

RUPERT HOLMES
Songs That Sound Like Movies
The Complete Epic Recordings
Starring the albums *WIDESCREEN, RUPERT HOLMES & SINGLES*
Plus exclusive bonus tracks
Includes the very first Rupert Holmes live recordings ever released

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Disc One: RUPERT HOLMES ~ WIDESCREEN

[1974]

1. WIDESCREEN	Page 3
2. TERMINAL	Page 4
3. SECOND SAXOPHONE	Page 5
4. PHANTOM OF THE OPERA	Page 6
5. TALK	Page 7
6. BAGDAD	Page 8
7. OUR NATIONAL PASTIME	Pages 9-10
8. LETTERS THAT CROSS IN THE MAIL	Page 11
9. SOAP OPERA	Pages 12-13
10. PSYCHO DRAMA	Page 14

Bonus Tracks:

11. TERMINAL [Single Edit]**	Page 4
12. PHILLY***	Pages 15-16

Live Cuts:

13. Introduction: TERMINAL*#	Page 4
14. TERMINAL [Live]*#	Page 4
15. Introduction: WIDESCREEN*#	Page 3
16. WIDESCREEN [Live]*#	Page 3
17. PHANTOM OF THE OPERA [Live]*#	Page 6

Recorded at The Bottom Line, NYC, 23/04/78

Disc Two: RUPERT HOLMES ~ RUPERT HOLMES

[1975]

1. TOO SCARED TO SING	Page 16
2. BRASS KNUCKLES	Page 17-18
3. YOU BURNED YOURSELF OUT	Page 19
4. DECO LADY	Page 20
5. I DON'T WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND	Pages 21-22
6. RIFLES AND RUM	Page 23
7. STUDIO MUSICIAN	Page 24

- | | |
|---|------------|
| 8. EVERYTHING GETS BETTER WHEN YOU'RE DRUNK | Page 25-26 |
| 9. THE MAN BEHIND THE WOMAN | Page 27 |
| 10. THE PLACE WHERE FAILURE GOES | Page 28 |

Bonus Tracks:

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 11. QUEEN BEE [Demo For A Star is Born] | Pages 29-31 |
| 12. LOVE OUT OF TIME [Demo For A Star is Born] | Pages 32-33 |
| 13. THE ONE OF US [Demo For A Star is Born] | Page 34 |
| 14. LULLABY FOR MYSELF [Demo For A Star is Born] | Pages 35-36 |
| 15. YOU BURNED YOURSELF OUT
<i>[Rehearsal, Brooklyn 1975]*</i> | Page 19 |

Live Cuts:

- | | |
|---|-------------|
| 16. QUEEN BEE
<i>[Live At The Bijou Cafe, Philadelphia, 15/04/78]*</i> | Pages 29-31 |
| 17. Introduction: STUDIO MUSICIAN*# | Page 24 |
| 18. STUDIO MUSICIAN [Live]*#
<i># Recorded At The Bottom Line, NYC, 23/04/78</i> | Page 24 |

Disc Three: RUPERT HOLMES ~ SINGLES
[1976]

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, WHY | Pages 37-38 |
| 2. WEEKEND LOVER | Pages 39-40 |
| 3. I DON'T WANT TO GET OVER YOU | Page 41 |
| 4. YOU MAKE ME REAL | Page 42 |
| 5. AW SHUCKS | Page 43 |
| 6. THE LAST OF THE ROMANTICS | Page 44 |
| 7. FOR BEGINNERS ONLY | Pages 45-46 |
| 8. TOUCH AND GO | Page 47-48 |
| 9. ANNABELLA | Page 49 |
| 10. SINGLES | Page 50 |

Bonus Tracks:

- | | |
|----------------------|------------|
| 11. MAGIC TRICK***** | Page 51-52 |
|----------------------|------------|

* Previously Unreleased

** Previously Unreleased On CD

*** B-side of "TALK" single, Not originally included on Widescreen LP

****Recorded for but not included on original Singles LP

WIDESCREEN

There are songs that sound like movies.
There are themes that fill the screen.
There are lines I say that sound as if they're written.
There are looks I wear the theatre should have seen.

But though I've made my life a movie,
The matinee must end by five
And I must stagger out into the blinding sunlight half alive:
Wishing I were back inside the picture show,
There where it's always night.
Notice how the screen is wide,
The second row wraps it around you tight.
Will I stay? Yes I might...

Widescreen, wind around my eyes, blind my mind with lies,
Find a world like nothing that I'd seen,
Oh, Widescreen, dreams are just my size...

As we walk from out the movie,
Do I look like Steve McQueen?
Does the orchestra play chords when we start loving?
Do we move just like slow motion on the screen?

Life's a constant disappointment
When you live on celluloid,
But my movie expectations are a dream I can't avoid:
Waiting for a girl to say the things that I heard in a film last night,
But she doesn't want to play the role, and she can't pick her cues up right.
Will I dream? Yes I might...

Oh, Widescreen, wind around my eyes, blind my mind with lies,
Find a world like nothing that I'd seen;
"Oh, Widescreen, take the world away, break me from the day,
Make me be what's not for real, and make me feel like a star:

Make me what you are.

TERMINAL

I've come back this morning to where I first came alive:
Here within this terminal where the buses arrive.
I was a commuter on the 8:04,
Worked for a computer on the 19th floor, and

You came down the aisle of the bus and you sat by my side.
Shoulder up to shoulder, we shared that nine o'clock ride.
Oh, my heart was screaming as you left your seat.
Following your movements, I was at your feet and

Oh, down into the terminal both of us filed.
So, we entered the terminal just as you smiled.

