

The Age of Rhythm

Al Stewart

Today I feel like Dorothy Parker
Today I've got the critical eye
I paint my world just a little bit darker
Don't even have to try

Everyone seems a little bit desperate
Oh so witty, but over the edge
I don't know why they try to impress you
With one foot on the window ledge

That's just the way they play it
That's just the way they are
Think up a line and say it
I'll see you all later down at the bar

Don't try to understand it
It won't get you very far
Even the Great Pretender
is really as naked as Hedy Lamarr

Today I feel like Dorothy Parker
Today I'm up here walking the floor
The light inside my head getting darker
Going to leave this town for sure

One block down and another block over
There's a place that will make you a drink
The night is hot, I believe that I'll go there
A password will get you in

Play a song by Hoagy Carmichael
Play that horn like Beiderbecke too
A glass or two of something you like'll
Separate you from these blues

Life is a constant party
Swung to a shot of jazz
Even the broken-hearted
Can steal a feel of the razamatazz

This is the age of rhythm
These are the dancing years
Jump through the mirror with them
New York has no time for your tears

Today I feel like Dorothy Parker
Today I've got the critical eye
I paint my world just a little bit darker
Don't even have to try