



ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL

ALEXANDER
THOMA



ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL

Dear Listener,

“All Or Nothing At All” in a ballade version, was without a doubt, the first major success for Frank Sinatra in 1943, when he was just a mere twenty-eight years of age and still singing for Tommy Dorsey. This major classic, with music by Arthur Altman and lyrics by Jack Lawrence from 1939, does not only describe the rules of a perfect love story but imbeds an universal principal, which I believe should apply to all of us.

Why would you do anything in life, if you are not going to see it through all the way? Why would you ever settle for fifty percent?

It was natural to me that this quote and tune, in a Big Band version, would have to be the cover song of my latest studio work. It is powerful, it leaves plenty of room for individual interpretation and yet, it expresses a clear expectation. Working on my third album – and to be honest, I am particularly proud of this record – was something very special. Adding twenty-one songs to my own music library of the ‘Great American Song Book’ does not come naturally as a full time banker and it required a year of preparation, practice, and discipline. Nothing new, but as you grow older, time becomes scarcer. A third project also provided me with the luxury to become even more selective with the song selection. Finally, I had more room for the greatest songs by century talents such as Gershwin or Mercer. All pieces on this record are of timeless beauty and character and each song will tell you a sincere story. I hope one of the stories will be just right for you, may it be melancholic or just a lot of fun!

It is needless to say that I could have never done this album on my own. I was most lucky to convince my old friend and exceptional musician Peter Reiter, for yet another round and I am most thankful for his guidance and dedication throughout the last year. What you will hear is a combination of Peters’ handwriting and music genius, mixed up with my clear view and love for this unique Swing & Jazz sound. I would like to dedicate this album to my biggest fan yet – my beautiful wife.

And I hope all of you will enjoy listening to it as well.

Alexander M. Thoma, December 2018

I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN

Cole Porter, 1936

I've got you under my skin
I've got you deep in the heart of me
So deep in my heart that you're really a part of me
I've got you under my skin
I'd tried so not to give in
I said to myself this affair, it never will go so well
But why should I try to resist when, baby, I know so well
That I've got you under my skin

I'd sacrifice anything come what might
For the sake of havin' you near
In spite of a warnin' voice that comes in the night
And repeats, repeats in my ear
Don't you know, little fool, you never can win?
Use your mentality, wake up to reality
But each time that I do just the thought of you
Makes me stop before I begin

'Cause I've got you under my skin
I would sacrifice anything come what might
For the sake of havin' you near
In spite of the warning voice that comes in the night
And repeats, how it yells in my ear
Don't you know, you fool, they aint no chance to win?
Why not use your mentality, step up, wake up to reality?
But each time I do just the thought of you
Makes me stop just before I begin
'Cause I've got you under my skin
Yes, I've got you under my skin

LOVE IS HERE TO STAY

music by George Gershwin,
lyrics by Ira Gershwin, 1938

It's very clear
Our love is here to stay
Not for a year, but forever and a day
The radio and the telephone and
The movies that we know
May just be passing fancies and in time may go
But oh my dear
Our love is here to stay
Together we're going a long long way
In time the Rockies may crumble
Gibraltar may tumble
They're only made of clay
But our love is here to stay
The radio and the telephone and
The movies that we know
May just be passing fancies and in time may go
But oh my dear
our love is here to stay
Together we're going a long long way
In time the Rockies may crumble
And Gibraltar may tumble
They're only made of clay
But our love
Our love is here to stay

I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU

music and lyrics by Cole Porter, 1934

My story is much too sad to be told
But practically everything leaves me totally cold
The only exception I know is the case
When I'm out on a quiet spree, fighting vainly the old ennui
And I suddenly turn and see
Your fabulous face

I get no kick from champagne
Mere alcohol it doesn't move me at all
So tell me why should it be true
That I get a kick out of you

Some get a kick from cocaine
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff
That would bore me terrifically too
Yet I get a kick out of you