"Won't you leave off work for the day?" you asked of me then,
So I phoned in sick on the way to the home of a friend.
We were all alone from ten a.m. 'til three,
Really thought the fire had gone out of me, but

You awoke the sleep of my life from grey into red,
Made the weary wonder of Wall Street rise from the dead.
Could have held her body my entire life,
But I had to get home to the kids and the wife and

So, I left for the terminal where I began; baby,
No, I wouldn't have left if I'd been half a man.

So here I am this morning where love had asked for the dance,
Here within this terminal where I passed on the chance.
Lord, I'll never find her though I've truly tired.
Probably she's found another bus to ride, and

I am now about to begin the last of my days.
I'm within what others would call a terminal phase.
I myself can only say it's living dead:
Riding to the office with a song in my head that goes...
La da da da da da da da da da
And you know it grows...
La da da da da da da da da da...

SECOND SAXOPHONE

I play alto saxophone, and in my dreams I'm all alone,
Without another saxophone beside me.
I play second saxophone, don't get to solo on my own,
The Café Rouge has never heard me blow.
And all I want to know is when those chicks who line
Around the stage will end up mine;
They fall for guys who improvise on "Stardust."

Lord, they've had the Dorseys up to their necks.
I got the chops of Vito or Tex,
I can fake Goodman's break.

Beat me, pops, eight to the bar, I'm in The Mood to be a star,
The cover page of "Metronome" ain't tried me.
Artie Shaw gave me the pass, and Miller's band signed up en masse
To serenade the D-Day raid. If I play one more country club I'll-

Lord, I'd even buy myself a new reed
If they would only let me play lead.

I've quit the band, gone on my own; I don't play second saxophone,
From eight to six, they hear my licks on Broadway:
This place must be the worst,
But still at least I'm playin' first...

*I don't care where I have to play, I'm gonna take my solo
And it's gonna be solid, Jackson.
Thank you, thank you.
Thank you, thank you M'am. God bless the cheerful giver.
Thank you, thank you very much.*

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

I wrote a song tonight... and no one else will hear it,
Although my voice rings long.
If you were once to see my face, I know you'd fear it:
Your screams would drown my song.
Just what my face has got to do with what I'm saying
Never has been clear to me
How could my features change my words? Is what I'm saying
Something you don't hear, but see?

I am your Phantom, who is buried in the curtain,
Or on the chandelier;
I may be hidden in the wings, you may be certain
My watchful eyes are near.
I watch and wait to see if time will bring a new crowd
Who will judge me differently.
Yet every night they say, "The orchestra is too loud!"
But they love the scenery.

You don't know what a lovely song I'd sing each hour.
I'd sing it just for you.
I hate these catacombs that are my ivory tower.
I want to be with you.

'Neath this mask, there is a face,
But the face is just a mask,
'Neath the mask, there is a man.

He is the horror that he seems.
I am the Phantom of your dreams...

TALK

When she said: "I don't really want to know you.
All I want to do is show you."
Why did I begin to talk?
When I said: "Tell me, do you like linguine?
Have you seen the new Fellini?"
That's when she began to walk.
If there's smoke in her eyes, you would think that I'd get wise,
But I can't let my love do the speaking.

Talk, all I do is talk.
Can't I say the word that my heart is sure of?
Oh, talk. I'm up to here with talk.
Every sound you've heard held me back from your love.

This is it.
Now is when I ought to hold her,
But I wait here growing older,
Even though she's in my reach;
So we sit.
Looking at the television,
Listening to a politician
Making us a heavy speech.
And it's soon close to dawn, and my baby starts to yawn,
So I say my good-byes in the lobby.

Talk, all I do is talk...

BAGDAD

Last night, I found myself in Bagdad once again
And the minarets were icy blue against the dawn's green light
No, love, I did not ask just how I came, or when;
I could only wonder, were you there with me to sleep the night?

I walked the streets of Bagdad, searching for your face,
But the ancient city walls held no one in their lost command.
So, love, I called your name within the marketplace,
And my echo woke me back to morning's red and golden head.

And oh... you were there, with my pillow touching your velvet hair.
And so, as I'd slept you'd been near.

Last night, I dreamt my strange recurring dream again,
Where the scarlet evening moon still hovered over Bagdad's night.
Oh, love, I found myself alone, but even then,
I was sure I'd find your body near me come the morning light.

And oh... you were there, with your sandy eyes and a sleepy stare,
And though I had dreamt, you were here.

So love, if I tonight should die before the dawn
And I find myself in Bagdad, lost within an empty sleep;
No, love, I will not feel alone, though life has gone,
For I know you'll be beside me even as the dark grows deep...

OUR NATIONAL PASTIME

I met her at a baseball game
That got held up by August rain.
Beneath the mezzanine, I huddled up against her hand
By then the rain had left the ground,
And Seaver threw a few on the mound;
We stood to face the flag that flew above the Navy band.
Then the anthem began to blare
Through the stadium, it rang through the open air,
And I knew this was the time to make my pitch:

Won't you come home with me?
I've a room you should see
With a warm water bed
And pillow for your head.

I've a robe you could wear,
And smoke we could share.
You are blond. I am tall.
And I think that says it all.

A quick glass of wine,
Then I'll feed you a line,
Nilsson will sing,
And you won't feel a thing.
Oh say you will stay with me, love
Must I say "I love you?"

WARREN: Well, how do ya' like my pad?
KAREN: Oh, it's great. I mean, I love purple.
WARREN: I – I bet you're an Aquarius, aren't you?
KAREN: No, actually I'm a Leo.
WARREN: ...I knew you were one of those.
KAREN: You know, Leos are very big on Women's Lib.
WARREN: I don't, uh, *believe* in Women's Lib.
KAREN: Uh yeah, somehow I didn't think you did.
WARREN: Let me just turn on the hi-fi here...
KAREN: Oh, that's pretty. Uh, what kind of wine is this?
WARREN: Oh that, that's uh – that's red wine.
KAREN: Red, that's my favorite kind!
WARREN: Are you having a terrific time?
KAREN: Oh yeah, I'm having a very terrific time.

