Hi, everybody, and welcome to our first ever "Singing for the Stage" digital recital. Even though we cannot gather in the modern, I am so glad that you're watching now, to bear witness to the extraordinary work of our students. As many of you know, our six singing classes cover over 100 years of some of the best musical theater songs ever written. We provide an integrated approach to singing, which means that students learn to integrate acting with vocal technique, in order to make the most of their performances. This semester we cover material from the 1950s to the end of the '70s. And what a splendid collection of songs you are about to hear. You know, when we first learned about the mandate to go digital, we questioned our ability to pull this off. But because of Scott's confidence that we could coach digitally, and students could rehearse and perform to digital tracks in their homes, we persevered. And we could not be more pleased with the result. I'm especially grateful for Scott's leadership in this, and for his excellence, not only as a musical director, vocal coach, and pianist, but as a human. Thanks, too, to Roz Boshiman [assumed spelling] and Erin Field for their beautiful graphics. A special thanks to the extraordinary band, [inaudible] who facilitated this video and provided students with critical information for making the most of these digital presentations. His support has been indispensable to this effort. Last but not least, thanks to the fabulous eleven - the students of the "Singing for the Stage" class this term. It would've been so easy for them to give in to despair, given the loss of performing live every week, and figuring out how to transform their private living spaces into makeshift recording studios. But in spite of their disappointments, they have demonstrated impressive resilience, and creativity, and courage, and grit. Each of them have worked so hard and come so far. They are fabulous, and I could not be more proud of each and every one of them. Thanks again for watching. You're in for a treat. Mama thinks I'm living in a convent. A secluded little convent in the southern part of France. Mama doesn't even have an inkling that I'm working in a nightclub, in a pair of lacy pants. So please, sir, if you run into my mama, don't reveal my indiscretion. Give a working girl a chance. Hush up. Don't tell Mama. Shush up. Don't tell Mama. Don't tell Mama, whatever you do. If you had a secret, you bet, I would keep it. I would never tell on you. I'm breaking every promise that I gave her. So won't you kindly do a girl a great big favor. And please, my sweet potat-er, keep this from the mater, though my dance is not against the law.
04:36 You can tell my uncle here and now, 'cuz he's my agent, anyhow.
04:43 But don't tell Mama what you know.
04:47 You can tell my grandma; suits me fine.
04:52 'Cuz yesterday she joined the line.
04:54 But don't tell Mama what you know.
04:56 You can tell my brother; that ain't grim.
05:02 'Cuz if he squeals on me, I'll squeal on him.
05:06 But don't tell Mama, bitte.
05:08 Don't tell Mama, please sir.
05:09 Don't tell Mama what you know.
05:15 If you see my mummy, mum's the word.
05:27 I'd like to swim in a clear blue stream, where the water's icy cold.
05:35 And go to town in a golden gown, and have my fortune told.
05:43 Just once, just once.
05:49 Just once before I'm old.
05:54 I'd like to be not evil, but a little worldly wise.
06:02 To be the kind of girl designed to be kissed upon the eyes.
06:12 I'd like to dance 'til 2 o'clock, or sometimes dance 'til dawn.
06:17 Or if the band could stand it, just go on, and on, and on.
06:26 Just once, just once, before the chance is gone,
06:34 I'd like to waste a week or two, and never do a chore.
06:40 To wear my hair unfastened, so it billows to the floor.
06:49 To do the things I dreamed about, but never done before.
06:58 Perhaps I'm bad, or wild, or mad, with lots of grief in store.
07:09 But I want much more than keeping house, much more, much more.
07:24 Much more.
07:36 It only takes a moment for your eyes to meet, and then,
07:51 your heart knows in a moment, you will never be alone again.
08:01 I held her for an instant, but my arms felt sure and strong.
08:10 It only takes a moment to be loved a whole life long.
