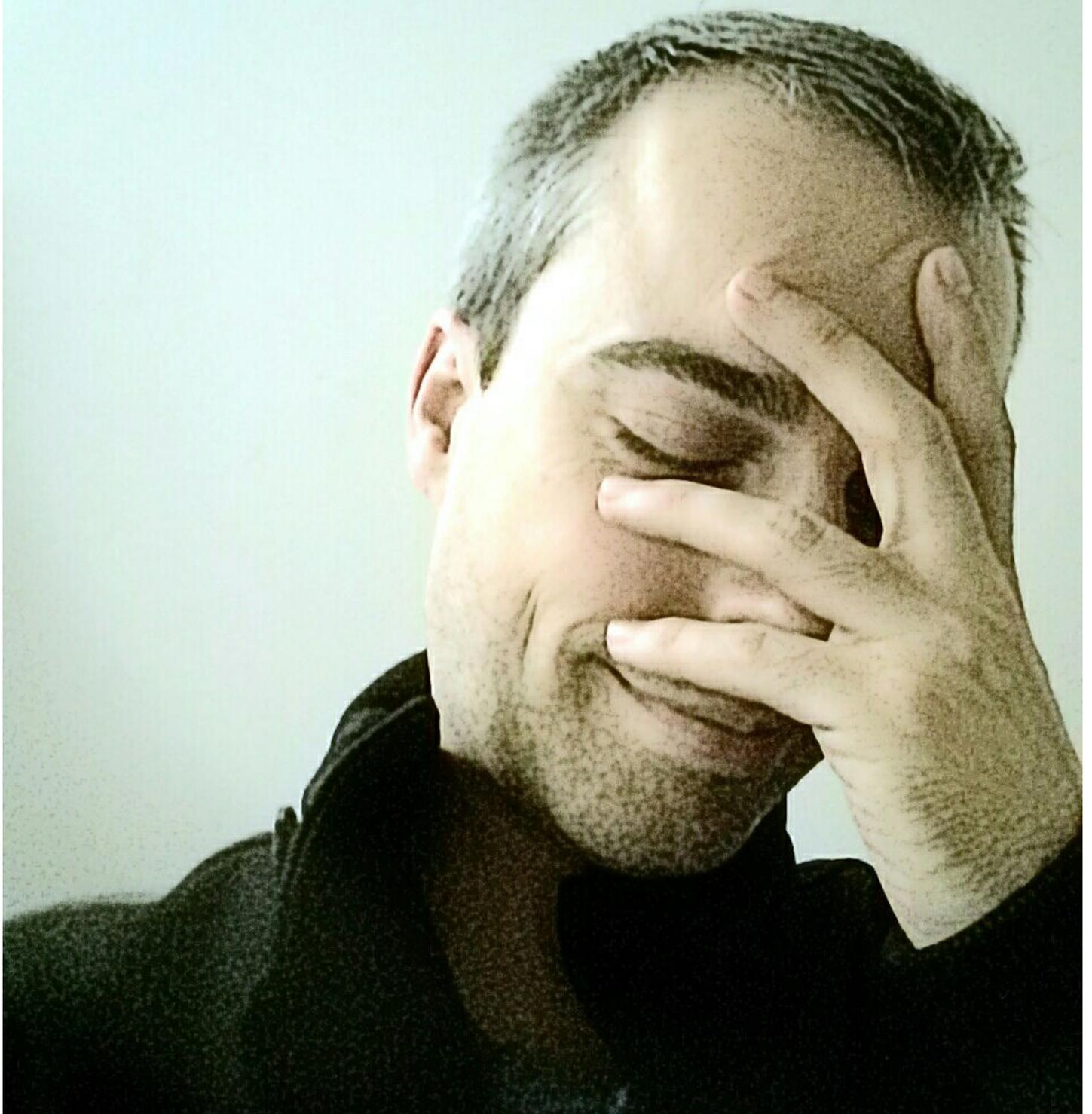


# OH, LORDY...

a birthday cabaret



June 1, 2014  
7:00 p.m.

National Opera Center | Recital Hall  
330 Seventh Ave. 7th floor

# Oh, Lordy ... a birthday cabaret

Starring: Andrew Hansen  
Music Director: Steven Cuevas  
Guest Starring: Ryan Migge  
all arrangements by: Steven Cuevas

## "How Can I Be Sure?"

Music and lyrics by Felix Cavaliere and Edward Brigati, Jr.

