

Paige Powell Music Blog for October 20, 2020:

The Story Behind the Song, "The Long Goodbye"

Do you like old movies? I don't like a steady diet of them, but there are times when I get in the mood for something with **Cary Grant**, **Ingrid Bergman**, **Jimmy Stewart** or **Katharine Hepburn**. Some of those old black and white films have very emotional scenes, portraying deep feelings between the characters. I was inspired by the story of two people deeply in love, with the young man (probably a World War II soldier) boarding a train, having to leave his love, perhaps his new bride. He doesn't want to stop looking at her, he loves her so much. The train slowly moves away from the station and they lock eyes as *"her somber face grows smaller with each moment passing by"*. **Saying**

"Goodbye" slowly in this way is so different from how we part ways at an airport, and I wanted to show that difference in a song.

Let me know if you can visualize a movie when you hear *"The Long Goodbye"*. Perhaps it can be used in another movie someday, although it is "dated" — it is one of my earliest songs and recordings. Many thanks to **Yvonne LaParl, who performed flute** and **Karen McLaren, who played piano** on this song. The sound engineer just happened to have a wooden train whistle handy that he played at the very end of the song. To make it even more realistic, he slowed it down electronically, which lowered the pitch.

Meanwhile, dear reader, thank you for reading this newsletter. I've been taking care of my mother, who got the COVID-19 Coronavirus. She's okay, and not contagious any more, but she said she's never been that sick ever. She said it is like the flu, but worse. So, please wear a mask. I was at the store, getting medicine and a few groceries for my mother and everyone was wearing a mask. I got in line behind a man buying just a few things, including one styrofoam container. I asked, *"Is that lunch?"* and he replied that yes, it was some fried chicken from the store, which he said was very good. We chatted a little more and then he finished checking out. As he was leaving, he gave me a little wave and said, *"Good to talk with you — Bye!"* At that point, I wondered about **the value of those few brief moments**, and thought of a new song to write: *"A 5-Minute Friend"*.

