



LIFE GETS STICKY / IT CAN STAY SWEET

**IF IT AIN'T TRUE
(THEN IT JUST AIN'T LOVE)**

I'M THE FIRST TO ADMIT IT:
IF I KNEW WHAT LOVE IS,
BY NOW, I'D HAVE
MY HEART'S DESIRE.
I KNOW IT'S MORE THAN A THRILL
IN-BETWEEN YOUR RIBS.
ANTIQUE OR NEW,
LOVE CAN INSPIRE. BUT

(CHORUS)

IF IT AIN'T TRUE,
THEN, IT JUST AIN'T LOVE.
INDEPENDENT ME, I LONG FOR
A MAN WHO'S DEPENDABLE.
ROMANCE CAN BE ROMANTIC
BUT OH, SO ENDABLE.
IF IT AIN'T TRUE,
THEN, IT JUST AIN'T LOVE.

NEXT SATURDAY MORNING,
WILL HE BE AT THE FLEA MARKET?
WHAT IF HE FINDS
HIS HEART'S DESIRE:
SOMETHING SLIGHTLY WORN BUT LOVELY
THAT'S BEEN TOSSED ASIDE--
LIKE THIS STEADFAST HEART
HURT BY A LIAR? WELL,

(REPEAT CHORUS)

LIKE AN OLD VALENTINE,
HE MAY SAY "PLEASE BE MINE."
WILL I KNOW IF IT'S REAL?
LET HIS ACTIONS REVEAL, THAT

(REPEAT CHORUS)

MY EX-BOYFRIEND

YOU REMIND ME OF MY EX-BOYFRIEND.
I WON'T MENTION THAT HE WAS A SLOB.
YOU'RE MUCH CUTER AND
YOU WEAR COOL SHIRTS.
I SHOULD TELL YOU BUT I FEEL SHY.

YOU REMIND ME OF MY EX-BOYFRIEND,
YET YOU ACTUALLY DO LIKE YOUR JOB.
YOU'VE GOT MANNERS AND YOU'RE A THINKER.
WANNA TELL YOU BUT I FEEL SHY.

I DON'T HAVE MANY FEMININE WILES--
LITTLE TRICKS LITTLE GIRLS
LEARN ON THEIR DADDY'S KNEE.
HE NEVER PAID ATTENTION TO ME.
OOH, BUT YOU DO.

SO WHY'M I THINKIN' 'BOUT MY EX-BOYFRIEND?
AM I WORRIED THAT I COULD GET HURT?
TRUSTING MY WOMAN'S INTUITION.
ALL IT TELLS ME IS I FEEL SHY.

I DON'T HAVE MANY FEMININE WILES--
LITTLE TRICKS LITTLE GIRLS
LEARN ON THEIR DADDY'S KNEE.
HE NEVER SHOWED AFFECTION TO ME.
OOH, BUT YOU DO.

NOW, YOU'RE KISSING MY CHEEK. I'M BLUSHING.
I GET RISKY AND SAY SOMETHING WILD:
"YOU REMIND ME OF MY NEXT BOYFRIEND."
HEY, LOOK AT YOU SMILE.
YEAH, LOOK AT YOU SMILE.

BROKEN COOKIES

Words by Annie Dinerman
Music by Steve Addabbo

SHE HANDED ME THE MONEY.
"REACH UP, NOW. PAY THE LADY," MAMA SAID.
WE STOOD BEHIND THE BAKERY
AT THE BACK DOOR WHERE THEY SOLD
THE DAY OLD BREAD.

THE LADY HANDED DOWN A BOX
ALL TIED UP WITH RED TWINE.
BACK IN THE CAR, WE TORE THE STRING.
SUDDENLY, WE SHARED EVERYTHING.

BROKEN COOKIES,
A GLORIOUS BOX OF BROKEN COOKIES.
I WAS FOUR AND SHE WAS THIRTY-FIVE--
THE LUCKIEST LITTLE GIRLS ALIVE.
SKIPPING LUNCH, FEASTING ON
BROKEN COOKIES.

WE LAUGHED AND LICKED OUR FINGERS.
GREEN ICING, POWDERED SUGAR, MARMALADE,
EVERY SPRINKLE, EVERY FROSTING,
EVERY FRUIT AND NUT AND FLAVOR
THAT THEY MADE.

NEXT WEEK, SHE WOULDN'T TAKE ME THERE.
SHE SAID, "HONEY, WE'RE NOT POOR.
YOU CAN PICK OUT A NICE, BIG ONE."
AW, GEE, THAT WASN'T ANY FUN.