I get a kick every time I see you standing there before me
I get a kick though it's clear to me, you obviously don't adore me
I get no kick in a plane
Flying too high with some gal in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do
Yet I get a kick out of you

I get a kick every time I see you standing there before me
I get a kick though it's clear to me, you obviously do not adore me
I get no kick in a plane
Flying too high with some gal in the sky
Is my idea of nothing to do
Yet I get a kick, yes, I get a kick yes, I get a kick out of you



NICE 'N' EASY

music by Lew Spence, lyrics by Aland and Marilyn Bergman, 1960

Let's take it nice and easy
It's gonna be so easy
For us to fall in love

Hey baby what's your hurry
Relax and don't you worry
We're gonna fall in love

We're on the road to romance - that's safe to say
But let's make all the stops along the way

The problem now of course is
To simply hold your horses
To rush would be a crime
'Cause nice and easy does it every time

We're on the road to romance - that's safe to say
But let's make all the stops along the way

The problem now of course is
To simply hold your horses
To rush would be a crime
'Cause nice and easy does it
Nice 'n' easy does it
Nice 'n' easy does it every time

"Like the man says, 'one more time' "

Nice 'n' easy does it
Nice 'n' easy does it
Nice 'n' easy does it every time

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM TODAY

music by Victor Young, lyrics by
Ned Washington and Joe Young, 1933

Don't save your kisses, just pass them around
You'll find my reason is logic'ly sound
Who's going to know that you passed them around
A hundred years from today!

Why crave a penthouse that's fit for a queen
You're nearer Heaven on Mother Earth's green
If you had millions what would they all mean
A hundred years from today

So laugh and sing, make love the thing
Be happy while you may
There's always one, beneath the sun
Who's bound to make you feel that way

The moon is shining, and that's a good sign
Cling to me closer and say you'll be mine
Remember, darling, we won't see it shine
A hundred years from today

One hundred years from today

Oh, the shark, babe, has such teeth, dear
And it shows them pearly white
Just a jackknife has MacHeath, babe
And he keeps it, ah, out of sight

You know when that shark bites with his teeth, dear
Scarlet billows start to spread
Fancy gloves, oh, wears old MacHeath, babe
So there's never, never a trace of red

On the sidewalk, one sunny morning, don't you know
Lies a body just oozin' life,
And someone's sneakin' 'round the corner
Could that be oh boy be Mack the Knife?

There's a tugboat, uhh down by the river don'tcha know
Where a cement bag's just a' drooppin' on down
Oh, that cement is just for the weight, dear
Five'll get ya ten old Macky's back in town

Did you hear about Marc Dittmar, he disappeared babe
After drawin' out all his hard-earned cash
And now MacHeath spends just like a sailor
Could it be, could it be our boy's done somethin' rash?

Now Frank Sinatra, uh, yeah, Conny Klüwer
Ooh, Miss Aretha Franklin and old Mrs. Thoma
Oh, the line forms on the right, babe
Now that Macky's back in town

I said Frank Sinatra, ohh, Conny Klüwer
Look out to Aretha Franklin and young Mrs. Thoma
Yes, that line forms on the right, babe
Now that Macky's back in town
Look out, old Macky's back

MACK THE KNIFE
music by Kurt Weill, lyrics by Bertolt Brecht, 1928



THE NEARNESS OF YOU

music by Hoagy Carmichael, lyrics by Ned
Washington, 1940

It's not the pale moon that excites me
That thrills and delights me

Oh no, it's just the nearness of you
It isn't your sweet conversation
That brings this sensation
Oh no, it's just the nearness of you

When you're in my arms
And I feel you so close to me
All my wildest dreams came true

I need no soft lights to enchant me
If you will only grant me
The right to hold you ever so tight
And to feel in the night

The nearness of you

FOOLS RUSH IN (where angels fear to tread)

music by Rube Bloom,
lyrics by Johnny Mercer, 1940

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread
And so I come to you, my love, my heart above my head
Though I see the danger there
If there's a chance for me, then I don't care

Fools rush in where wise men never go
But wise men never fall in love, so how are they to know?

