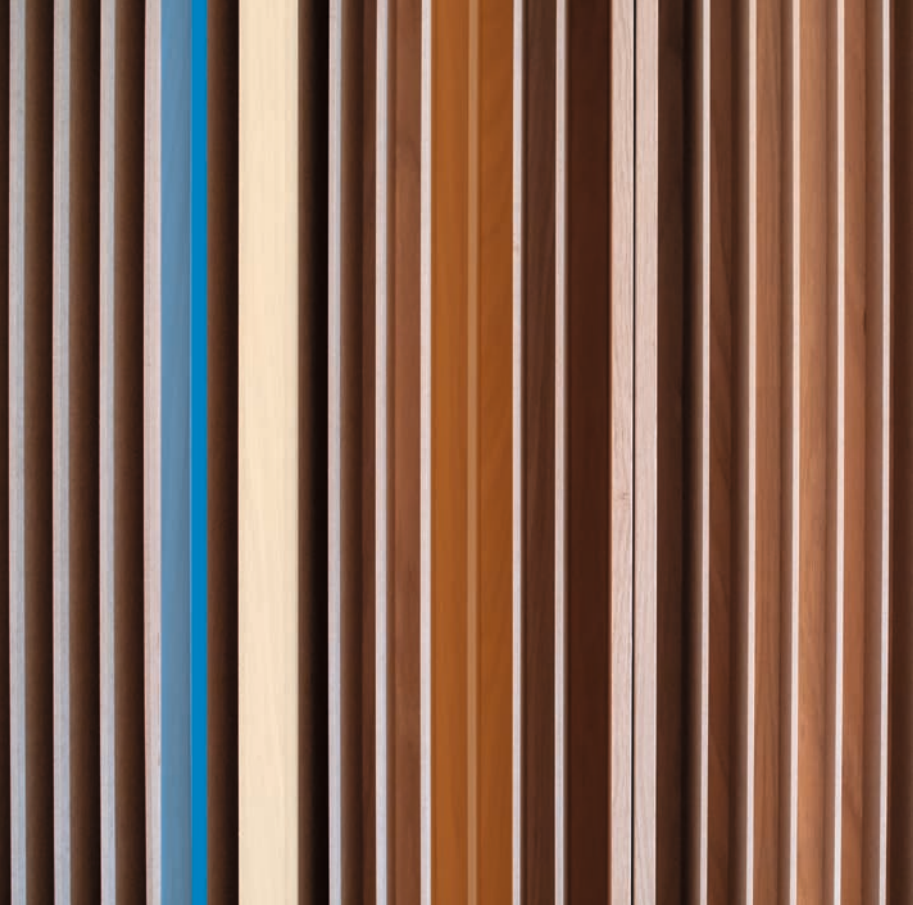


Swingin' Gears
ALEXANDER THOMA



Dear Listener,

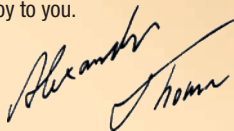
With Swingin' Seasons you are holding my fifth studio production in your hands, and I am immensely proud of the outcome. The twenty-one songs, divided and dedicated to the four seasonal phases, will take you on a journey through the everchanging cycles of life.

Expect a variation of music that will make you jump up and dance, that will make you gaze pensively at your red wine glass, that will return fond memories of your youth, and that will create winter holiday atmosphere and raise love for the things that really matter in life. It took us an entire year to bring this studio production together, and as always, I focused on a selection of great American standards of the last century, creating a sound for my listeners that is of unique and rare character.

Once more, this ambitious project was only possible thanks to the incomparable music intellect and brilliant Jazz talent of my dear friend Peter Reiter-Schaub. For the fifth time in the row, we joined forces and ambitions to bring my project to life. More than ever, you can experience our selection of classics, reinterpreted by Peters' unmatched criterions for making music. All this was facilitated by the possibility to record everything once more at the magnificent Noblesound studio of my dear friend Marco Breidenbach, who contributed to the result of this album immensely.

It is my sincere hope, that Swingin' Seasons, will have something in store for everyone's taste and preference, and that the music we created will bring joy to you.

Alexander Michael Thoma, December 2022

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Alexander Michael Thoma". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal stroke at the end.