Oh, stay for a lifetime
At least wait until the late show.

WARREN: So you didn't tell me your name.

KAREN: My name is Karen.

WARREN: That was my mother's name.

WARREN HITLER performed by Rupert Holmes

KAREN KEENE performed by Alice Playten

LETTERS THAT CROSS IN THE MAIL

Last month, while thinking of love,
I wrote her some words and mailed them away;
But the next day, I found at my door
A letter from Spain she'd sent long before
And her note read: *I haven't heard from you in weeks,
I must assume that you no longer care,
Too bad, that's it, good-bye...*
It's just amazing how loving can fail
From letters that cross in the mail.

A life, a love, a chance to win it all
Can pass you by in the fog unseen.
You think you'll find your fate tomorrow night,
And it finds somebody else in between.

I sat with swords in my heart
And pen in my hand, I wrote, *I'm glad that we're through.*
Full of hate I mailed it.
But then, in a week,
A letter arrived. With love did it speak
And her note read: *I love the tender words you sent,
It seems I've wronged you. Please forgive me.
I'll return, my ship leaves soon...*
But God, I know now
That she'll never sail.
Our letters were crossed in the mail...

SOAP OPERA

There was a time when I saw myself a flood-lit figure on the stage,
The Metropolitan Opera, the daily critic's latest rage.
But my voice went through a change about the same time as my skin.
Now the upper octave's gone and what is left is getting awfully thin.

There was a time when I saw myself a superstar up on the stage
In someone's rock and roll opera... but then my throat began to age
And I wound up working nights with afternoons when I'm awake.
So I watch the daily dramas as my life becomes a coffee break

Here's the story up to date: Shirley's found another mate
Though she'll wind up with her husband in the end,
But her husband's got no life, he can't make it with his wife
Though his secretary's more than just his friend.
It's a day-to-day routine, and I watch the TV screen
Letting Bob and Shirley live my life for me
It's an opera made of soap using other people's hope,
And tomorrow's show ain't soon enough for me.

There was a time when I saw myself a clean-cut cowboy on the screen
A spurs-and-saddle horse opera, but that's a long-forgotten dream
So I watch Let's Make a Deal and win the jackpot in my brain
Then it's time to watch the show that's got my cerebellum half insane

Here's the story down to earth: Shirley's finally given birth
She's been carrying the baby for a year;
Though it don't belong to Bob, who's been fired from his job
As a surgeon 'cause he's got this sudden fear:
He can't stand the sight of blood. Meanwhile, Shirley's mining mad at Jud
Who's the father of the kid, but he won't give...
And tomorrow's show will say what they left out yesterday
And that gives me one good reason I should live.

Here's the story in a shell: Bobby's mind is shot to hell
'Cause he can't recall his name or how he feels;
He's a lost amnesiac, while his wife is in the back
Of her a station wagon, notching up her heels.
Meanwhile, Bob's assistant nurse has some poison in her purse
And she's gonna slip into Shirley's soup;
Good old Jud thought up the scheme. (Good old Jud is Shirley's dream,
But old Jud don't want to share her chicken coop.)
And the nurse would like to keep Shirley's body six feet deep
In a grave adjacent to the Baltic Sea.
For she sees herself his wife to poor Bob, (who's found a life

As a farmer since he lost his memory.)
So to give a resume, Bob is bailing up the hay
While his wife is in the straw with Bill and Fred
But she don't feel great inside, (it's that dose of cyanide
That the nurse and Jud will feed her 'til she's dead.)
There's a baby who just grew fifteen years in only two,
And she has her eyes on Jud, who is her dad;
But of course, she can't know that, she just knows Jud's where it's at
As her mother says... "It's good to be so glad."

PSYCHO DRAMA

Written and composed by Rupert Holmes

Produced and directed by Jeffrey Lesser

CAST (in order of appearance):

ANNOUNCEREd Herlihy
RUPERT HOLMESHimself
DOCTOR VON HELMUTBob Lesser
LeLAND McCALLAlison Steele
GROSSMANNThayer David
KARL SUEZ and MASON THE BUTLERWill Jordan

Special Effects edited and created by Jeffrey Lesser

The Continental Remote Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Holmes

Organist: Lavinia Clutch

Full script available upon request (email@RupertHolmes.com)

PHILLY

Momma, you came from northern Tennessee.
Pappa, you said the country's no good for me.
You had so much to gain, ya moved on to Pennsylvania lights.
Philly, you were the town where I was born.
Philly you're where I end up, cotton coat torn.
So much for making millions,
Seems like I've seen a billion nights.

Oh but Philly, you've been the friend I never knew
Philly, your brother love was always true.
Philly, you've been beside me bright or blue.

Brother, pushing a hack, you'll never win.
Sister, you spread your life a little too thin
I had no time for grievin',
Too hard just breakin' even then
Philly, dudes from New York don't know your face.
Don't need nobody else, we got our own place.
Maybe it's down to earth,
At least we know what we're worth, amen.

Oh and Philly, you've been the friend I never knew
Philly, your brother love was always true.
Philly you've been beside me bright or blue.

So much for making millions,
Seems like I've seen a billion nights.

Oh and Philly, you've been the friend I never knew
Philly your brother love was always true
Philly you've been beside me, bright or blue.

Philly, Philly...

TOO SCARED TO SING

I get scared when I'm performing.
If I'm outnumbered, I need some warming up.
Dear folks.
Should I pull out some jokes?
(They'd better be quite funny, you paid your money outside).