How can I be sure  
In a world that's constantly  
changing?  
How can I be sure  
Where I stand with you?

Whenever I  
Whenever I am away from you  
I wanna die  
'cause you know I wanna stay with  
you.

How do I know?  
Maybe you're trying to use me.  
Flying too high can confuse me.  
Touch me but don't take me  
down.

Whenever I  
Whenever I am away from you  
My alibi is telling people I don't  
care for you.  
Maybe I'm just hangin' around  
With my head up--upside down.  
It's a pity  
I can't seem to find someone

Who's as pretty and lovely as you.

How can I be sure?  
I really, really, really, wanna know.  
I really, really, really, wanna know.

(Oh oh oh ...)

How's the weather?  
Weather or not, we're together.  
Together we'll see it much better.  
I love you, I love you forever.  
You know where I can be found.  
How can I be sure  
In a world that's constantly changing?  
How can I be sure?  
I'll be sure with you.

## **"Leavin's Not the Only Way to Go"**

Music and lyrics by Roger Miller  
From the musical *Big River*

Did the morning come too early?  
Was the night not long enough?  
Does a tear of hesitation  
Fall on everything you touch?  
Well, it might just be a lesson  
For the hasty heart to know.  
Maybe leavin's not the only way to go.

Maybe lay and let your feelings  
grow accustomed to the dark  
And by morning's light, you just  
might solve the problems of the  
heart.  
And it all might be a lesson for the  
hasty heart to know.  
Maybe leavin's not the only way to go.

People reach new understandings  
all the time.  
They take a second look, maybe  
change their minds.  
People reach new understandings  
everyday.  
Tell me not to reach and I'll go  
away.

Did the morning come too early?  
Was the night not long enough?  
Does a tear of hesitation  
Fall on everything you touch?

Well, it might just be a lesson  
For the hasty heart to know.  
Maybe leavin's not the only way to go.

And a heart without a home is such a  
lonesome row to hoe.  
Maybe leavin's not the only way to go.

## "Taylor, the Latte Boy"

Music by Zina Goldrich

Lyrics by Marcy Heisler

There's a boy who works at  
Starbucks  
Who is very inspirational..  
He is very inspirational because of  
many things.

I come in at 8:11, and he smiles  
and says, "How are you?"  
When he smiles and says, "How  
are you?"  
I could swear my heart grows  
wings!

So today at 8:11  
I decided I should meet him.  
I decided I should meet him  
In a proper formal way.

So today at 8:11 when he smiled  
and said "How are you?"  
I said "Fine, and my name's  
Andrew."  
And he softly answered, "Hey."  
And told him, "My name's Andrew,  
and thank you for the extra foam!"

And he said his name was Taylor,  
Which provides the inspiration for  
this poem:

Taylor, the latte boy,  
Bring me java, bring me joy!  
Oh, Taylor, the latte boy,  
I love him, I love him, I love him.

And I'd like to get my nerve up  
To recite my poem musical.  
He would like the fact it's musical  
Because he plays guitar.  
So today at 8:11, Taylor told me he was  
playing  
In a band down in the village in the  
basement of a bar.

And he smoothly flipped the lever to  
prepare my double latte,  
But for me he made it triple! And he  
didn't think I knew.  
But I saw him flip the lever, and for me  
he made it triple.  
And I knew that triple latte meant that  
Taylor loved me too!

I said, "What time are you playing? And  
thank you for the extra skim!"  
He said, "Keep the \$5.55," because this  
triple latte was on him.

Taylor, the latte boy,  
Bring me java, bring me joy!  
Oh, Taylor, the latte boy,  
I love him, I love him, I love him.

I used to be the kind of boy who'd run  
when love rushed toward me.  
But finally a voice whispered, "Love can  
be yours just by stepping up and  
ordering coffee."

Oh, Taylor, the latte boy,  
Bring me java, bring me joy.

Oh, Taylor, the latte boy  
I love him, I love him, I love him.

So many years my heart has  
waited.

Who'd have thought that love  
could be so caffeinated?

Taylor, the latte boy,  
I love him, I love him, I love him.  
I love him, I love him, I love him.

## "Daybreak"

Music and lyrics by Adam Guettel  
Additional lyrics by Tina Landau  
From the musical *Floyd Collins*

*(spoken) The house was quiet;  
'member, Floyd?  
We was all snorin' an' sleepin' real  
sound.*

You came atop the hill, Floyd,  
Like a monkey jes' a-screechin'  
and a leapin...'