BROKEN COOKIES,
A GLORIOUS BOX OF BROKEN COOKIES.
I WAS FOUR AND SHE WAS THIRTY-FIVE,
BUT I KNEW WHAT MADE ME FEEL ALIVE.
AFTER LUNCH, I WANTED THOSE
BROKEN COOKIES.

NOW, I'M GROWN AND I'M ON MY OWN.
MY JOB'S BEEN DOWNSIZED AND
THE WORK HAS GONE TO INDIA.
BUT IF I HAVE FUN
MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET,
WHEN MY LIFE GETS STICKY,
IT CAN STAY SWEET
LIKE A GREAT, BIG BOX OF
BROKEN COOKIES,
A GLORIOUS BOX OF
BROKEN COOKIES.

EGYPTIAN COTTON

MY SHEETS ARE TATTERED.
THAT NEVER MATTERED
UNTIL HE KISSED
MY NECK THAT WAY.
IF I WERE HAVING
A BETTER YEAR,
I'D BUY NEW LINENS
STRAIGHTAWAY.

EGYPTIAN COTTON
IS SMOOTH AS SATIN.
TONIGHT, HE'LL SETTLE
FOR MY SOFT SKIN.
I'LL TURN MY SHEETS DOWN
AND SAY A PRAYER:
DON'T LET HIM SEE THEY'RE
WEARING THIN.

ALL I CAN GIVE IS
JUST ME, MYSELF, THIS
DEFENSELESS HEART.
WHEN WILL LOVE STAY?
IF I HAD NEW SHEETS
AND HE LEFT ME,
I'D HAVE SOME NEW SHEETS
ANYWAY.

EGYPTIAN COTTON
IS SMOOTH AS SATIN.
I BET HE'LL SETTLE
FOR MY SOFT SKIN.
I'LL TURN MY SHEETS DOWN.
HE'S A GOOD MAN.
OH, HE WON'T CARE THEY'RE
WEARING THIN
HE WON'T CARE THEY'RE
WEARING THIN

DIFFERENT NOW

YOU USED TO CRY ALL NIGHT
ISN'T IT DIFFERENT NOW
ALL OF YOUR CLOTHES GOT TIGHT
ISN'T IT DIFFERENT NOW
YOU WERE SO BROKE,
COULDN'T AFFORD TO THINK
HONEY, YOU WERE TOO SAD TO DRINK
LIFE IS STILL A BITCH, SOMETIMES, BUT
ISN'T IT DIFFERENT NOW
ISN'T IT DIFFERENT NA-NA-NA-NOW, YEAH, YEAH

WHO'S GONNA UNDERSTAND
YOUR TALE OF WOE
WHO'S GONNA GUESS
'CAUSE YOU HIDE IT LIKE A PRO

ANYHOW, EVERY DAY, YOU GOTTA
GET UP AND GO
GET UP AND GO-GO-GO-GO,
GET UP AND GO-GO-GO-GO.



OLD BRUISES LOSE THEIR STING
ISN'T IT DIFFERENT NOW
YOU'LL HANDLE EVERYTHING
ISN'T IT DIFFERENT NOW
A LONESOME HEART CAN'T DO A SOMERSAULT
HONEY, REALLY, IS THAT YOUR FAULT
LIFE IS STILL A BITCH, SOMETIMES, BUT
ISN'T IT DIFFERENT NOW
ISN'T IT DIFFERENT NA-NA-NA-NOW, YEAH, YEAH

IT HURTS LIKE HELL TO SHARE
YOUR TALE OF WOE
YOU SHOULD BE PROUD
YEAH, YOU SHARE IT LIKE A PRO
ANYHOW, EVERY DAY, YOU GOTTA
GET UP AND GO
GET UP AND GO-GO-GO-GO,
GET UP AND GO-GO-GO-GO.

SO WHEN FRUSTRATION SIMMERS IN YOUR GUT,
JUST SAY, UNCENSORED AND UNCUT:
LIFE IS STILL A BITCH, SOMETIMES, BUT
ISN'T IT DIFFERENT NOW
ISN'T IT DIFFERENT NA-NA-NA-NOW.
ISN'T IT DIFFERENT NOW

IN THE DARK

IN THE DARK AND SILENT HOURS,
LONELINESS CUDDLES CLOSE TO ME.
I CAN'T SLEEP.
SUDDENLY, I HEAR MY NEIGHBOR.

