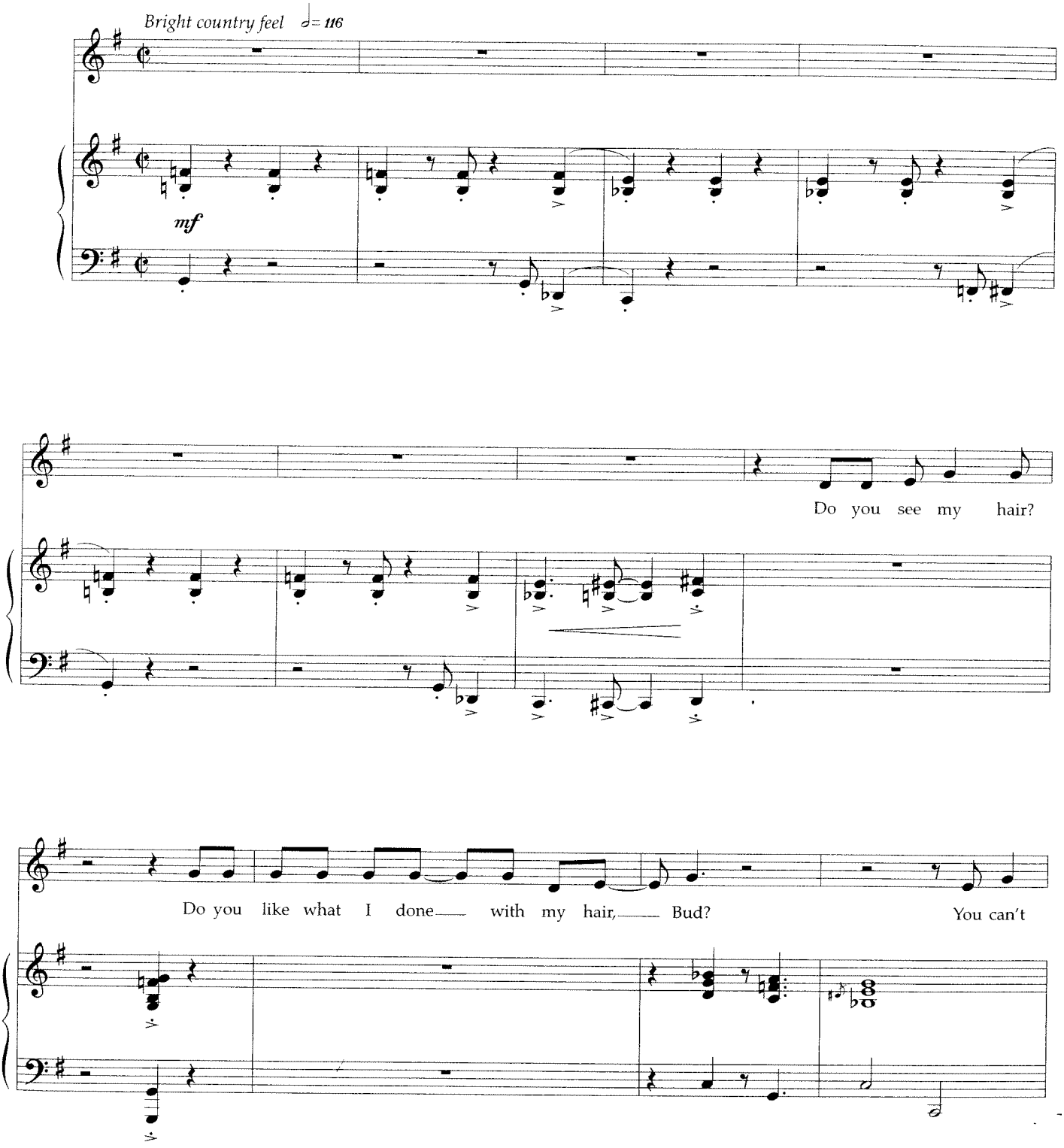
All Because of You

from *Urban* Cowboy, the musical

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ



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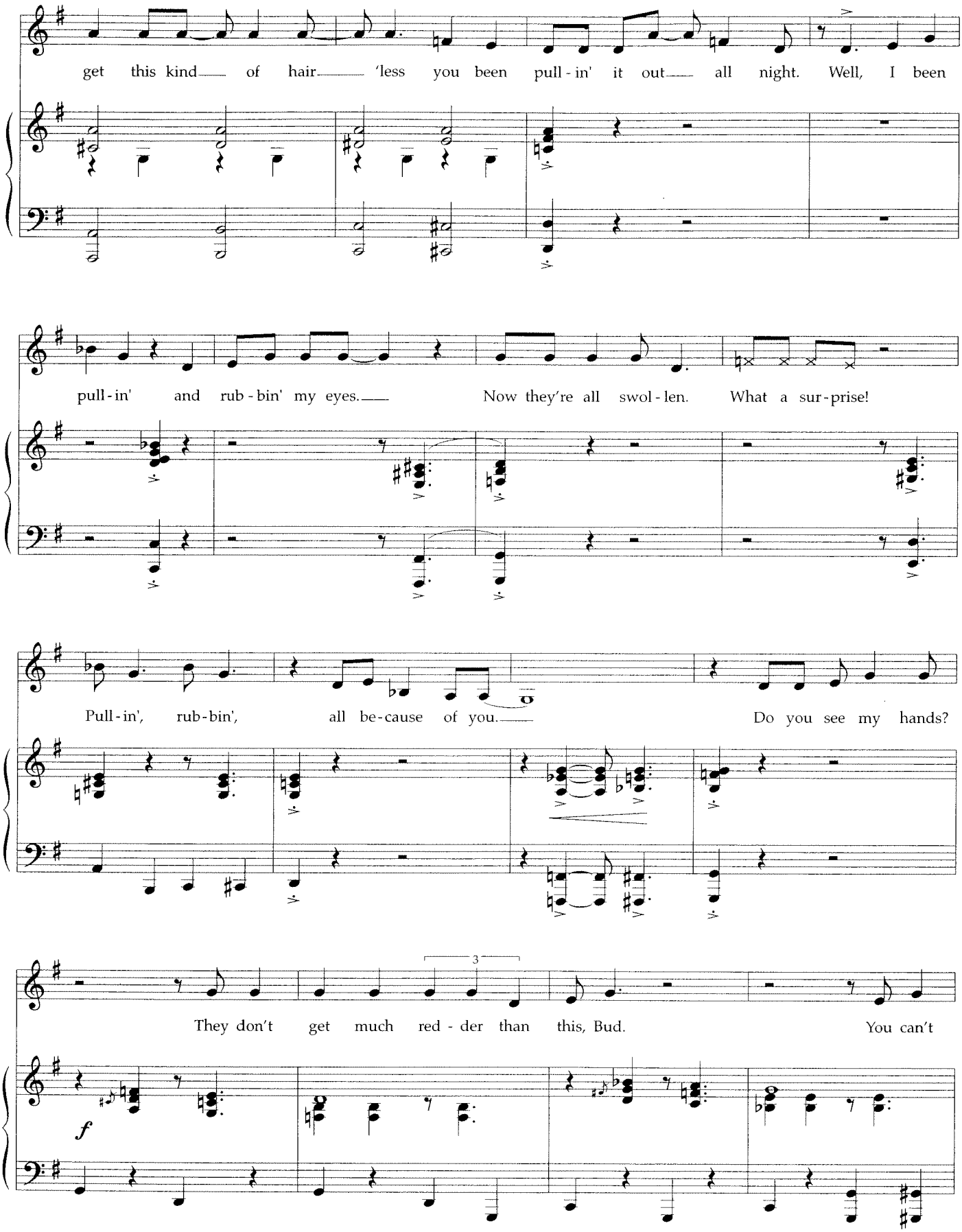
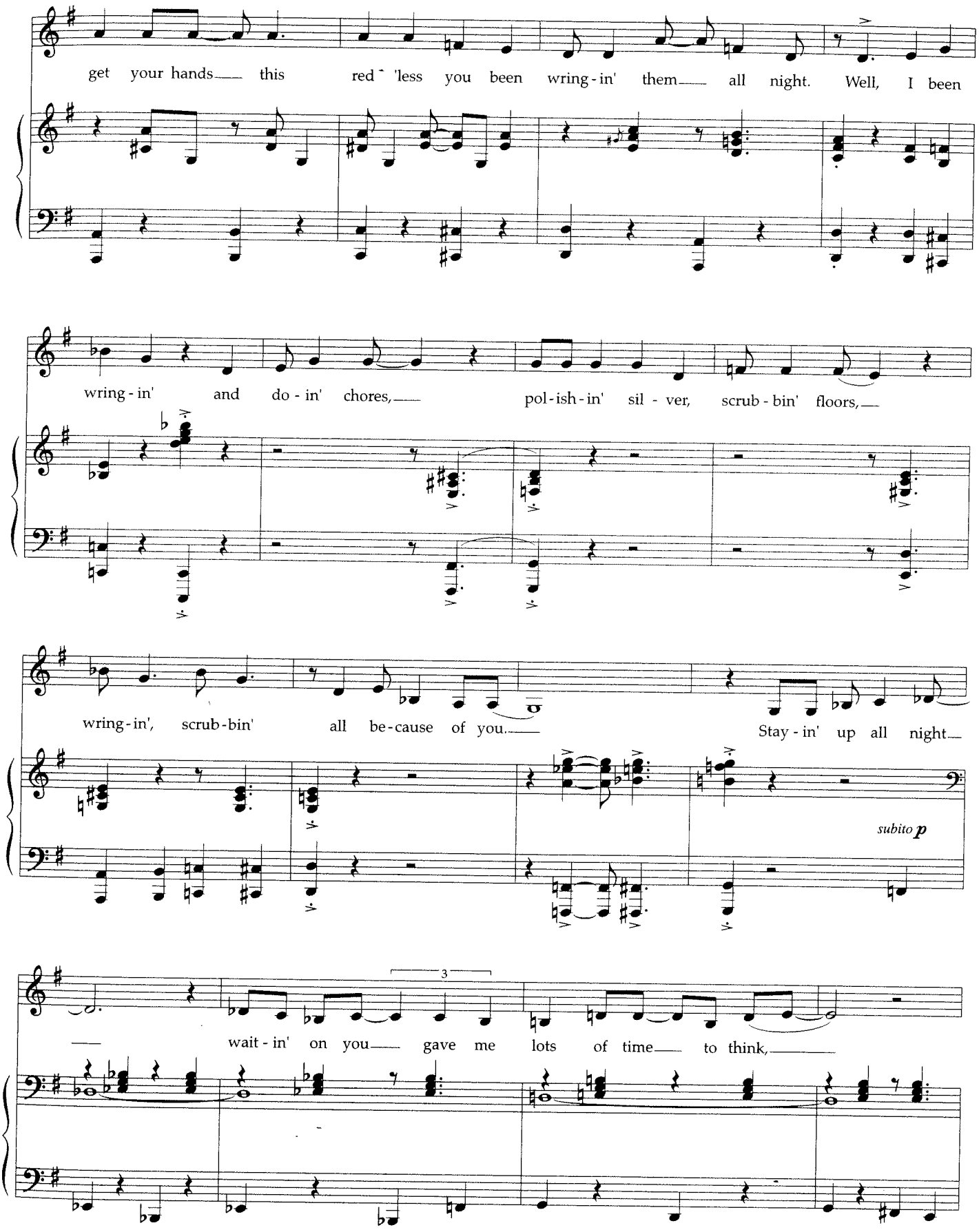
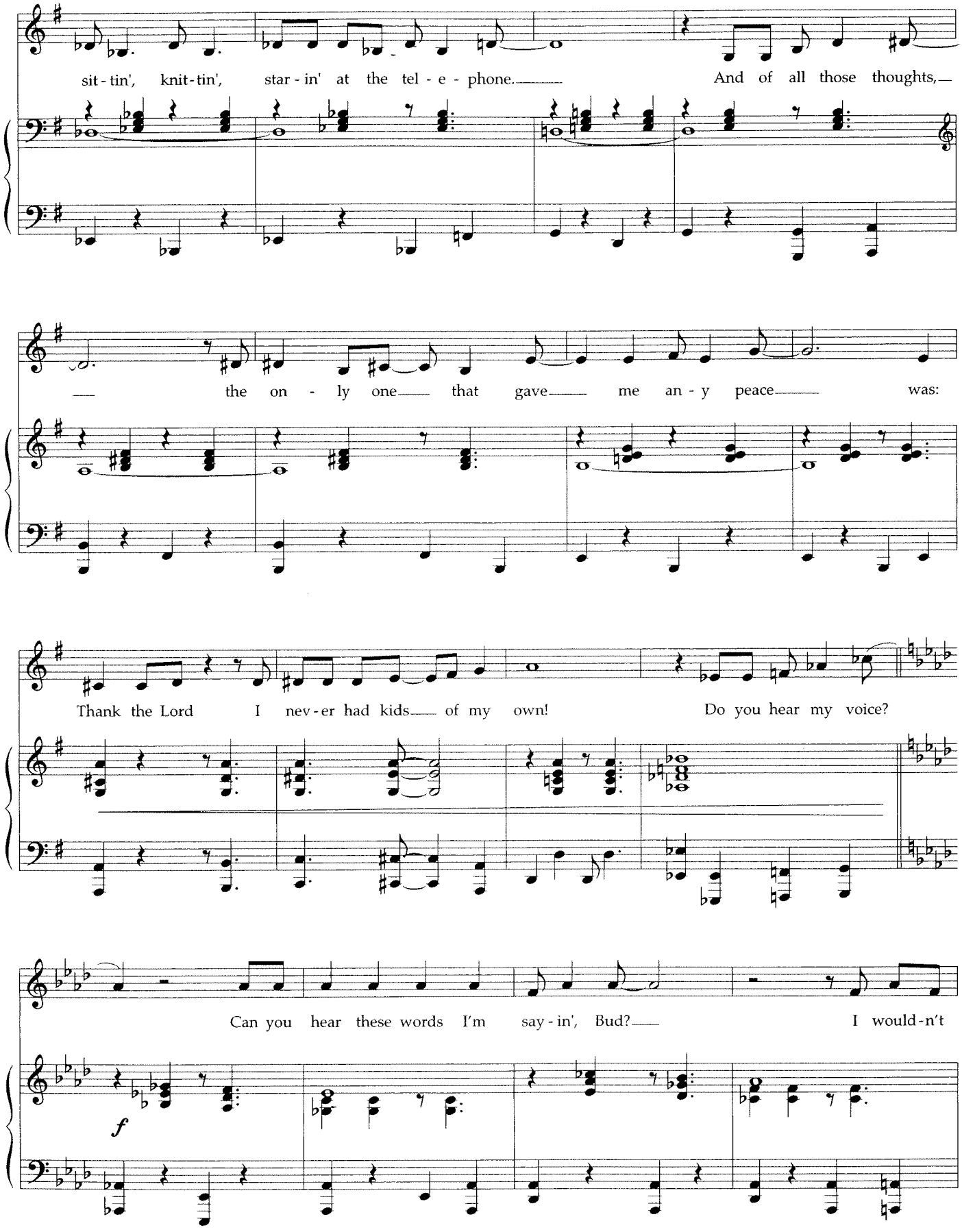
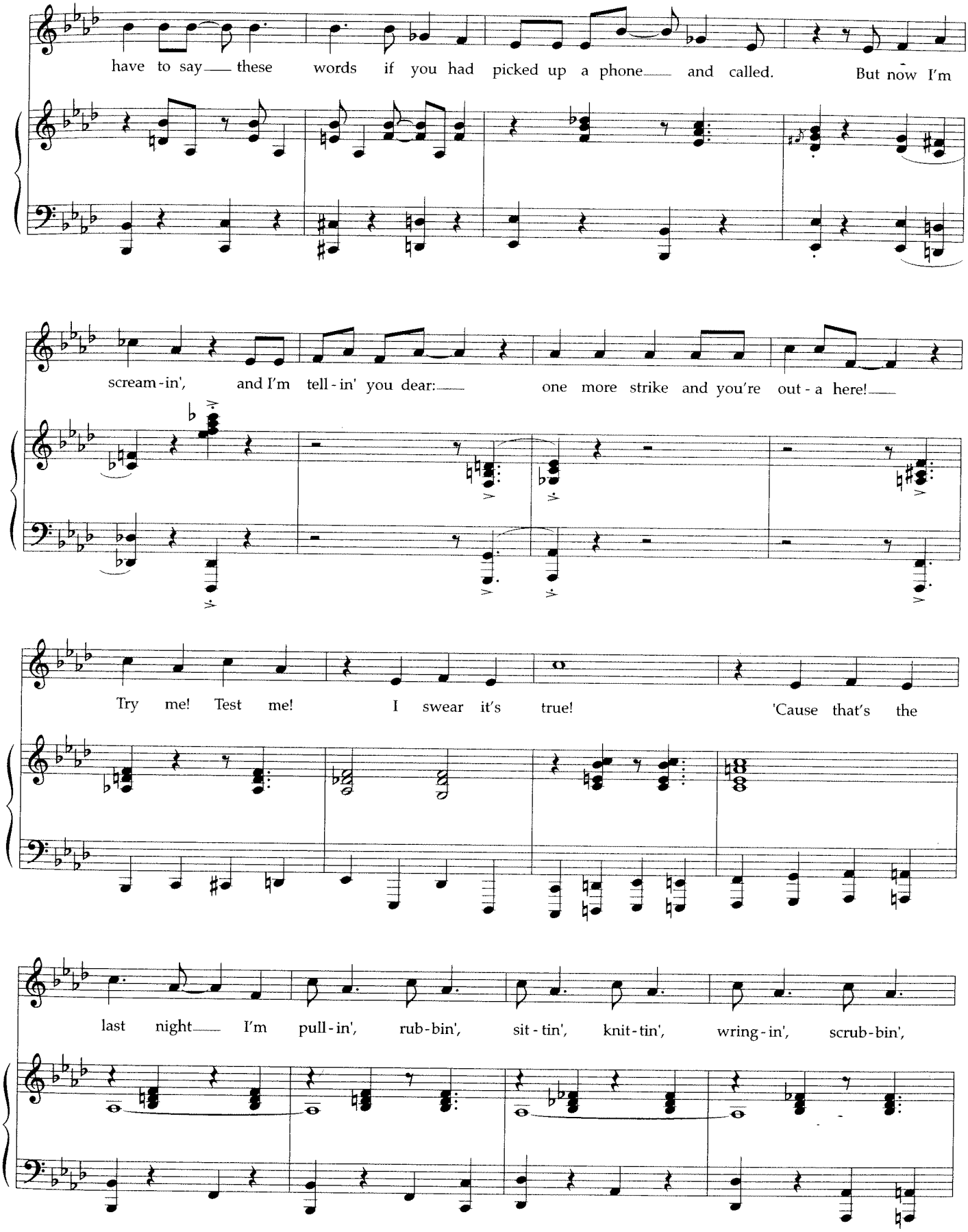
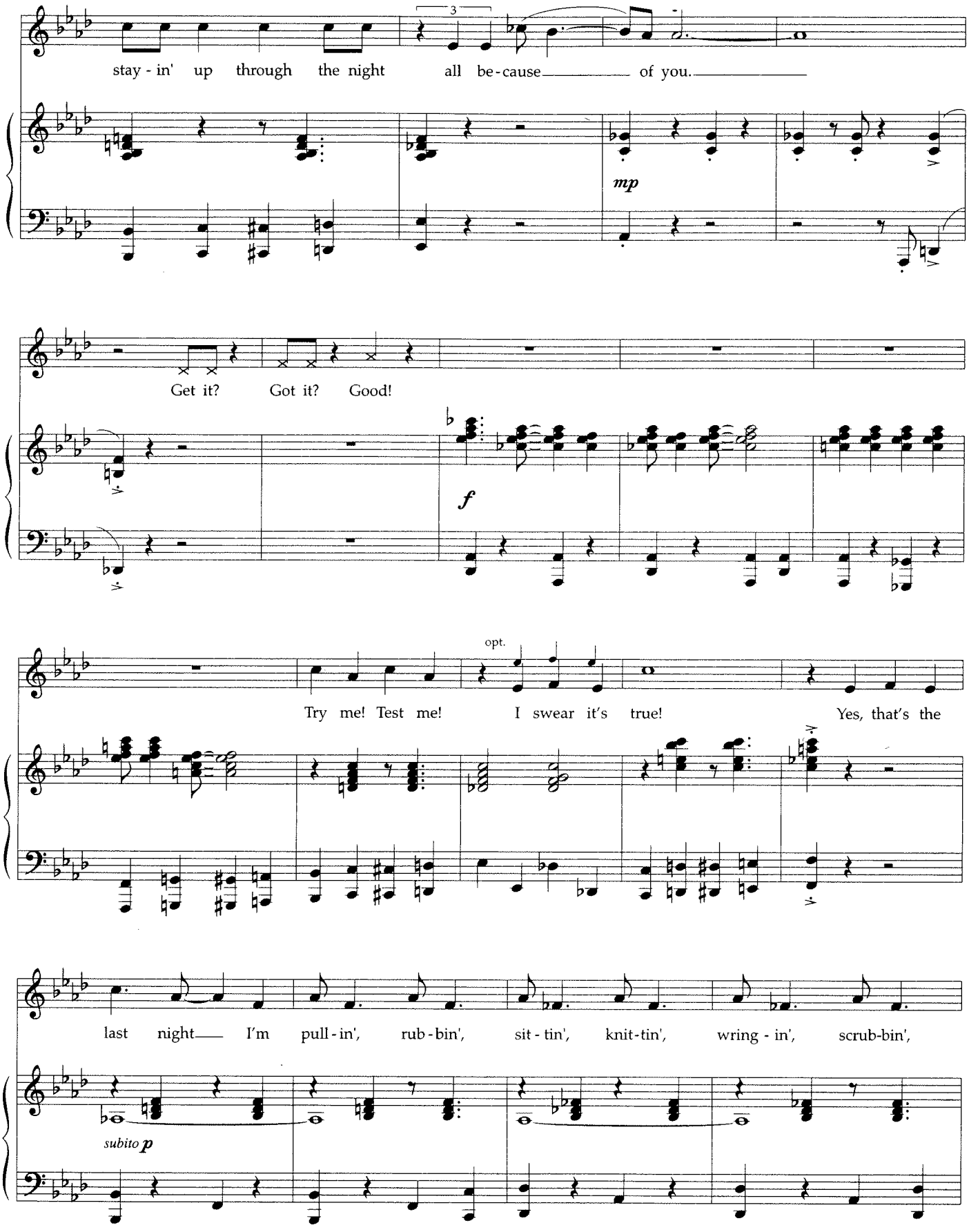
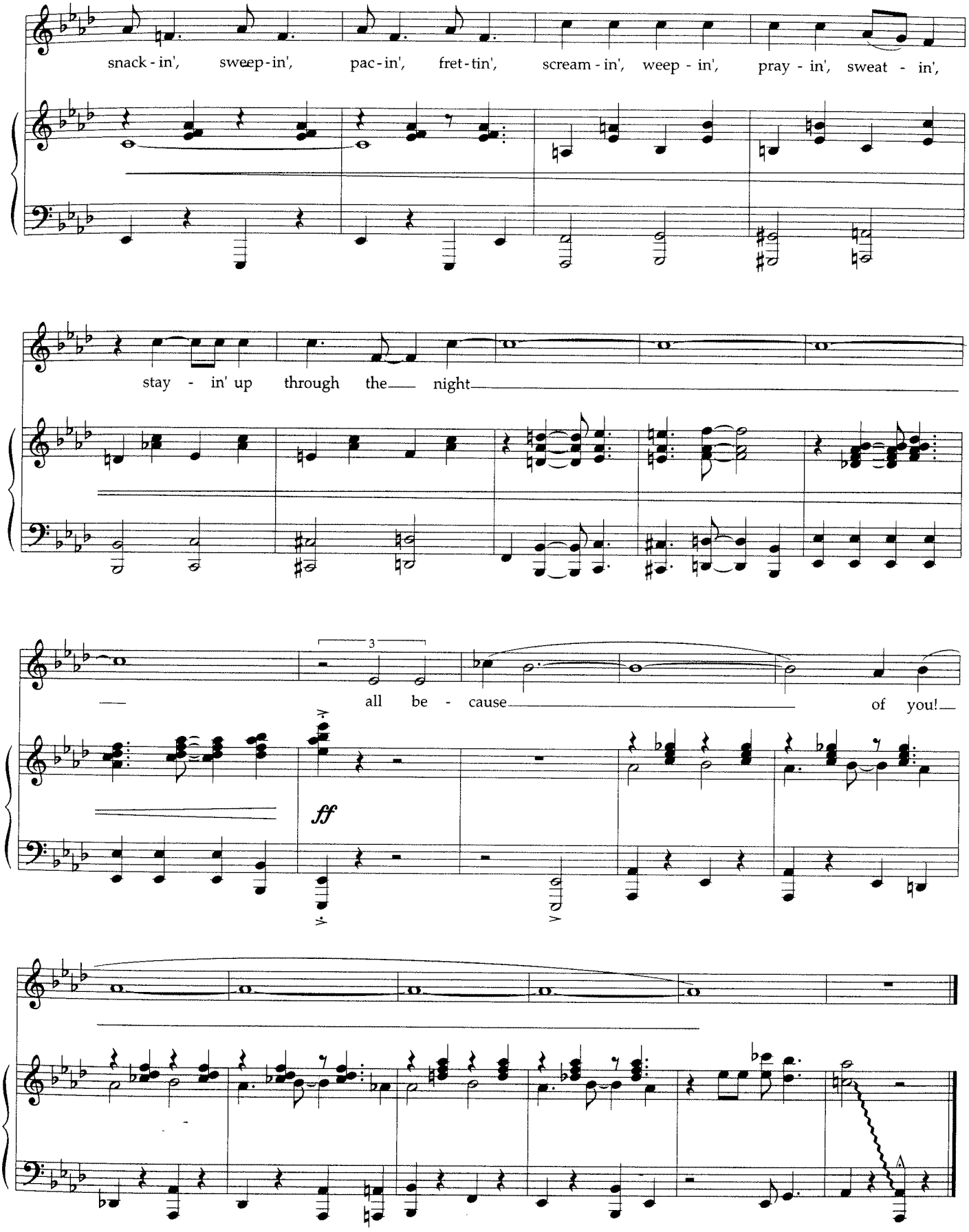