08:15 I've heard it said that love must grow.
08:19 That to be sure, you must be slow.
08:25 I saw your eyes, and now I know, that our love will never part.
08:31 Our love, we will never stop, 'cuz it only takes a moment for your eyes to meet, and then,
08:52 your heart knows in a moment, you will never be alone again.
09:00 She held me for an instant, but her arms felt safe and strong.
09:06 It only takes a moment to be loved the whole life long.
09:18 If that is all that love's about, and we'll recall, but time runs out,
09:23 how it only took a moment to be loved a whole life long.
09:46 As long as he needs me, oh, yes, he does need me.
09:56 In spite of what you see, I'm sure that he needs me.
10:02 Who else would love him still, when they've been used so ill?
10:16 I know I always will, as long as he needs me.
10:25 I miss him so much when he is gone.
10:30 But when he's near me, I don't let one.
10:37 The way I feel inside, the love I have to hide.
10:48 The hell, I've got my pride, as long as he needs me.
10:57 He doesn't say the things he should.
11:01 He acts the way he thinks he should.
11:06 But all the same, I'll play this game his way.
11:17 As long as he needs me, I know where I must be.
11:26 I'll cling on steadfastly, as long as he needs me.
11:36 As long as life is long, I'll love him, right or wrong.
11:43 And somehow I'll be strong, as long as he needs me.
11:53 If you are lonely, then you will know, when someone needs you, you'll love them so.
12:07 I won't betray his trust, though people say I must.
12:19 I've got to stay true just as long as he needs me.
12:46 This ninny of a puppet was available the second that he called.
12:51 And all he had to do was yell, "Hey, Mabel," and this dumb hash slinger crawled.
13:01 For seven lousy years I've watched him swear and shove and shout.
13:10 With or without you, well it's going to be without.
13:22 I got to give my life some sparkle and fizz.
13:30 And think a thought that isn't wrapped up in his.
13:39 The place that I consider paradise is wherever he ain't, wherever he ain't.
13:52 No more to wither when he's grouchy and gruff.
14:07 No more to listen to him bellow and bluff.
14:26 Tomorrow morning I'll be strutting my stuff wherever he ain't, wherever he ain't.
14:35 Enough of being bullied and bossed.
14:38 Ta-ta, Auf Wiedersehn and get lost.
14:39 I walked behind him like a meek little lamb, and had my fill of his not giving a damn.
14:53 I'll go to Sydney or Seylon or Siam, wherever he ain't; wherever he ain't.
14:57 I'd gladly travel where the hurricanes blow.
14:59 I'd face the jungle and I'd stomp through the snow, as long as I could pack my baggage
15:01 and go wherever he ain't, wherever he ain't.
15:02 It's time for little Nell to rebel.
15:03 If he's in heaven, I'll go to hell.
15:04 My little love nest was a terrible trap, with me behaving like a simpering sap.
15:06 And so I'm looking for a spot on the map.
15:07 If he's going south, I'm going north.
15:08 If he's going back, I'm going forth, wherever he ain't.
15:31 Sometimes I'm right; sometimes I'm wrong.
15:33 But he doesn't care.
15:36 He'll string along.
15:40 He loves me so, that funny honey of mine.
15:58 Sometimes I'm down; sometimes I'm up.
16:02 But he follows 'round like some droopy-eyed pup.
16:06 He loves me so, that funny honey of mine.
16:24 He ain't no sheik.
16:26 That's no great physique.
16:29 And Lord knows he ain't got the smarts.
16:33 But look at that soul.
16:38 I'll tell you, that soul is a whole lot greater than the sum of its parts.
16:48 And if you knew him like me, I know you'd agree.
16:59 What if the world slandered my name?
17:01 Why, he'd be right there, taking the blame.
17:07 He loves me so, and it all suits me fine.
17:25 That sunny, funny honey, hubby of mine.
17:57 What good is sitting alone in your room?
18:03 Come hear the music play.
18:07 Life is a cabaret, old chum.
18:09 Come to the cabaret.
18:13 Put down the knitting, the book, and the broom.
18:18 Time for a holiday.
18:23 Life is a cabaret, old chum.
18:26 Come to the cabaret.
18:28 Come taste the wine; come here the band.
18:35 Come blow a horn; start celebrating.
18:37 Right this way; your table's waiting.
18:42 What good, permitting some prophet of doom to wipe every smile away?
18:50 Life is a cabaret, old chum; come to the cabaret.