Spring is here

Spring is here! Why doesn't my heart go dancing?
Spring is here! Why isn't the waltz entrancing?

No desire, no ambition leads me
Maybe it's because nobody needs me

Spring is here!

Why doesn't the breeze delight me?
Stars appear, why doesn't the night invite me?
Maybe it's because nobody loves me

Spring is here, I hear

Spring is here! Why doesn't the breeze delight me?
All the Stars appear, why doesn't the night invite me?

Maybe it's because nobody loves me

Spring is here, I hear



SPRING

(Love is) The Tender Trap

You see a pair of laughing eyes
And suddenly your sighing sighs
You're thinkin' nothing's wrong
You string along, boy, then snap

Those eyes, those sighs
They're part of the tender trap

You're hand in hand beneath the trees
And soon there's music in the breeze
You're acting kind of smart
Until your heart just goes wap

Those trees, that breeze
They're part of the tender trap

Some starry night
When her kisses make you tingle
She'll hold you tight
And you'll hate yourself for being single

And all at once it seems so nice
The folks are throwing shoes and rice
You hurry to a spot
That's just a dot on the map

You're hooked, you're cooked
You're caught in the tender trap

Some starry night
When her kisses make you tingle
She'll hold you tight
And you'll hate yourself for being single

And all at once it seems so nice
The folks are throwing shoes and rice
You hurry to a spot that's just a dot on the map

And then you wonder how it all came about
It's too late now, there's no gettin' out
You fell in love, and love is the tender trap

It happened in Monterey

It happened in Monterey, a long time ago
I met her in Monterey, in old Mexico
Stars and steel guitars
And luscious lips, as red as wine
Broke somebody's heart
And I'm afraid that it was mine

It happened in Monterey
Without thinking twice
I left her and threw away the key to paradise
My indiscreet heart, longs for the sweetheart
That I left in old Monterey

It happened in Monterey, a long time ago
I met her in Monterey, in old Mexico
Stars, guitars
Lips, red as wine
Broke somebody's heart
And I'm afraid that it was mine

It happened in Monterey
And without thinking twice
I left her and I threw away the key to paradise
My indiscreet heart, how it longs for the sweetheart
That I left in old Monterey



My Jimmy Valentino

My funny valentine
Sweet comic valentine
You make me smile with my heart
Your looks are laughable
Unphotographable
Yet you're my favorite work of art

Is your figure less than Greek?
Is your mouth a little weak?
When you open it to speak
Are you smart?

But don't change a hair for me
Not if you care for me
Stay little valentine stay
Each day is Valentines day

Is your figure less than Greek?
Is your mouth a little weak?
When you open it to speak
Are you smart?

But don't change a hair for me
Not if you care for me
Stay little valentine stay
Each day is Valentines day



If the nightingales could sing like you
They'd sing much sweeter than they do
For you brought a new kind of love to me

And if the sandman brought me dreams of you
I'd want to sleep my whole life through
You brought a new love to me

I know that I'm the slave, you're the queen
Still you can understand that underneath it all
You're a maid and I am only a man

I would work and slave the whole day through
If I could hurry home to you
You brought a new kind of love to me

I'm hip that I'm the slave, you're the queen
Still you might understand that underneath it all
You're a maid and I am only a man

I would work and slave my whole life through
If I could hurry home to you
You brought a new kind of love to me

You brought a new kind of love to me



Come Dance With Me

Hey there cutes, put on your dancin' boots and come dance with me
Come dance with me, what an evening for some Terpsichore
Pretty face, I know a swingin' place, come-on dance with me
Romance with me on a crowded floor

And while the rhythm swings
What lovely things I'll be sayin'
'Cause what is dancing
Making love set to music, playin'

When the band begins to leave the stand and folks start to roam
As we walk home, cheek to cheek we'll be
Come on, come on, come on, come on and dance with me

Hey there cutes, put on your basic boots and come dance with me
Come dance with me, what an evening for some Terpsichore
Pretty face, I know a swingin' place, come-on dance with me
Romance with me on a crowded floor

And while the rhythm swings
What cuckoo things I'll be sayin'
For what is dancing
Making love set to music, playin'