get this kind of hair 'less you been pull - in' it out all night. Well, I been
pull - in' and rub - bin' my eyes. Now they're all swol - len. What a sur - prise!
Pull - in', rub - bin', all be - cause of you. Do you see my hands?
3
They don't get much red - der than this, Bud. You can't
f


get your hands this red 'less you been wring-in' them all night. Well, I been
wring-in' and do-in' chores, pol-ish-in' sil-ver, scrub-bin' floors,
wring-in', scrub-bin' all be-cause of you. Stay-in' up all night
subito p
wait-in' on you gave me lots of time to think,
3


sit - tin', knit - tin', star - in' at the tel - e - phone. And of all those thoughts,
the on - ly one that gave me an - y peace was:
Thank the Lord I nev - er had kids of my own! Do you hear my voice?
Can you hear these words I'm say - in', Bud? I would - n't
f


have to say these words if you had picked up a phone and called. But now I'm
scream-in', and I'm tell-in' you dear: one more strike and you're out-a here!
Try me! Test me! I swear it's true! 'Cause that's the
last night I'm pull-in', rub-bin', sit-tin', knit-tin', wring-in', scrub-bin',

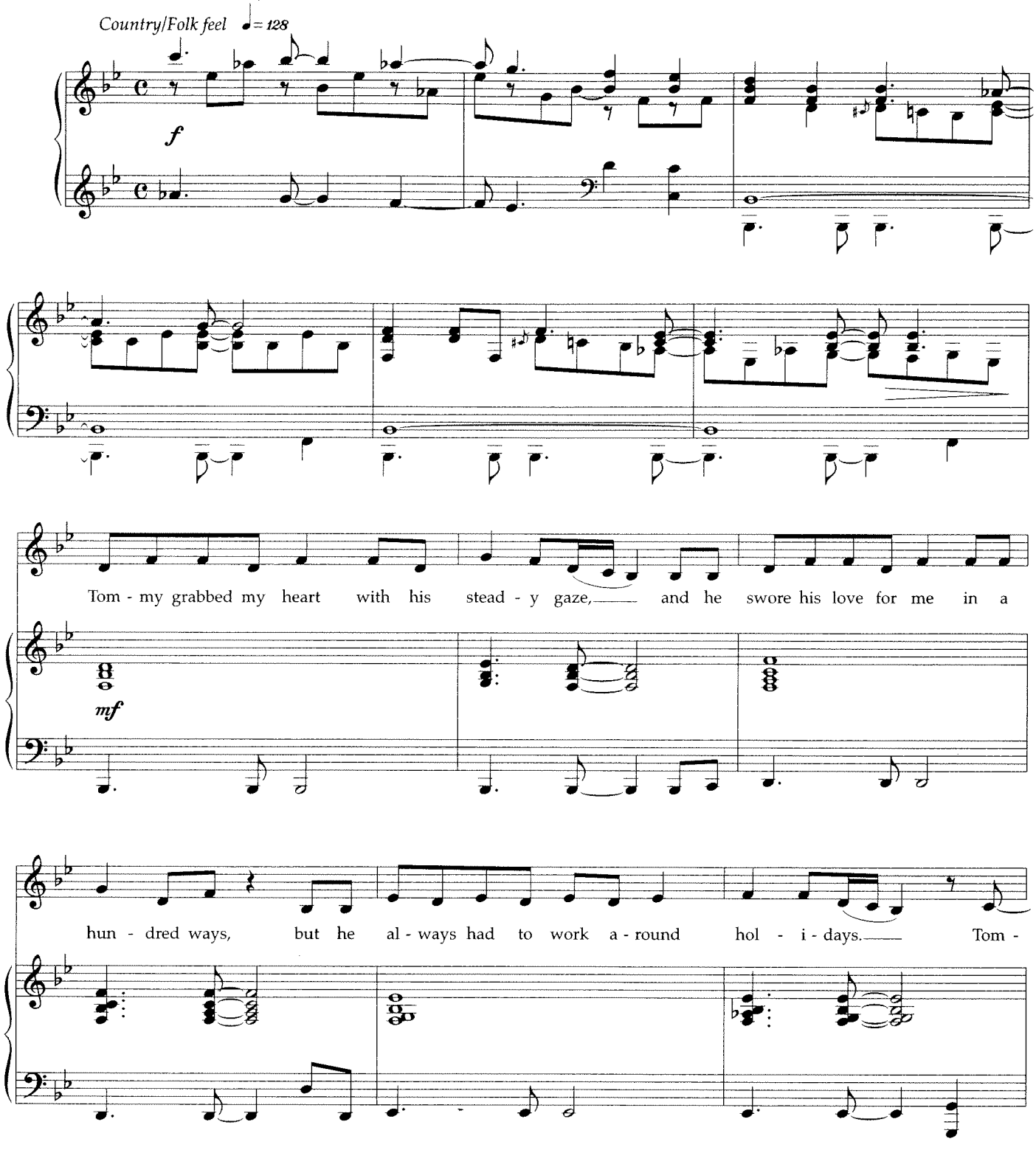

stay - in' up through the night all be-cause of you.
mp
Get it? Got it? Good!
f
opt.
Try me! Test me! I swear it's true! Yes, that's the
last night I'm pull-in', rub-bin', sit-tin', knit-tin', wring-in', scrub-bin',
subito p


snack - in', sweep - in', pac - in', fret - tin', scream - in', weep - in', pray - in', sweat - in',
stay - in' up through the night
3
all be - cause of you!
ff

