

Maggie Paxson's

BOMB SHELTER CAFÉ

À L'OCCASION DE L'ANNIVERSAIRE (JOYEUX !) DE PHILIPPA

October 10, 2026



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.
Purvu 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

**LA JAVA BLEUE – Vincent Scotto / Noel Renard / Geo Koger (1939)*

C'est la java bleue
La java la plus belle
Celle qui ensorcelle
Quand on la danse
Les yeux, dans les yeux
Au rythme joyeux
Quand les corps se confondent
Comme elle au monde
Il n'y en a pas deux
C'est la java bleue.

Il est au bal musette
Un air rempli de douceur
Qui fait tourner les têtes
Qui fait chavirer les coeurs
Quand on la danse à petits pas
Serrant celle qu'on aime dans ses bras
On lui murmure dans un frisson
En écoutant chanter l'accordéon.

Refrain

Chérie sous mon étreinte
Je veux te serrer plus fort
Pour mieux garder l'empreinte
Et la chaleur de ton corps
Que de promesses, que de serments
On se fait dans la folie d'un moment
Car ces serments remplis d'amour
On sait que ça ne dur'ra pas toujours.

Refrain

*This is the Java Bleue
The most beautiful Java
The one that bewitches
When we dance
Eye to eye
To the happy rhythms
When the bodies merge.
Like it in the world,
There are not two of it;
It's the Java Bleue.*

*He is on the dance floor
An air full of sweetness
He, who turns the heads
Who capsizes the hearts.
When we dance in small steps
Clutching the one we love in our arms
We whisper in a thrill
Listening to the accordion sing.*

Chorus

*Dear, under my embrace
I want to squeeze you harder
To better keep the imprint
And the warmth of your body.
What promises, what oaths
One makes in the madness of a moment
Because these oaths filled with love
We know that it will not last forever.*

*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 ... Bistu shein!

*LE TEMPS DES CERISES– Jean-Baptiste Clément and music by Antoine Renard (1866)

Quand nous chanterons le temps des cerises
Et gai Rossignol et merle moqueur
Seront tous en fête.
Les belles auront la folie en tête
Et les amoureux du soleil au coeur
Quand nous chanterons le temps des cerises,
Sifflera bien mieux le merle moqueur.

Mais il est bien court le temps des cerises,
Où l'on s'en va deux cueillir en rêvant.
Des pendants d'oreilles,
Cerises d'amour aux robes pareilles,
Tombant sous la feuille en gouttes de sang.
Mais il est bien court le temps des cerises
Pendants de corail qu'on cueille-en rêvant

J'aimerais toujours le temps des cerises,
C'est de ce temps là que je garde au coeur
Une plaie ouverte
Et dame fortune, en m'étant offerte
Ne pourra jamais fermer ma douleur
J'aimerais toujours le temps des cerises
Et le souvenir que je garde au coeur.

*When we sing of the time of cherries,
And the cheerful nightingale and mocking blackbird
Are all in festive mood,
The beauties will have whimsy in their heads
And lovers, sunshine in their hearts;
When we sing of the time of cherries,
The mocking blackbird will whistle all the sweeter.*

*But the time of cherries is all too brief,
When two go off dreaming to gather
Ear-drops—
Cherries of love, clad in matching robes,
Falling beneath the leaves like drops of blood.
But the time of cherries is all too brief—
Coral pendants gathered while we dream.*

*I shall always love the time of cherries;
It is from that time that I keep in my heart*

*An open wound,
And Lady Fortune, though she offered herself to me,
Can never heal my sorrow;
I shall always love the time of cherries
And the memory I hold in my heart.*

* 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

* "L'ÉTOILE DU MARIN" ou "Tous les marins ont une étoile" – Gaston Dona, Ferdinand-Louis Bénéch (1921)

Dans le salon doré du grand transatlantique
La fête bat son plein, la fête est magnifique
Comme un rayon de feu le navire géant
Glisse sur l'Océan !
Et là-haut dans la nuit, seul sur la passerelle
Un jeune matelot rêve à Nita la belle
Nita, par sa beauté, son esprit, ses trésors
Nita est la reine du bord
Sans le voir elle passait quelquefois devant lui
Et depuis ce jour là; il chante dans la nuit