When the band begins to leave the stand and folks start to roam
As we wing home, cheek to cheek we'll be
Come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on
Come on and dance with me

SUMMER

So nice (Summer Samba)

Someone to hold me tight, that would be very nice
Someone to love me right, that would be very nice
Someone to understand each little dream in me
Someone to take my hand, to be a team with me

So nice - Life would be so nice
If one day I'd find
Someone who would take my hand
And samba through life with me

Someone to cling to me, stay with me right or wrong
Someone to sing to me some little samba song
Someone to take my heart, then give their heart to me
Someone who's ready to give love a start with me

Oh yes
That would be so nice
Should it be you and me
I could see it would be nice
Doooo Doooo Do Dooooo Do...
It would be so nice
Life would be so nice
If one day I'd find
Someone who would take my hand
And samba through life with me

Someone to cling to me, stay with me right or wrong
Someone to sing to me some little samba song
Someone to take my heart, then give their heart to me
Someone who's ready to give love a start with me

Oh yes
That would be so nice
Should it be you and me
I could see it would be nice It would be so nice
Oh so very nice

Moonlight Serenade

I stand at your gate and the song that I sing is of moonlight
I stand and I wait for the touch of your hand in the June night
The roses are sighing
A moonlight serenade

The stars are aglow and tonight how their light sets me dreaming
My love, do you know that your eyes are like stars brightly beaming?
I bring you and I sing you
A moonlight serenade

Let us stray till break of day
In love's valley of dreams
Just you and I, a summer sky,
A heavenly breeze kissing the trees

So don't let me wait, come to me tenderly in the June night
I stand at your gate and I sing you a song in the moonlight,
A love song, my darling,
A moonlight serenade

Too marvelous for words

You're just too marvelous
Too marvelous for words
Like glorious, "glamorous"
And that old standby "amorous"

It's all too wonderful
I'll never find the words
That says enough, tell enough
I mean they just aren't swell enough

You're much, too much, and just too very, very
To ever be in Webster's dictionary

And so I'm borrowing a love song from the birds
To tell you that you're marvelous
Too marvelous for words

You're much, you're too much
And just too very, very
To ever be, to ever be in Webster's dictionary

And so I'm borrowing a love song from the birds
To tell you that you're marvelous
Tell you that you're marvelous
Tell you that you're marvelous

Too marvelous for words





The girl from Ipanema

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, each one she passes
Goes "A-a-a-h"

When she walks she's like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gentle that
When she passes, each one she passes
Goes "O-o-o-h"

Ooh, but I watch her so sadly
How can I tell her I love her
Yes, I would give my heart gladly
But each day when she walks to the sea
She looks straight ahead, not at me

Tall and tan and young and lovely
The girl from Ipanema goes walking And
When she passes, I smile, but
She doesn't see, doesn't see

É ela a menina que vem e que passa
Num doce balanço a caminho do mar
Moça do corpo dourado do sol de Ipanema
O seu balançado é mais que um poema
É a coisa mais linda que eu já vi passar

Ooh, but I watch her so sadly
Aah, porque tudo é tao triste?
Yes, I would give my heart gladly
But each day, when she walks to the see
She looks straight ahead not at me

Tall, tan young, lovely

The girl from Ipanema goes walking
And when she passes, I smile
But she doesn't see
Por causa do amor
She just doesn't see
Nem olha pra mim
She never sees me
Pro causa do amor

Ching, ching, ching, ching, ching, ...

Young at Heart

Fairytales can come true
It can happen to you
If you're young at heart
For it's hard you will find

To be narrow of mind
If you're young at heart
You can go to extremes
With impossible schemes

You can laugh when your dreams
Fall apart at the seams
And life gets more exciting
With each passing day
And love is either in your heart
Or on it's way

Don't you know that it's worth
Every treasure on earth
To be young at heart
For as rich as you are
It's much better by far
To be young at heart

And if you should survive to 105
Look at all you'll derive
Out of being alive
And here is the best part
You've had a head start
If you are among the very
Young at heart

And if you should survive to 105
Look of all you'll derive
Out of being alive
And here is the best part
You have a head start
If you are among the very
Young at heart...

