

# Al Stewart, Age of Rhythm

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 razamatuzz

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

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I paint my world just a little bit darker  
Don't even have to try