Every lyric I've ever written
Just left my brain, and now the words are sittin'
Off in the wing.
And you're wondering. "Can't this guy sing?"
You liked the band before me much more,
Ignore me, I'll hide.

'Cause I'm too scared to sing this song all alone.
I'm too scared to sing too straight or too stoned.
I'm too scared to reach the end of this line.
Oh - I'm - too scared to sing too scared to sing too scared to...
Sing.

I got sick before my entrance.
My main concern is ending this sentence
Right with the harp.
And meanwhile, I'm too tones sharp.
I'd better learn to stutter my words,
M-m-m-mutter, my friend.

Some folks may symbolize, but they're fakin',
They aren't that deep, they're just opaque and
Hiding the holes,
Baring their cardboard souls.
And I like a fool say nicely
What I precisely intend.

That's why I'm too scared to sing with calm and with ease.
I fear I'm addressing words to the breeze.
I fear that you think I'm wasting your time.
Oh - I'm - too scared to sing...

BRASS KNUCKLES

Workin' out of homicide,
They told me Joe Vanelli died.
We'd been a team for seven years.
His widow wouldn't waste her tears.
Who'd done it, no one seemed to care.
'Cause crooked cops foul up the air.
But since I worked so long with Joe,
I felt I had the right to know

I found a club in Malibu
He'd gone when he felt black and blue.
For twenty bucks in petty cash,
The hat-check girl spilled out some trash.
And in her tale I heard a name
That rang a gong to save the game:
A congressman named Thorley Doakes
Who had a place in Sherman Oaks.

*Step softly gumshoe, you're out of your class.
You're treadin' mighty barefoot and there's glass in the grass.
Brass knuckles won't help when your hands ain't clean,
Rubber hoses, broken noses are a trenchcoat scene
And you ain't dressed for this affair.
You're breathing rarified air.*

Up through the luscious estate I wheeled.
A servant made me show my shield.
The congressman conversed with me.
He flashed a smile convincingly.
He said he'd not a thing to hide,
Which told me right away he lied
'Cause how could he afford the rent
Unless he somewhat overspent?

Then down the stairs came Mrs. Doakes...
The kind that takes off ermine cloaks.
She'd left her furs upon her bed
And slipped on angel lace, instead.
Her husband left to get a drink.
Her eyes sped up the way I think.
I figured Doakes had murdered Joe
When blackmailed for his kneading dough.

*Brass knuckles copper, you're falling in love.
You're near the rim of hell but you see heaven above.
Brass knuckles won't fail you but the light touch will,
Pistol holder, chip on shoulder with your guts set to spill:
You think that justice owes you thanks?
Your brain is loaded with blanks.*

The angel fell heavenly.
She sank her body into me.
My double-breasted suit fit fine.
Her form aligned itself with mine.
I warned her I'd an agile brain
I spelled the truth out clean and plain:
I'd have to take her husband in that night.
I hoped he'd come without a fight.

That's when the angel stole my gun
And said, "I hate to spoil your fun."
Then, laughing, she explained to me
The murderer was none but she.
A love affair with Joe had tired
And six shots into him she'd fired.
The congressman, a jerk like me,
Had covered up to keep her free.

"So good-bye, shamus, I'll aim for the chest.
The bullet out to enter near the top of your vest.
You lost your heart already, so you won't feel the pain.
Brass knuckles, brass knuckles, and a brass-headed brain.
Take a breath, prepare to crash.
You'll see a bright, blinding flash—"

YOU BURNED YOURSELF OUT

When you were 15, my love,
You put your head through hell:
Your body was clean, sweet love,
But oh, your mind was far from being well.

When you were 16, my love,
You'd come to be quite wise:
So much had you seen, sweet love,
Your face went deathly pale with hollow eyes.

You burned yourself out, you burned yourself out,
You did yourself in, and then,
From all of the noise, the pills, and the boys,
You burned yourself out again.

And then you turned 17.
I took you, like a game.
But others had known you well.
And taught you every move that I could name.

So then you gave up on love
And lived off ups and downs.
The strangers would pick you up
And take you in the back to other towns.

You burned yourself out, you burned yourself out,
And wound up in Idaho.
You married a cop. The babies don't stop.
There's no further out to go.

You burned yourself out, you burned yourself out.
You did yourself in, and then,
From all that you blamed, you flared up and flamed,
And burned yourself out again.
You burned yourself out.

DECO LADY

She goes to discos with a hard-running crowd.
Dressed up to kill, they never speak very loud.
Her style and speed are from another decade,
And when she struts the street, she's on parade.

Deco lady, Deco lady, spending money like rice.
Deco lady, Deco loving really feels so nice.

Her clothes ain't faggy, draggy Art Nouveau ;
She's gold and gilded, Metro-Goldwyn Deco.
She drinks manhattans, swizzle stick ebony,
And drags a cigarette from ivory.

Deco lady, Deco lady, dancing into your heart,
Deco lady, deco loving tears your mind apart.

Deco lady, don't need toke smoke coke scenes,
Deco lady, deco sleep wakes up to deco dreams.

Decked out in satin like a dream movie queen,
Bigger than life upon the wide silver screen,
Padded shoulders slashed with stripes to her hips,
A thousand lines upon her painted lips:

Deco lady.

I DON'T WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND

As the evening ends,
I feel as if we're friends;
And I know it's hard, baby,
Makin' up your lonely mind.
If you want Love Forever,
You'd better slip away—
And I don't want to hold your hand

Hold your hand, hold your hand,
I don't want to hold your hand.
That was ten long years ago,
I no longer move that slow.
Hold your hand, hold your hand?
How I want to be your man.

Back in '65,
When I was half-alive,
I begged, "Please, please me!
Baby, baby, love me do!"
But the days are gone forever
Of hearing John and Paul—
And I don't want to hold your hand.