HE'S GOT GREY HAIR. HE'S GOT WRINKLES.
HE'S GOT A PENSION. HE'S GOT A LOVER.
HIS MATTRESS IS A ROCK BAND.
OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OH-WOH-WOH

I DON'T LIKE TO CRY ALONE.
HELL, I GUESS THEY HEARD ME
THROUGH THE WALL.
TEARS ARE WARM.
WHY'D I HAVE TO HEAR MY NEIGHBOR?

HE'S GOT HIS MOJO, MOJO WORKING.
MAYBE I'LL ASK HOW HE FOUND A LOVER.
HIS MATTRESS IS AN ACCORDION.
OVER AND OVER AND OVER AND OH-WOH-WOH

HERE, IN THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS,
HE CALLS OUT HER NAME. HE LEAPS.
SOUNDS LIKE HE MADE IT.

IN THE DARK AND SILENT HOURS,
THERE IS JUST ONE SINGLE REASON WHY
I CAN'T SLEEP--
GOT TO FIND MYSELF A LOVER.

I'VE GOT SOFT SKIN, HAZEL EYES AND
PERFECT CURLS DOWN TO MY SHOULDERS.
MY MATTRESS IS A LOVESONG,
WAITING AND WAITING AND WAITING TO BE SUNG.
IT'S WAITING TO BE SUNG.
IT'S WAITING TO BE SUNG
IN THE DARK AND SILENT HOURS.

ONE PLANET AT A TIME

I DON'T THINK OF SPACE AS MT. EVEREST.
I DON'T THINK OF SPACE AS THE WILD WEST.
I DON'T THINK OF SPACE A LOT.
ME, I WORK WITH WHAT I'VE GOT.
THIS BEAUTIFUL, MESSED-UP WORLD IS OURS.
SO WHY DO THEY SPEND MY TAXES ON MARS?

ONE PLANET AT A TIME!
CAN'T WE FIX THINGS UP
ONE PLANET AT A TIME?
CAN'T WE MIX THINGS UP
ONE PLANET AT A TIME?
LET'S START SMALL.
LET'S HANDLE THIS ONE
BEFORE WE TRY TO RUN 'EM ALL.

NO JUNGLE, NO EAGLE, NO GRAZING DEER.
MARS ISN'T FAMOUS FOR ATMOSPHERE.
WOULD WE CHOKE OR DIE OF THIRST
IF SOMEONE ELSE GOT THERE FIRST?
HEY, I COULD BREATHE EASY,
FOR WHAT THAT'S WORTH...
ASSUMING IT'S SAFE TO BREATHE
HERE ON EARTH.

ONE PLANET AT A TIME!
CAN'T WE USE THINGS UP
ONE PLANET AT A TIME?
CAN'T WE SCREW THINGS UP
ONE PLANET AT A TIME?
LET'S START SMALL.
LET'S CLEAN UP THIS ONE
BEFORE WE TRY TO RUN 'EM ALL.

(BRIDGE)
THE WORLD IS TURNING (TURNING)
BUT WE DON'T FEEL IT.
THE WORLD IS TURNING (TURNING)
BUT WE DON'T FEEL IT.
SOME HAVE A LOT BUT MOST HAVE NOT.
ONE WORLD, WE LIVE IN ONE WORLD.

ONE PLANET AT A TIME.
CAN'T WE ALL LIVE ON
ONE PLANET AT A TIME?
CAN'T WE ALL LIVE ON
ONE PLANET AT A TIME?
LET'S START SMALL.
HOW ABOUT PEACE ON EARTH,
BEFORE WE TRY TO RUN 'EM ALL?

BIG DOG

BIG DOG, BIG DOG,
YOU MAKE MY LIFE SO HARD.
YOU PEED ON MY TREE
BUT YOU WON'T SLEEP IN MY YARD.
YOU'RE SCRATCHING AT MY
SCREEN DOOR, DAY AND NIGHT.
BUT YOU WON'T EAT FROM MY HAND.
SOMEWHERE, SOME GAL
GIVES YOU LOVIN' THAT'S CANNED.

YOU WAKE ME UP EARLY WHEN
YOU HOWL AND YOU WHINE.
IF SOMEONE IS FEEDING YOU,
THEN, SHOULDN'T YOU BE FINE?

BIG DOG, BIG DOG,
YOU BROKE YOUR LEASH AND RAN.
WHO TREATED YOU MEAN, POOR BOY?

