

ALPHABET CITY CYCLE

lyrics by
MARCY
HEISLER

music by
GEORGIA
STITT

with
KATE
BALDWIN
soprano

and
VICTORIA
PATERSON
violin



ALPHABET CITY CYCLE

A Song Cycle for Soprano, Violin and Piano

1. The Wanting of You

(THE STUDENT ON AVENUE B)

2. Almost Everything I Need

(THE DIVORCÉE ON AVENUE C)

3. I Hardly Remember

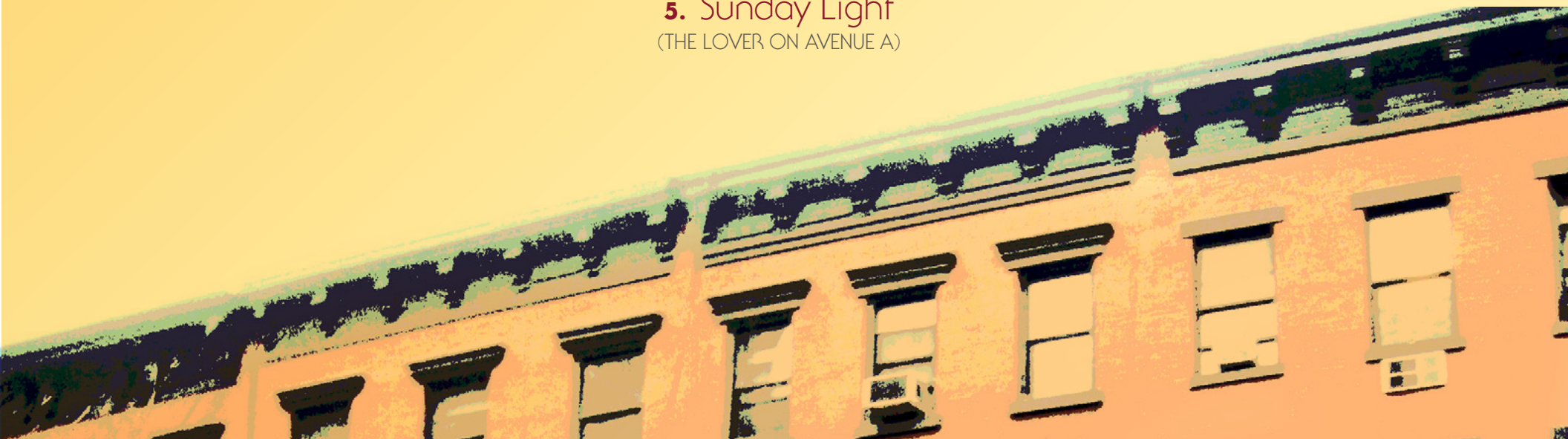
(THE WIDOW ON AVENUE D)

4. Blanket in July

(THE JILTED ACTRESS IN TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK)

5. Sunday Light

(THE LOVER ON AVENUE A)



1. THE WANTING OF YOU

I'm walking in my head down on Avenue B
As the echo of a guitar strums
Tightening my overcoat
And waiting for contentment
Like a bus that never comes
Crushing my hat over angry hair
I beg my pocket for a cigarette
And instead I find a nickel
And a crumpled little napkin
With a poem for a lover I need to forget...

The wanting of you
It colors everything I do
It's in my house and in my bed
It's there in every tear I shed
When I don't think I'll make it through

The wanting of you
It is my unsundered prayer
I trace your hands upon my skin
How did I dare to let you in
It's almost more than I can bear
The wanting of you

I patronize myself as I take my chair
In the couldn't care less café
Accept the silent greeting of the mother with the baby
And the model with the black shar pei
There's a NYU kid who raises one lid
Then goes right back to his thousand page book...
And I spend another morning tracing stories in the oatmeal
That some Spanish guy did not remember to cook...

The wanting of you
It wakes me up at half past two
With long gone shadows I converse
I think it can't get any worse
But how I know that isn't true

The wanting of you
It is a neverending storm
I wear it everywhere I go
Just like a coat that doesn't know
That it's supposed to keep me warm.

You
Knocking on my door, stumbling over words
Laughing at my jokes, losing wallets
You
Never getting mad, sort of getting mad, never understanding
Understanding everything
You
Absolutely right
Absolutely wrong
Everything that matters...

