

Maggie Paxson's

BOMB SHELTER CAFE

May 11, 2026 - West Lafayette, IN

With Johanna, Steve, and Haley Grace's Lovely Friends



Lyrics

*ME AND THE MAN IN THE MOON: Jimmie Monaco, Edgar Leslie (1928)

Why did my sweetie leave me?
Why did we have to part?
No other sweetie can relieve me
Of my aching heart.
Why can't I have the sunshine?
Sunshine instead of gloom?
Why do I have to live with shadows
In my little room?

When the night is calm and peaceful,
Loving hearts are all in tune,
There's two lonesome people in the whole wide world,
It's me and the man and the moon.
When the little birds are nesting,
And I listen to them croon,

There's two lonesome people in the whole wide world,
It's me and the man and the moon.
Just before I'm counting sheep,
Through my window he comes to peep,
And with each other we're sympathizing!
Looking at the happy sweethearts,
While they sit around and spoon,
There's two lonesome people in the whole wide world,
Just me and the man and the moon.

*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 ...

*PARLEZ-MOI D'AMOUR – Jean Lenoir (1930)

Parlez-moi d'amour,
Redites-moi des choses tendres,
Votre beau discours,
Mon coeur n'est pas las de l'entendre.
Pourvu que toujours
Vous répétiez ces mots suprêmes :
Je vous aime.

Vous savez bien
Que dans le fond, je n'en crois rien,
Mais cependant je veux encore,
Ecouter ces mot que j'adore,
Votre voix aux sons caressants,
Qui le murmure en frémissant,
Me berce de sa belle histoire,
Et malgré moi je veux y croire....

Parlez-moi d'amour...

Il est si doux
Mon cher trésor, d'être un peu fou,
La vie est parfois trop amère,
Si l'on ne croit pas aux chimères,
Le chagrin est vite apaisé,
Et le console d'un baiser,
Du coeur on guérit la blessure,
Par un serment qui le rassure.

Parlez-moi d'amour...

*Speak to me of love
Speak to me of soft things
Your beautiful speech—my heart is not tired of hearing it.
Provided always
You repeat these supreme words:
I love you.
You know well
That in the background, I do not believe anything
But still I want to
Listen to these word that I adore
Your voice with its caressing sounds
Whispering
Lulls me with its beautiful story
And despite myself I want to believe it.*

Speak to me of love ...

*He is so sweet
My dear treasure, to be a little crazy
Life is sometimes too bitter
If we do not believe in illusions
Grief is quickly appeased
And is consoled with a kiss
From the heart, we heal the wound
With an oath that reassures.*

Speak to me of 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 ...

Blue skies...

*BEWITCHED, BOTHERED, AND BEWILDERED – Richard Rogers, Lorenz Hart (1940)

I'm wild again, beguiled again
A simpering, whimpering child again
Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I
Couldn't sleep and wouldn't sleep
When love came and told me I shouldn't sleep
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I
Lost my heart, but what of it
He is cold I agree
He can laugh, but I love it
Although the laugh's on me
I'll sing to him, each spring to him
And long for the day when I'll cling to him
Bewitched, bothered, and bewildered am I

*BEI MIR BISTU SHEIN – Schlom Secunda; Yiddish lyrics, Jacob Jacobs, (1932);
English lyrics: Sammy Cahn, Saul Chaplin (1937)

Of all the boys I've known, and I've known some
Until I first met you, I was lonesome
And when you came in sight, dear, my heart grew light
And this old world seemed new to me
You're really swell, I have to admit you
Deserve expressions that really fit you
And so I've racked my brain, hoping to explain
All the things that you do to me

Bei mir bist du shein, please let me explain
Bei mir bist du shein means you're grand
Bei mir bist du shein, again I'll explain
It means you're the fairest in the land
I could say *bella, bella*, even *sehr wunderbar*
Each language only helps me tell you how grand you are
I've tried to explain, bei mir bist du shein
So kiss me and say you understand ...

Bei mir bistu shein
Bei mir hostu kheyne
Bei mir bistu sheyntse oif der velt
Bei mir bistu git
bai mir hostu it
bai mir bistu teierer fun gelt
Fiel sheine meidlach hoben shoin

gevolt nemen mich
Un fun zei alle ois gekliben
Hob ich nor dich

Bei mir bist du shein, again I'll explain
It means you're the fairest in the land
In the land, in the land ... Bist du shein

* SKYLARK - Johnny Mercer, Hoagy Carmichael (1941)

Skylark
Have you anything to say to me?
Won't you tell me where my love can be?
Is there a meadow in the mist
Where someone's waiting to be kissed?

Skylark
Have you seen a valley green with spring?
Where my heart can go a journeying
Over the shadows and the rain
To a blossom covered lane

And in your lonely flight
Haven't you heard the music of the night?
Wonderful music
Faint as a will o' the wisp
Crazy as a loon
Sad as a gypsy serenading the moon

Skylark
I don't know if you can find these things
But my heart is riding on your wings
So if you see them anywhere
Won't you lead me there

* AS TIME GOES BY - Herman Hupfeld (1931)

This day and age we're living in
Gives cause for apprehension
With speed and new invention
And things like third dimension,
Yet, we get a trifle weary
With Mr. Einstein's theory.
So we must get down to earth at times

Relax relieve the tension
No matter what the progress
Or what may yet be proved
The simple facts of life are such
They cannot be removed...

