

RHYTHM, GO 'WAY
(based on "Such Sweet Thunder,"
from *The Shakesperean Suite*
by Duke Ellington
and Billy Strayhorn)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Rhythm, go 'way
I'm helpless each time you play
Let go my body
I'll make my getaway

Lately it seems
You dog my dreams
[*Band sings*: All night long]
You're the kind who'll do me wrong
All right
Take me where I don't want to be

I'm just a poor hapless hausfrau
Tangled in your snare
You don't rush and you never drag
Those other rhythms only pound away
From what I hear, that's not your bag
Oh no baby...not you

There's no moon out tonight
My pesky driveway light
Keeps going on and off
On two and four
Man, I can't stand it anymore

Rhythm, go 'way
I lose it each time you play
Feel my composure
Gradually slip away

Rocks in my bed
You're in my head

Here in the hills of Encino
Mem'ries crowd the halls
My man left and my kids are grown
I hear the beat and once again
I'm bumpin' and a-grindin' here alone
Oh yeah baby...just me

Shiny brass blinds my eyes
My deepest needs arise
You stole my heart and
Tossed it into your hi-hat
What could hurt as good as that

Rhythm, go 'way
I'm helpless each time you play

Baby won't you let go my body
I'll make my getaway

Rhythm won't you go away
'Way from me

THE 101
(based on "Suburbanite"
by Duke Ellington)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Woe is today
My man went away
He split from the Bay on the 101
Soon as I knew
I jumped in the Buick
Really and truly undone

And now I'm driving down the 101
Hope to be arriving
Wherever he is on the 101

Bottleneckin' in Gilroy
Met my baby in Gilroy
What's the cause of this holdup
Gotta race gotta roll gotta ride

I gotta move it, keepin' an eye out
Bein' without him ain't no fun
Why did he fly out
Make a beeline down the 101

Somewhere in Salinas
Found what was between us
Bulls-eyed by Cupid's arrow
Sittin' by the lake in Atascadero

Fell for a smile
Wide as a mile
Warm as the California sun
Started to feel
That this was the real deal
A pretty fairytale, just begun

I'm haulin' on the 101
My heart is callin'
Callin' me down, down, down

Couple miles till Buellton
Decent coffee in Buellton
Even though I could use a cup
Gotta race gotta roll gotta ride

Now and again I'm sure I can see it
A little ragtop born to run
No that can't be it

It's a grey-haired lady on the 101

Right here in Goleta
We each had chili and a margarita
Gettin' antsy in this car
And the radio's only gettin' MOR

'Nother mile to Ojai
He's got a mother in Ojai
Though I know I should stop by
Once she told him that I was a tramp

I'm so damn crazy about him
I've had no reason to doubt him
Don't want to ride on without him now

Catchin' sight of that deep blue sea
How it always thrills me
Someday we will swim there again
As the sun dips down I'm wondering when

Hold on baby
I'm drivin', drivin'
Don't crowd me, man
Not while I'm drivin'

Beat my best time on the 101
But can't say I'm happy I made that drive
Seems that my baby
Was goin' flat out on the 5

CAN I CALL YOU SUGAR
(based on "Sugar Rum Cherry,"
from *The Nutcracker Suite*
by Duke Ellington
and Billy Strayhorn)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Can I call you Sugar
Sweetie pie, Honeybun
You're the one
Can I let you know

Can we walk
Through true love's
Tangled wood
Meet the bad
With the good
Do you want to go
Do you want to go

Say I called you Sugar
Would your hair stand on end
I'm a friend
Filled with hope and doubt
Would you mock me

Would you rock me
Would you lock me right out

Let me say it just one time
Sugar, my sugar

I'm shivering by the fire
Outside the wind is wailing
Sugar, woo, woo, my sugar

I want you bad but
Sadly, I can't insist
Once out on the beach
You buttoned up my overcoat
It seemed as though we almost kissed

Oh...oh...

If I called you, Sugar
Rang you up late at night
Thinkin' we might
Linger on the phone

Would you say "Oh hi"
That special way
Subtly telling me
You were all alone

Won't you call me Sugar
Sweetie pie, darling or *Mi Amor*
Even Dear would do
Any way to
Somehow say you
Feel it's okay to love you

One more time
Sugar, oh my sugar
Let me say it
Let me say it
Say it

IMAGINARY GUY
(Based on "Dancers In Love,"
from *The Perfume Suite*
by Duke Ellington
and Billy Strayhorn)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

She is alone but never lonely
She's made up a one and only
She's in love with an imaginary guy
Surpassing any actuality
There's nothin' half as nice as bein'
Home with her imaginary guy

He's always curious to hear about her day

And deeply interested in what she has to say
He makes a heck of a martini
He's a hunk and he's a genius
A fabulous imaginary guy