Hold your hand, hold your hand,
I don't want to hold your hand.
That was ten long years ago,
I no longer move that slow.
Hold your hand, hold your hand?
How I want to be your man.

And when I touch you,
I can feel you pull back inside,
But you show too much to try to hide...
Try to hide, try to hide,
Try to hide, try to hide.

Hold your hand, hold your hand,
I don't want to hold your hand.
That won't do for me right now.
Draw me close, I'll show you how...

Understand, understand,
I don't want to hold your hand.
That was ten long years ago,

I no longer move that slow.

Hold your hand, hold your hand,
I don't want to hold your hand.
That won't do for me right now
Draw me close, I'll show you how.

Understand, understand,
I don't want to hold your hand...

RIFLES AND RUM

Livin' ain't for free.
We been runnin' rum down to Bimini,
Jim and me.

From the ship to shore,
80 kegs of magic to start a war,
Maybe more.

We been livin' high on rifles and rum,
We don't give a damn where the money come,
We don't give a damn 'cause we'll all be hung,
When they catch us runnin' rifles and rum,
Hummmmmm.

We supply the guns
When a politician for office runs
With his sons.
We supply the men,
Who supply a quick revolution, then
Sail again.

We been livin' high on rifles and rum...

STUDIO MUSICIAN

I am a studio musician.
We've never met, but you know me well.
I am the English horn that played the poignant counter-line.
Upon the song you heard while making love in some hotel.
I am a part of you. I've never tried for fame.
You'll never know my name.

I am the strings that enter softly,
Or three guitars that glitter gold;
I am the thousand trumpet lines that were an afterthought
Intended as a way to get a dying record sold.
I never ride the road. I never play around.
I play what they set down.

I'm a working musician, pulling my five a week;
I'm the voice through which empty men try to speak:
A studio musician,
Blowing the chance I seek.

And when the woodwind cushion rises,
I start to dream with the low brass bed...
And I reject the riffs and Hendrix licks they've paid me for,
That I've played before. Instead, they want what I hear in my head...
But I awake to horns. The drummer calls to me:
"We're up to Letter D!"

I'm a man of the moment. Pop is my stock-in-trade.
Singles, jingles, and demos conveniently made.
A studio musician,
Whose music will die... unplayed.

EVERYTHING GETS BETTER WHEN YOU'RE DRUNK

Started out with Burgundy
A simple Montrachet vintage '53
And a simple meal of Marengo veal
With potatoes lyonnaise on the side.

Then my business partner broke the news:
He was taking over my wife and shoes.
So I drank a bit, and it made a hit
With the part of me that still hadn't died.

You know that
Everything gets better when you're drunk,
And most everyone becomes your long lost friend,
And say madam, have you any change to lend?
'Cause everything gets better when you're drunk.

I graduated down the line
Anything that passed for a pint of wine
Was a treat for me; took it neat you see,
'Cause it's California sun off the vine.

Moscatel, I drink a quart;
Then I follow breakfast with tawny port,
And it's cocktail time, but I hold the line
And a jug of kosher blueberry wine.

You know that
Everything gets better when you're drunk
And the world is so in focus when it's blurred
And the reason for my tremor, spread the word,
Is everything gets better when you're drunk.

I bummed a buck off my old friend.
He was just a little around the bend;
The economy broke his nerve, you see,
And he needs martinis under his belt.

So when you crave a drink or two,
Just a little something to pull you through,
You're no better than every "wino" man—
But at least I know you know how I felt when I found
Everything gets better when you're drunk.
And most everyone becomes your long lost friend,

And say madam, have you any change to lend?
'Cause everything gets better when you're drunk.

THE MAN BEHIND THE WOMAN

I'm a superstar in her living room.
I'm a superstud in her bed.
And I own the greatest mind that the world
 has ever known
When she tells me what I'm thinking in my head.
And I can't believe that I need her love,
When I'm obviously much too high and fine;
Any yet every now and then, I suspect within myself
She's put in me everything I thought I was mine.

I'm the man behind the woman
Who's held captive by the man.
She's so far within me,
If she left I wouldn't stand.
Certainly stumble.
Probably crumble.

I've a noble voice when I sing to her-
But as I recall, she often sings along.
And it's just occurred to me, when she screams
 A little bit,
It's to warn me off the route to somewhere wrong.

I'm the man behind the woman,
But she makes me think reverse,
Builds me while I bind her,
I get strong while she gets worse.

I'm the man behind the woman,
And I'm leaning on her love.
I don't want her underneath my thumb,
But miles above.
If I untied her,
I might get beside her.

THE PLACE WHERE FAILURE GOES

After they laid me in the ground,
I flew on the wing.
Somewhere outside the pearly gates,
I heard someone sing.
It was a girl I'd seen before,
Though we'd never met.
I asked her name. She said, "It's yours.
How could you forget?"

"I was a girl who appeared in a song
That you wrote when you turned seventeen.
I was a failure when I was a single.
I died, but you still loved me."

"And this is the place where failure goes
If your dreams won't die.
This is where all your hopes survive,
If they're not a lie.
This is where all the might-have-beens
Triumph and forgive.
This is where all the star-crossed loves
Have the chance to live."

I turned around and I saw every dreamer
Who gambled it all on the line.
Every belief that once ended in grief
Now was blazing alongside mine.

And I'm in the place where failure goes,
Here for quite some while,
Here where the games of win or lose
Only make us smile.
This is my voice beyond the grave,
Preaching from the past:
Heaven and hell are myths of men:
Dreams are all that last.