Another Guy

from *Urban Cowboy*, the musical

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ



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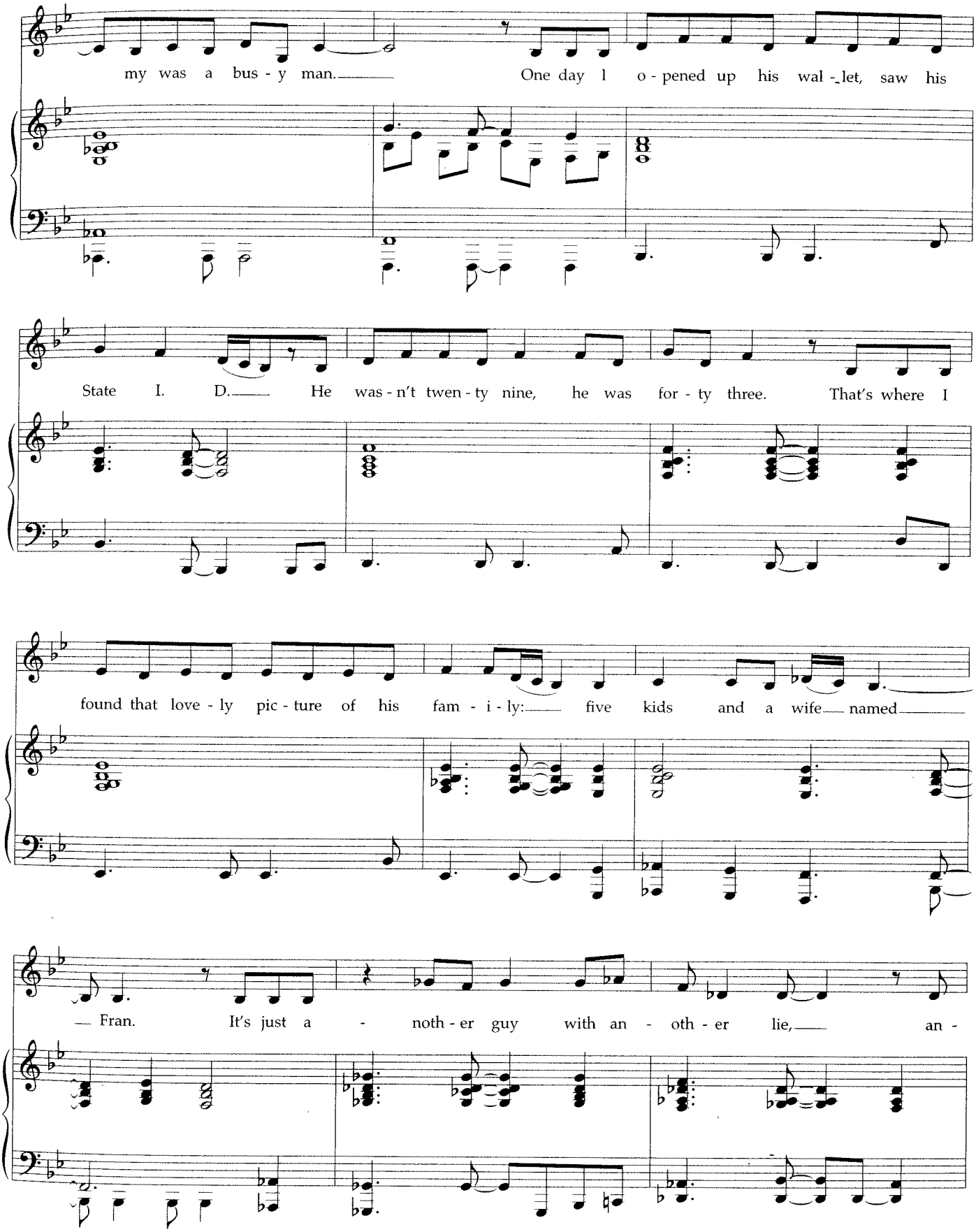
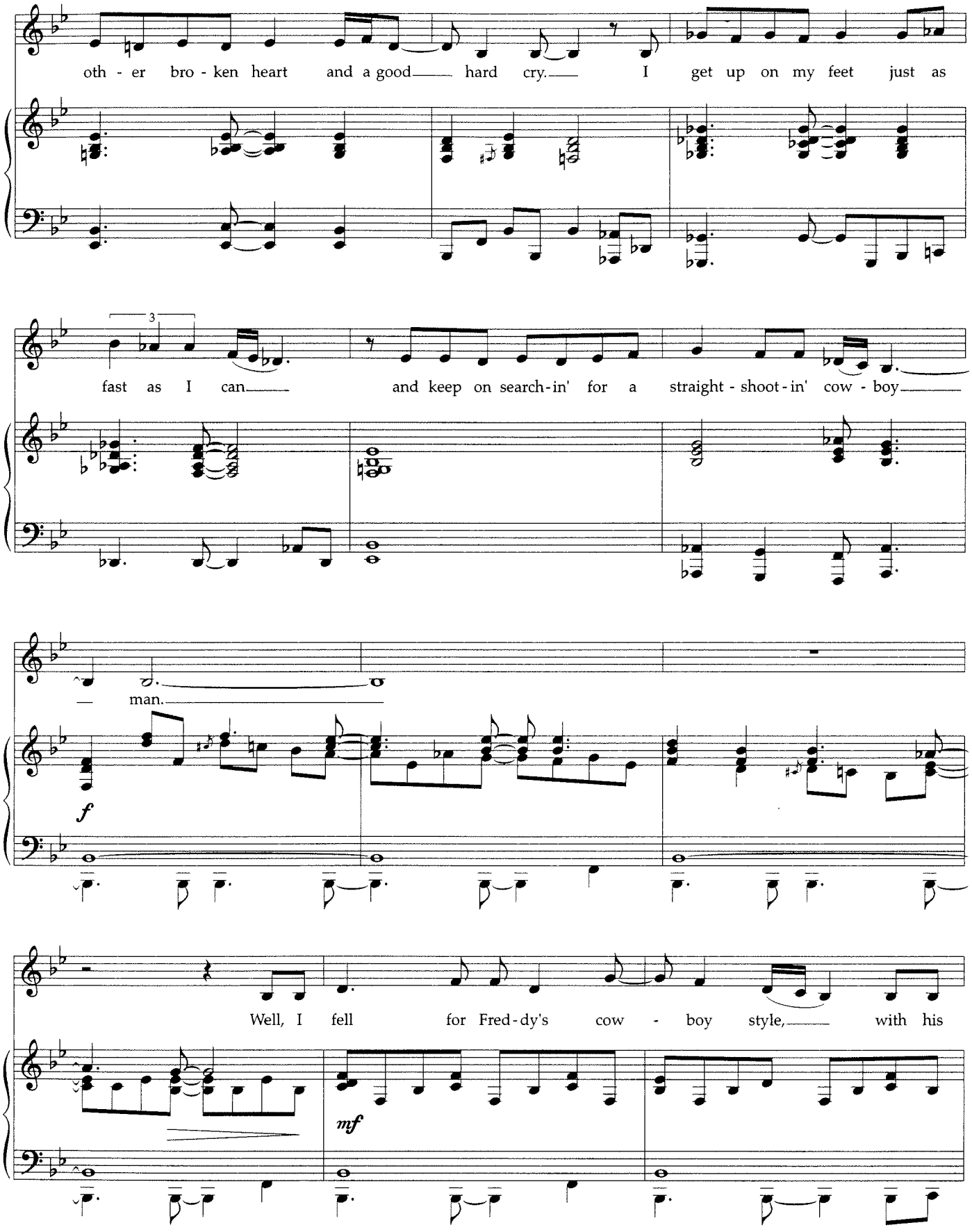
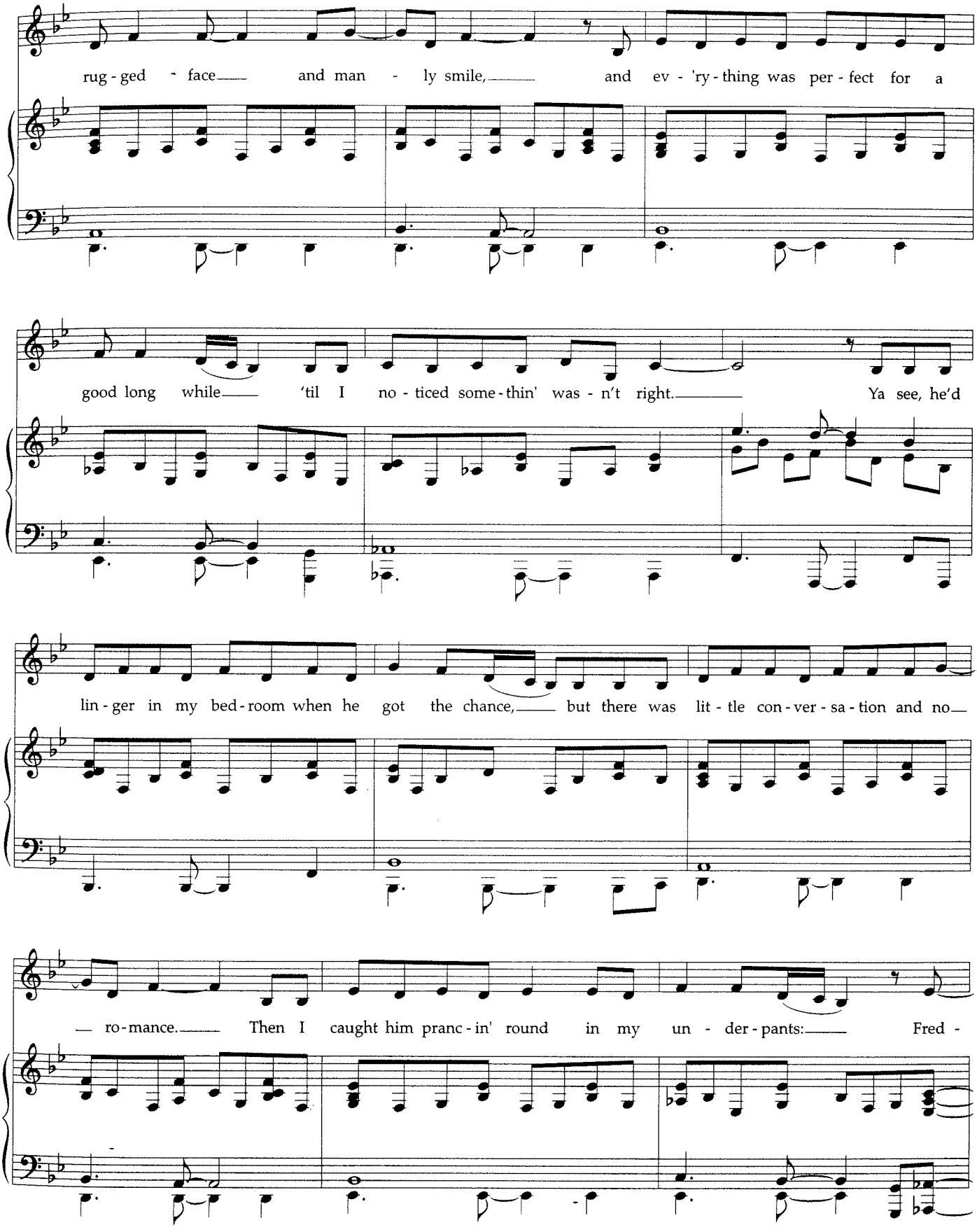
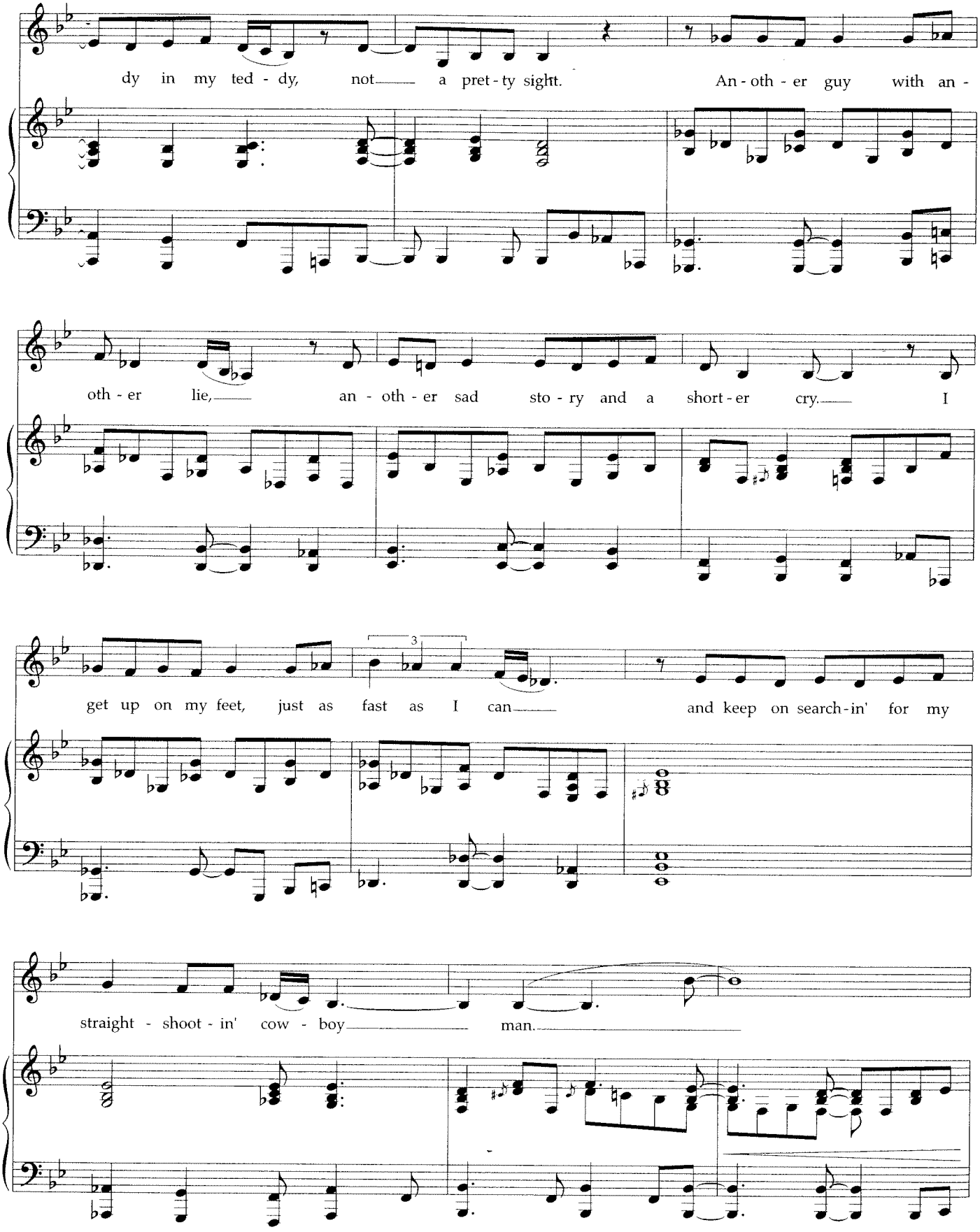
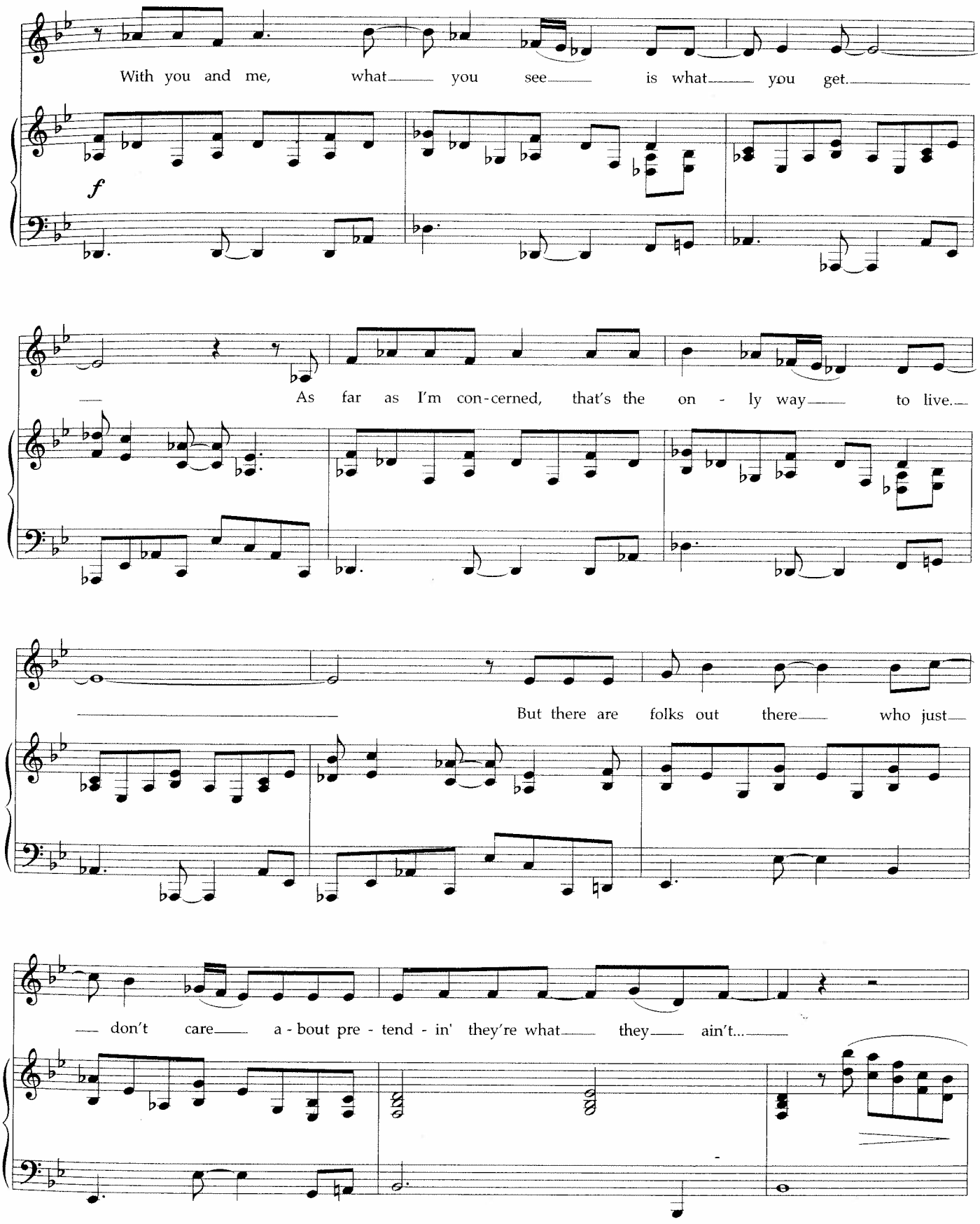
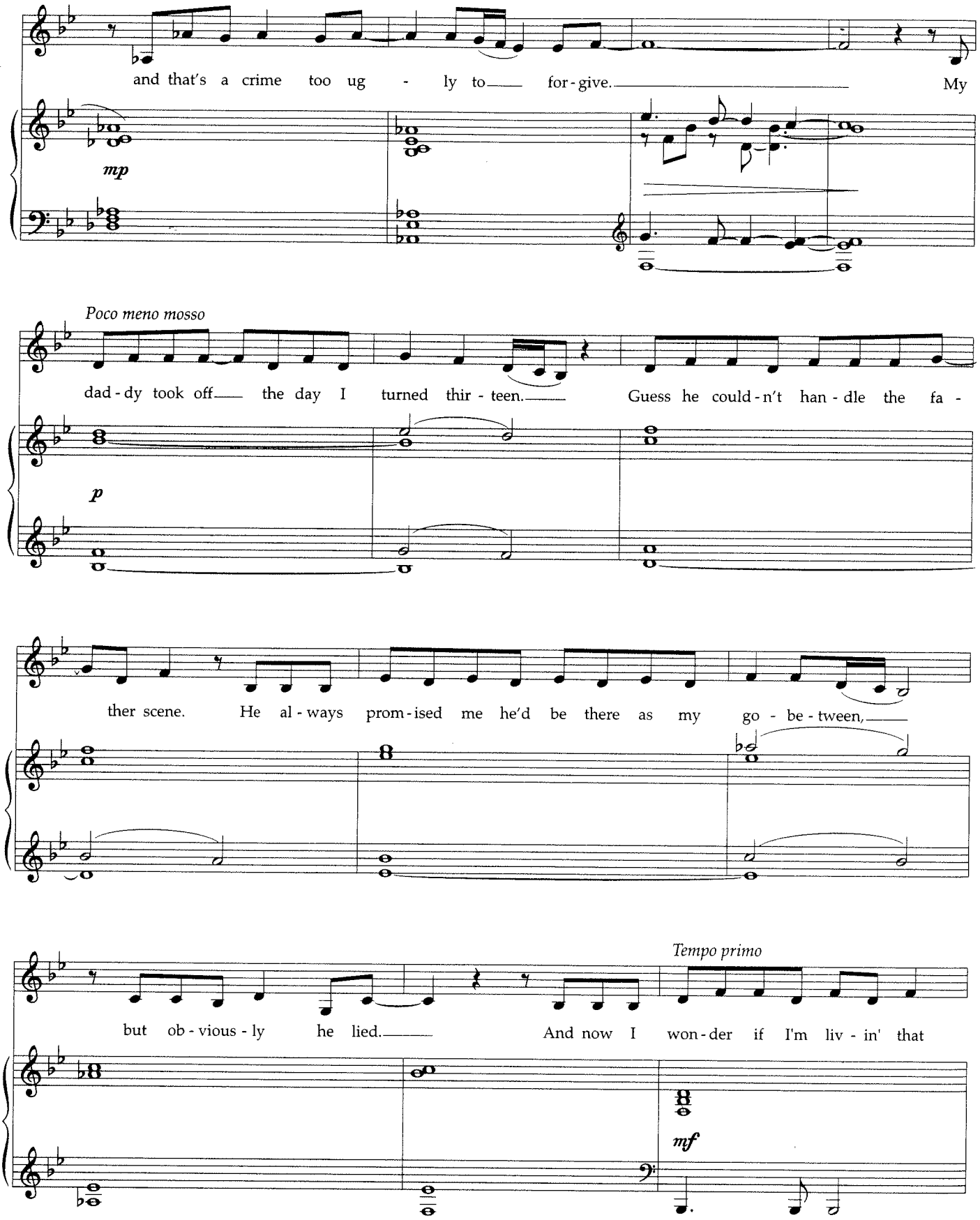

my was a bus - y man.
One day I o - pened up his wal - let, saw his
State I. D.
He was - n't twen - ty nine, he was for - ty three. That's where I
found that love - ly pic - ture of his fam - i - ly:
five kids and a wife named
Fran.
It's just a - noth - er guy with an - oth - er lie,
an -