When each new romance came to grief
She cast about for some relief
The world of dating filled her with despair
"Hey I love ya baby, see ya"
Married, whiny, mean or dim
Another one who wasn't him
A few bad years and it grew hard to care
Then she got the bright idea

And she hooked up with the creation
Of her keen imagination
Her adorable imaginary guy
No need to rattle off her history
To yet another mister, she
Could hang with her imaginary guy

He makes her laugh
Until she's rolling on the floor
He makes her moan
The way she never did before
And he can do the Macarena
Fly most any type of plane, a
Truly Renaissance imaginary guy

Got a great big heart
And a small tattoo
Just her name in blue
He's a thoughtful sort
Fond of books and art
With a high IQ
And a cute butt too

He knows the way
She needs to feel
Don't ever say
He isn't real
Look at her glow
She loves him so
"Sorry ladies, I've got to miss happy hour"

Got a sense of style
Yet he doesn't preen
Sports a drop-dead smile
Keeps the kitchen clean (*very nice!*)

He's a tender soul
Kind to kids and cats
Seldom holds a grudge
After minor spats

Better by half

Than men she knew
I wouldn't laugh
If I were you
Look in her eyes
As she replies
"No I don't want to meet that podiatrist
No no no no no no"

She is alone but never lonely
She's made up a one and only
Though it is a bit extraordinary
I can tell the girl is very
Sure of whom she ought to marry
It's her own imaginary guy

SEPTEMBER RAIN
(Based on "Chelsea Bridge"
by Billy Strayhorn)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

We've been waiting for a September rain
To clear the air again
Week in, week out, waiting

We've been listening for the slightest breeze
Among the thirsty trees
Hillsides, valleys, list'ning

Every avenue in town's looking
Dusty and brown
We wander with a summer malaise
Hoping soon to leave far behind us
Troubled nights, and these feverish days

We've been waiting for a September rain
To cool the earth again
Morning, evening, waiting

Will it ever end, this summer
Everyone I know here
Is dreaming of a rainy cool November
And it's true
When a chill's in the air, you are
More inclined to fall in love with someone
Oh my body feels so heavy
Waiting all alone here
I can't escape a fiery sun that
Pours down on the land
The grass is crumbling beneath my hand

Not a swallow in the sky
They're too lazy to fly
Time passes in a strange, languid way
There's a road that meets the horizon
But it's too hot for trav'lin today

We've been waiting for a September rain
To cool the earth again
Morning, evening
Waiting for a late September rain

TENACITY
(based on "Rexatious" by Rex Stewart)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

You feel powerless
Your dreams gone sour—guess
You're 'bout as blue as you could be
Eyes all swollen
Honey someone's stolen
Your tenacity
Hey, don't look at me

You think maybe
You're a great big baby
Well at times I'm sure we need to be
Don't lose sight of your
Recall the might of your tenacity

Slowly swaying in the undertow
Don't give way or down you'll go
No!

Forge ahead
Come on, get out the lead
Remember what you said
When it was me
And you went on at length
About the awesome strength of pure tenacity

It was last year
Early July
My life was swell
Things were going so well
Till they went straight to hell

As we sat here
Gaped at the sky
You spoke of the champions
Who braved more than I

Frida Kahlo and that trolley car
Barbara Walters and her "r"
Can't stop a star

That's when you said
Remember our capacity
To make lemons into lemonade
Through our tenacity

Darling
Come and look at these photos

They're from Voyager One
Aren't they a trip
Here's the famous shot
It took the day
When it was several billion miles away
Gee, aren't we tiny
Yes I do have a point
It's got something to do with perspective

Earth from heaven is a pale blue dot
One small problem's all you've got

A mere nothing
Scarcely seen
As a tiny blip
On the radar screen
Of the mothership
We've all come to know
As your tenacity
Yeah yeah oh yeah

Tossed about by fortune's undertow
Don't black out or down you'll go

Flail away
It'll be more than okay
So be the force of nature you can be
Don't lose sight of your
Recall the might of your tenacity

BACKWATER TOWN
(based on "Suburban Beauty"
by Duke Ellington)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Say, can't believe we're moving away
To a quiet burg by the bay
Fingers crossed, we're leaving today
For that backwater town

We keep imagining how it will be
When tonight we're turning the key
Of our cottage close to the sea

Guess it's goodbye
Old apartment up in the sky
Gonna spend this Fourth of July
At the little harbor where
Magic truly does exist
When fireworks are
Bursting through the mist

Gonna stand there holding your hand
While the colors gently rain down
On our lovely backwater town

You'll be headin' to the beach
In a beat-up Ford
I'll be runnin' for a seat
On the water board
We'll be seein' to a need
We've so long ignored
To have the postman know our name
To play a mellower game

Someday, ridin' on a bike
When I'm old but strong
Couple scruffy little dogs taggin' right along
I'll be thinkin' of a time
Would've seemed so wrong
To tend my garden for a year
And just forget my career