19:01 I used to have a girlfriend known as Elsie, with whom I shared four sordid rooms in Chelsea.
19:09 She wasn't what you'd call a blushing flower.
19:13 As a matter of fact, she rented by the hour.
19:16 The day she died, the neighbors came to snicker.
19:20 "Well, that's what comes from too much pills and liquor."
19:26 But when I saw her laid out like a queen, she was the happiest corpse I'd ever seen.
19:37 I think of Elsie to this very day.
19:43 I remember how she'd turn to me and say, "What good is sitting alone in your room?"
19:54 Come hear the music play.
20:03 Life is a cabaret, old chum.
20:07 Come to the cabaret.
20:11 Put down the knitting, the book, and the broom.
20:16 Time for a holiday.
20:18 Life is a cabaret, old chum.
20:23 Come to the cabaret."
20:26 And as for me, as for me, I made my mind up back in Chelsea, when I go, I'm going like Elsie.
20:42 Start by admitting from cradle to tomb, isn't that long a stay.
20:53 Life is a cabaret, old chum.
20:56 Only a cabaret, old chum.
21:00 And I love a cabaret.
21:30 Maybe this time, I'll be lucky.
21:35 Maybe this time he'll stay.
21:36 Maybe this time, for the first time, love won't hurry away.
21:50 He will hold me fast.
21:56 I'll be home at last.
22:05 Not a loser anymore, like the last time and the time before.
22:16 Everybody loves a winner, so nobody love me.
22:22 Lady peaceful, lady happy, that's what I long to be.
22:41 All the odds are, they're in my favor.
22:47 Something's bound to begin.
22:58 It's got to happen, happen sometime.
23:06 Maybe this time I'll win.
23:12 Everybody loves a winner, so nobody love me.
23:26 Lady peaceful, lady happy, that's what I long to be.
23:30 All the odds are, they're in my favor.
23:37 Something's bound to begin.
23:45 It's got to happen, happen sometime.
23:51 Maybe this time, maybe this time I'll win.
24:10 Folks, either you're closing your eyes to a situation you don't wish to acknowledge,
24:14 or we're unaware of the caliber of disaster indicated by the presence
24:18 of a pool table in your community.
24:22 you got trouble, my friends, right here.
24:24 I say, trouble right here in River City.
24:25 Why sure I'm a billiard player, certainly mighty proud to say,
24:28 I'm always mighty proud to say, it.
24:29 I consider that the hours I spend with a cue in my hand are golden.
24:34 Help you cultivate horse sense and a cool head and a keen eye.
24:37 Did you ever try to take and give an iron-clad leave
24:39 to yourself from a three-rail billiard shot?
24:41 But just as I say, it takes judgement, brains, and maturity to score in a baulk line game.
24:46 I say that any boob can take and shove a ball in a pocket.
24:49 And I call that sloth.
24:51 The first big step is on the road to the depths of deg-ra-Day.
24:54 I say, first, medicinal wine from a teaspoon.
24:57 Then beer from a bottle.
24:58 An' the next thing you know, your son is playing for money in a pinch-back suit,
25:02 and listening to some big out-of-town Jasper, hearing him talk about horserace gambling.
25:07 Not a wholesome trotting race, no, but a race where they set down right on the horse.
25:11 Like to see some stuck-up jockey boy sitting on Dan Patch?
25:14 Make your blood boil?
25:15 Well, I should say.
25:16 Now friends, let me tell you what I mean.
25:19 You got one, two, three, four, five, six pockets in the table.
25:23 Pockets that mark the difference between a gentlemen and a bum, with a capital "T,"
25:27 that rhymes with "P," and that stands for pool.
25:30 And all week long, your River City youth will be frittering away, I say.
25:33 Your young men will be frittering.
25:35 Frittering away their noontime, suppertime, chore time, too.
25:38 Get the ball in the pocket.
25:39 Never mind, Dandelions pulled, or the screen door patched, or the beefsteak pounded.
25:45 Never mind, pumping any water, 'til your parents are caught
25:50 with the cistern empty on Saturday night.
25:52 And that's trouble.
25:54 Yes you got lots and lots of trouble.
25:56 I'm thinking of the kids in the knickerbockers, short-tail young ones,
26:04 peeking in the poolhall window after school.
26:07 You got trouble, folks.
26:09 Trouble right here in River City.
Trouble with a capital "P," and that rhymes with "T," and that stands for pool.