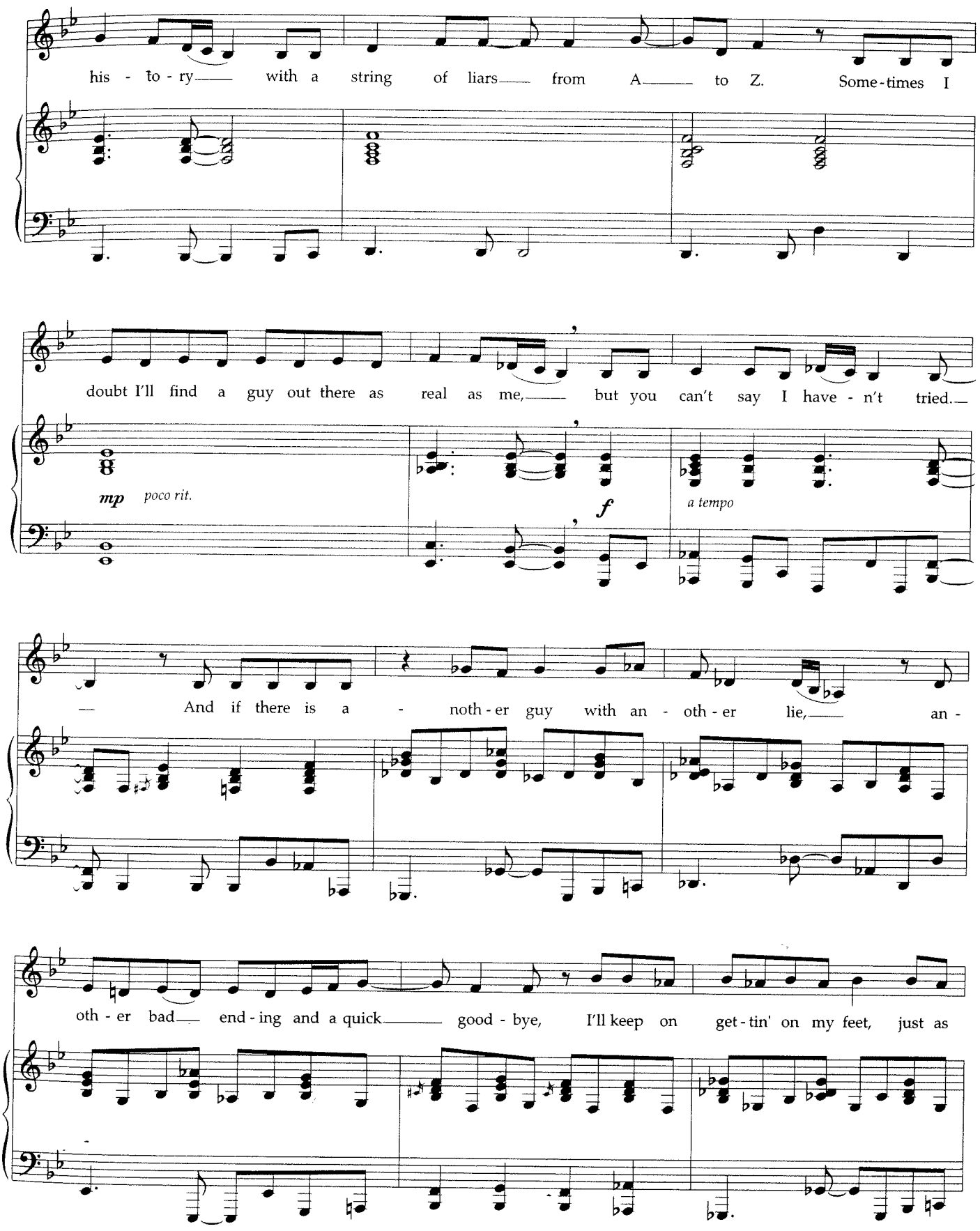

oth - er bro - ken heart and a good hard cry. I get up on my feet just as
3
fast as I can and keep on search-in' for a straight - shoot - in' cow - boy
man.
f
Well, I fell for Fred - dy's cow - boy style, with his
mf

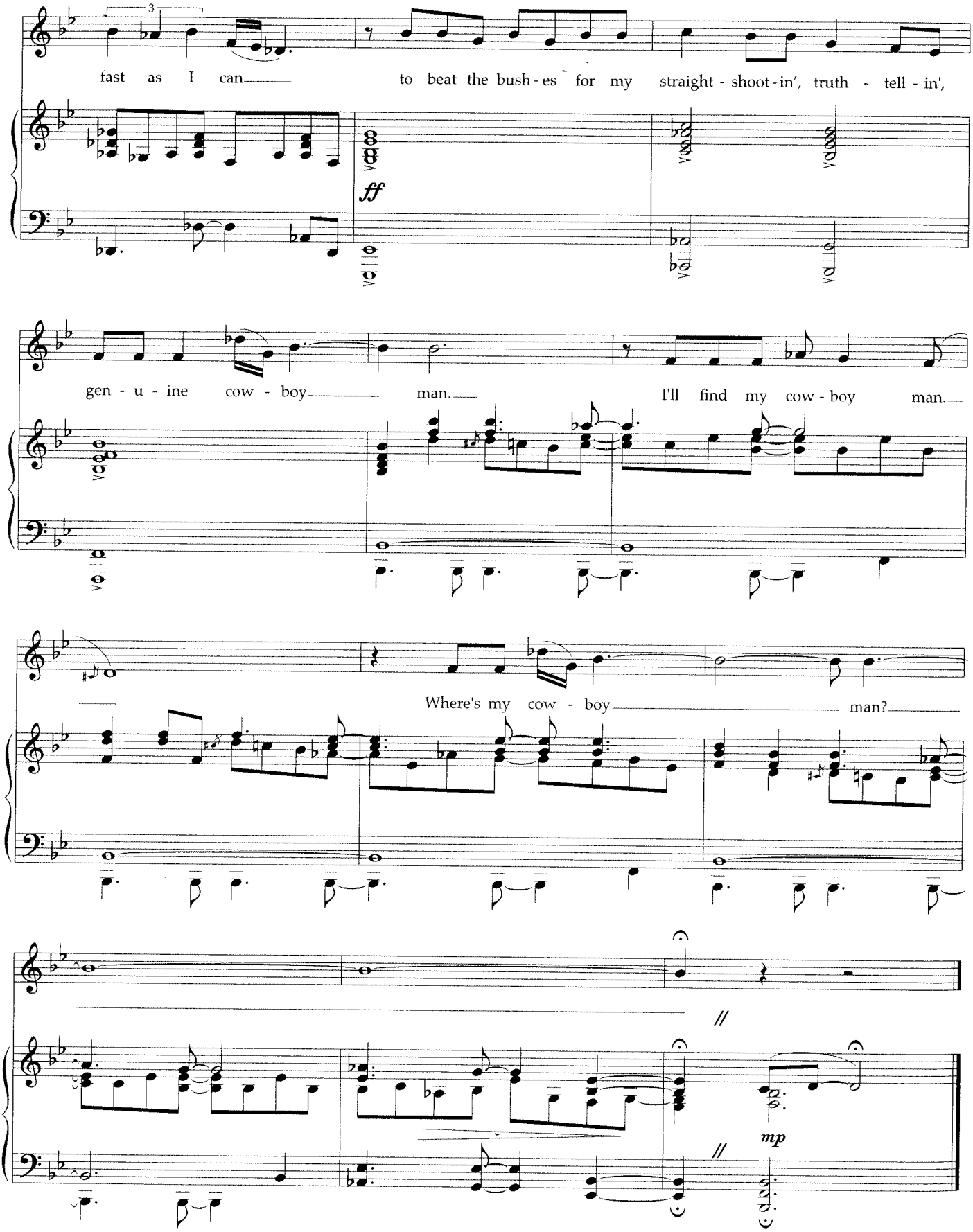

rug - ged - face and man - ly smile, and ev - 'ry - thing was per - fect for a
good long while 'til I no - ticed some - thin' was - n't right. Ya see, he'd
lin - ger in my bed - room when he got the chance, but there was lit - tle con - ver - sa - tion and no
— ro - mance. Then I caught him pranc - in' round in my un - der - pants: Fred -


dy in my ted - dy, not a pret - ty sight. An - oth - er guy with an -
oth - er lie, an - oth - er sad sto - ry and a short - er cry. I
get up on my feet, just as fast as I can and keep on search - in' for my
straight - shoot - in' cow - boy man.


With you and me, what you see is what you get.
f
As far as I'm con-cerned, that's the on - ly way to live.
But there are folks out there who just
don't care a - bout pre - tend - in' they're what they ain't...


and that's a crime too ug - ly to for-give. My
mp
Poco meno mosso
dad-dy took off the day I turned thir - teen. Guess he could-n't han - dle the fa -
p
ther scene. He al - ways prom-ised me he'd be there as my go - be - tween,
Tempo primo
but ob - vious - ly he lied. And now I won-der if I'm liv - in' that
mf

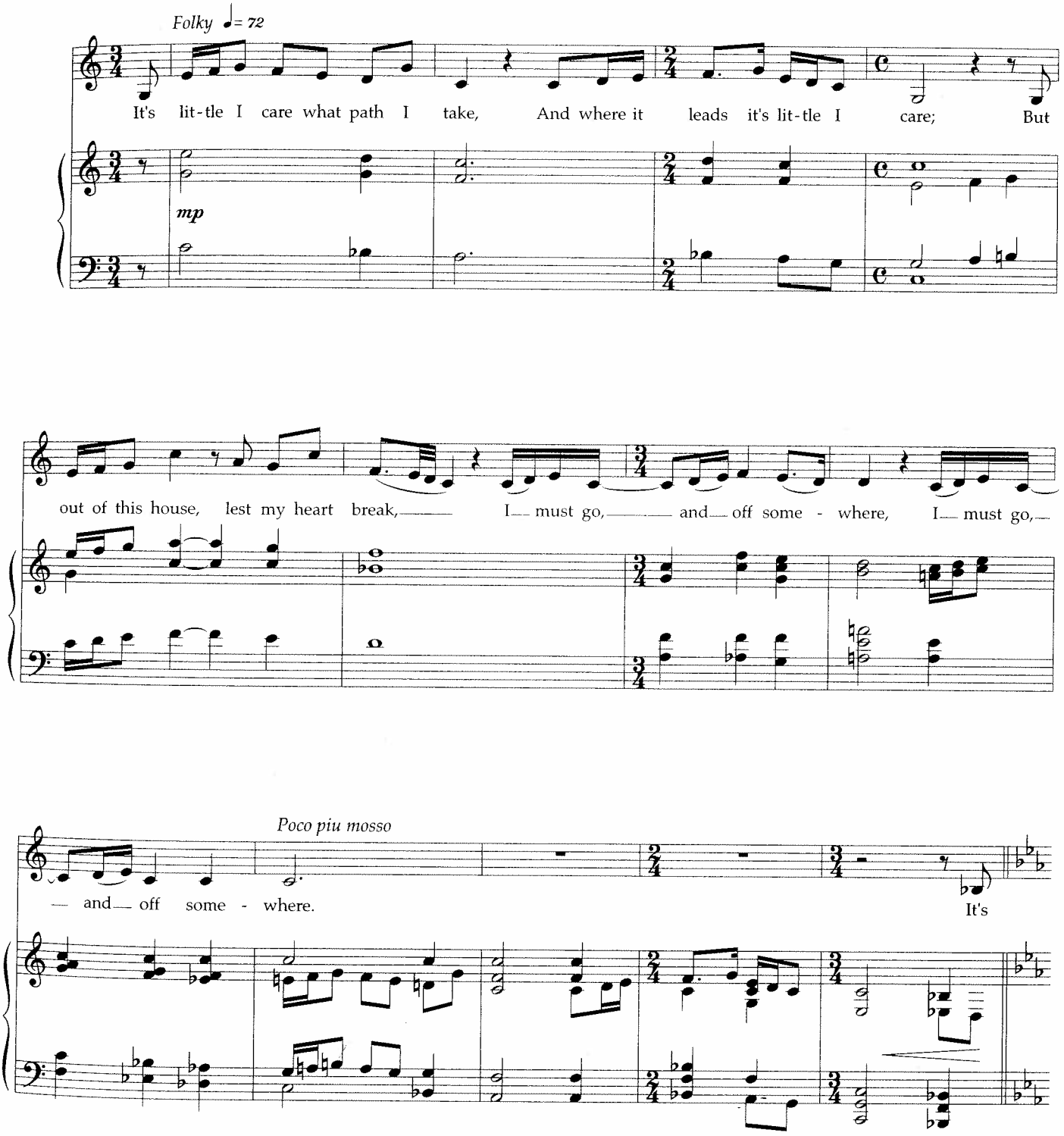

his - to - ry with a string of liars from A to Z. Some-times I
doubt I'll find a guy out there as real as me, but you can't say I have - n't tried.
mp poco rit.
f
a tempo
And if there is a - noth - er guy with an - oth - er lie, an -
oth - er bad end - ing and a quick good - bye, I'll keep on get - tin' on my feet, just as


fast as I can
to beat the bush - es for my straight - shoot - in', truth - tell - in',
ff
gen - u - ine cow - boy man.
I'll find my cow - boy man.
Where's my cow - boy man?
mp