QUEEN BEE

Great Land o'Goshen, there's a lot of locomotion
In the middle of a big bee hive.
You can do the blamin' on the pistil and the stamen
But you know it's just the jungle jive.
See who that was, did you get a little buzz,
Did the woman really make you hot?
She got the sting. See her shakin' that thing,
Though your mind is on another spot.
Sweet lips of honey gonna ask you for your money,
Got her every little stroke rehearsed.
You may be a stud but she's suckin' your blood
And the lady has a heavy thirst.

She's a Queen Bee, baby.
Pray that you may be left on your own.
Nothing she'll give you, gonna outlive you:
But the Queen Bee's never gonna be alone.

The black, black widow is sittin' in the middle
Of the web, it's the fly she seeks.
You may be her lover but you never will recover
'Cause she ain't had a bite for weeks.
You think you're the same, 'cause you got the same name,
But the widow has a mobile home.
Remember what I told you: she got eight arms to hold you
And she's never gonna let you roam.
She'll tuck you into bed and truck on your head,
Then she'll wrap you as a midnight snack.
So if you see a spider, don't you sidle up beside her.
Why'd you think the widow's wearing black?
(Jack)

She's like the Queen Bee, baby.
Pray that you may be left on your own.
Nothing she'll give you, gonna outlive you:
But the Queen Bee's never gonna be alone.

Long before Atlantis, there has been a praying mantis,
And you know why he's on his knees?
He may have religion, but he's just a sitting pigeon
If a woman even starts to tease.
He won't even quibble is she has a little nibble
On his neck — what a way to go!
Well, now you done and torn it

You been messin' with a hornet,
She's a blue-blooded WASP, you know.
And just as you do it, she'll inject you with a fluid
That you ain't even got but none.
You're meat on the plate, not even first rate:
She's gonna feed you to her seventh son.

She's like the Queen Bee, baby.
Pray that you may be left on your own.
Nothing she'll give you, gonna outlive you:
But the Queen Bee's never gonna be alone.

The Queen Bee's story, is the power and glory,
Of the women who have ruled alone.
Little Nefertiti used to consummate a Treaty
In the bed as much as the throne.
Everyone was urg'in' Queen Elizabeth the Virgin,
Just to try a man but she'd refuse.
Queen Isabella was the one who said this fella
Named Columbus ought to take a cruise.
Didn't Cleopatra try to gratify and satisfy
The men she held within her grasp?
The pyramids were shakin' from the peace that she was makin'
But she ended with a stupid asp.

So, in conclusion, it's an optical illusion,
If you think that we're the weaker race.
The men got the muscle, but the ladies got the hustle,
And the truth is starin' in your face.
The mother bear stalks, and the queen of the hawks,
Is the one who brings home the bread.
The lion that is regal, and the bald headed eagle
Need a woman just to keep them fed.
But come the evenin', we're like Adam and his Eve
Inside the garden, hear the serpent's sound?
It's so frustratin', when you're really into matin',
And there ain't a lovin' man around.
Whoever wrote the story,
Throw out the glory, bring in the men.
(Give me them and I'll swing)
Write me a sequel, give me an equal
And I'll give that man
I said I'm gonna give that lovin' man
I said I'm gonna give that lovin' man,
I'm gonna give him that lovin' sting!
Zap!

Men ain't the Queen Bee, no way,
And even tho' they think
They're the kings (egotistical things)
Who they foolin', playn' at rulin',
It's the Queen Bee-
Behind the scene who pulls the strings

LOVE OUT OF TIME

Love is an only child.
Lives where the weeds grow wild.
High in the wind,
You hear it's song.

If it should ever stray,
Love just might run your way.
But it will never stay very long.

Don't try to name the place.
Don't try to set the pace.
Love has another face it can find.

There's no reality.
There's only you and me.
Live out of rhyme,
Love out of time.

Don't count the days-
Love never over stays.
And nothing ever makes it last,
Once it's past.

And if you try-
To how, or when, or why...
It simply will refuse to play,
And run away.

Here's where I end this song.
We didn't end up wrong.
Love just ran out of time
and space.

Tried so to make it be.
God knows at least he's free,
Still running wild in some quiet place.

Lord it went by so fast.
Grateful I have the past,
'Though that it couldn't last,
Seems a crime.

But if you have the chance,
Don't try to change the dance.

Give up your plan.
Share what you can.

A life out of rhyme,
A love out of time...

THE ONE OF US

The one of us-
It's more like one,
Than two of us.

And in my mind,
I swear I always knew of us.
I knew of us-
And watched for you.

The joy of us-
I've never known,
The fun of us.

The tightness,
and the closeness,
And the one of us.

The one of us-
is what we grew,
By waiting for the better half.

Those who laughed,
Will soon devine...
You live a fraction
of your frantic life,
Until you let-
Another life inside.

We're born again.
You cannot trace -
the past of us.

I know the world
Will never-
see the last of us.
The one of us,
Could never die.

The one of us-
Is what was once,
Just you and I.

LULLABY FOR MYSELF

Self-contained,
and self-content...
No promises to keep.
I've got things so together-
That I just can't fall asleep.

Walked the night-
And drank the moon.
Got home at half past four.
And I knew that no one marked my time,
As I unlocked my door.

It's really lovely to discover,
That you like to be alone.
Not to owe your man an answer,
When he rings the bedroom phone.

Not to share a pair of pork chops,
When you crave champagne and cheese.
And your aim becomes to please yourself,
And not to aim to please.

Oh, he sold me,
When he told me,
"Two can live as cheap as one."
But I'm learning-
Twice your earning,
Doesn't mean it's twice the fun,
If you spend each dime,
And all your time,
On someone else's schemes.

Now I'm needy,
So I'm greedy,
And I live my deepest dreams.
Take an hour-
In the shower.
Use the water while it's hot.
In the tub,
A hand to scrub my back-
Is all I haven't got...