Autumn in New York

Autumn in New York
Why does it seem so inviting?
Autumn in New York
It spells the thrill of first-nighting

Glittering crowds
And shimmering clouds
In canyons of steel
They're making me feel
I'm home

It's autumn in New York
That brings the promise of new love
Autumn in New York
Is often mingled with pain

Dreamers with empty hands
They sigh for exotic lands
It's autumn in New York
It's good to live it again

This autumn in New York
That brings the promise of new love
Autumn in New York
Is often mingled with pain

Lovers that bless the dark
On benches in Central Park
It's autumn in New York
It's good to live it again

AUTUMN

Pennies from Heaven

Every time it rains, it rains
Pennies from heaven
Don't you know each cloud contains
Pennies from heaven

You'll find your fortunes falling
All over the town
Be sure that your umbrella
Is upside down

Trade them for a package of
Sunshine and flowers
If you want the things you love
You must have showers

So when you hear it thunder
Don't run under a tree
There'll be pennies from heaven
For you and me

Trade them for a package of
Sunshine and flowers
If you want the things you love
You must have showers

So when you hear it thunder
Don't run under a tree
There'll be pennies from heaven
For you and me



Autumn Serenade

The loveliness of Paris seems somehow sadly gay
The glory that was Rome is just another day
I've been terribly alone and forgotten in Manhattan
I'm going home to my city by the bay

I left my heart in San Francisco
High on a hill it calls to me
To be where little cable cars climb halfway to the stars
The morning fog may chill the air, I don't care

My love waits there in San Francisco
Above the blue and windy sea
When I come home to you, San Francisco
Your golden sun will shine for me

I left my heart in San Francisco

Through the trees
Comes Autumn with her serenade
Melodies
The sweetest music ever played

Autumn kisses we knew
Are beautiful souvenirs
As I pause to recall
The leaves seem to fall like tears

Silver stars
Were clinging to an Autumn sky
Love was ours
Until October wandered by

Let the years come and go
I'll still feel the glow
That time cannot fade
When I hear
That lovely Autumn serenade

Love was ours
Until October wandered by
Let the years come and go
I'll still feel the glow
That time cannot fade
When I hear
That lovely Autumn serenade

Serenade
Serenade

Night and Day

Night and day, you are the one
Only you 'neath the moon or under the sun
Whether near to me or far
It's no matter, darling, where you are
I think of you – day and night

Night and day, why is it so
That this longin' for you follows wherever I go?
In the roarin' traffic's boom
In the silence of my lonely room
I think of you day and night

Night and day, under the hide of me
There's an oh, such a hungry yearnin' burnin'
inside of me
And its torment won't be through
'Til you let me spend my life makin' love to you
Day and night, night and day

Night and day, you are the one
Only you 'neath the moon or under the sun
Whether near to me or far
It's no matter, baby, where you are
I think of you – day and night

Night and day, why is it so
That this longin' for you follows wherever I go?
In the roarin' traffic's boom
In the silence of my lonely room
I think of you - day and night

Night and day, under the hide of me
There's an oh, such a hungry burnin' inside of me
And its torment won't be through
'Til you let me spend life makin' love to you
Day and night,
Night and Day!



Winter Wonderland

Sleigh bells ring, are you listening?
In the lane, snow is glistening
A beautiful sight
We're happy tonight
Walking in a winter wonderland

Gone away is the bluebird
Here to stay is a new bird
To sing a love song
While we stroll along
Walking in a winter wonderland

In the meadow, we can build a snowman
We'll pretend that he is Parson Brown
He'll say, are you married?
We'll say, no man
But you can do the job when you're in town

Later on, we'll conspire
As we dream by the fire
To face unafraid
The plans that we've made
Walking in a winter wonderland

In the meadow, we can build a snowman
We'll pretend that he is Parson Brown
He'll say, are you ready?
We'll say, no man
But you can do the job when you're in town

Later on, we'll conspire
As we dream by the fire
To face unafraid
The plans that we've made
Walking in a winter wonderland
Walking in a winter wonderland
Walking in a winter wonderland

WINTER



Moonlight in Vermont

Pennies in a stream
Falling leaves the sycamore
Moonlight in Vermont

Icy finger waves
Ski trails down the mountain side
Snow light in Vermont

Telegraph cables, they sing down the highway
And travel each bend and the road
People who meet in this romantic setting
Are so hypnotized by the lovely