I know you folks are the right kind of parents.

I'm going to be perfectly frank.

Would you like to know what kind of conversation goes on where they're loafing around that Hall?

They'll be trying out cubeb, trying out cubeb.

Trying out Tailor-mades and cigarette beans.

And bragging all about how they're going to cover up their tell-tale breath with Sen-Sen.

One fine night, they leave the pool hall, heading for the dance at the Armory.

Libertine men, Scarlet women, and Ragtime.

Shameless music that will drab your son,

your daughter to the arms of a jungle animal instinct.

Mass hysteria.

Yes, the idle brain is the devil's playground.

Trouble. Trouble, right here in River City.

With a capital "B," and that rhymes with "P," and that stands for Pool.

We've surely got trouble, right here in River City.

Got to figure out a way to keep the young ones moral after school.

Our children's children, going to have trouble.

Oh, they got trouble.

We're in terrible, terrible trouble.

That game with the fifteen numbered balls, a devil's tool.

We've surely got trouble, right here in River City.

With a capital "T."

And that rhymes with "P," and that stands for Pool.

Good night, my someone, good night, my love.

Sleep tight, my someone, sleep tight, my love.

Our star is shining.

Its brightest light, for goodnight my love, for goodnight.

Sweet dreams be yours, dear, if dreams there be.

Sweet dreams to carry you close to me.

I wish they may, and I wish they might.

Now goodnight my someone, good night.

True love can be whispered from heart to heart, when lovers are parted, they say.

But I must depend on a wish and a star, as long as my heart doesn't know who you are.

Sweet dreams be yours, dear, if dreams there be.

Sweet dreams will carry you close to me.

I wish they may, and I wish they might.

Now goodnight, my someone, goodnight.

Goodnight.

What do you get when you fall in love?

A guy with a pin to burst your bubble.

That's what you get for all your trouble.

I'll never fall in love again.

I'll never fall in love again.

What do you get when you kiss a guy?
You get enough germs to catch pneumonia.
After you do, he'll never phone you.
I'll never fall in love again.
Don't tell me what it's all about, because I've been there, and I'm glad I'm out.
Out of those chains, those chains that bind you.
That is why I'm here to remind you.
What do you get when you fall in love?
You only get lies, and pain, and sorrow.
So for at least until tomorrow, I'll never fall in love again.
I'll never fall in love again.
I'll never fall in love again.
Don't write a letter when you want to leave.
Don't call me at 3 AM from a friend's apartment.
I'd like to choose how I hear the news.
Take me to a park that's covered with trees.
Tell me on a Sunday, please.
Let me down easy.
No big song and dance.
No long faces, no long looks.
No deep conversation.
I know the way we should spend the day.
Take me to a zoo that's got chimpanzees.
Tell me on a Sunday, please.
Don't want to know who's to blame.
It won't help, knowing.
Don't want to fight day and night.
Bad enough, you're going.
Don't leave in silence with no words at all.
Don't get drunk and slam the door.
That's no way to end this.
I know how I want you to say goodbye.
Find a circus ring with a flying trapeze.
Tell me on a Sunday, please.
Don't want to fight day and night.
Bad enough, you're going.
Don't leave in silence with no words at all.
Don't get drunk and slam the door.
That's no way to end this.
I know how I want you to say goodbye.
Don't stand out in the pouring rain.
Don't call me as they call your plane.
Take that hurt out of all the pain.
Take me to a park that's covered with trees.
Tell me on a Sunday, please.
Ask any of the chickies in my pen.
They'll tell you I'm the biggest mother hen.
I love them all, and all of them love me.
Because the system works - the system called reciprocity.
Got a little motto.
Always sees me through.
When you're good to Mama, Mama's good to you.
If you want my gravy, pepper my ragu.
Spice it up for Mama; she'll get hot for you.
The folks atop the ladder are the one the world adores.
So boost me up my ladder, kid, and I'll boost you up yours.
Let's all stroke together, like the prince of who.
When you're stroking Mama, Mama's stroking you.
So what's the one conclusion I can bring this number to?
When you're good to Mama, Ma's good to you.
Strange, dear, but true, dear, when I'm close to you, dear, the stars fill the sky.
So in love with you am I.
Even without you, my arms fold about you.
You know, darling, why.
So in love with you am I.
In love with the night, mysterious.
The night when you first were there.
In love with my joy delirious, when I knew that you could care.
So taunt me and hurt me.
Deceive me; desert me.
I'm yours 'til I die.
So in love, so in love, so in love with you, my love, am I.
And so the unprincipled Dare, having slain the dragon,
rescued the princess, Trigga.
And together, they mounted his horse, Frigga, and rode off to the castle, vunerbar,
where they were married and lived happily ever after.
Well I'm glad.
They all lived happily, happily, happily ever after.
The couple is happily leaving the chapel, eternally tied.
The curtain descends; there's nothing but loving and laughter.
When the fairytale ends, the heroin's always the bride.
Ella, the girl of the cinders, did the wash, and the walls, and the winders.
But she married a prince who was brawny, and blue-eyed, and blond.
Still, I honestly doubt that she could ever have done it without that crazy lady with the wand.
Cinderella had outside help.
I've got no one but me.
Fairy godmother, godmother, godmother, where can you be?
Haven't got a fairy godmother.
Haven't got a godmother.
I have a mother.
A plain, ordinary woman.
Snow White was so pretty, they tell us that the queen was insulted and jealous,
when the mirror declared that Snow White was the fairest of all.
She was dumped on the border, but was saved by some men who adored her.
Oh, I grant you, they were small, but there's seven of them - practically a regiment.
I'm alone in the night, by myself.
Not a dwarf, not an elf, not a goblin in sight.
That girl had seven determined little men, working day and night just for her.
Oh, sure, the queen gave her a poisoned apple.
Even so, she lived happily, happily, happily ever after.
The magical kiss counteracted the apple eventually.
Though I know I'm not clever, I'll do what they tell me I have to.
I want some happily ever after to happen to me.
Rapunzel had platinum tresses that were double the length of her dresses.
She was kept in a tower for years by a wicked old witch.
Then one night in despair, down she scrambled by letting her hair down.
That's what I call quite a switch.
It'll never hold.
I'll be finished before I begin.
And besides, I want to get out.
I want to get in.
I want to get into some happily, happily ever after.
I want to walk happily out of the chapel, eternally tied.
For I know that I'll never live happily ever after, 'til after I'm a bride.
Then I'll be happily, happy.
Yes, happily happy, and thoroughly satisfied, satisfied, satisfied.
Oh, yeah.

