BOMB SHELTER CAFÉ LYRICS

for SHUKUFEH'S LOVELY FRIENDS

November 14, 2026

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*I WANT TO BE HAPPY –Vincent Youmans, Irving Caesar, Otto Harbach (1925)

I want to be happy
But I won't be happy
Till I make you happy, too
Life's really worth living
When we are mirth-giving
Why can't I give some to you?
When skies are gray
And you say you are blue
I'll send the sun smiling through
I want to be happy
But I won't be happy
Till I make you happy, too

*LET'S FALL IN LOVE – Harold Arlen, Ted Koehler (1933)

I have a feeling, it's a feeling
I'm concealing, I don't know why
It's just a mental, sentimental alibi
But I adore you
So strong for you
Why go on stalling
I am falling
Our love is calling
Why be shy?

Let's fall in love
Why shouldn't we fall in love?

Our hearts are made of it
Let's take a chance
Why be afraid of it?
Let's close our eyes and make our own paradise
Little we know of it, still we can try
To make a go of it
We might have an end for each other
To be or not be
Let our hearts discover

Let's fall in love
Why shouldn't we fall in love?
Now is the time for it, while we are young
Let's fall in love
We might have an end for each other
To be or not be
Let our hearts discover
Let's fall in love
Why shouldn't we fall in love?
Now is the time for it, while we are young
Let's fall in love

*BLUE SKIES – Irving Berlin (1926)

I was blue, just as blue as I could be
Ev'ry day was a cloudy day for me
Then good luck came a-knocking at my door
Skies were gray but they're not gray anymore ...

Blue skies
Smiling at me
Nothing but blue skies
Do I see
Bluebirds
Singing a song
Nothing but bluebirds
All day long

Never saw the sun shining so bright
Never saw things going so right
Noticing the days hurrying by
When you're in love, my how they fly

Blue days
All of them gone
Nothing but blue skies
From now on

I should care if the wind blows east or west
I should fret if the worst looks like the best
I should mind if they say it can't be true
I should smile, that's exactly what I do ...

* LE FESTIN -- Michael Giacchino (2007)

Les rêves des amoureux sont comme le bon vin
Ils donnent de la joie ou bien du chagrin
Affaibli par la faim, je suis malheureux
Volant en chemin tout ce que je peux
Car rien n'est gratuit dans la vie

L'espoir est un plat bien trop vite consommé
À sauter les repas je suis habitué
Un voleur solitaire est triste à nourrir
Ah, jeux si amer, je ne peux réussir
Car rien n'est gratuit dans la vie

Jamais on ne me dira
Que la course aux étoiles
Ça n'est pas pour moi
Laissez-moi vous émerveiller et prendre mon envol
Nous allons enfin nous régaler
La fête va enfin commencer

Sortez les bouteilles, fini les ennuis
Je dresse le table de ma nouvelle vie
Je suis heureux à l'idée de ce nouveau destin

Une vie à me cacher et puis libre enfin
Le festin est sur mon chemin
Une vie à me cacher et puis libre enfin
Le festin est sur mon chemin

The dreams of lovers are like fine wine—
They bring either joy or sorrow.
Weakened by hunger, I am a wretched soul,
Stealing whatever I can along the way,
For nothing in this life comes for free.

Hope is a dish consumed all too quickly;
I am well accustomed to skipping meals.
A solitary thief is a sad creature to feed—
Ah, such a bitter game; I cannot seem to succeed,
For nothing in this life comes for free.

No one shall ever tell me
That reaching for the stars
Is not meant for me.
Let me dazzle you and take to the skies—
At last, we shall feast,
The celebration is about to begin!

Bring out the bottles—no more troubles now;
I am setting the table for my new life.
I rejoice at the thought of this new destiny—
A life spent in hiding, and then, finally, free!
A feast lies along my path;
A life spent in hiding, and then, finally, free!
A feast lies along my path.