I'LL LOVE YOU ALL THAT I CAN.
I TRY TO PET AND COMFORT YOU, OH, NO.
IS SOMETHING MAKING YOU TENSE?
THERE'S YOUR HIND FEET
FLYING OVER MY FENCE.

NOW, WHAT IF A BIGGER DOG
CAME SNIFFING AROUND?
YOU SHOW ME A BIGGER DOG
IN THIS BIG, BAD TOWN.

BIG DOG, BIG DOG,
DON'T MAKE YOUR HEART SO HARD.
BOY, DON'T MAKE ME BEG.
COME HOME AND SLEEP IN MY YARD.
HEY, FELLA, YOU CAN TELL THAT OTHER GAL
YOU'LL ONLY EAT FROM MY HAND.
BIG DOG, BRAVE DOG, I KNOW YOU CAN.
THAT'S MY BIG DOG. YEAH, YOU'RE MY MAN.

A KING AND A HERO

I WAS USING MAMA'S ROLLING PIN
WHEN I HAD THE THOUGHT
THAT THE WHEEL WAS NOT
INVENTED BY A MAN.
CAN'T YOU LAUGH ABOUT THAT
KIND OF THING?
HAVE SOME APPLE PIE.
WHY'D YOU ASK ME WHY?
IT'S JUST THE WAY I AM.

(CHORUS)
HONEY, DON'T BE SO GRAND.
LISTEN, HERE'S WHERE I STAND:
I CAN SING. I CAN BAKE GOOD PIES.
BUT I CAN'T FIND LOVE.
IF YOU BRING ME LOVE,
YOU'LL BE A KING AND A HERO IN MY EYES.

WAS IT ONLY SEVEN WEEKS AGO
YOU STOLE A KISS FROM ME?
AND I THOUGHT, "STAY FREE.
I'M HAPPY ON MY OWN."
THEN I LET YOU THROUGH MY KITCHEN DOOR
FOR HOMEMADE APPLE PIE,
OH. YOU SAW THAT I
WAS HUNGRY FOR A HOME?

HONEY, DON'T BE SO GRAND.
LISTEN, HERE'S WHERE I STAND:
I CAN SING. I CAN BAKE GOOD PIES.
BUT I CAN'T FIND HOME.
IF YOU SHOW ME HOME,
YOU'LL BE A KING AND A HERO IN MY EYES.

COULD YOU LOVE ME AS I AM:
PROUD AND PLAIN-SPOKEN?
OR IS MY HEART LIKE PIECRUST--
MADE TO BE BROKEN?
AND IT HURTS TO ASK
BUT I NEED TO KNOW.

HONEY, DON'T BE SO GRAND.
LISTEN, HERE'S WHERE I STAND:
I CAN SING. I CAN BAKE GOOD PIES.
BUT I CAN'T FIND LOVE.
IF YOU BRING ME LOVE,
YOU'LL BE A KING AND A HERO IN MY EYES.



YOU'LL BE A KING AND A HERO IN MY EYES.

STOLE MY SOUL

SOMEWHERE, I HEARD
ABOUT A SUPERSTITION.
FOLKS FEAR A CAMERA
WILL STEAL THEIR SOUL.
YOU ARE MY DEAR FRIEND.
WE ARE BOTH FREE.
IF WE ARE LOVERS,
WILL THAT CHANGE ME?

WHAT IF YOU STOLE MY SOUL?
DOWN A LONELY PATH, I CHASED ONE GOAL.
YOU TOOK MY PICTURE
BUT YOU WON'T LET ME SEE IT.

WHAT IF YOU STOLE MY SOUL?
TONIGHT, YOU SAW ME.
YOUR BROWN EYES WERE TENDER.
WHAT DID YOU SEE THAT
YOU WON'T SHOW ME?
WAS IT MY WILD WILL?
COULD I BE CAUGHT?
MY HEART LAY OPEN.
YOU AIMED AND SHOT.

WHAT IF YOU STOLE MY SOUL?
I'M AS FRAGILE AS MY CAMISOLE.
YOU TOOK MY PICTURE
BUT YOU WON'T LET ME SEE IT.
WHAT IF YOU STOLE MY SOUL?

YOU DEVIL, YOU DARE
TO SEND ME A PHOTO
OF YOUR PILLOW.
YOU MAKE ME ACHIE
TO WAKE UP THERE.