Departure

Music by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ

From a poem by
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY



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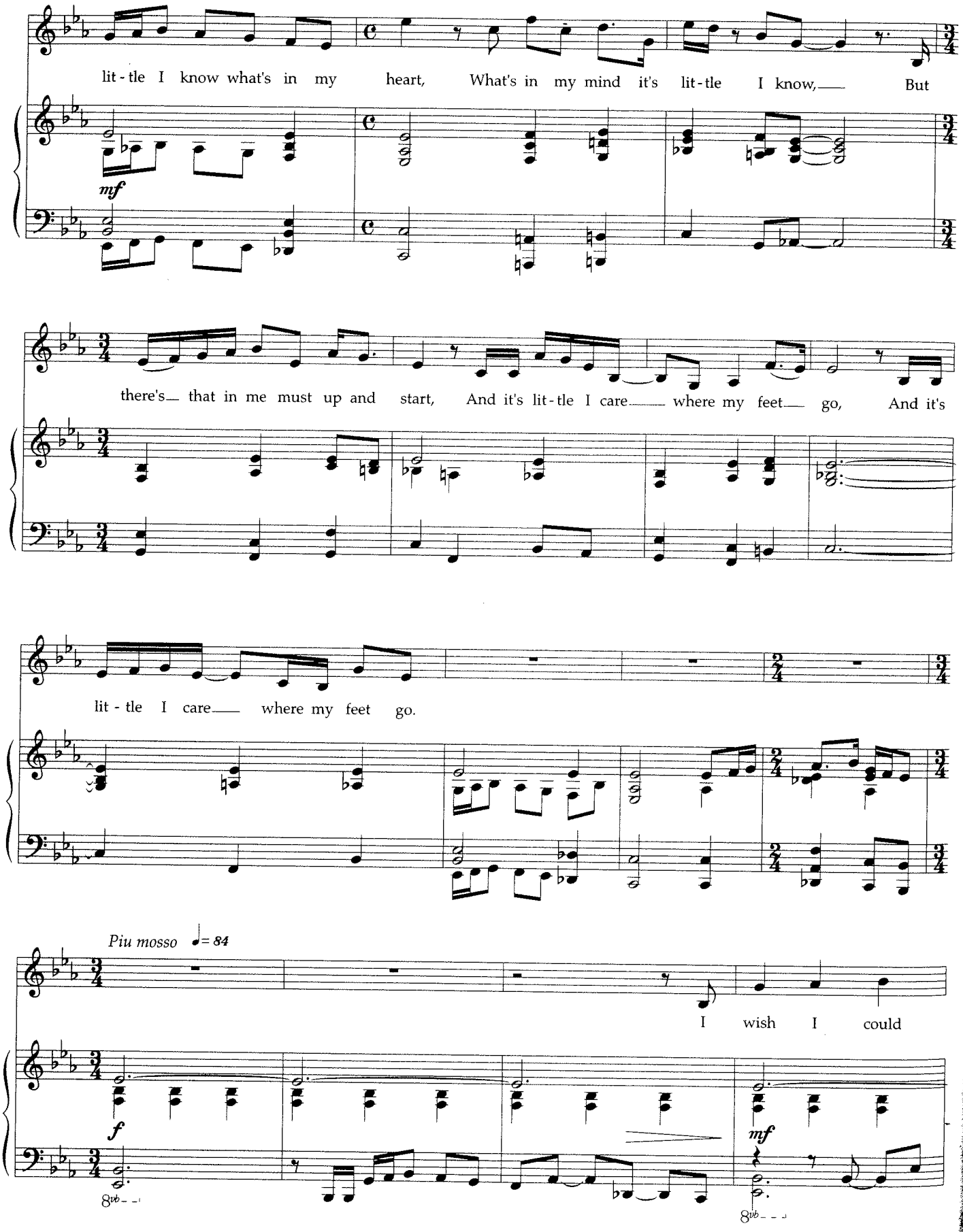
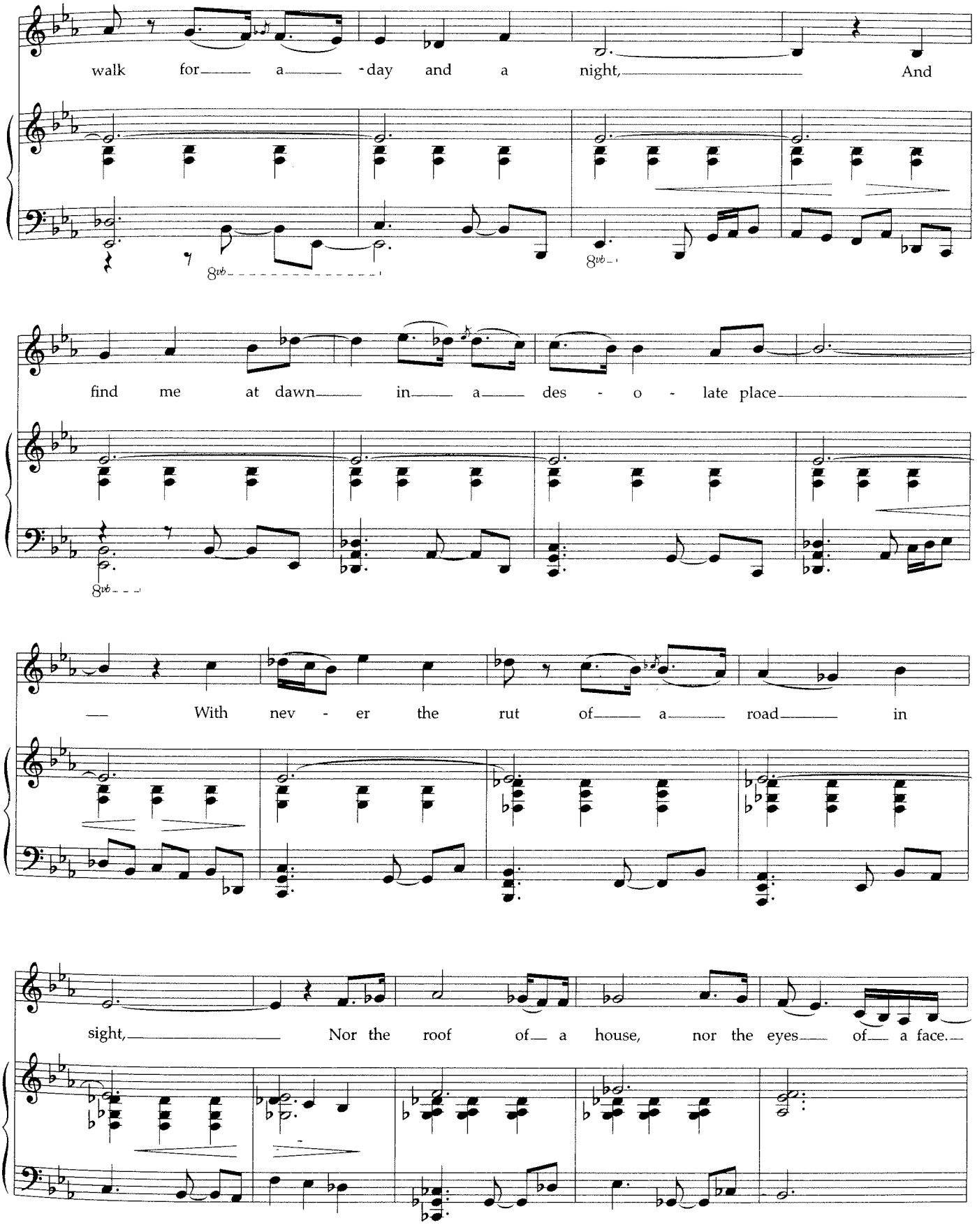
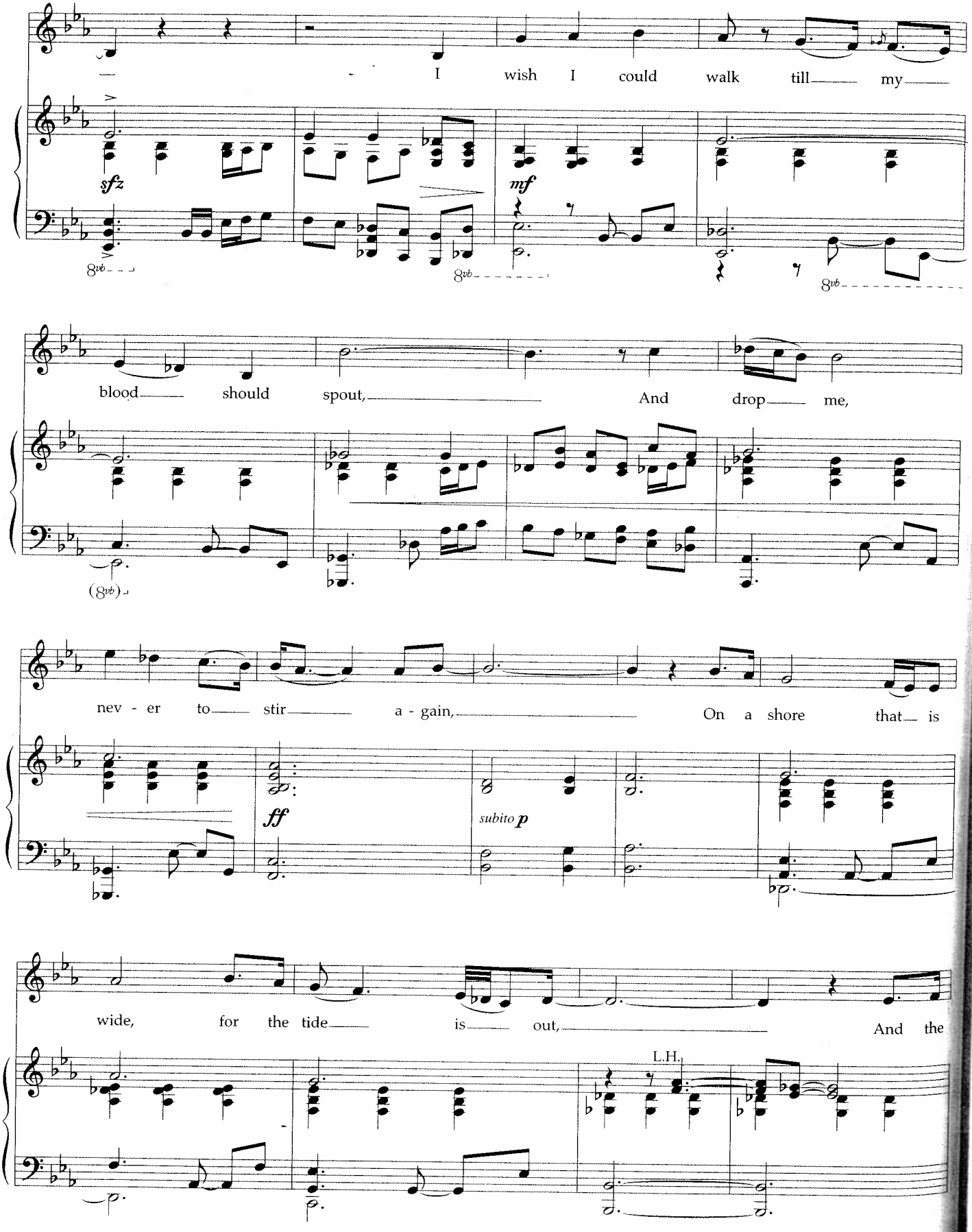
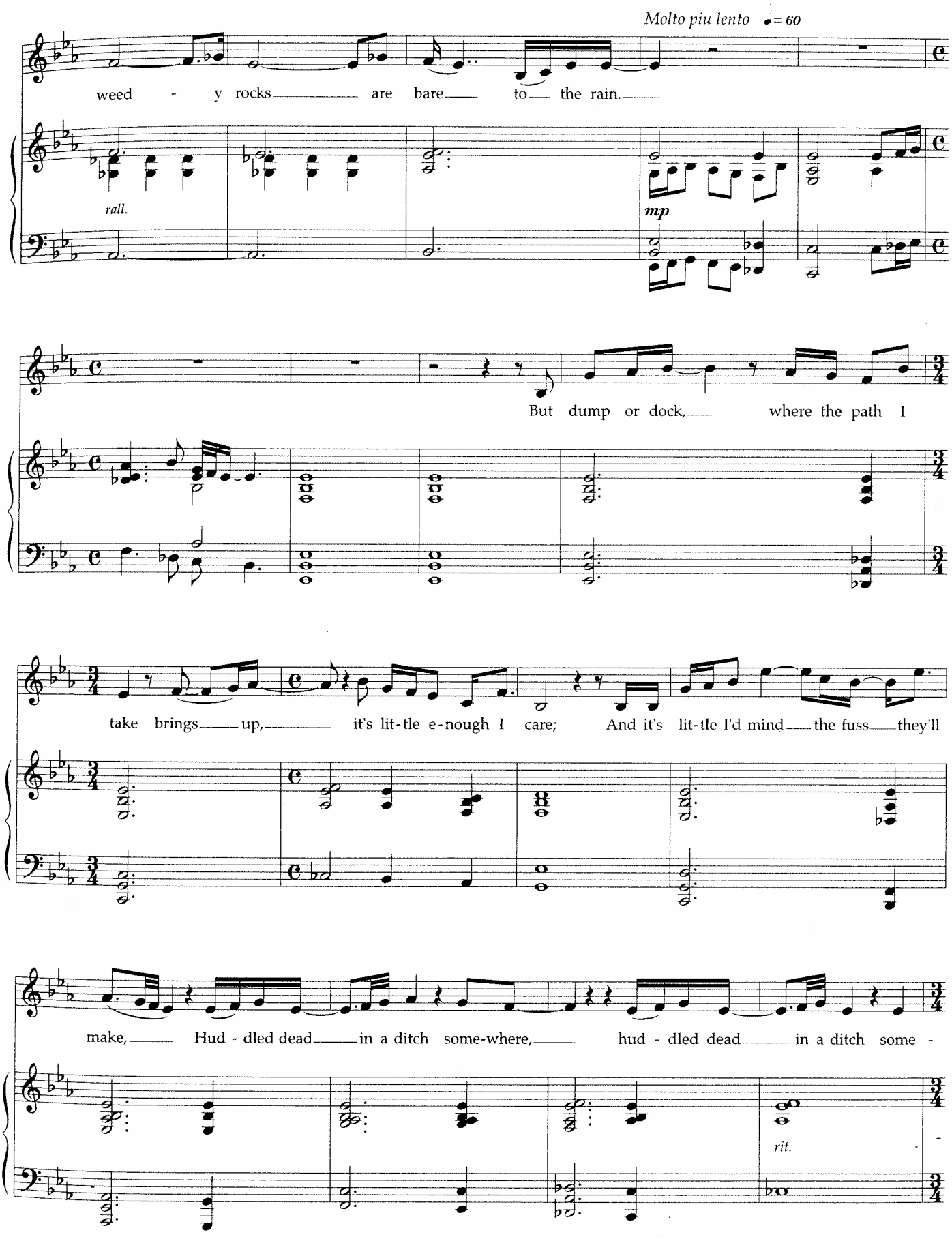
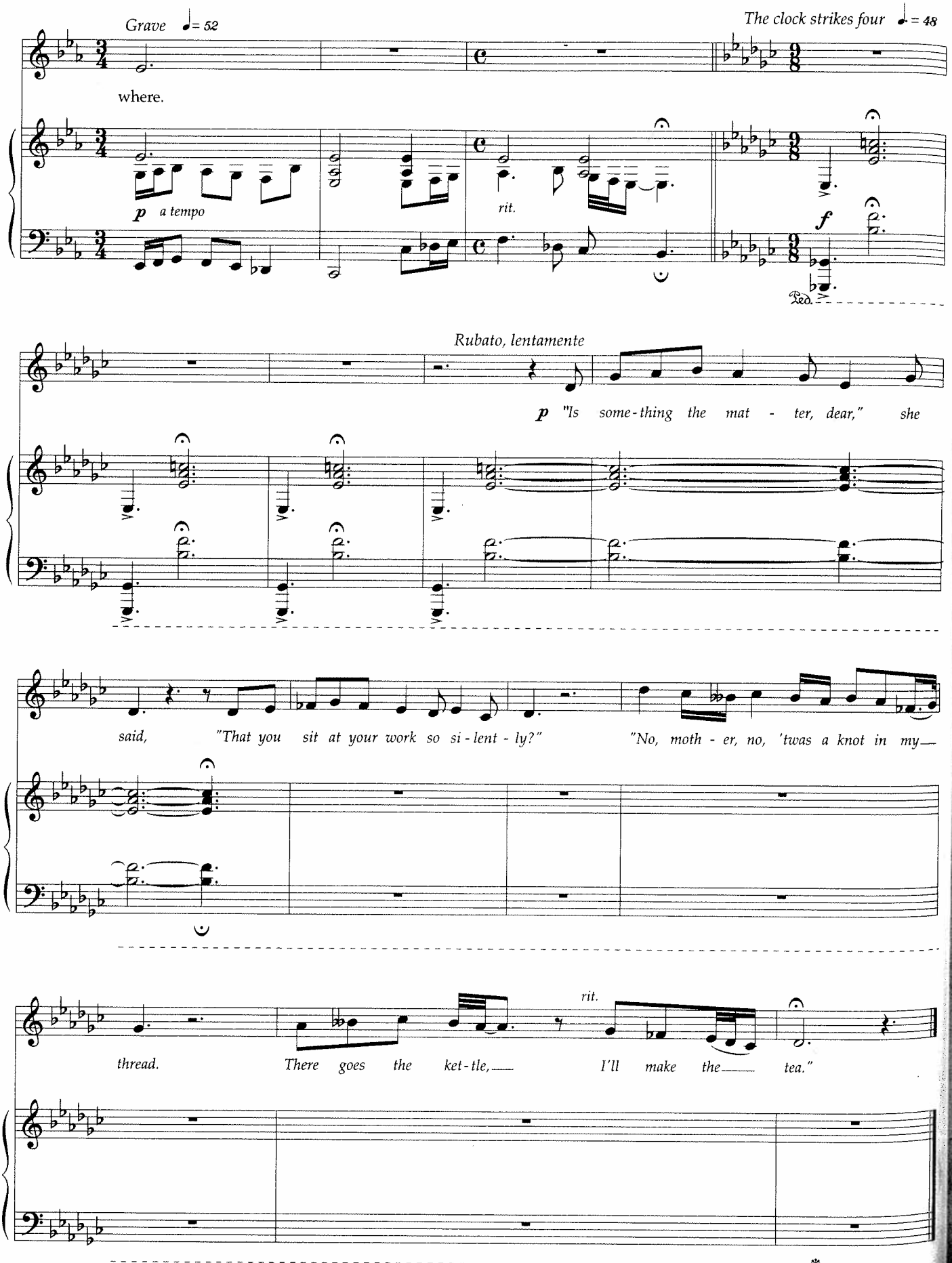

lit - tle I know what's in my heart, What's in my mind it's lit - tle I know, But
mf
there's that in me must up and start, And it's lit - tle I care where my feet go, And it's
lit - tle I care where my feet go.
Piu mosso ♩= 84
I wish I could
f
mf
8vb
8vb


walk for a - day and a night, And
8vb
find me at dawn in a des - o - late place
8vb
With nev - er the rut of a road in
sight, Nor the roof of a house, nor the eyes of a face.

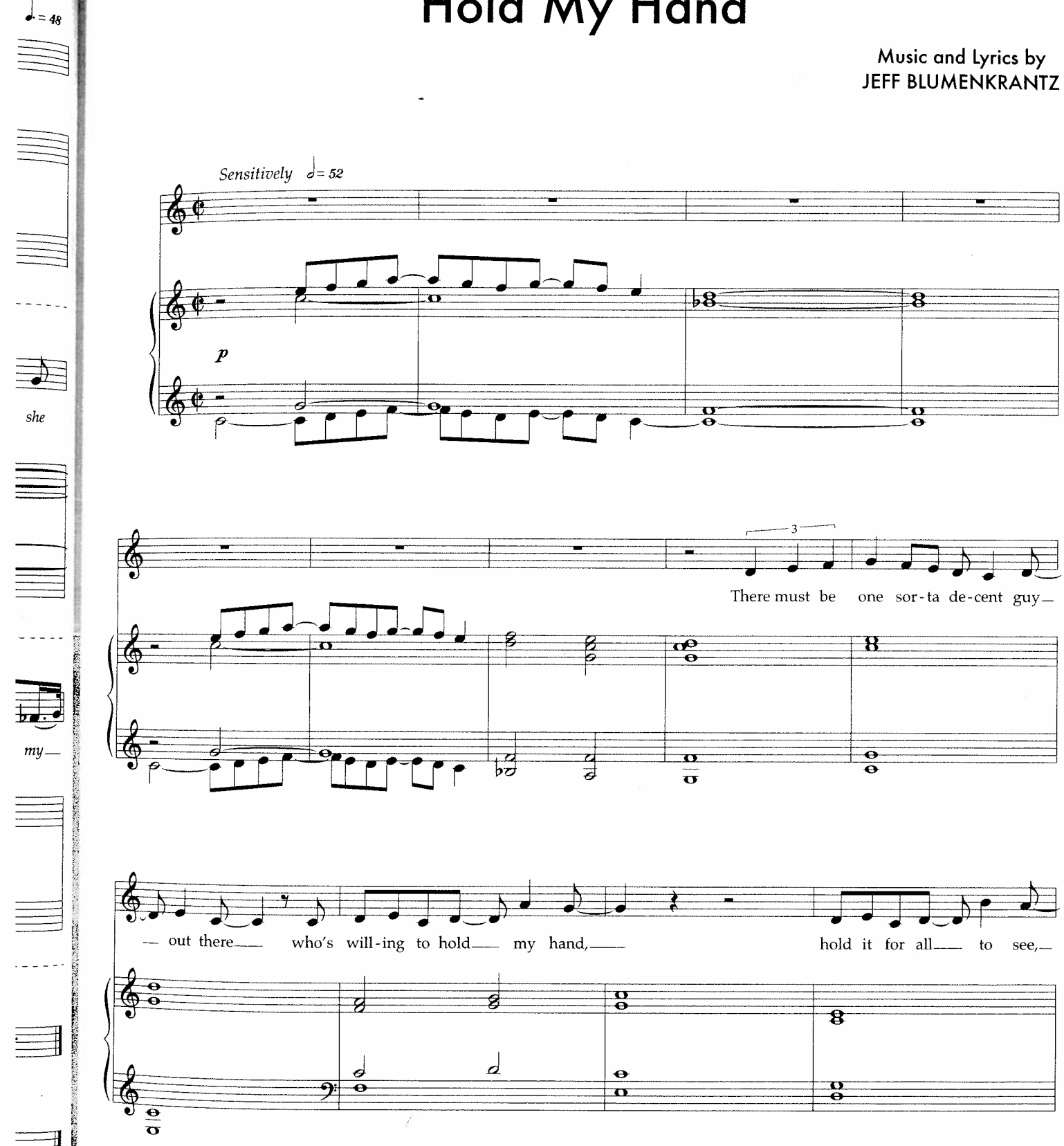

I wish I could walk till my
sfz
mf
8vb
blood should spout, And drop me,
(8vb)
nev - er to stir a - gain, On a shore that is
ff
subito p
wide, for the tide is out, And the
L.H.