Two buses and a train.
Can you imagine that?

Two buses and a train.
Would you believe, would you believe that this is the first I've traveled?
I came from a town, the kind of town where you live in a house 'til the house falls down,
but if it stands up, you stay there.
It's funny, and that's their way there.
I came from a town of Mira, beyond the bridges of St. Claire.
I guess you've never heard of Mira.
It's awfully small, but still, it's there.
They have the very greenest trees, and skies as bright as flame.
But what I liked the best in Mira, is everybody knew my name.
Can you imagine that?

Can you imagine that?
Everybody knew my name.
The room that's strange is never cozy.
A place that's strange is never sweet.
I want to have a chair that knows me, and walk a street that knows my feet.
I'm very far from Mira now, and there's no turning back.
I have to find a place; I've got to find a place where everything can be the same.
A street I can know, and places I can go, where everybody knows my name.
Can you imagine that?
Everybody knew my name.

St. Genevieve, St. Genevieve, it's Guinevere; remember me?

St. Genevieve, St. Genevieve, I'm over here beneath this tree.

You know how faithful and devout I am.

You must admit, I've always been a lamb.

But Genevieve, St. Genevieve, I won't obey you any more.

You've gone a bit too far.

I won't be bid and bargained for, like beads at a bazaar.

St. Genevieve, I've run away, eluded them and fled.

And from now on I intend to pray to someone else, instead.

Oh, Genevieve, St. Genevieve, where were you when my youth was sold?

St. Genevieve, dear Genevieve, shan't I be young before I'm old?

Where are the simple joys of maidenhood?

Where are all those adoring, daring boys?

Where's the knight pining so for me?

He leaps to death in woe for me.

Oh, where are a maiden's simple joys?

Shan't I have the normal life, a maiden should?

Shall I never be rescued in the wood?

Shall two knights never tilt for me, and let their blood be spilled for me?

Oh, where are the simple joys of maidenhood?

Shall I not be on a pedestal, worshipped and competed for?

Not be carried off, or better still, start a little war?

Where are the simple joys of maidenhood?

Are those sweet, gentle pleasures gone for good?

Shall a feud not begin for me?

Shall kith not kill their kin for me?

Oh, where are the simple joys, harmless, convivial joys?

Where are the simple joys of maidenhood?

Gray skies are going to clear up.

