

Time Together

Michael Franks

Now That the Summer's Here

In slow-motion I'm reborn
I need a week to mow the lawn
I eat dinner with my flip-flops on
Now that the summer's here
With my chores I only flirt
Hung in my hammock reading Kurt
Struggling to remain inert
Now that the summer's here
Now that the summer is here
I laze all day — my work can wait
At night behave like a firefly
And oscillate with my mate
I can spare some wherewithal
Listening to Ahmad Jamal
"Poinciana" says it all
Now that the summer's here
One thing is crystal clear:
I won't be going anywhere
Except my Adirondack chair
Now that the summer's here

One Day in St. Tropez

The year was 1963
We toured through France
My thumb and me
We yankees then
Were seen as friends
And so I bummed my way
One summer day to St. Tropez
Outside Toulon an XKE
On some blue highway
Stopped for me
The driver's seat
Held blonde Brigitte
With whom I parled francais
One summer day in St. Tropez
And at her villa
I met Marcello
And other distingues
Of Cinema francais
That poolside star
Noticed my guitar
And my shyness flew away
When she asked me to play
Could it have been my naive face
My Martin in
Its cardboard case?
I tuned the strings
Sang some Jobim
My hostess to repay
That summer day in St. Tropez

Summer in New York

Come, Loved One, let's ride that silver train
Right down the Hudson
Have lunch in midtown
It's summer in New York
Postprandial, meander through the Met
Just like we used to
The odds are King Tut still
Summers in New York
We'll both review Fifth Avenue
From uptown to St. Pat's
Indulge our vice:
Italian ice
Then walk through Central Park
It's summer in New York
And last, Love, we'll order two
Espressos at a jazz club
Where someone we know
Is gigging in New York
2nd bridge
There's more to do tomorrow too
Get lost inside the Strand
Devote some time
To Guggenheim
See Shakespeare in the Park
It's summer in New York

Mice

How come the mice
All the cute ones with their furry little suits on
The gals and misters with the pretty little whiskers
All want to stay?
What's with the mice
Are they Catholic with those families?
Enough said.... I confront them
With a minimum of bloodshed
The "Have-a-Hart" way
But if you pull back to some point in the stratosphere
From that great height it's like mice we all must appear
Think of the mice
Always grateful when the slightest little crumb drops
Finding dinner in the dreadlocks of the dust mop
Never too proud
(Maybe we should be more like
Mice) not as noisy as a chipmunk or a squirrel
If they argue it's completely intramural
Never too loud
Maybe the mice have a lesson to teach us all:
Accepting with joy every kindness — however small

Charlie Chan in Egypt

- for kurt vonnegut
Please tell me if you can, Doc
What's causing my depression?
The fact we now engage in
Unprovoked aggression?
These kids we're sending out
To quote "defend our nation"
Come home completely shattered
A broken generation
I feel like a stranger
In a strange land
Like I can't
Reveal my secret
Wherever I go
Wherever I am
I feel like
Charlie Chan in Egypt
Can all this sit-com laughter
Still conceal our sadness
While down in Foggy Bottom
They manufacture madness?
Thanks to the World Wide Web
And its near complete dominion
We're suffocating in
The quicksand of opinion

I'd Rather Be Happy Than Right

When you meet someone who inspires your worst
angry voice
Just retreat—happiness is always a much better
choice
Why chagrin?
If you're in-
Sisting on the last word
It's quite over-rated
Like our mothers taught:
Unkind words we just ought not to
Hey, everything you're saying is so contra-bliss
Okay, I think I can see where you're going with
this
True, we have had our differences there all along
But who, who of us can say he has never been
wrong?
Like the sky, this is all shadows and light
I guess I would rather be happy than right
Every day life is like a mixture of sugar and sand
On the way we are given lessons we
misunderstand
If I fail
To no avail
Still I always try to be
Like the wise ant who
Takes the sugar home
And just leaves the sand alone

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Flora, though you sleep
On our guru's lap now
All we see everywhere is you
As we recall our time together
Lucky is how we felt
The day we found you
And we were such a happy three
O how we loved our time together
Why must the Present
Turn to Past so fast?
The disappearing Now
I wish I had a golden bough
To bring you back somehow
Someday when all our hearts
Are reassembled
Love will connect us once again
And we'll resume our time together

Samba Blue

We said goodbye one last time at the Louvre
Our long happy Summer was through
Just lovers in Paris as common as doves
But I still think of you, Samba Blue
Just how long has it been?
I still remember when
We strolled the Champs Elysees
Sharing a warm baguette
Coffee with anisette
We kissed in the Metro
In love very retro
I've visited Paris so many times since
And it always reminds me of you
And happily now all these many years hence
You are still by my side, Samba Blue
To Astrud Gilberto tunes
We made love in the afternoon
Then strolled down the Champs Elysees
Sharing a warm baguette
Coffee with anisette
We kissed in the Metro
In love very retro
We're together again, by the Seine, Samba Blue
On the grand avenues, me and you, Samba Blue

My Heart Said Wow

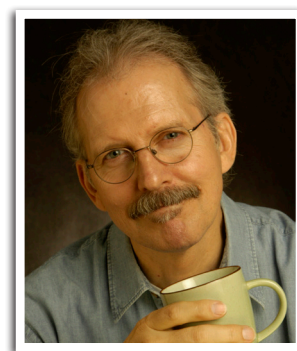
I guess I never knew love
Could ever be true love
Life had left me gigantically
Anti-romantic
I was blue as Camus
And I never quite understood why
Love passed me by
Though it's true that this ditty
Begins in self-pity
I can promise the ending
Will be more ascending
Cause I've made some revisions
Since our sweet collision
And how
Just look at me now
I simply surrendered
The moment my heart said Wow

If I Could Make September Stay

Summer retreats now
Green kingdom's end
Why can't I make
Time suspend?
The hummingbird would hover by me
And never fly away
If only I could
Make September stay
In every blossom
She hides a song
Sunshine be mine
All year long
The hummingbird would hum beside me
His journey South delay
If only I could
Make September stay
If I could just confuse the moon then I
Could make September stay
Or imitate the warbler's tune then I
Could make September stay

Feathers From an Angel's Wing

I was convinced
That Life was just a Ship of Fools
That happiness always
Had a broken string
Then Karma kicked in
While wandering through an ancient forest
I found a feather from an angel's wing
Now I know
Now I know the destination's there
If I want it
My eyes were slow
To notice the Master Plan
Now I see
Now I see the Path (if I can only stay on it)
My history has made me the man I am
I learned to forgive
I learned to put the past behind me
I learned only love
Is worth remembering
The lives I have lived
The friends and loved ones on my journey
All of them feathers
From an angel's wing
Now I know
Now I know the destination's there
If I want it
My eyes were slow
To notice the Master Plan
Now I see
Now I see the Path (if I can only stay on it)
My history has made me the man I am



For their energy, enthusiasm, and inspired contributions to this music, my gratitude and love to all the producers, engineers, musicians, and singers

As always, for P.Y.

Dedicated to all of you, always listening,

With continued gratitude and love,

Michael