Evening summer breeze
Warbling of the meadowlark
Moonlight in Vermont

Telegraph cables, how they sing down the highway
And they travel each bend in the road
People who meet, in this romantic setting
Are so hypnotized by the lovely

Evening summer breeze
The warbling of the meadowlark
Moonlight in Vermont, Moonlight in Vermont
Moonlight in Vermont

My favorite things

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens
Bright copper kettles and warm woollen mittens
Brown paper packages tied up with strings
These are a few of my favorite things

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings
These are a few of my favorite things.

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes
Silver white winters that melt into springs
These are a few of my favorite things

When the dog bites
When the bee stings
When I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favorite things
And then I don't feel so bad

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes
Silver white winters that melt into springs
These are a few of my favorite things

When the dog bites
When the bee stings
When I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favorite things
And then I don't feel so bad

The Christmas Walk

Frosted window panes
Candles gleaming inside
Painted candy canes on the tree
Santa's on his way,
He's filled his slay
With things, things for you and for me

It's that time of year
When the world falls in love
Every song you hear
Seems to say
Merry Christmas
May your new year dreams come true
And this song of mine
In three quarter time
Wishes you and yours
The same thing too

It's that time of year
When the world falls in love
Every song you hear
Seems to say
Merry Christmas
May your new year dreams come true
And this song of mine
In three quarter time
Wishes you and yours
Everyone

Merry Christmas



Silent Night

Silent night, Holy night
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin, mother and child
Holy infant, tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace

Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht!
Alles schläft, einsam wacht
Nur das traute, hochheilige Paar.
Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!
Schlaf in himmlischer Ruh!



Executive Producer: Alexander M. Thoma | Produced by Peter Reiter-Schaub
Recording, Sound Design, Mixing, and Engineering
by Marco Breidenbach at Noble-Sound Studios

CREDITS & THANKS

Musicians:

Alexander M. Thoma: Vocals

Tobias Langguth: Guitar, Vocals

Thomas Vogel: Trumpets

Marco Breidenbach: Drums

Richard Hellenthal: Trombones

Irina Prodan: Choir works

Peter Reiter-Schaub: Programming, Editing, and all other Instruments

My outmost gratitude goes to my dear friend Peter Reiter-Schaub and his unparalleled genius and passion for Jazz and Swing. With *Swingin' Seasons* we desired to create a special contribution and addition to my music catalog and only thanks to Peter, we were able to work out these twenty-one lovely interpretations and arrangements of some of the greatest classics of the last one hundred years. Once more, Peter gathered some of the finest musicians in the field of Jazz and managed to surpass my wildest dreams regarding the sound I wanted to create as well as accomplish for this special studio record. I am super proud that Peter and I have been working together now on my music for ten years and very thankful for this special friendship.

Most exceptional thanks to Marco Breidenbach, for his twofold contribution to our studio production. With his amazing beats and razor-sharp precision with the percussions, you gave this music a new edge! Surpassing this performance are your tremendous efforts and great passion for details during editing, mixing, and mastering. Thanks to you, the sound of my latest album reached a new hemisphere once more. Thank you also for your friendship and moral support during the recording sessions.

To my voice coach Juan Lago – only thanks to your dedication and meticulousness during our weekly trainings, my voice and technique reached a new level. Thank you for your tremendous support throughout the last year and your friendship.

A very big thank you goes to Annette Löhner, who for the unbelievable fifth time in the row gave my music the proper face. Only thanks to her outstanding creativity and her demand for quality and originality we were able to come up with the design of the album and booklet. I am super proud of and thankful for the beautiful result and so grateful to have you and your talents as part of my team!

Thank you to my photographer Thomas, for creating the images for the four seasonal chapters.

Very special thanks goes to my dearest wife Alessandra, for covering my back and looking after our three girls, while I was working on this project.

Art Direction: Alexander M. Thoma - www.alexander.thoma.de

Design: Annette Löhner - www.mixture.de | Photography: Thomas Hinder - www.thomashinder.ch

Costumes: Fine Tailoring by Bernd Vögler, Schmidt & Schallmeyer

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