*(spoken) Ya crazy loon.*

'Member, Floyd?  
'Member how ya' screamed?  
You hollered somethin' 'bout a  
cave;  
In our nightclothes we came a-  
toddlin' out.  
An' Miss Jane in that ol' sleepin;  
bonnet,  
like a duck she was a waddlin'.  
'Member, Floyd?  
'Member how she looked?  
We was holdin' hands  
as you marched us across the field.

*(spoken) Was a whole mess a' stars  
that night.*

As we enter in,  
the lights of the sky die down,  
like still, like cool, like nightfall.  
We have each other's hands,  
we have what we can picture,

that's all we need to pass the time.

Time inside has a way of flowin' on,  
goin' on a wind,  
it take itself a dive.

Time inside kinda'  
puts me in a mind of  
when Mama was alive,  
when Mama was alive.

No one even says a word;  
We are happy dreamin', we are.  
An' before we know it--  
daybreak is on.

That's how it's gonna be;  
That I promise.  
Long as you remember that  
from nightfall to daybreak,  
from sundown to dawn,  
I'm stayin' here.

*(spoken) That's right ... you rest now.  
Yer baby brother's gonna git you through  
the night.*

## "Midnight"

Music and lyrics by Moe Schneider

Midnight, it's raining outside.  
He must be soaking wet  
Everyone is sleeping tight.  
God knows I tried my best.

Darling, you know it looks bad.  
Just lost the best thing that I ever  
had, well  
Still I don't know why I did him  
wrong, no  
It's too late, now, he's gone to say

Said, baby, oh, no, can't leave me  
now  
Said, think about it, please  
'Cause I love you, and I need you  
And I should have thought of that  
before I did you wrong, yeah  
Before I did you wrong  
I should have thought of that, oo-  
whoa,  
Before I did you wrong

Heartache, heartache, yeah  
When I saw his face  
I could see how bad I'd let him  
down  
Cheating when he was working  
hard,  
I just had to mess around.

I knew from the start he ain't got  
much money.  
I should have stayed content with  
all that good, sweet honey.

He's a good, strong man, and I love him  
so.  
So how on Earth can I let him go? Whoa

Said, baby, oh, no, can't leave me now  
Said, think about it, please  
'Cause I love you, and I need you  
And I should have thought of that  
before I did you wrong, yeah  
Before I did you wrong  
I should have thought of that, oooh,  
Before I did you wrong

And now, it's midnight.  
It's raining outside, yeah,  
And I'm soaking wet.  
Still looking for that man of mine,  
And I ain't found him yet.

Well, all of this rain can wash away my  
tears,  
But nothing can replace all of those  
wasted years  
In all of this I tell you I have learnt  
Playing with fire gets you burnt,  
And I'm still burning

Said, baby, oh, no, can't leave me now  
Said, think about it, please  
'Cause I love you, and I need you  
And I should have thought of that  
before I did you wrong, yeah  
Before I did you wrong  
I should have thought of that, oo-whoa,  
Before I did you wrong

You say you'll lose your pride,

But don't you know, dear?  
Don't you know I'll lose so much  
more if you go now?  
No, no, no  
No, no, no  
No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no.

## **"Tracks of My Tears"**

Music and lyrics by Warren Moore,  
Marvin Tarplin & William "Smokey"  
Robinson, Jr.

People say I'm the life of the party  
'Cause I tell a joke or two.  
Although I might be laughing loud  
and hearty,  
Deep inside I'm blue.

So take a good look at my face.  
You'll see my smile looks out of  
place.  
If you look closer, it's easy to trace  
The tracks of my tears.

I need you, need you.

Since you left me if you see me  
with another guy  
Looking like I'm having fun,  
Although you know he'll be cute,  
He's just a substitute  
'Cause you're the permanent one.

So take a good look at my face.  
You'll see my smile looks out of  
place.  
If you look closer it's easy to trace  
The tracks of my tears.

I need you, need you.

Outside I'm masquerading.  
Inside my hope is fading.  
Just a clown since you put me  
down.

My smile is my make up  
I wear since my break up with you.

Baby, take a good look at my face.  
You'll see my smile looks out of place.  
If you look closer, it's easy to trace  
The tracks of my tears.

## "Unusual Way"

Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston  
From the musical *Nine*

In a very unusual way one time I  
needed you.

In a very unusual way you were my  
friend.