When we met, I felt my life begin
So open up your heart and let this fool rush in
When we met, I felt my life begin
So open up your heart and let this fool rush in

ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL

music by Arthur Altman and lyrics by Jack Lawrence, 1939

All or nothing at all
Half a love, never appealed to me
If your heart, never could yield to me
Then I'd rather (rather) have nothing at all

I said all or nothing at all
If it's love, there ain't no in between
Why begin to cry, for something that might have been
No I'd rather (rather) have nothing at all

But please don't bring your lips so close to my cheek
Don't you smile or I'll be lost beyond recall
The kiss in your eyes, the touch of your hand makes me weak
And my heart it may grow very dizzy and fall

And if I fell under the spell of your call
I would be, caught in the undertow
Well you see, I've got to say no, no, no
All or nothing at all

And if I fell, fell under the spell of your call
Don't you know, I would be caught in the undertow
Well you see, I've got to say no, no

All or nothing at all
All or nothing at all

HOW ABOUT YOU?
music by Burton Lane, lyrics by Ralph Freed, 1941

I like New York in June, how about you
I like a Gershwin tune, how about you

I love a fireside when a storm is due
I like potato chips, moonlight
Motor trips, how about you

I'm mad about good books, can't get my fill
And James Durantes looks give me a thrill
Holding hands in the movie show
When all the lights are low may not be new
But I like it, how about you

I like New York in June, how about you
I like a Gershwin tune, how about you
I love a fireside when a storm is due, how about you

I'm mad about good books, can't get my fill
And Donald Tumps' looks they give me a chill
Holding hands in the movie show
When all the lights are low may not be new

But I like it, I like it, I like it, how about you





THE LADY IS A TRAMP

music by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Lorenz Hart, 1937

She gets too hungry for dinner at eight
She loves the theatre and never comes late
She never bothers with people she'd hate
That's why the lady is a tramp

Doesn't like crap games with barons or earls
Won't go to Harlem, dressed in ermine and pearls
Will not dish the dirt with the rest of the girls
That's why the lady is a tramp

She likes the free, fresh wind in her hair
Life without care
She's broke, and it's ok
Doesn't like California, it's cold and it's damp
That's why the lady is a tramp

She gets too hungry to wait for dinner at eight
She adores the theatre but doesn't get there late
She'd never bother with people she'd hate
That's why the lady is a tramp

Doesn't like dice games with sharpies and frauds
Never makes the trip down to Harlem
Driving shiny Lincolns or Fords
And she won't dish the dirt with the rest of the broads
That's why this chick is a tramp

She'd love the free, fresh wind in her hair
Life without care
She's broke, but it's ok
She Hates California, it's so cold and so damp
That's why the lady
That is why the lady
That's why the lady is a tramp



MR. BOJANGLES

music and lyrics by Jerry Jeff Walker, 1968

I knew a man Bojangles
And he'd dance for you in worn out shoes
With silver hair a ragged shirt
And baggy pants
He would do the old soft shoe
He would jump so high jump so high
Then he lightly touch down
He told me of the time he worked with
Minstrel shows travelling
Throughout the south
He spoke with tears of fifteen years
How his dog and he they would travel about.
But his dog up and died
He up and died
And after twenty years he still grieved
He said "I dance now
At every chance in the Honky Tonks
For my drinks and tips
But most the time I spend behind these...
But most the time I spend behind these country bars
You see on I drinks a bit"
Then he shook his head
Oh lord when he shook his head
I could swear I heard someone say please
That's Mister Bojangles Call him Mister Bojangles
Mister Bojangles come back and dance,
and dance, please dance
Mister Bojangles, Mister Bojangles, oh Mr. Bojangles

I've been reading books of old
The legends and the myths
Achilles and his gold
Hercules and his gifts
Spiderman's control
And Batman with his fists
And clearly I don't see myself upon that list

But she said, where'd you wanna go?
How much you wanna risk?
I'm not looking for somebody
With some superhuman gifts
Some superhero
Some fairytale bliss
Just something I can turn to
Somebody I can kiss
I want something just like this

Doo-doo-doo, doo-doo-doo...
Oh, I want something just like this
Doo-doo-doo, doo-doo-doo...

