

BOMB SHELTER CAFÉ

LYRICS

Autumn Kensington Salon

October 24, 2025

Chez Mikra & Valdete



* 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.

*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 ...

**(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 ...

*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
A way upon 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 BOMB SHELTER CAFÉ

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