Maybe it lasted a day,

Maybe it lasted an hour.

But somehow it will never end.

In a very unusual way I think I'm in  
love with you.

In a very unusual way I want to cry.

Something inside me goes weak,

Something inside me surrenders.

And you're the reason why,

You're the reason why.

You don't know what you do to  
me,

You don't have a clue.

You can't tell what it's like to be  
me looking at you.

It scares me so, that I can hardly  
speak.

In a very unusual way, I owe what I  
am to you.

Though at times it appears I won't  
stay, I never go.

Special to me in my life,

Since the first day that I met you.

How could I ever forget you,

Once you had touched my soul?

In a very unusual way,

You've made me whole.

## "Sara Lee"

Music by John Kander  
Lyrics by Fred Ebb  
From the musical *The Act*

There's a lady living somewhere.  
Where it is, I do not know,  
But I long to write and tell her  
That I love her so.

I believe I might do mayhem.  
Yes, I might destroy myself  
If I ever found her missing  
From my grocer's shelf.

Sara Lee,  
Sara Lee,  
Your brioche just fractures me.  
Give me a taste of your cherry  
danish.  
My mother bakes well,  
But you can't compare her,  
Not with ...

Sara Lee,  
Oh, Sara Lee.  
There's no "h," just Sara  
Lee, and that's okay by me.  
'Cause I'm livin' in paradise  
When I'm nibblin' apple spice  
From the kitchens of the one I  
love,  
Wonderful Sara Lee

(Sara Lee)  
And it thrills me right to my soul  
(Sara Lee)  
When I'm chewin' her finger roll

You hear me sayin':  
For goodness sake  
There's never been a better banana  
cake.

Cousin Milton  
Works at the Hilton.  
He caters banquets,  
And at each affair  
He'll swear by

(Sara Lee)  
I really know what you mean.  
(Sara Lee)  
Aren't her brownies obscene?  
Drop that "h," say Sara  
(Sara)  
Lee and that's ok by me!

I love her cheesecake white as pearl,  
Not to mention that chocolate swirl  
From the kitchens of the one I love  
Wonderful Sara,  
Beautiful [sniff] Ah!  
S-A-R-A-L-E-E  
Sara Lee!  
[mwah!]

## "Easy to Be Hard"

Music by Galt MacDermot

Lyrics by James Rado and Gerome Ragni

From the musical *Hair*

How can people be so heartless?

How can people be so cruel?

Easy to be hard.

Easy to be cold.

How can people have no feelings?

How can they ignore their friends?

Easy to be proud.

Easy to say no.

Especially people

Who care about strangers,

Who care about evil

And social injustice.

Do you only

Care about the bleeding crowd?

How about a needing friend?

I need a friend

How can people be so heartless?

You know I'm hung up on you.

Easy to give in.

Easy to help out.

Especially people

Who care about strangers,

Who say they care about social  
injustice.

Do you only

Care about the bleeding crowd?

How about a needing friend?

I need a friend.

How can people have no feelings?

How can they ignore their friends?

Easy to be hard.

Easy to be cold.

Easy to be proud.

Easy to say no.

## "Hell-Bent Hero, a medley"

Music and lyrics for "Juke Box Hero" by  
Mick Jones and Lou Gramm  
Music and lyrics for "Hell Bent for  
Leather" by Glenn Tipton

Standing in the rain  
With his head hung low.  
Couldn't get a ticket;  
It was a sold out show.  
Heard the roar of the crowd.  
He could picture the scene.  
Put his ear to the wall  
Then like a distant scream

He heard one guitar,  
Just blew him away.  
He saw stars in his eyes,  
And the very next day  
Bought a beat up six string  
In a secondhand store.  
Didn't know how to play it,  
But he knew for sure

That one guitar  
Felt good in his hands.  
Didn't take long to understand  
Just one guitar,  
Slung way down low,  
Was a one-way ticket.  
Only one way to go

So he started rockin'.  
Ain't never gonna stop.  
Gotta keep on rockin'  
Someday he's gonna make it to  
the top

And be a juke box hero,  
With stars in his eyes.  
He's a juke box hero

With his one guitar,  
And stars in his eyes.  
Juke box hero,  
He'll come alive tonight.

Black as night,  
Faster than a shadow,  
Crimson flare from a raging sun.

An exhibition  
Of sheer precision,  
Yet no one knows from where he comes.