Oh, I want something just like this
I want something just like this

I've been reading books of old
The legends and the myths
The testaments they told
The moon and its eclipse
And Superman unrolls
A suit before he lifts
But I'm not the kind of person that it fits

She said, where'd you wanna go?
How much you wanna risk?
I'm not looking for somebody
With some superhuman gifts
Some superhero
Some fairytale bliss
Just something I can turn to
Somebody I can miss

I want something just like this
I want something just like thisOh, I want
something just like this

Doo-doo-doo, doo-doo-doo...
Oh, I want something just like this
Doo-doo-doo, doo-doo...

Where'd you wanna go?
How much you wanna risk?
I'm not looking for somebody
With some superhuman gifts
Some superhero
Some fairytale bliss
Just something I can turn to
Somebody I can kiss
I want something just like this

Oh, I want something just like this
Oh, I want something just like this
Oh, I want something just like this

YOUR GETTING TO BE A HABIT WITH ME

music by Harry Warren, lyrics by Al Dubin, 1932

Ev'ry kiss, every hug
Seems to act just like a drug;
You're getting to be a habit with me

Let me stay in your arms,
I'm addicted to your charms;
You're getting to be a habit with me

I used to think our love was something that I
Could take or leave alone,
But now I couldn't do without my supply,
I need you for my own

Oh, I can't break away,
I must have you ev'ry day;
As regularly as coffee or tea

You've got me in your clutches,
And I can't break free;
You're getting to be a habit with me

HOW LITTLE IT MATTERS HOW LITTLE WE KNOW

music by Phillip Springer, lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, 1956

How little we know! How much to discover
What chemical forces flow from lover to lover!
How little we understand what touches off that tingle,
That sudden explosion when two tingles intermingle.

Who cares to define, what chemistry this is?
Who cares, with your lips on mine, how ignorant bliss is?
So long as you kiss me, and the world around us shatters,
How little it matters, how little we know.

How little we understand what touches off that tingle,
That sudden explosion when two tingles intermingle.

Who cares to define what chemistry this is?
Who cares, with your lips on mine, how ignorant bliss is?
So long as you kiss me, and the world around us shatters,
How little it matters, how little we know.

How little we know.
How little we know.



LUCK BE A LADY

music and lyrics by Frank Loesser, 1950

They call you lady Luck, but there is room for doubt
At times you have a very un-lady like way of running out

You're on this date with me, the pigeons have been lashed
And yet before this evening is over, you might give
me the brush

You might forget your manners, you might refuse to stay
And so the best that I can do is pray

Luck be a lady tonight
Luck be a lady tonight
Luck if you've ever been a lady to begin with
Luck be a lady tonight

Luck let a gentleman see
How nice a dame you can be
I know the way you've treated other guys you've been with
Luck be a lady with me

A lady doesn't leave her escort
It isn't fair, it isn't nice
A lady doesn't wander all over the room
And blow on some other guys dice

Let's keep this party polite
Never get out of my sight
Stick with me baby, I'm the fellow you came in with
Luck be a lady tonight

I'VE GOT A CRUSH ON YOU

music by George Gershwin,
lyrics by Ira Gershwin, 1928

How glad the many millions
of Annabelles and Lillians
Would be to capture me

But you had such persistence
You wore down my resistance
I fell and it was swell
I am you're my big and brave and handsome Romeo
How I won you I shall never, never know

It's not that you're attractive
But, oh my heart grew active
When you came into view

I've got a crush on you, sweetie-pie
All the day and nighttime, hear me sigh
I never had the least notion
That I could fall with so much emotion
Could you cool
Could you care?
For a cunning cottage
That we could share