You must remember this
A kiss is just a kiss
A sigh is just a sigh
The fundamental things apply
As time goes by
And when two lovers woo
They still say "I love you"
On that you can rely
No matter what the future brings
As time goes by
Moonlight and love songs
Never out of date
Hearts full of passion
Jealousy and hate
Woman needs man, and man must have his mate
That no one can deny
It's still the same old story
A fight for love and glory
A case of do or die
The world will always welcome lovers
As time goes by

*PENNY SERENADE - Hal Hallifax and Melle Weersma (1938)

Once I strayed 'neath the window of a lovely señorita
And she smiled while I softly played my Penny Serenade
Si, si, si, you can hear it for a penny
Si, si, si, just a Penny Serenade
In her eyes shone the tender dawn of love and sweet surrender
As for me, in my heart I played a lover's serenade
Si, si, si, hear my love song for a penny
Si, si, si, just a Penny Serenade
For that night so divine she was mine, no word had been spoken
When I woke from my dream she was gone, my poor heart was broken
Still I pray that wherever she may be she will remember
In her heart she will always hear my penny Serenade
Si, si, si, hear my love song for a penny
Si, si, si, just a penny Serenade ...

* J'ATTENDRAI - Dino Olivieri, Louis Poterat, French translation (1938) [Original Italian lyrics to *Tornerai*, Nino Rastelli, 1936]

J'attendrai
Le jour et la nuit, j'attendrai toujours
Ton retour
J'attendrai
Car l'oiseau qui s'enfuit vient chercher l'oubli
Dans son nid
Le temps passe et court
En battant tristement
Dans mon cœur si lourd
Et pourtant, j'attendrai
Ton retour ...

Les fleurs palissent
Le feu s'éteint
L'ombre se glisse
Dans le jardin
L'horloge tisse
Des sons très las
Je crois entendre ton pas
Le vent m'apporte
Des bruits lointains
Guettant ma porte
J'écoute en vain
Helas, plus rien
Plus rien ne vient

J'attendrai ...

I will wait
Day and night, I will always wait
For your return.
I will wait
Because the fleeing bird comes to seek the forgotten
In his nest.
Time goes by and runs
By beating sadly
In my heart, so heavy
And yet, I will await
Your return.

The flowers are paling
The fire goes out
The shadow slips

In the garden
The clock weaves
Very tired sounds
I think I hear your step
The wind carries to me
Faraway sounds
Watching my door
I listen in vain
Alas, nothing
Nothing comes....

I will wait...

*(THERE'LL BE BLUE BIRDS OVER) THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER – Walter Kent, Nat Burton (1941)

I'll never forget the people I met
Braving those angry skies
I remember well as the shadows fell
The light of hope in their eyes
And though I'm far away
I still can hear them say
Thumbs up...
For when the dawn comes up ...

There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover
To-morrow just you wait and see
There'll be love and laughter and peace ever after
To-morrow when the world is free

The shepherd will tend his sheep
The valley will bloom again
And Jimmy will go to sleep
In his own little room again
There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover
To-morrow just you wait and see ...

*ROZHINKES MIT MANDLEN (*RAISINS AND ALMONDS*) – Abraham Goldfaden (1880)

In dem Bes-Hamikdosh
In a vinkl cheyder
Zitst di almone, bas-tzion, aleyn
Ihr ben yochidle yideln vigt zi keseider

Un zingt im tzum shlofn a ledeleh sheyn.
Ai-lu-lu

Unter Yidele's vigele
Shteyt a klor-vays tsigele
Dos tsigele iz geforn handlen
Dos vet zayn dayn baruf
Rozhinkes mit mandlen
Slof-zhe, Yidele, shlof.

*In the Temple,
in a corner of a room,
Sits the widowed daughter of Zion, alone.
She rocks her only son, Yidele, to sleep
With a sweet lullaby.
Ai-lu-lu*

*Under Yidele's cradle
Stands a small white goat.
The goat travelled to sell his wares
This will be Yidele's calling, too.
Trading in raisins and almonds.
Sleep, Yidele, sleep.*

*OVER THE RAINBOW - Harold Arlen, Yip Harburg (1938)

When all the world is a hopeless jumble
And the raindrops tumble all around
Heaven opens a magic lane
When all the clouds darken up the sky way
There's a rainbow highway to be found
Leading from your windowpane to a place behind the sun
Just a step beyond the rain

Somewhere over the rainbow way up high
There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby
Somewhere over the rainbow skies are blue
And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true

Someday I'll wish upon a star and
Wake up where the clouds are far behind me
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
Away above the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me ...

Somewhere over the rainbow bluebirds fly
Birds fly over the rainbow
Why then, oh why can't I?
If happy little bluebirds fly beyond the rainbow
Why, oh, why can't I?

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For more songs & information about Maggie Paxson's concerts, go to:

www.bombsheltercafe.com