Fools! self-destruct cannot take that  
crown.  
Dreams! crash one by one to the  
ground.

Hell bent, hell bent for leather.  
Hell bent, hell bent for leather.

There's many who tried to prove that  
they're faster  
But they didn't last and they died as  
they tried ...

... To beat the juke box hero,  
With stars in his eyes.  
He's the juke box hero.  
With his one guitar  
And stars in his eyes.  
Juke box hero,  
He'll come alive tonight.

## "Leaving on a Jet Plane"

Music and lyrics by John Denver

All my bags are packed.  
I'm ready to go.  
I'm standin' here outside your  
door.  
I hate to wake you up to say  
goodbye.

But the dawn is breakin';  
It's early morn.  
The taxi's waitin';  
He's blowin' his horn.  
Already I'm so lonesome  
I could die.

So kiss me and smile for me.  
Tell me that you'll wait for me.  
Hold me like you'll never let me  
go.

'Cause I'm leavin' on a jet plane,  
Don't know when I'll be back  
again.  
Oh, babe, I hate to go.

There's so many times I've let you  
down,  
So many times I've played around.  
I tell you now, they don't mean a  
thing.

Every place I go, I'll think of you.  
Every song I sing, I'll sing for you.  
When I come back, I'll wear your  
wedding ring.

So kiss me and smile for me.  
Tell me that you'll wait for me.  
Hold me like you'll never let me go.

'Cause I'm leavin' on a jet plane,  
Don't know when I'll be back again.  
Oh, babe, I hate to go.

Now the time has come to leave you.  
One more time,  
Let me kiss you.  
Then close your eyes,  
I'll be on my way.

Dream about the days to come  
When I won't have to leave alone,  
About the times, I won't have to say:

Kiss me and smile for me.  
Tell me that you'll wait for me.  
Hold me like you'll never let me go.

'Cause I'm leavin' on a jet plane,  
Don't know when I'll be back again.  
Leavin' on a jet plane,  
Don't know when I'll be back again.  
Leavin' on a jet plane,  
Don't know when I'll be back again.

Oh, babe, I hate to go.

## "Bring Him Home"

Music by Claude-Michel Schönberg  
Lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer and Alain  
Boublil  
From the musical *Les Misérables*

God on high  
Hear my prayer.  
In my need  
You have always been there.

He is young.  
He's afraid.  
Let him rest,  
Heaven blessed.

Bring him home,  
Bring him home,  
Bring him home.

He's like the son I might have  
known  
If God had granted me a son.  
The summers die,  
One by one.  
How soon they fly,  
On and on.  
And I am old  
And will be gone.

Bring him peace,  
Bring him joy.  
He is young.  
He is only a boy

You can take.  
You can give.  
Let him be.

Let him live.

If I die, let me die.  
Let him live.

Bring him home.  
Bring him home.  
Bring him home.

## "My Latin Lovers, a mash-up"

Music and lyrics for "Fernando" by Benny Andersson, Stig Anderson, and Bjorn Ulvaeus

Music and lyrics for "Alejandro" by Stefani Germanotta and Nadir Khayat

*(spoken) I know that we are young  
And I know that you may love me,  
But I just can't be with you like this  
anymore, mi amore.*

Can you hear the drums,  
Fernando?  
I remember long ago another  
starry night like this.  
In the firelight, Fernando,  
You were humming to yourself  
and softly strumming your guitar.  
I could hear the distant drums  
And sounds of bugle calls were  
coming from afar.

They were closer now, Fernando.  
Every hour, every minute seemed  
to last eternally.  
I was so afraid, Fernando.  
We were young and full of life and  
none of us prepared to die.  
And I'm not ashamed to say the  
Roar of guns and cannons almost  
made me cry.

There was something in the air  
that night,  
The stars were bright, Fernando.

They were shining there for you and me,  
For liberty, Fernando.

Though we never thought that we could  
lose,

There's no regret.

If I had to do the same again,  
I would, my friend, Fernando.

If I had to do the same again,  
I would, my friend, Fernando.

You know that I love you, boy,  
Hot like Mexico, rejoice.  
At this point I've got to choose,  
Nothing to lose.

Don't call my name,  
Don't call my name, Alejandro.  
I'm not your babe,  
I'm not your babe, Fernando.  
Don't wanna kiss,  
Don't wanna touch.  
Just smoke my cigarette and hush.  
Don't call my name,  
Don't call my name, Roberto.