Well, bein' in the swim has been swell
And I 'spose you never can tell
We may find we hunger for
Racy clubs and conference calls
And shopping at more fashionable malls

Roll the dice and never think twice
There's a stronger hunger deep down
For our lovely backwater town

You'll be headin' to the beach
In a beat-up Ford
I'll be runnin' for a seat
On the water board
We'll be seein' to a need
We've so long ignored
To have the postman know our name
To play a mellower game

Someday, ridin' on a bike
When I'm old but strong
Couple scruffy little dogs taggin' right along
I'll be thinkin' of a time
Would've seemed so wrong
To tend my garden for a year
And just forget my career

Such a cute and cozy little backwater town
Such a cute and cozy little backwater town
I love it, I love it
I love it so

A PEACEFUL KINGDOM
(based on "On a Turquoise Cloud"
by Duke Ellington
and Lawrence Brown)
Lyrics, Lorraine Feather

Right past the clouds

I try and see
Hope there might be
A peaceful kingdom

I saw the painting back when I was a child
As did we all
Lion and lamb
Resting together in the shade of a tree
Blissfully unaware of
How life has to be
Full of cruelty, as well as the good

What if we could
Open a door
Find we were standing
On that peaceable shore
Somewhere the innocent
Would suffer no more
Not anymore

Down here
We've come to fear
There's darkness everywhere
More than any heart should bear
We soldier on
Wondering why
We search the empty sky

But now and then
I catch a glimpse of heaven
Almost afraid to believe it

There is a place
Where all are sheltered
In compassion and grace
I know it's true because
I've looked at your face
And seen it shining

Bright in your eyes
Deep in my mind
Sometimes I find
That peaceful kingdom

LOVELY CREATURES
(based on "Night Creature:
Second Movement"
by Duke Ellington)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

Lovely creatures line the ballroom wall
Don't you wish that you could have them all
Those these days you're always on the prowl
Friday night's your night to howl
And how you're howlin'...howlin'

Bent on provin' that your heart's long gone
Provin' that your heart's long gone

Streets are slick, the hour's way too late
Lovely creatures mumble
"Want a date?"

You've got looks and bucks
And yet these blues
Seem to stick to you
Like gum to shoes

You can't live off the tender beginnings of
each love affair
Once you look inside
And you discover that there's someone there
Who ain't goin' anywhere

Lovely creatures line the ballroom wall
Nights like this, you fear you've had them all
Long lost raptures have become a blur
Rain is darkening your Burberry
You hurry, hurry
Suddenly glad you left the lamplight on
Glad you left the lamplight on

You lovely creature
Sweet lonely creature
Lookin' lookin' lookin' for love

ANTARCTICA

(based on "The Ricitic"
by Duke Ellington)
Lyrics by Lorraine Feather

I chased you from these arid parts
The base is dead without you here
No one to tease, or beat at darts
I cried all night—that's half a year

Now with the sun rising
Red parkas mass at the station
Surely you loved me but
Somehow it's poor compensation

I made you leave Antarctica
Now Happy Hour is always blue
I like to think you miss our home
The Disco parties in the Dome
But do you?

I stare at the sliding ice
Through the yellowish gloom
Trying to call up our first brief tryst
In the radio room

Clearly you chafed at
The more static role
Assigned to
Support personnel
Oh I knew you so well

Used to call me
Your precious little cormorant
I'd erase your last message
But find I can't

Why did you leave Antarctica
I won't pretend that I don't know
I've wished upon a ruby star
That you'd return
But still you are
A no-show

When you grew close I pulled away
You said I wore a haughty look
Too seldom loose and in the mood
Fretting about my wretched book

Crustaceous lichens are
Not on my mind quite as often
Ooh, you thought me frosty, but
I was beginning to soften

I made you leave Antarctica
Honest to God, I don't know why
It's hurting all the more because
I know you thought
For me it was
A fly-by
A fly-by

MIGHTY LIKE THE BLUES Music & Lyrics by Leonard Feather

What is this strange sensation
Coming over me
I feel as low as a weeping willow tree
And I believe I know
What the trouble must be

Got a funny feeling
From my head down to my shoes
Don't know what to call it
But it's mighty like the blues
Want somebody's friendship
And it just don't matter whose
Anyone can cheer you
When you're lonesome with the blues

I was full of the joy of spring
Now I've lost my faith in everything

Can't believe you're gone
But still I'm gonna spread the news
I'm through with love forever
'Cause it's mighty like the blues

Though the way you cheated
Wasn't easy to excuse
In your eyes was something
That looked mighty like the blues
Time was soon to show me
It was all a clever ruse
No one but yours truly
Ever really had the blues

I'll get out there, but who knows when
I don't want to feel this pain again
Romance is a game
That leaves you crazy when you lose
Haunted by a long song
And the song you hear
Is mighty like the blues
The blues