-

Refrain

Tous les marins ont une étoile
Qui les protège dans les cieux
Quand à leurs yeux, rien ne la voile
Le malheur ne peut rien contre eux
Nita c'est vous que j'ai choisie
Parmi tous les astres du soir
Et vous serez sans le savoir
L'étoile de ma vie

-

Mais un cri dans la fête a semé la panique
"Le navire est en feu", c'est la lutte tragique
Et les barques déjà toutes prises d'assaut
S'éloignent du vaisseau
Où sont-ils donc, Nita, ceux qui te trouvaient belle ?
Les lâch's, ils sont partis, c'est en vain qu'elle appelle
Mais une voix soudain lui crie "Je viens Nita"
Un homme l'emporte dans ses bras...

Refrain

Tous les marins ont une étoile
La mienne est là-haut dans les cieux
Mais ce nuage me la voile
Je souffre et je suis malheureux
Je t'aimais tant, Nita jolie
Pourquoi n'es tu restée qu'un soir
Je t'en supplie reviens me voir
Étoile de ma vie !

*In the gilded salon of the great ocean liner
The party is in full swing, a magnificent affair
Like a beam of fire, the giant ship
Glides across the ocean!
And high above in the night, alone on the bridge
A young sailor dreams of beautiful Nita
Nita—with her beauty, her spirit, her treasures—
Nita is the queen of the ship
She would sometimes pass by him without noticing
And since that day, he sings into the night...*

Chorus

*All sailors have a star
That protects them in the heavens
When nothing veils it from their sight
Misfortune cannot touch them
Nita, it is you I have chosen
From among all the stars of the evening
And, without knowing it, you will be
The star of my life*

*But a cry amidst the festivities sparks panic
"The ship is on fire"—a tragic struggle begins
And the lifeboats, already stormed by the crowd,
Pull away from the vessel
Where are they now, Nita—those who found you beautiful?
Cowards, they have fled; she calls out in vain
But suddenly a voice cries, "I'm coming, Nita"
A man sweeps her up in his arms...*

Chorus

*All sailors have a star
Mine is up there in the heavens
But a cloud veils it from me
I suffer and I am wretched
I loved you so, lovely Nita
Why did you stay for only one night?
I beg you, come back to me
Star of my life!*

*(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
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?

*LA VIE EN ROSE – Louiguy, Edith Piaf (1945)

Des yeux qui font baisser les miens
Un rire qui se perd sur sa bouche
Voilà le portrait sans retouche
De l'homme auquel j'appartiens ...

Quand il me prend dans ses bras
Il me parle tout bas
Je vois la vie en rose
Il me dit des mots d'amour
Des mots de tous les jours
Et ça me fait quelque chose
Il est entré dans mon cœur
Une part de bonheur
Dont je connais la cause
C'est lui pour moi, moi pour lui dans la vie
Il me l'a dit, l'a juré pour la vie
Et dès que je l'aperçois
Alors je sens en moi
Mon cœur qui bat

Des nuits d'amour à ne plus en finir
Un grand bonheur qui prend sa place
Des ennuis, des chagrins, s'effacent
Heureux, heureux à en mourir ...

Quand il me prend dans ses bras
Il me parle tout bas
Je vois la vie en rose
Il me dit des mots d'amour
Des mots de tous les jours
Et ça me fait quelque chose
Il est entré dans mon cœur
Une part de bonheur
Dont je connais la cause

C'est toi pour moi
Moi, pour toi, dans la vie
Il me l'a dit, l'a juré pour la vie
Et dès que je t'aperçois
Alors, je sens dans moi
Mon cœur qui bat ..

*Eyes that cause mine to lower
A laugh that is lost on his mouth
Here is the unretouched portrait
Of the man to whom I belong ...*

*When he takes me in his arms
He whispers to me
I see la VIE EN ROSE.
He tells me words of love
Everyday words
And it does something to me
He has entered in my heart
A slice of happiness
That I know the reason
It's him for me, me for him in life
He told me, swore it for life
And as soon as I see him
So I feel inside me
My heart beating*

*Nights of love that don't end
A great happiness that takes its place
Trouble and grief fades
To die from happiness ...*

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For more about Maggie Paxson's BOMB SHELTER CAFES

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