Alejandro, Alejandro.  
Ale-Alejandro, Ale-Alejandro.

Don't bother me,  
Don't bother me,  
Alejandro  
Don't call my name,  
Don't call my name  
Bye, Fernando

I'm not your babe,  
I'm not your babe,  
Alejandro

If I had to do the same again,  
I would my friend ... Felipe.

Don't wanna kiss,  
Don't wanna touch,  
Fernando.

There was something in the air  
that night,  
The stars were bright, Fernando.

Don't call my name,  
Don't call my name,  
Alejandro

They were shining there for you  
and me,  
For liberty, Fernando.

I'm not your babe,  
I'm not your babe, Fernando.

Though we never thought that we  
could lose,  
There's no regret.

Just smoke my cigarette and  
hush.

Don't want your kiss,  
Don't want your touch.

If I had to do the same again,  
I would, my friend, Fernando.

Alejandro.

## "What Would I Do?"

Music and lyrics by William Finn  
From the musical *Falsettoland*

What would I do  
If I had not met you?  
Who would I blame my life on?  
Once I was told  
That all men get what they  
deserve.  
Who the hell then threw this  
curve?  
There are no answers.  
But who would I be  
If you had not been my friend?

You're the only one,  
One out of a thousand others,  
Only one my child would allow.  
When I'm having fun,  
You're the one I wanna talk to.  
Where have you been?  
Where are you now?

What would I do  
If I had not loved you?  
How would I know what love is?  
God only knows, too soon  
I'll remember your faults.  
Meanwhile, though, it's tears and  
schmaltz.  
There are no answers.  
But what would I do  
If you had not been my friend?

All my life I wanted men,  
And when I got it up to have them,  
Who knew it could end your life?

I left my kid and left my wife  
To be with you,  
To be insulted by such handsome men.

I have no regrets.  
I'd do it again.  
I'd like to believe that I'd do it again  
And again and again.

And what more can I say?  
How am I to face tomorrow  
After being screwed out of today?  
Tell me what's in store.  
Yes, I'd beg or steal or borrow  
If I could hold you for  
One hour more.  
One hour more.  
One hour, one hour more.

What would I do  
If I had not seen you?  
Who would I feast my eyes on?  
Once I was told  
That good men get better with age.  
Were just gonna skip that stage.  
There are no answers.  
But what would I do  
If you had not been my friend?

No simple answers.  
But what would I do  
If you had not been  
My friend?  
My friend.  
My friend.

## **"Haiku for Roo"**

Music by Steven Cuevas

Lyrics by Victoria Libertore

Oh, Roo, there's no one  
like you, with your big brown eyes  
and bellowing laugh.

Quick with your fingers,  
a skip in your step, a voice  
that soars in the sky.

You might have come to  
New York for fame, but you got  
and give so much more.

## "Love Is Everything"

Music and lyrics by Jane Siberry

Maybe it was to learn how to love.  
Maybe it was to learn how to  
leave.

Or maybe it was for the games  
that we played.

Maybe it was to learn how to  
choose.

Maybe it was to learn how to lose.  
Or maybe it was for love that we  
met.

Love was everything they said it  
would be.

And love made sweet and sad the  
same.

But love forgot to make me too  
blind to see  
You're chickening out, aren't you?  
You're bangin' on the beach like  
an old tin drum.

I can't wait for you to make the  
whole kingdom come, so I'm  
leavin'.

Maybe it was to learn how to fight.  
Maybe it was for the lesson in  
pride.

Maybe it was the cowboys' ways.  
Maybe it was to learn not to lie.  
Maybe it was to learn how to cry.  
Or maybe it was for the love that  
we made.

Love was everything they said it  
would be.

And love did not hold back the reins.  
But love forgot to make me too blind to  
see

You're chickening out, aren't you?  
You're bangin' on the beach like an old  
tin drum

I can't wait for you to make the whole  
kingdom come, so I'm leavin'.

First, I turn to you.

Then I turn away.

So you try to hurt me back.

Oh, it breaks your body down.

So you try to love bigger better still,  
But it--it's too late.

So take a lesson from this strangeness  
you feel,

And know you'll never be the same.

And find it in your heart to kneel down  
and say

I gave my love didn't I?

And I gave it big sometimes.

And I gave it in my own sweet time,  
I'm just leaving.

I'm just leaving.

## **"New York, New York"**

Music by John Kander

Lyrics by Fred Ebb

Theme from the movie *New York, New York*

Start spreadin' the news.  
I'm leavin' today.  
I want to be a part of it,  
New York, New York.