Self-aware,
With self-esteem,

No Lemon,
In my lime.

I take the day for quite a ride,
And I take my own sweet time.

Time to spare...
And time to share...
And grateful I would be-
if just one damn man-
Would share the need,
to be alone with me.

WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, WHY

I don't understand.
Let's sit down and talk.
One minute you love me
And then you walk.

There's more going on
Than you will admit
'Cause just as we got it
To work you quit.

I'm caught in a fog
Can't you make it clear
The truth can't be worse
Than the things I fear.

It's a myst'ry to me,
I haven't a clue
If somebody else has a
Part of you... tell me:

Who, What, When, Where, Why.
Who is the guy?
What made you need someone new, tell me
Who, What, When, Where, Why.
When did it die?
Where'd we go wrong?
Don't you lie,
Tell me Why...

You won't be my love.
You won't be my friend.
But won't you at least
Help me comprehend

What's happening to me,
'Cause after you go,
My one consolation
Would be to know

The places and names,
The reason and rhyme,
The facts of the matter
And points in time.

I'd try for your love,
But you won't allow
This guy to do
Nothing but ask you how and

Who, What, When, Where, Why.
Who is the guy?
What made you need someone new, tell me
Who, What, When, Where, Why.
When did it die?
Where'd we go wrong?
Don't you lie,
Tell me Why...

I want you to say
What's inside your head
Confession is good for the soul
So it's said

So start at the top
And take it real slow
'Cause if you want out
Then I got to know

Who, What When, Where, Why.
Who is the guy?
What made you need someone new, tell me
Who, What When, Where, Why.
When did it die?
Where'd we go wrong?
Don't you lie, (if we're through)
Tell me Why...

WEEKEND LOVER

Weekend lover
Part-time friend,
Funny how
A hundred weekends can end.

Sunday evening,
Shut the door,
I won't see your face
On Friday no more.

And I know
I should have fit you in,
Made the time,
Played to win,
But I tried to get your love for free,
But no one good could ever be,

A weekend lover,
Not that long.
Even when I gave myself
You got me wrong.
I thought I had you,
But you ran,
And I lost my weekend lover
'Cause I was a part-time man.
A weekend lover.

Weekend lover
Part-time friend,
Funny who
Ends up the loser in the end.
And I know
You tried to see it through,
Marking time,
Keeping true,
And you made the most from what you got
You made it good,
But I forgot

My weekend lover
Now I've learned
That you only get to keep
what you have earned.
I thought I had you,

But you ran,
And I lost my weekend lover
'Cause I was a part-time man.
A weekend lover.

I DON'T WANT TO GET OVER YOU

All my friends drop by and say,
“Say get yourself in hand, it's a brand new day.”
Though I see the sun, I don't see the light.
Since you left, it's been one friendless, endless night

I'm alive, yes, I get by
I survive on my dreams of you and I.

If I don't get to have
What I need to have
Than I have no need to try.

I don't want to get over you.
Don't want no happy ending.
I feel better pretending we aren't through.
I don't want to get over you.
Don't need to find some new love.
No one else can do you love like you do.
I don't want to get over you.

Life goes on, or so they say,
But I don't want the pain to go away.
That would mean that I've given up on you
And there must be something I can say or do
That will make you feel again
What I know you were feeling way back when.
If I don't get to be part of you and me
I don't need to live an easy lie.

I don't want to get over you.
Don't want no happy ending.
I feel better pretending we aren't through.
I don't want to get over you.
Don't need to find some new love.
No one else can do you love like you do.
I don't want to get over you...

YOU MAKE ME REAL

Someday you'll hear how strange I once was
And if I've changed it's because
You gave me one good reason

Your love, your love came easy and plain
After a winter of rain
You brought a change of season

Now love, I'm not so wise
But my disguise
Fell by the road that is travelled by two
I'm unravelled by you.

Cause you make me real
At last I'm beginning to feel
Cause you make me real

Someday you'll hear how cold I once was
And I've been told it's because
I never saw your face

And your love taught me so much
Taught me to touch
And though the words in my speech may be few
I can reach out for you

Cause you make me real
At last I'm beginning to feel
Cause you make me real

You made my day bright, shining and new
Love showed me the way
And it's true

You make me real
At last I'm beginning to feel
Cause you make me real...

AW SHUCKS

I know I'll forget the very last time we met
Down by the Hudson at quarter passed three

You said you wanted to quit
And though I stumbled a bit
I'm here to say that you never hurt me

Aw shucks, it was nothin'
Aw shoot, you just bruised me
Yes, I'm fine, it amused me
Aw shucks, it was nothin'

I tried to love someone new
She looked exactly like you
It wasn't hard to get into her head
But she just wasn't the same
I slipped and called her your name
And when she asked how it was I just said

Aw shucks, it was nothin'
Aw shoot, you just bruised
I got by, you amused me
Aw shucks, it was nothin;

And then I met you again
I was the coldest of men
And you got off on the strength that you'd seen

As soon as love had you high
I cut off all your supply
And now you ask how could I be so mean

Aw shucks, it was nothin'
Aw shoot, when you bruised me
I got mine, it amused me

Aw shucks, it was nothin'
Aw shoot, it was nothin'
I got mine, it was nothin'
Aw shucks, it was nothin'...

THE LAST OF THE ROMANTICS

We're gonna build a home
from stone instead of steel.
Our love will make it real:
It's a cottage down the lane.

We'll fill the fireplace
with logs and cracklin' sticks.
We'll lie nearby the bricks
as we hear the drizzlin' rain.