Put on a happy face.

Brush off the clouds, and cheer up.

Put on a happy face.

Take off the gloomy mask of tragedy.

It's not your style.

You'll look so good, that you'll be glad you decided to smile.

Pick out a pleasant outlook.

Stick out that mobile chin.

Wipe off that full-of-doubt look.

Slap on a happy grin.

And spread sunshine all over the place.

Just put on a happy face.

Long ago, in someone else's lifetime, someone with my name, who looked a lot like me,

came to know a man, and made a promise.

He only had to say, and that's where she would be.

Lately, although her feelings run just as deep,

the promise she made has grown impossible to keep.
And yet, I wish it wasn't so.
Will he miss me if I go?
In a way, it's someone else's story.
I don't see myself as taking part, at all.
Yesterday, a girl that I was fond of, finally could see the writing on the wall.
Sadly, she realized she'd left him behind.
And sadder than that, she knew he wouldn't even mind.
And though there's nothing left to say, would he listen if I stayed?
All very well to say, you fool, it's now or never.
I could be choosing, no, choices, whatsoever.
I could be in someone else's story, in someone else's life, and he could be in mine.
I don't see a reason to be lonely.
I should take my chances, further down the line.
And if that girl I knew should ask my advice, oh,
I wouldn't hesitate; she needn't ask me twice.
Go now. I tell her that we're free.
Trouble is, the girl is me.
The story is, the girl is me.
Michael Rennie was ill, the day the earth stood still.
But he told us where we stand.
And Flash Gordon was there in silver underwear.
Claude Raines was the invisible man.
Then something went wrong, for Fay wray and King Kong.
They got caught in a celluloid jam.
Then at a deadly pace it came from outer space, and this is what the message said.
Science fiction, double feature.
Dr. X will build a creature.
See androids fighting, Brad and Janet.
Anne Francis stars in "Forbidden Planet."
Whoa. At the late night double feature picture show.
I knew Leo G. Carroll was under a barrel when Tarantula took to the hills.
And I really got hot when I saw Janette Scott fight a triffid that shoots poison and kills.
Dana Andrews said prunes gave him the runes.
And passing them used lots of skills.
"But when worlds collide," said George Pal to his bride,
"I'm going to give you some terrible thrills."
Like a science fiction double feature, Dr. X will build a creature.
See androids fighting Brad and Janet.
Anne Francis stars in "Forbidden Planet."
Whoa. At the late-night double feature picture show.
I want to go, whoa, to the late-night double feature picture show by RKO.
Oh. At the late-night double feature picture show in the back row.
Oh. At the late-night, double-feature picture show.
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's lasted an hour.
But somehow it will never end.
55:09 In a very unusual way, I think I'm in love with you.
55:17 In a very unusual way, I want to cry.
55:23 Something inside me goes weak; something inside me surrenders.
55:28 And you're the reason why.
55:30 You're the reason why.
55:32 You don't know what you do to me.
55:37 You don't have a clue.
55:40 You can't tell what it's like to be me, looking at you.
55:53 It scares me so that I can hardly speak.
56:03 In a very unusual way I owe what I am to you.
56:07 Though at times it appears I won't stay, I never go.
56:17 Special to me in my life, since the first day that I met you.
56:30 How could I ever forget you, once you had touched my soul?
56:36 In a very unusual way, you've made me whole.
57:24 I won't send roses or hold the door.
57:31 I won't remember which dress you wore.
57:36 My heart is too much in control.
57:45 The lack of romance in my soul will turn you grey, kid.
57:54 So stay away, kid.
57:56 Forget my shoulder when you're in need.
58:02 Forgetting birthdays, it's guaranteed.
58:08 And should I love you, you would be the last to know.
58:17 I won't send roses, and roses suit you so.
58:26 My pace is frantic.
58:29 My temper's cross.
58:33 With words romantic, I'm at a loss.
58:39 I'd be the first one to agree that I'm preoccupied with me.
58:48 And it's inbred, kid.
58:52 So keep your head, kid.
58:56 In me you'll find things like guts and nerve.
59:03 But not the kind things that you deserve.
59:07 So while there's a fighting chance, just turn and go.
59:14 I won't send roses, and roses suit you so.
59:41 There's some as don't care when they put down the plate, there's a sound.
59:51 Not with me.
59:52 When they move a chair, it will scrape with a grate on the ground.
00:01 Not with me.
00:04 I will have my hand right when I place a glass.
00:08 Notice how I stand right as customers pass.
00:14 Serve a demitasse with gesture so gentle, or do it again 'til it's near oriental.
00:24 La, la dum da dum, da.
00:25 It's an art.
00:29 It's an art to be a fine waitress, to see that you're pleasuring each guest.
00:34 There's a twist to my wrist if I let a fork drop,
00:41 or cut up a porkchop, or serve a New York chop.
00:43 It all needs to be stylish and smart.
00:47 That's what makes it an art.
Tips, ha. Tips are important for people like captains and barmen. For them, hit the tips.