Molto piu lento ♩= 60
weed - y rocks are bare to the rain.
rall.
mp
But dump or dock, where the path I
take brings up, it's lit-tle e-nough I care; And it's lit-tle I'd mind the fuss they'll
make, Hud - dled dead in a ditch some-where, hud - dled dead in a ditch some -
rit.


Grave ♩= 52
The clock strikes four ♩= 48
where.
p a tempo
rit.
f
Ped.
Rubato, lentamente
p "Is some-thing the mat - ter, dear," she
said, "That you sit at your work so si-lent-ly?" "No, moth - er, no, 'twas a knot in my—
rit.
thread. There goes the ket-tle,— I'll make the— tea."

Hold My Hand

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ



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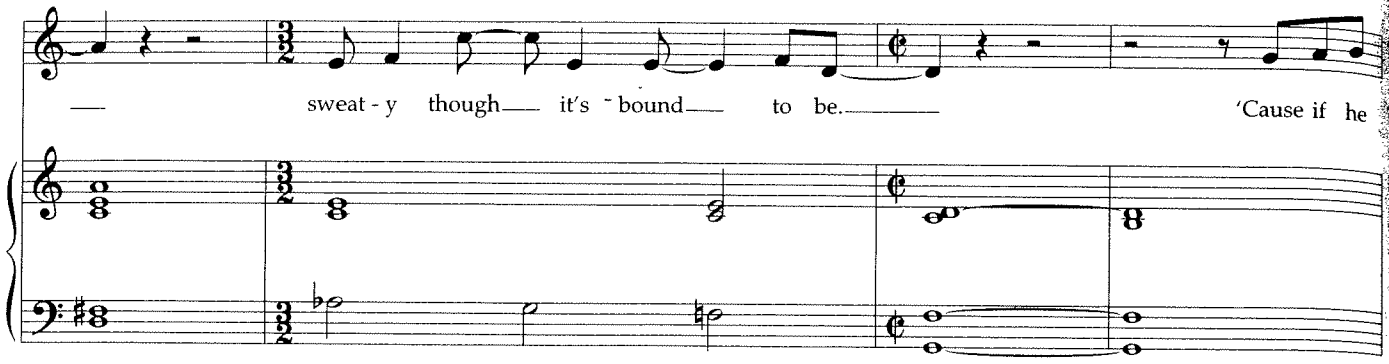
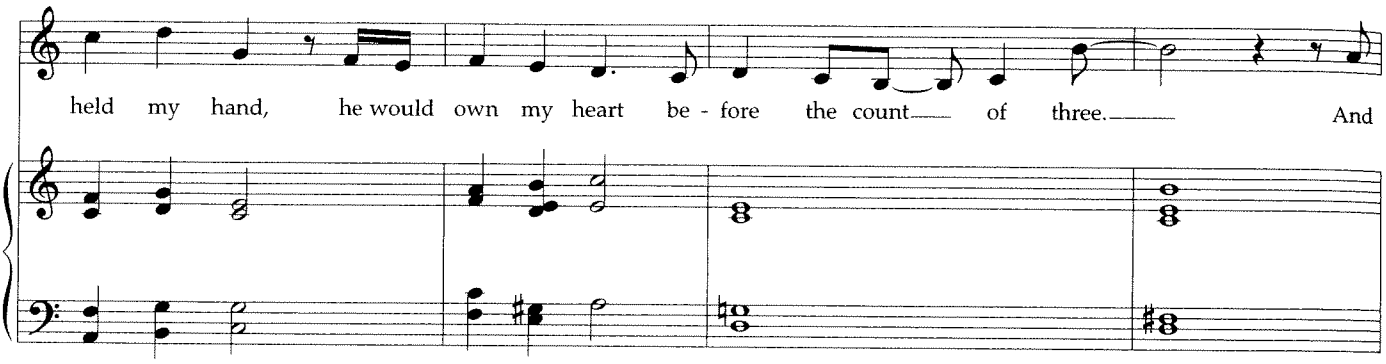
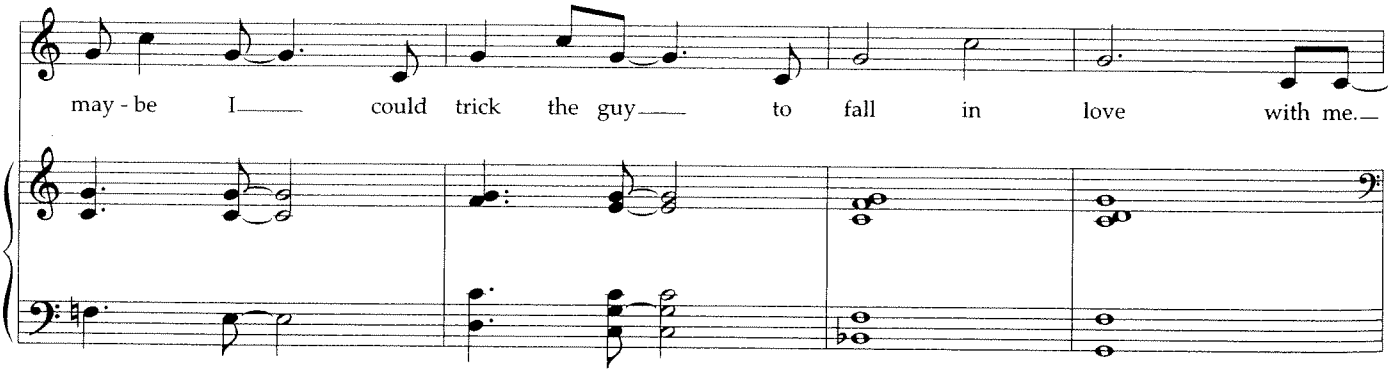
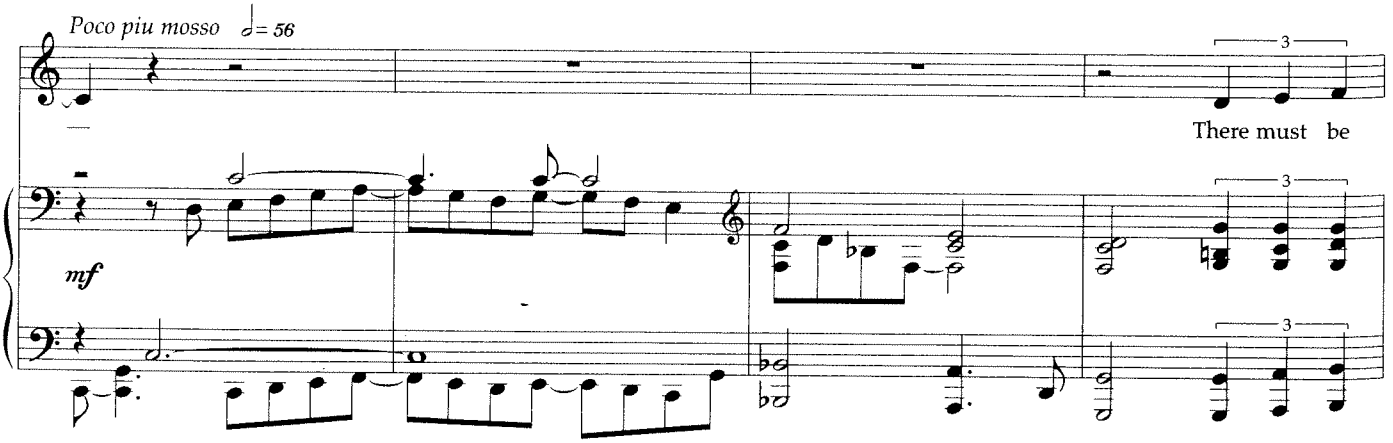
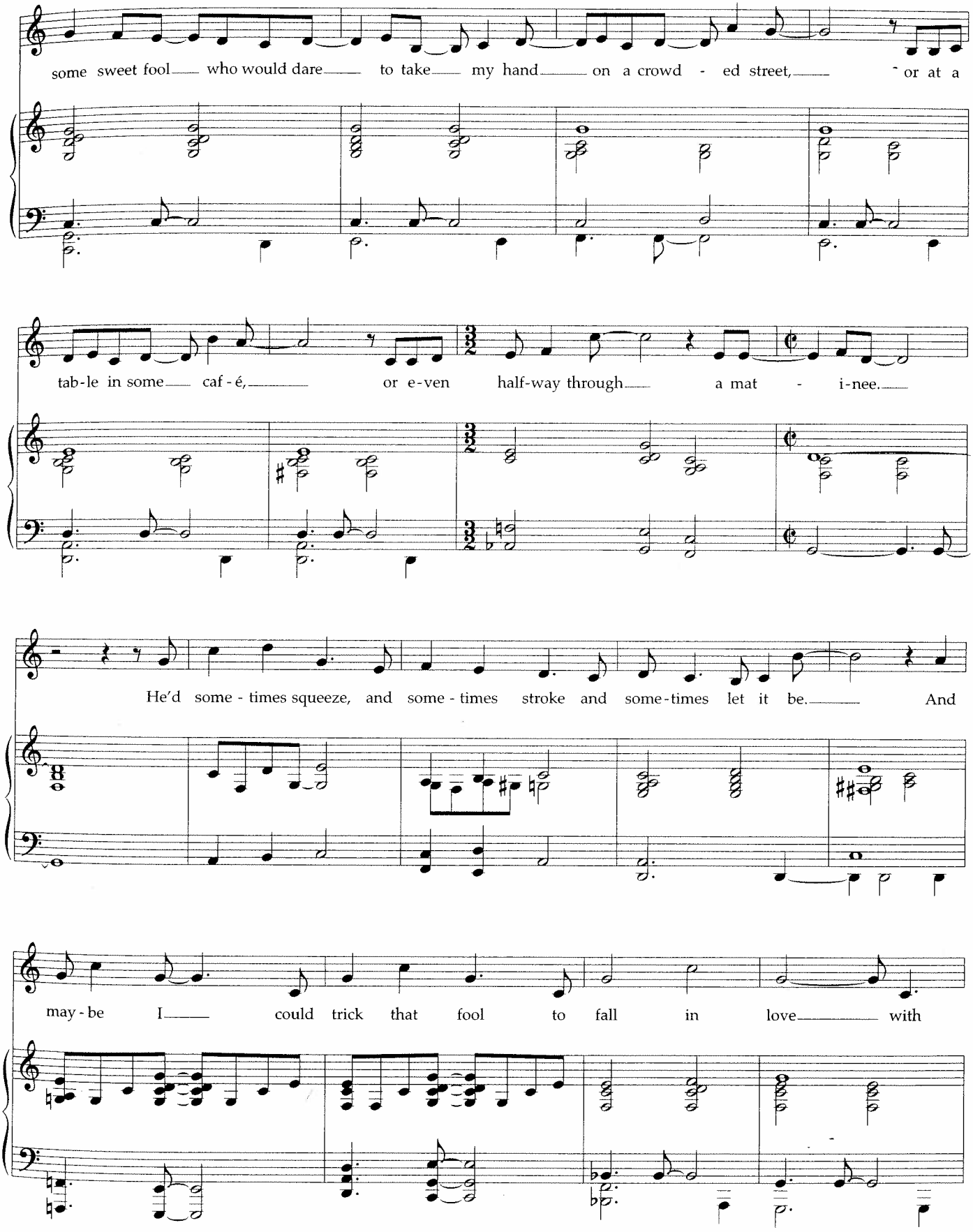
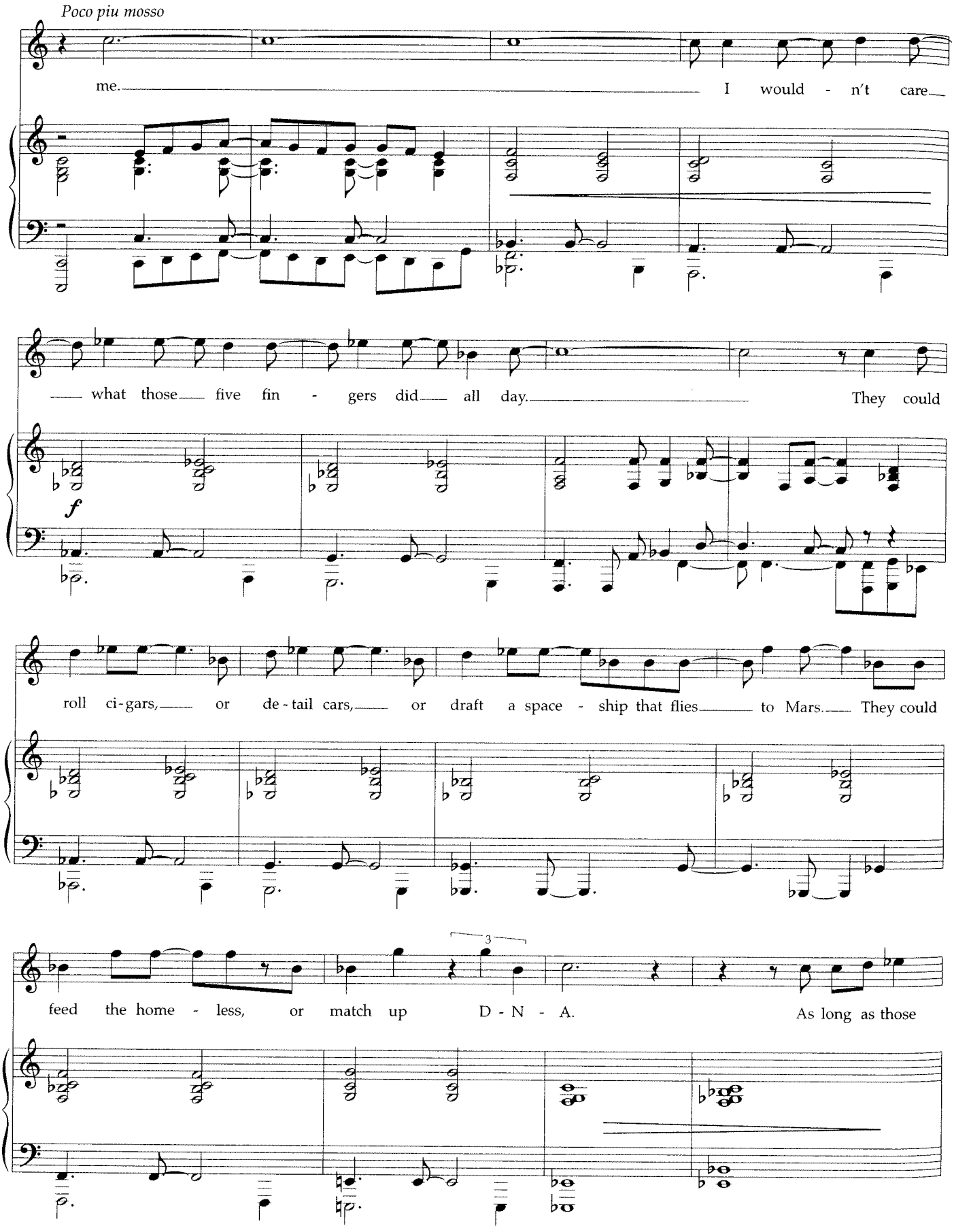