But 'til we build that home,
we'll lock our bedroom door.
Make plans and love
within this one room eight by four.
I'll never ask for much,
I'll only ask for more,
and as all lovers do,
I'll turn and say to you:

"We are the last of the romantics,
reaching for love before we lose it to the past
For at the last we are romantic ...
Free from time and space,
We can build a place
Where all that is romantic can last..."

So close your eyes and see my clearing in the trees
Your face will feel the breeze
And the wind is laced with pine.
The sun will rise to where the hills embrace the sky,
A stream will wander by,
Like a rolling ball of twine.

You must believe I'll make it real, I can't say when.
But harder times than this have been, and even then,
A million loves have lived and love lives on again
As long as there are two
Who say the way we do:

"We are the last of the romantics,
reaching for love before we lose it to the past
For at the last we are romantic ...
Free from time and space, we can build a place
Where all that is romantic can last..."

FOR BEGINNERS ONLY

This song-
Is for beginners only.
Intended for the lost
and lonely.
Your day's overdue,
But love will come to you.

'Cause love...
is for beginners only.

And if you ask,
"Has love outgrown me?"
Don't think that you're through.

All the winners-
who have loved
By the hand,
Began-
as just beginners...
So you must understand-
Each time that love
Has got you
to the top
Of the ride
You'll Stop
And slide
back to the start.

Make sure your heart,
Is for beginners only.
Let's love-
as if you've never known me.
I'm showing you how-
Beginning as of now.

All the winners-
who have loved
By the hand,
Began-
as just beginners...
So you must understand-
Each time that love
Has got you
to the top

Of the ride
You'll Stop
And slide
back to the start.

Make sure your heart,
Is for beginners only.
Let's love-
as if you've never known me.
I'm showing you how-
Beginning as of now.

TOUCH AND GO

Nobody said that life is always fair.
Sometimes it clips your wings while you're in mid-air.
But there's a thread between your life and mine
And when you're losing hope, this rope won't unwind.

Hold on tight 'cause
Life is touch and go,
It's sink or swim,
But never doubt
If you're out on a limb
I'll get the call
To break your fall.
I'll never leave you even when
Life is touch and go,
Or hit and run,
We'll never break
If we take it as one.
I'm here to stay
I pray you know
I'll never touch ...
I'll never touch and go.

Someday you'll find there's nothing in the night
That wasn't there before you turned out the light.
Straight from your mind, the monster 'neath your bed,
The voices down the hall, it's all in your head.

Hold on tight 'cause
Life is touch and go,
It's sink or swim,
But never doubt
If you're out on a limb
I'll get the call
To break your fall.
I'll never leave you even when
Life is touch and go,
Or hit and run,
We'll never break
If we take it as one.
I'm here to stay
I pray you know
I'll never touch ...
I'll never touch and go.

When you feel lost, you're only spun around,
Tumbled and tossed, but never run aground.
Life is a town full of strangers at best,
I'll help you home ... God help the rest ...

Hold on tight 'cause
Life is touch and go,
It's sink or swim,
But never doubt
If you're out on a limb
I'll get the call
To break your fall.
I'll never leave you even when
Life is touch and go,
Or hit and run,
We'll never break
If we take it as one.
I'm here to stay
I pray you know
I'll never touch ...
I'll never touch and go...

ANNABELLA

I just want to wake your heart
But you go to sleep
And you break my heart:
Annabella ...
Where will you be
Who do you see
When you dream at night?

Could it be the other guy
Who had more than me
And was less than shy?
Annabella ...
You tease me all day
Please, may I say
That we're on tonight

In the morning
Things are working out fine
Come the evening
You refuse to be mine
But you stay
And you say
That I hope to find some love
But each girl I find
Will remind me of
Annabella ...

In the morning
You say "Wait 'til tonight"
Come the evening
You say "Now just ain't right":
No surprise ...
But I'm wise

I won't take another day
Or another night
Or another way
Annabella ...

SINGLES

Singles,
You and I are singles
Strangers
Trying to stay warm in the snow
Maybe
We will wake as strangers
Or maybe we will find
We have somewhere to go.

Couples
All start out as singles
Lovers
Like to walk alone now and then
Even
Married folks act single
If they should feel the need
To find themselves again

Singles,
All my loves were singles,
Like the dollar bills that slip away
Before you even know

Music,
Pourin' out on singles,
Finds a home
On someone's stereo
And like a stack of singles
We'll survive as singles
Trying
Hard to match one shoe with one glove

Lovers,
'Cause we share the same dreams
Dreams are what the world
Can't have too many of

Like singles
Doubled up with love

MAGIC TRICK

Down I go for the third time
Drowning in my tears
Suddenly on the shoreline
My, my, my sweet lady appears

Lady I love to love you
Cause you got magic up your sleeve
I don't know where you get your magic
And I don't care I just believe

Turning every vine
Into a flower
Water into wine,
Scissor to stone
Stars are in your line
Caught in your power
Mystify my mind
Make me your own

You're like a magic trick
Oh, pretty darlin', like a magic trick
Got to get some magic quick
Oh, pretty darlin', do a magic trick

Something more than a daydream
In a crimson cape
Crystal ball in a crossbeam
My, my, my life's taken shape

Lady I love to love you
Cause you got magic in your lips
Mystical lightning leaps across me
Shootin' from off my fingertips

Go ahead and use what you want of me
You could never lose, give me a try
Say the magic word, tell me you love me
I'm on fire, burn, you are the sky

You're like a magic trick
Oh, pretty darlin', like a magic trick
Got to get some magic quick
Oh, pretty darlin', do a magic trick

Turning every vine
Into a flower
Water into wine,
Scissor to stone
I'm a Valentine
Caught in your power
Mystify my mind
Make me your own

You're like a magic trick
Oh, pretty darlin', like a magic trick
Got to get some magic quick
Oh, pretty darlin', do a magic trick...