The world will pardon my mush
Cuz I've got a crush, my baby on you

THEY CAN'T TAKE THIS AWAY FROM ME

music by George Gershwin,
lyrics by Ira Gershwin, 1937

The way you wear your hat
The way you sip your tea
The memory of all that
No, no, they can't take that away from me

The way your smile just beams
The way you sing off key
The way you haunt my dreams
No, no, they can't take that away from me

We may never, never meet again, on the bumpy road to love
Still I'll always, always keep the memory of

The way you hold your knife
The way we danced till three
The way you've changed my life
No, no they can't take that away from me
No they can't take that away from me

We may never...

The way you hold your knife...
They won't take that away
'Cause they can't take that away - From me

(not without a lawyer anyways)

COME FLY WITH ME

music by Jimmy Van Heusen,
lyrics by Sammy Cahn, 1957

Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away
If you could use some exotic booze
There's a bar in far Bombay
Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away

Come fly with me, let's float down to Peru
In llama-land there's a one-man band
And he'll toot his flute for you
Come fly with me, let's take off in the blue

Once I get you up there, where the air is rarefied
We'll just glide, starry-eyed
Once I get you up there, I'll be holding you so near
You may hear Angels cheer, 'cause we're together

Weather-wise, it's such a lovely day
Just say the words and we'll beat the birds
Down to Acapulco Bay
It is perfect for a flying honeymoon, they say
Come fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away

Once I get you up there...

Weather-wise, it's such a lovely day...
Pack up, let's fly away

I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU
music by Jimmy van Heusen, lyrics by Johnny Mercer, 1939

I took a trip on a train and I thought about you
I passed a shadowy lane and I thought about you

Two or three cars parked under the stars
A winding stream

Moon shining down on some little town
And with each beam, the same old dream
And every stop that we made, oh, I thought about you

When I pulled down the shade then I really felt blue
I peeked through the crack, looked at the track
The one going back to you
And what did I do? I thought about you

There were Two or three cars parked under the stars
A winding stream Moon shining down on some little town
And with each beam, the same old dream

And then I peeked through the crack, and I looked at the track
One going back to you
And what did I do? I thought about you

I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

music by Walter Kent, lyrics by
Buck Ram and Kim gannon, 1943

'Il be home for Christmas
You can plan on me
Please have snow and mistletoe
And presents on the tree

Christmas Eve will find me
Where the lovelight gleams
I'll be home for Christmas
If only in my dreams

Christmas Eve will find me
Where the lovelight gleams
I'll be home for Christmas
If only in my dreams





Executive Producer: Alexander M. Thoma

Produced by Peter Reiter-Schaub

Recording, Mixing, and Engineering by Marco Breidenbach at Noble-Sound Studios

Programming, Sound Design, and Editing by Peter Reiter-Schaub

Musicians:

Alexander M. Thoma: Vocals

Thomas Vogel: Trumpets

Richard Hellenthal: Trombones

Philipp Reiter: Flutes

Niklas Werner: Drums

Franzisko Hitzel: Whistle

Peter Reiter-Schaub: All other Instruments and Solos

For the third time around and certainly no less grateful - very special thanks to Peter Reiter-Schaub, for his enthusiasm for my latest music project and his unparalleled passion for great music. Thanks to Peter and his supreme demand for quality, some of the finest musicians out there, are playing on this record. Without the many solos performed by Peter and his unique talent to work out the marvelous arrangements that I treasure so much, this album would have never been the same.

Special thanks to Marco Breidenbach for his great and professional support during our recordings in his wonderful studio and for all your efforts during editing and mastering.

To my voice coach Juan Lago – I think we did it! Thanks to your tremendous support and flexibility throughout the last year, we managed to bring my voice to a new level. Thank you.

Additional thanks to Selina Meier and Annette Löhner, who once again supported me greatly with the picture work and the album- and webpage design. Thanks to you ladies, we gave this special recording the perfect outfit.

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