These vagabond shoes  
Are longing to stray  
And step around the heart of it,  
New York, New York.

I want to wake up in the city that  
doesn't sleep  
To find I'm king of the hill,  
Top of the heap.

My little town blues  
Are melting away.  
I'll make a brand new start of it  
In old New York.

If I can make it there,  
I'll make it anywhere.  
It's up to you,  
New York, New York.

I want to wake up in the city that  
doesn't sleep  
To find I'm king of the hill,  
Top of the list,  
Cream of the crop  
At the top of the heap.

My little town blues  
Are melting away.  
I'll make a brand new start of it  
In old New York.

If I can make it there,  
I'll make it anywhere.  
It's up to you,  
New York, New York!

## "Corner of the Sky"

Music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz  
From the musical *Pippin*

Everything has its season.  
Everything has its time.  
Show me a reason and I'll soon  
show you a rhyme.

Cats fit on the windowsill.  
Children fit in the snow.  
Why do I feel I don't fit in  
anywhere I go?

Rivers belong where they can  
ramble.  
Eagles belong where they can fly.  
I've got to be where my spirit can  
run free.  
Gotta find my corner of the sky.

Every man has his daydreams.  
Every man has his goal.  
People like the way dreams Have  
of sticking to the soul.

Thunderclouds have their  
lightning.  
Nightingales have their song.  
And don't you see I want my life to  
be something more than long.

Rivers belong where they can  
ramble.  
Eagles belong where they can fly.  
I've got to be where my spirit can  
run free.  
Gotta find my corner of the sky.

So many men seem destined  
To settle for something small,  
But I won't rest until I know I have it all.  
So don't ask where I'm going,  
Just listen when I'm gone,  
And far away you'll hear me singing  
softly to the dawn:

Rivers belong where they can ramble.  
Eagles belong where they can fly.  
I've got to be where my spirit can run  
free.  
Gotta find my corner of the sky

## Special Thanks:

Steven Cuevas, I cannot thank you enough for working so incredibly hard to make me sound so much better than if I had just stood in front of a microphone and sung everything *a cappella*. (The audience thanks you, too.)

Ryan Migge, you have been so generous in sharing the stage with me over these many years and including me in your creative genius. Thank you for making this celebration even more special by sharing the stage with me once again.

Mom and Dad, this performance was, in part, inspired by your gentle queries over the years as to when I might record some music and give you a CD. Obviously none of this birthday celebration could have been possible without you, from conception all the way through to the man I am today. So, yeah, thanks.

My amazing family -- Mom, Dad, Jeff, Jamie, Emma, Suzy, Matt, Denise, Jacob, Sean, Nathan, and Aunt Judy -- I honestly did not expect any of you to be able to come all the way out to New York for this little one-time performance. Yet as soon as I sent out the invite, there was absolutely no hesitation from any of you, and you immediately started making plans for this trek. Words cannot express the love and gratitude I have for each and every one of you.

My requesters -- Corey Lange, Ryan Migge, Gordon Cox, Shannon Reed, Casey Weaver, Mark Snyder, Victoria Libertore, Jen Koltun, and Jane & Stephen Hansen -- you all requested numbers that initially I would not have thought about including in this cabaret. Some of them were incredibly challenging. Some were completely new to me. But I had so much fun learning them and figuring out how to use them all, and each selection definitely made this cabaret so much more entertaining.

Joe Knouse, thanks for giving my baby brand new strings so she could sound her best.

Victoria Libertore, thank you for writing a set of haiku that appealed so perfectly to my ego that I had no choice but to include them in this ultimate vanity project.

Shannon Reed, you were the first person I talked to about this idea. Your immediate support and excitement gave me the courage to think maybe it wasn't just a silly, eye-rolling attempt to recapture my glory days. Thank you for everything.

Corey Lange, you've helped me celebrate twelve birthdays now. You were with me as I entered my 30s. And you're still with me as I enter my 40s. Hopefully, our 50s

and 60s and 70s and 80s and 90s and ... (?) will just keep getting richer and fuller as we spend them together. I love you so very much. (And thanks for the guitar.)

To everyone who came out tonight, you have all made this one of the most special evenings of my life so far. Each and every one of you hold a special place in my heart. Thank you for your love and support. And, most importantly, thank you for showering me with your praise and adoration during this celebration of my 40th birthday.