SO WHAT, IF YOU STOLE MY SOUL.
I AM YOURS FOR LIFE WITH NO PAROLE.
OH, I CAN'T PICTURE
A MORNING WITHOUT YOU.
SO WHAT, IF YOU STOLE MY SOUL.
SO WHAT, IF YOU STOLE MY SOUL.

TALKING WITH ABSENT FRIENDS

HEY, WE WERE CRAZY IN THE '90S.
WE LIVED BEYOND OUR MEANS.
YOU AND I STEPPED OVER SLEEPERS
CAMPED OUT IN ALL THE CASH MACHINES.
AND WE PASSED GRIMY FACES
WARPED BY A HURT THAT NEVER MENDS.
PEOPLE WALKING ALL ALONE,
TALKING TO THEMSELVES,
TALKING WITH ABSENT FRIENDS, YEAH,
TALKING WITH ABSENT FRIENDS.

I'M LUCKY, HAVING YOU TO CHAT WITH.
I DON'T KNOW JUST WHAT DO TO.
CAN'T WE COPE THE WAY WE USED TO
ALTHOUGH THE CENTURY IS NEW?
WE WON'T SAY "NINE ELEVEN."
WE'LL SHARE THE NUMBNESS THAT DEFENDS
PEOPLE WALKING ALL ALONE,
TALKING TO A PHONE,
TALKING WITH ABSENT FRIENDS, YEAH,
TALKING WITH ABSENT FRIENDS.

YOU WERE SO YOUNG,
SO MANY TALENTS.
YOU REACHED FOR LOVE

BUT LOST YOUR BALANCE.
THERE IS STILL NO CURE,
NO CURE, NO KIDDING.

HEY, WE WERE CRAZY IN THE '90S.
WE LIVED BEYOND OUR MEANS.
NOW, I'M SAVING FOR RETIREMENT,
AVOIDING THOSE CASH MACHINES.
IF I TELL YOU I MISS YOU,
AM I CRAZY? THAT DEPENDS.
AM I WALKING ALL ALONE,
TALKING TO MYSELF,
TALKING WITH ABSENT FRIENDS?
YEAH, I'M WALKING ALL ALONE,
TALKING TO MYSELF,
TALKING WITH ABSENT FRIENDS, YEAH,
TALKING WITH ABSENT FRIENDS, YEAH,
TALKING WITH ABSENT

SHORES OF EGYPT

THIS MAN'S HEART IS TOO FULL OF ME.
HE LOOKS FOR SAFER GROUND.
BEHIND HIM ROARS THE SOUND
OF PHARAOH'S CHARIOTS.

IF HIS WORLD WAS PERFECT,
LOVE WOULD HANG ON PATIENTLY
'TIL HE FINISHED THERAPY.

I SHOW HIM THE PROMISED LAND,
MILK AND HONEY RIGHT AT HAND.
WHAT HE SEES IS BURNING SAND.
HE WON'T COME TO ME.
I'VE CROSSED MY RED SEA.
HE'S STILL STANDING ON THE
SHORES OF EGYPT.

ONCE, I FELL WHERE HE STUMBLES NOW,
ALONE WITH WOUNDED PRIDE.
WHILE PHARAOH'S SOLDIERS RIDE,
I WRITE HIM ALL MY NEWS.

WILL HE PUT HIS BEST FOOT
IN HIS MOUTH AND SAY TO ME,
"YES, I LOVE YOU" ... FINALLY...?

POSTCARDS FROM THE PROMISED LAND.
MILK AND HONEY RIGHT AT HAND.
MY OASIS BLOOMS IN SAND.
LOVER, COME TO ME.
I'VE CROSSED MY RED SEA.
HE'S STILL STANDING ON THE
SHORES OF EGYPT.

MY HEART CAN FEEL YOUR PAIN.
MY LOVE CAN HEAL YOU.
IF YOU TURN TO A PILLAR OF SALT,
IT WON'T BE MY FAULT.

POSTCARDS FROM THE PROMISED LAND.
MILK AND HONEY RIGHT AT HAND.
MY OASIS BLOOMS IN SAND.
LOVER, COME TO ME.
I'VE CROSSED THE SAME SEA.
DON'T STAY STANDING ON THE
SHORES OF EGYPT.
SHORES OF EGYPT.



The night after I recorded "Talking With Absent Friends,"
I got this fortune at Ollie's in Times Square!

Photographs by Robert Corwin (www.robertcorwin.com)

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