See, for me, I'm a gypsy. Just toss me a coin, and I suddenly feel like a Carmen.

So on through the ulcer, the backache, the hot sweaty feet. On you go.

No. Is your knife dull, sir? And madam wants what with her meat?

On you go; 2 AM approaches. The curtains descend.

There among the roaches, my act's at an end. Every night I tend to find myself crying.

There's no work so trying, or so satisfying.

It's an art. It's an art to be a great waitress, to do without leisure or rest.

So I zoom through the room with a flair no one else has, an air no one else has, I swear.

So my lit, when I say a la carte, you can see it gives me a glow, every time I prove I'm a pro.

Maybe I'm not quite, but I'm not just a waitress.

I'm a one-woman show.

There are worse things I could do than go with a boy or two.

Even though the neighborhood thinks I'm trashy and no good.

Suppose it could be true, but there are worse things I could do.

I could flirt with all the guys, smile at them and bat my eyes. Press against them when we dance,

make them think they stand a chance, then refuse to see it through.

That's a thing I'd never do.

I could stay home every night, wait around for Mr. Right. Take cold showers every day, and throw my life away on a dream that won't come true.

I could hurt someone like me, out of spite or jealousy. I don't steal and I don't lie, but I can feel, and I can cry - a fact I bet you never knew.

But to cry in front of you, that's the worse thing I could do.

It's crazy, ridiculous; it doesn't make sense.

That's true, but what can I do?

I'm in love with a man.

It's a perfect relationship.

I can't see him; he can't see me.

I'm in love with a voice.

It's a perfect relationship.

I talk to him, and he just talks to me.

And yet I can't help wondering what does he look like?

I wish I knew.

What does he look like?

Is he six-foot-seven, or three-foot-two?

