would become a painter

Tears in the eyes of your mama  
You nauseated your papa

You begged them, you begged them  
You begged them, you begged them  
To believe in their son  
And when you headed to Paris  
You could use a little money

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

The bright city  
Had no pity  
On that pretty terrible trip  
The Salon said sorry pal  
You ain't hip  
It was a blow, but you never took  
No for an answer

At one showing  
The least glowing  
Review going  
Declared your work a true abomination  
And he thought you ought to get real  
You had to say "No"  
'Cause that wasn't the answer

See, when it all came together  
You felt like singing  
Some days, you were sunnier  
Had to admit you were  
Really something  
Now let's add a little red here  
Try a little more yellow  
More yellow  
Sweet symmetry  
Greenery rapturously portrayed  
A little orange over there  
Come on now

The mountain  
A thousand tries and countin'  
You drew and you drew  
It always eluded you  
Now and then you would paint your wife  
You had no betters  
And in your letters  
Wrote you finally had sight of  
The light of your promised land  
On the other side of sixty

You just wouldn't  
You sure shouldn't  
And you didn't stop, you had that down flat  
You had strange ways  
A funny hat  
But from the git-go  
You never took  
No for an answer

You did suffer  
But got tougher  
An old duffer, brave in your gloom  
Like the poster in the dining room

**LORRAINE FEATHER**  
**'NEW YORK CITY DRAG'**

Sadly looking out from the distant past  
Did you know there would be a yes at last  
Or did you wind up crazy  
Well maybe baby  
You had to be  
To be Cézanne