Nothing but a song
Nothing but a song

I step into the bath round a quarter past three
Let the water ease my wounded pride
I wash away my sorrow with a promise of tomorrow
But the water doesn't let me hide...
The clock on the wall says go ahead stall
You're entitled to a way to cope...
And I wonder if it isn't really loneliness that kills you
I think people really die of hope

The wanting of you
It colors everything I do
It's in my house and in my bed
It's there in every tear I shed
When I don't think I'll make it through

The wanting of you
It is my unsundered prayer
I trace your hands upon my skin
How did I dare to let you in
It's almost more than I can bear

I trace your hands upon my skin
How did I dare to let you in
It's almost more than I can bear

The wanting of you.

2. ALMOST EVERYTHING I NEED

Who needs a lot of space?
Who needs a lot of light?
I'll get myself a chair
A pad and pen to write
A ficus for the corner
And some pictures hung just right
And I have almost everything I need

I'll take some wooden crates
And make a makeshift bar
There's an antiques fair in Rhinebeck
I'll just borrow someone's car
Some curtains for the window
And some daisies in a jar
And I have almost everything I need

So it's a bit dark
So it's a bit damp
I'll just close my eyes,
Pretending I'm at camp
It's going to be great
It's going to be fun
With a prayer for good luck
And a bucket of Windex
This room will be perfect
For one

The smell of baking bread
Some good books I can read
A fire escape for dreaming
And a heart that's finally freed
A brand new life without you
I'm a happy girl indeed
And I have almost everything I need
I have almost everything I need.

3. I HARDLY REMEMBER

I hardly remember your face
I hardly remember the trace of the silver
Of light on your skin
Or watching you sleep
And wondering where do you end
And where do I begin

I hardly remember your eyes
I hardly remember their wise and their weary
Effect on my soul
And losing control
And wondering how it could be
That you could make me whole

I hardly remember
Begging the stars -
'Don't make the morning come too soon' -
I only remember
Your whispered 'I Love you'
Once in a very
Very
Very
Blue moon...

I hardly remember your kiss
I hardly remember the bliss
And surprise of your hand on my cheek
Or watching you sleep
And marveling at how I loved you so
That I could hardly speak

But winter comes
And springtime comes
And summer comes
And fall...
So much time
To hardly remember at all

So much time...
To hardly remember
At all

4. BLANKET IN JULY

She is your blanket in July!
Your red umbrella in the sun
She is the chance you must pass by!
Can you not see? I am the one!

She is your suit that doesn't fit
She is your oxford's worn out sleeve!
She is the chair on which you sit
Hers is the nest that you must leave!

She is the milk that's ten years old!
She is the algebra gone wrong
She is the cream of wheat gone cold!
She is the guest that's stayed too long

She is your Great Aunt's mildewed fur
She is the dashboard with a ding
My dearest one, did it occur -
She is the winter! I, the Spring!

She is the monkey on your back
You are the turtle in her shell
I am the bitch poised for attack
She is your love,
She is my hell

5. SUNDAY LIGHT

I wanted to touch you today
I wanted to take you in my arms
And kiss your green and shimmering
Angry eyes
Reaching through conversation and tea
To the sweet softness of once familiar skin
And the map of love my fingers still trace
In the long ago

I wanted to hold you, lash to lash
Tear to rear, wide awake
And wider dreaming
Sharing a whispered smile
In the private lullaby of Sunday light

And were we not wordless, walking
Wearing the easy rhythm of a city of friends
I would have told you, screamed you -
But I saw your comfort with the now
And thought better of drowning you
In my yesterday

It was then that I felt your hand upon my shoulder
Reminding me of the tender truth:
The language of lovers is never lost
Rather spoken a thousand times
In a thousand ways, breathing as we do
In no way a prisoner of mistakes
Or memory

This is the kiss you left me with
Wide awake and wider dreaming -
Sharing a whispered smile
In the private lullaby of
Sunday light



GEORGIA STITT



MARCY HEISLER



KATE BALDWIN



VICTORIA PATERSON

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MUSIC BY GEORGIA STITT

PRODUCED BY JEFFREY LESSER

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KATE BALDWIN, SOPRANO
VICTORIA PATERSON, VIOLIN
GEORGIA STITT, PIANO (TRACKS 1, 2, 3,
AND 5) AND CONDUCTOR (TRACK 4)
GRANT WENAU, PIANO (TRACK 4)

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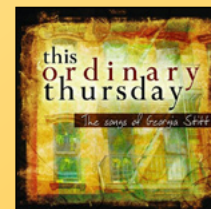
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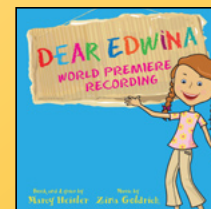
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