Has he eyes of brown or baby blue?
Big and mighty or underfed?
Trim black mustache or beard of red?
Can he dance like Fred Astaire?
Is he dark, or is he fair?
Pompadour or not a hair?
Well I don't care.
I'm in love with a man.
Plaza-O-Double-Four-Double-Three.
It's a perfect relationship, and that's how things should always be.
Our love can never lose its mystery, because I'll never meet him, and he'll never meet me.
No, he'll never meet me.
What does he look like, my sleeping prince?
What does he look like?
He could be the fat and balding type, or rugged tweeds and a briar pipe.
Dark-rimmed glasses, super mind, or the sweet, poetic kind.
It doesn't matter what he'd be.
How he'd love me.
But he's still just a voice.
Plaza-O-Double-Four-Double-Three.
It's a perfect relationship.
I can't see him; he can't see me.
He calls me Mom.
He thinks I'm 63.
And I'll never meet him, and he'll never meet me.
No, he'll never meet me.
I don't look for trouble.
I do not accept blame.
I've a good and a bad side, but they're one and the same.
Ask me to arouse you.
I will rise and obey.
These are the games I play.
I screw every morning, then bathe and make tea.
I've been playing canasta disastrously.
All my recreation seems to soothe me okay.
These are the games I play.
It's tough with love.
Love's tough to show.
Let me face the music.
It's a song that I've been waiting to hear so long.
S long ago.
I bet on the horses.
I die by degree.
I'm sure his divorce is a tribute to me.
Ask me if I love him.
It depends on the day.
These are the games I play.
It's tough, my friend.
Love's looking strong.
Let me face the music.
It's a song that I've been waiting to hear for much too long.
Years, years too long.
It hurts not to love him.
It hurts when love fades.
It's hard when part of him is off playing family charades.
Ask me if I need him.
Get him out of my way.
These are, these are the games.
These are the games.
These are the only games I play.
All you got to do is say hello to a man, and they have you whispering in his ear.
All you got to do is be polite with him, and they have you spending the night with him.
If there's a man you merely have a beer with, they've got you setting the wedding date.
Seems they've just got to have some dirt to bend your ear with.
So before they start, I herewith state, I'm not at all in love.
Not at all in love, not I.
Not a bit.
Not a mite.
Not an ounce.
Not a pinch.
No, I'll admit he's quite a hunk of guy.
But he's not my cup of tea.
Not my cup of tea, not he.
Not an ounce.
Not a pinch.
He's just an inch too sure of himself for me.
Well of course, you've noticed that manly physique and that look in his eye.
Say, I'm sure he can cut most any man down to size.
He must be as fierce as a tiger when he's mad.
And I bet he cries like a little boy when he's sad.
But I'm not at all in love, not at all in love, am I.
Not a straw.
Not a hair.
I don't care if he's as strong as a lion, or if he has the rest of you sighing.
You may be sold, but this girl ain't buying.
I'm not at all in love.
Another hundred people just got off the train, and came up through the ground.
While another hundred people just got off of the bus, and you're looking around at another hundred people who got off of the plane.
And they're looking at us, who got off of the train, and the plane, and the bus, maybe yesterday.
It's a city of strangers.
Some come to work, some to play.
A city of strangers.
Some come to stare, and some to stay.
And every day, ones who stay can find each other
in the crowded streets and the guarded parks.
13:42 By the rusty fountains and the dusty trees with the battered barks.
13:51 And they walk together past the postered walls with the crude remarks.
13:54 And they meet at parties through the friends of friends who they never know.
13:57 Will you pick me up, or do I meet you there?
13:59 Shall we let it go?
14:00 Did you get my message, because I looked in vain.
14:01 Can we see each other Tuesday if it doesn't rain?
14:02 Look, I'll call you in the morning, or my service will explain.
14:09 And another hundred people just got off of the train.
14:11 And another hundred people just got off of the train.
14:16 And another hundred people just got off of the train.
14:19 And another hundred people just got off of the train.
14:21 Another hundred people just got off of the train.
14:23 Another hundred people just got off of the train.
14:42 Isn't it rich?
14:42 Are we a pair?
14:51 Me here at last on the ground, you in the air?
14:58 Where are the clowns?
15:06 Isn't it bliss?
15:06 Don't you approve?
15:11 One who keeps staring around, one who can't move?
15:31 Where are the clowns?
15:35 Send in the clowns.
15:38 Just when I stopped opening doors, finally knowing the one that I wanted was yours.
15:47 Making my entrance again with my usual flare.
15:52 Sure of my lines, no one is there.
16:06 Don't you love farce?
16:18 My fault, I fear.
16:21 I thought that you'd want what I want.
16:23 Sorry my dear.
16:27 But where are the clowns?
16:30 Quick, send in the clowns.
16:32 Don't bother; they're here.
16:40 Isn't it rich?
16:40 Isn't it queer?
16:42 Losing my timing this late in my career?
16:49 Where are the clowns?
17:03 There ought to be clowns.
17:09 Maybe next year.
17:28 Someone to hold you too close.
17:32 Someone to hurt you too deep.
17:37 Someone to sit in your chair and ruin your sleep, and make you aware of being alive.
17:57 Being alive.
18:04 Someone whose feelings you spare.
18:08 Someone who, like it or not, will want you to share, a little, a lot.
18:21 Being alive.
18:24 Being alive.
18:24 Someone to crowd you with love.
18:28 Someone to force you to care.
18:32 Someone to make you come through, who'll always be there, as frightened as you, of being alive.
18:48 Being alive.
18:48 Being alive.
18:52 Being alive.
19:06 Somebody hold me too close.
19:22 Somebody hurt me too deep.
19:30 Somebody, sit in my chair, and ruin my sleep, and make me aware of being alive.
19:49 Being alive.
19:50 Make me alive.
19:50 Make me confused.
19:51 Mock me with praise.
19:55 Let me be used.
19:55 Vary my days.
19:56 But alone is alone, not alive.
20:05 Somebody crowd me with love.
20:11 Somebody force me to care.
20:24 Somebody make me come through.
20:27 I'll always be there, as frightened as you, to help us survive being alive.
20:34 Being alive.
20:34 Being alive.