sweat - y though it's bound to be.
'Cause if he

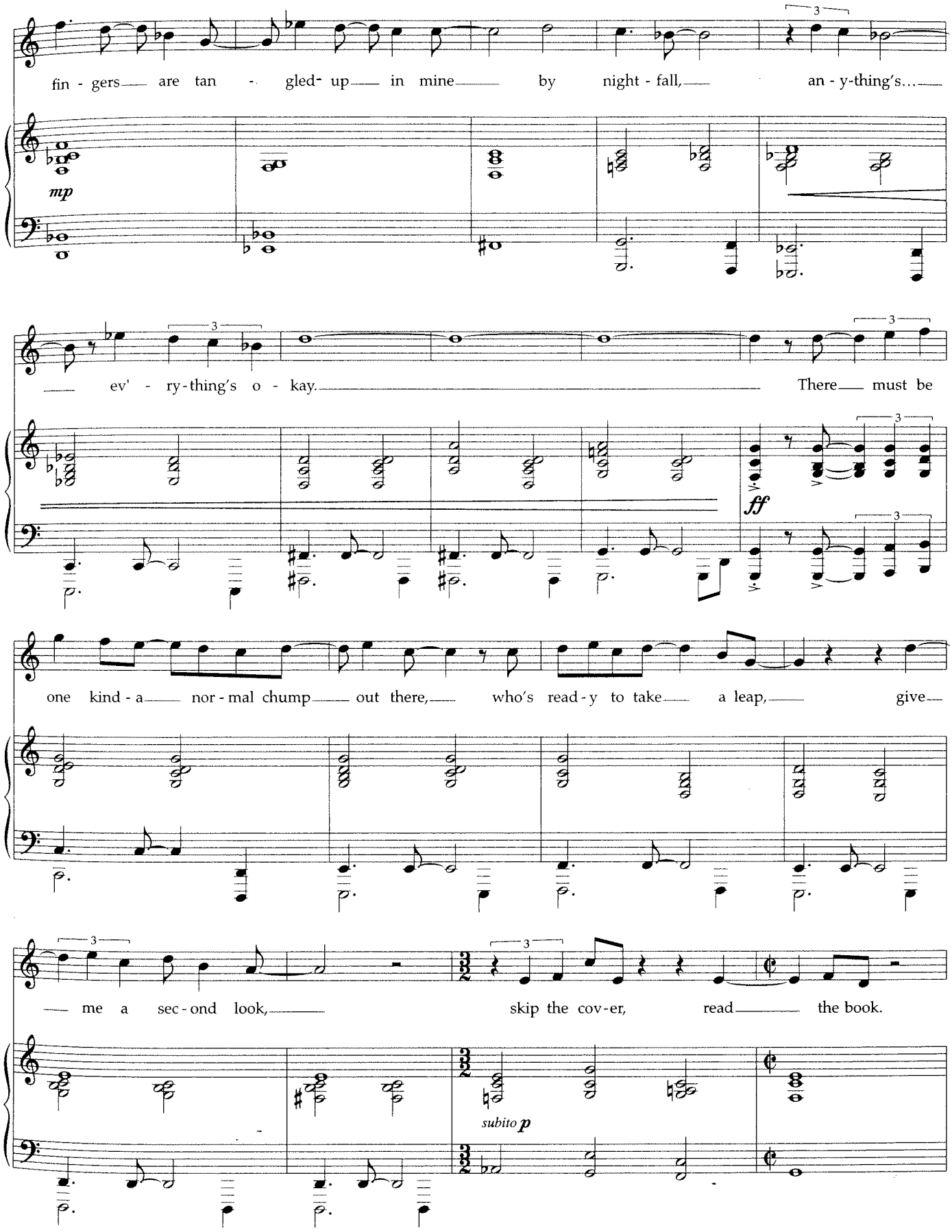

held my hand, he would own my heart be - fore the count of three.
And

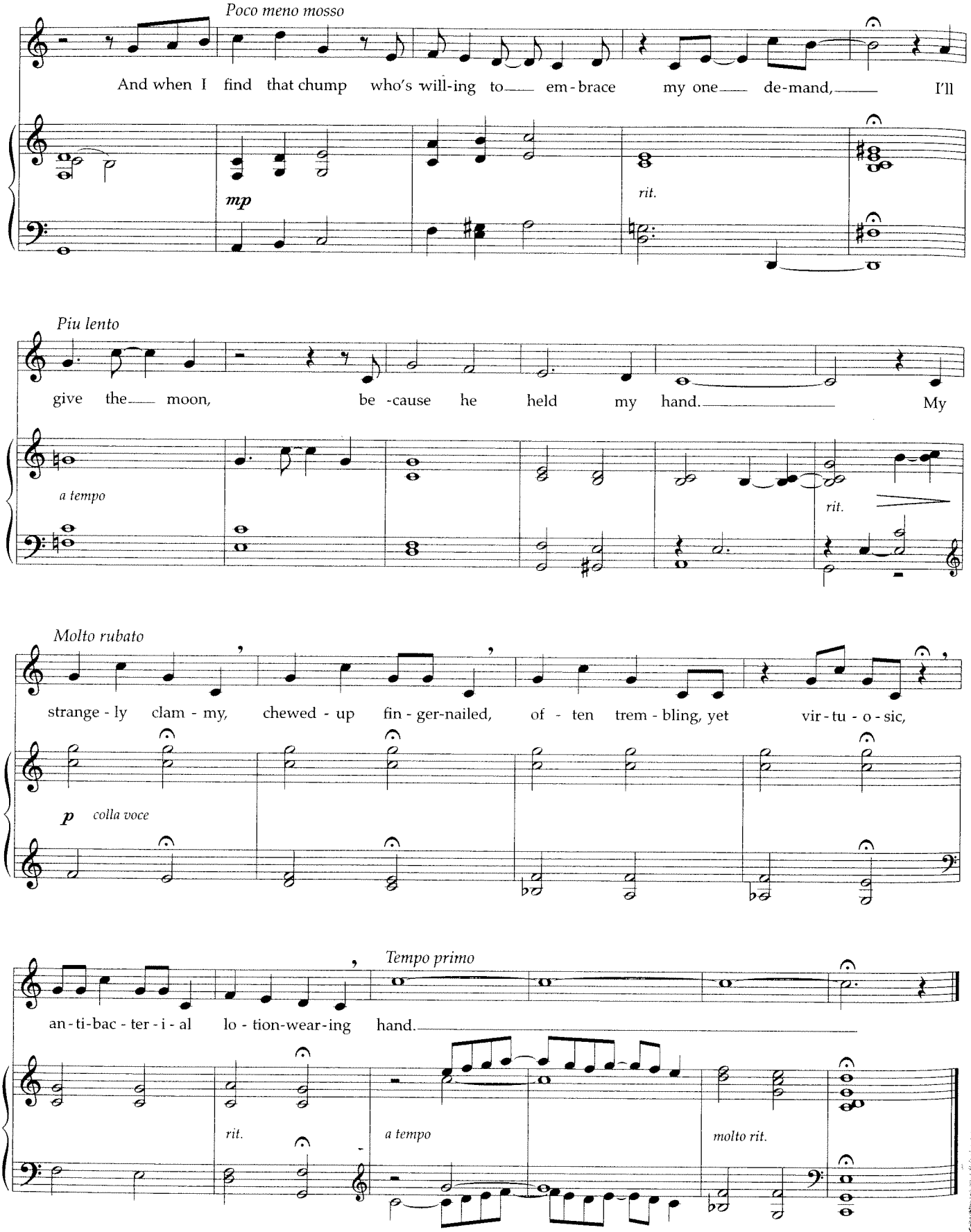

may - be I could trick the guy to fall in love with me.


Poco piu mosso
There must be
mf


some sweet fool who would dare to take my hand on a crowd - ed street, or at a
tab-le in some caf - é, or e-ven half-way through a mat - i-nee.
He'd some - times squeeze, and some - times stroke and some-times let it be. And
may - be I could trick that fool to fall in love with


Poco piu mosso
me. I would - n't care
what those five fin - gers did all day. They could
f
roll ci-gars, or de-tail cars, or draft a space - ship that flies to Mars. They could
3
feed the home - less, or match up D - N - A. As long as those

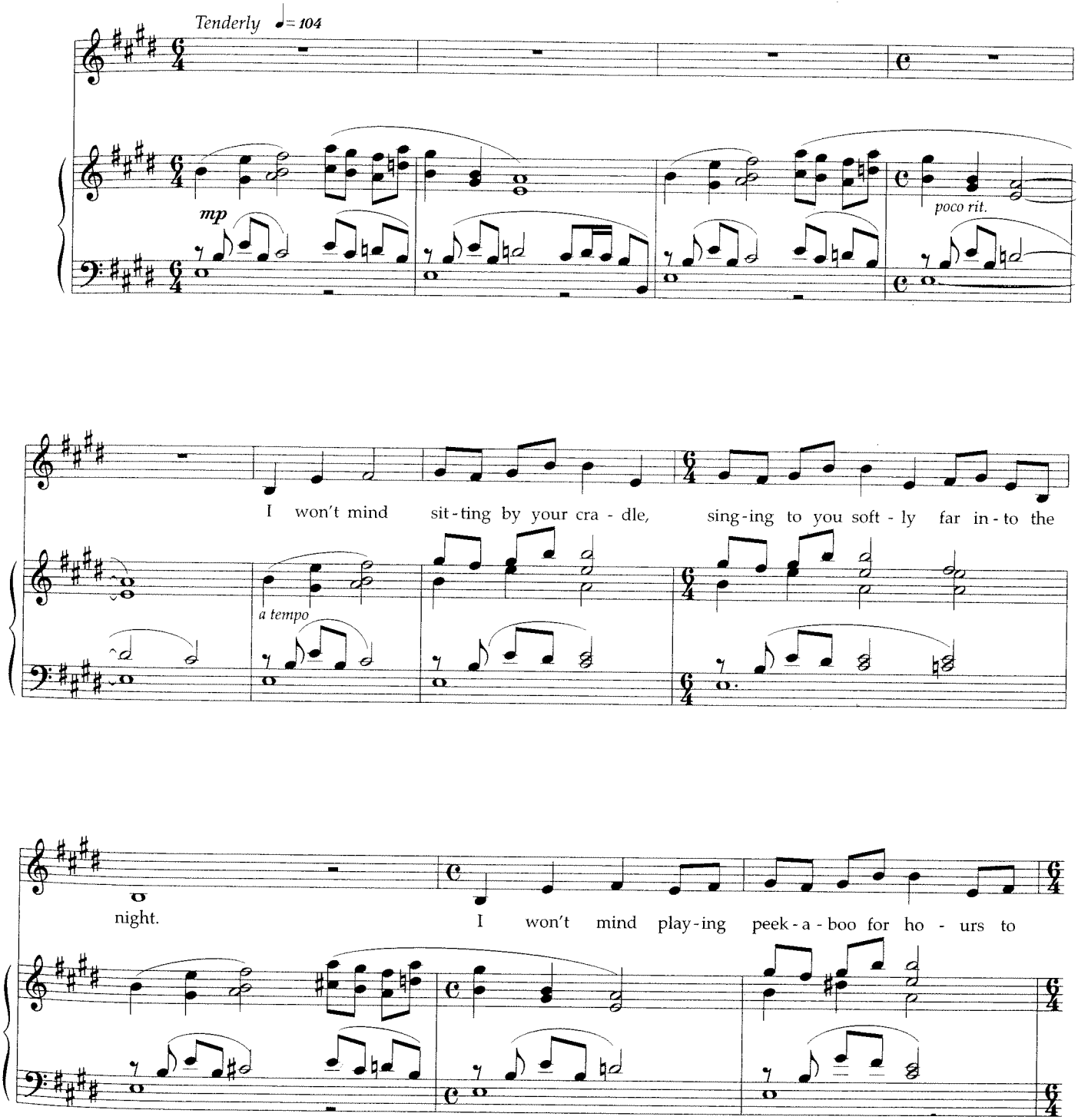

fin - gers are tan - gled- up in mine by night - fall, an - y-thing's...
mp
ev' - ry-thing's o - kay. There must be
ff
one kind - a nor - mal chump out there, who's read - y to take a leap, give
me a sec - ond look, skip the cov - er, read the book.
subito p


Poco meno mosso
And when I find that chump who's will-ing to em-brace my one de-mand, I'll
mp
rit.
Piu lento
give the moon, be-cause he held my hand. My
a tempo
rit.
Molto rubato
strange-ly clam-my, chewed-up fin-ger-nailed, of-ten trem-bling, yet vir-tu-o-sic,
p colla voce
Tempo primo
an-ti-bac-ter-i-al lo-tion-wear-ing hand.
rit.
a tempo
molto rit.

I Won't Mind

Music by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ

Lyrics by
ANNIE KESSLER and LIBBY SAINES



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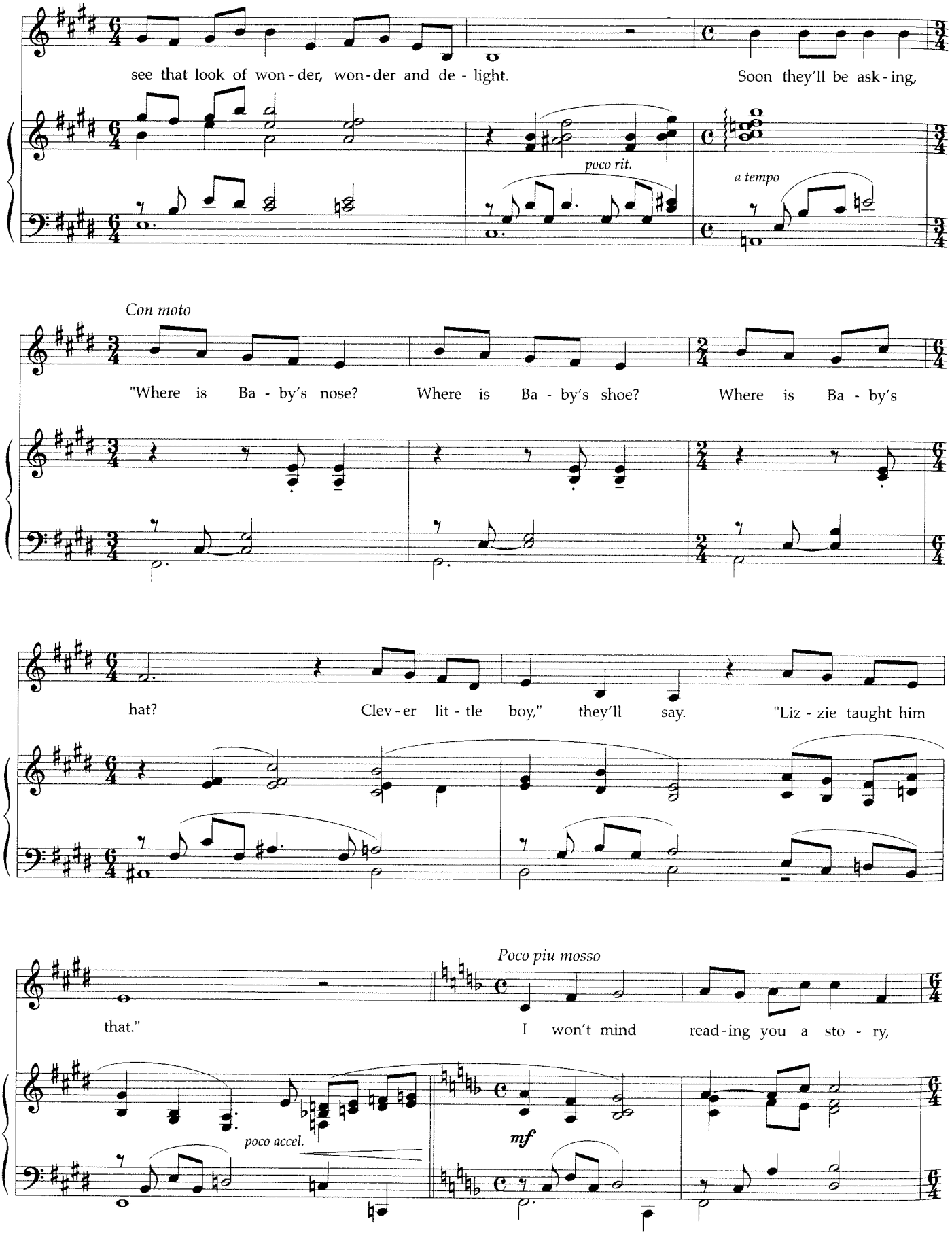
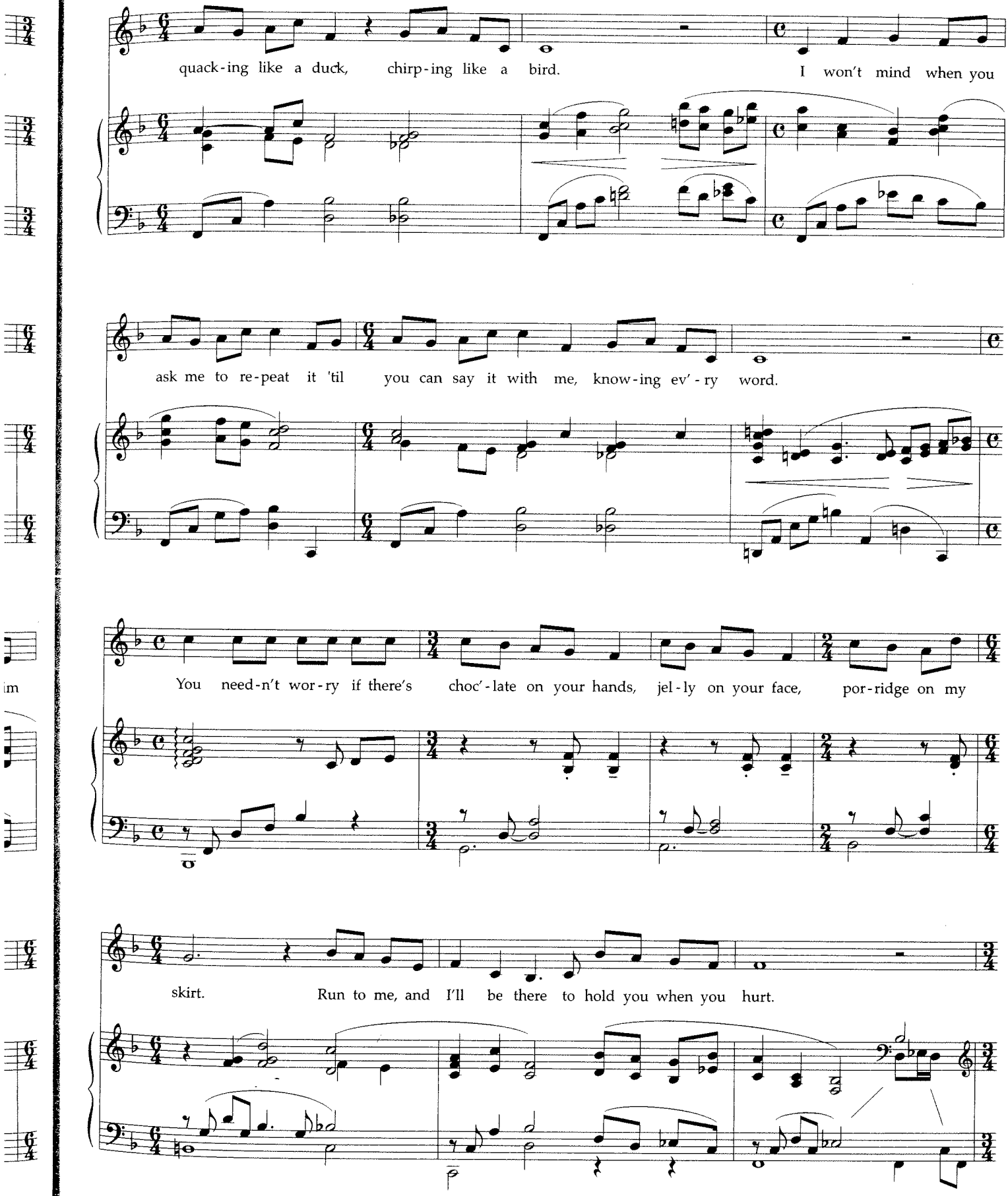
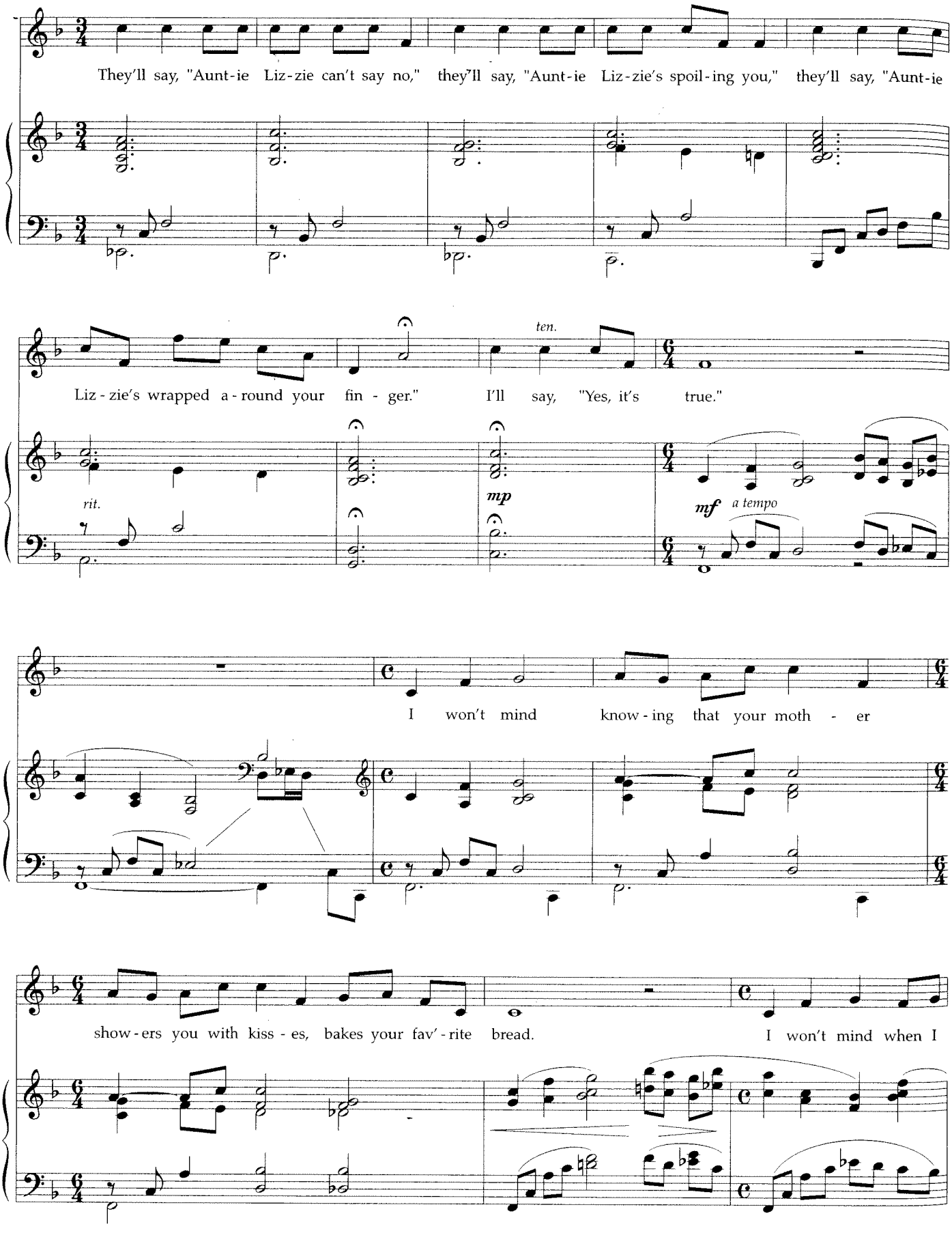
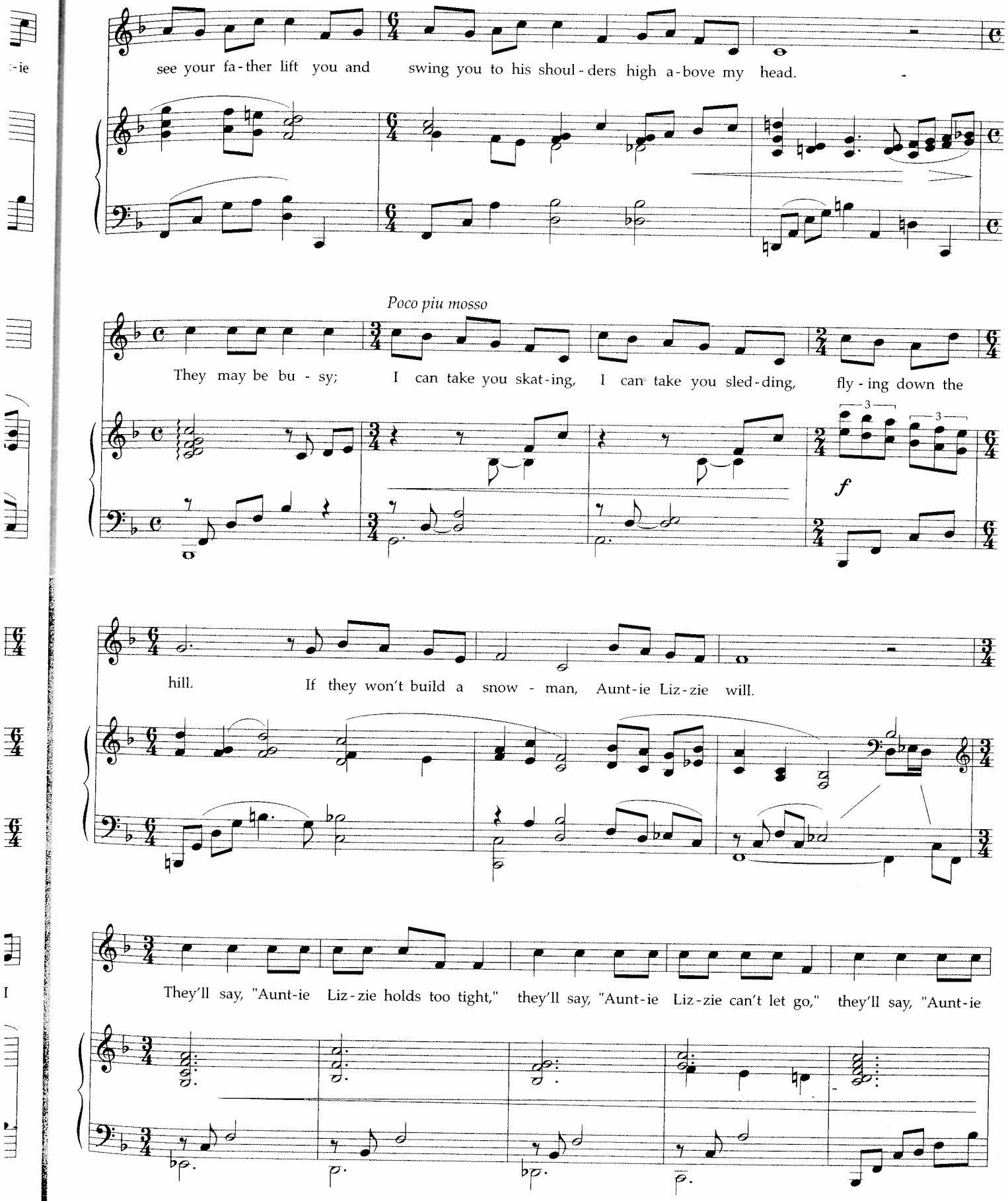
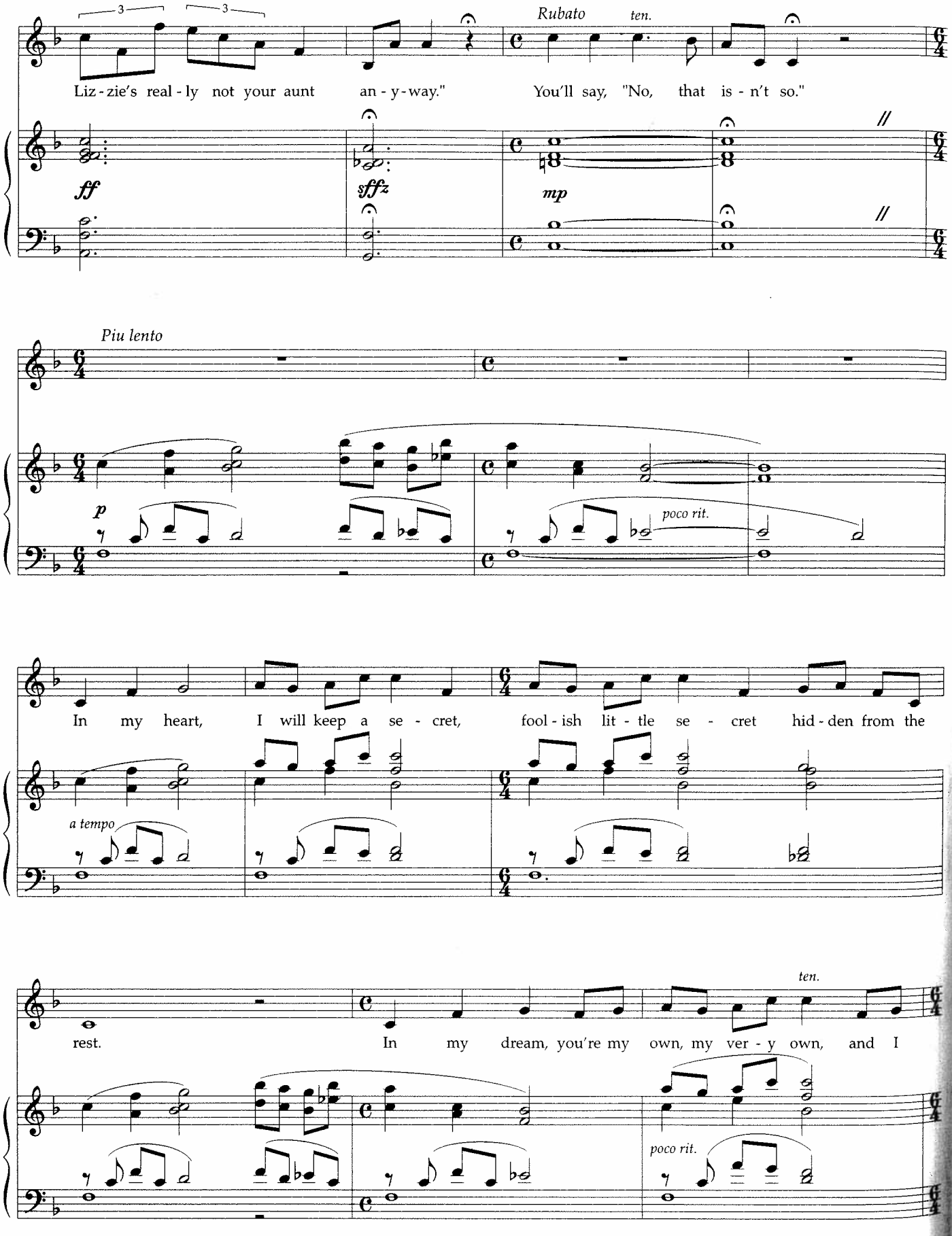
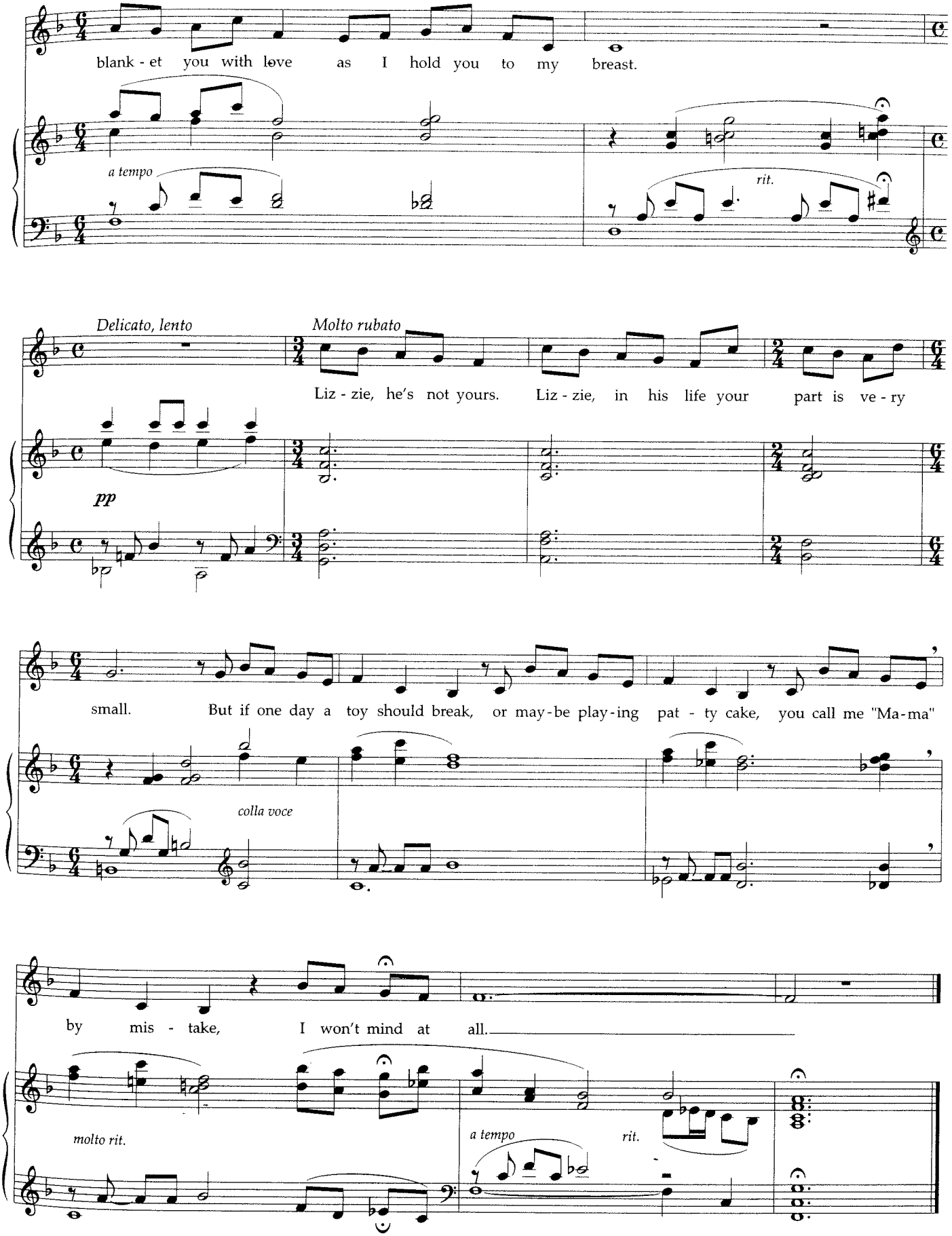

see that look of won - der, won - der and de - light.
Soon they'll be ask - ing,
poco rit.
a tempo
Con moto
"Where is Ba - by's nose?
Where is Ba - by's shoe?
Where is Ba - by's
hat?
Clev - er lit - tle boy,"
they'll say.
"Liz - zie taught him
that."
Poco piu mosso
I won't mind
read - ing you a sto - ry,
poco accel.
mf


quack-ing like a duck, chirp-ing like a bird. I won't mind when you
ask me to re-peat it 'til you can say it with me, know-ing ev'-ry word.
You need-n't wor-ry if there's choc'-late on your hands, jel-ly on your face, por-ridge on my
skirt. Run to me, and I'll be there to hold you when you hurt.


They'll say, "Aunt-ie Liz-zie can't say no," they'll say, "Aunt-ie Liz-zie's spoil-ing you," they'll say, "Aunt-ie
ten.
Liz-zie's wrapped a-round your fin-ger." I'll say, "Yes, it's true."
rit.
mp
mf a tempo
I won't mind know-ing that your moth-er
show-ers you with kiss-es, bakes your fav'-rite bread. I won't mind when I


see your fa-ther lift you and swing you to his shoul-ders high a-bove my head.
Poco piu mosso
They may be bu - sy; I can take you skat-ing, I can take you sled-ding, fly-ing down the
f
hill. If they won't build a snow - man, Aunt-ie Liz-zie will.
They'll say, "Aunt-ie Liz-zie holds too tight," they'll say, "Aunt-ie Liz-zie can't let go," they'll say, "Aunt-ie


Rubato
ten.
Liz - zie's real - ly not your aunt an - y - way." You'll say, "No, that is - n't so."
ff
sffz
mp
Piu lento
p
poco rit.
In my heart, I will keep a se - cret, fool - ish lit - tle se - cret hid - den from the
a tempo
ten.
rest. In my dream, you're my own, my ver - y own, and I
poco rit.

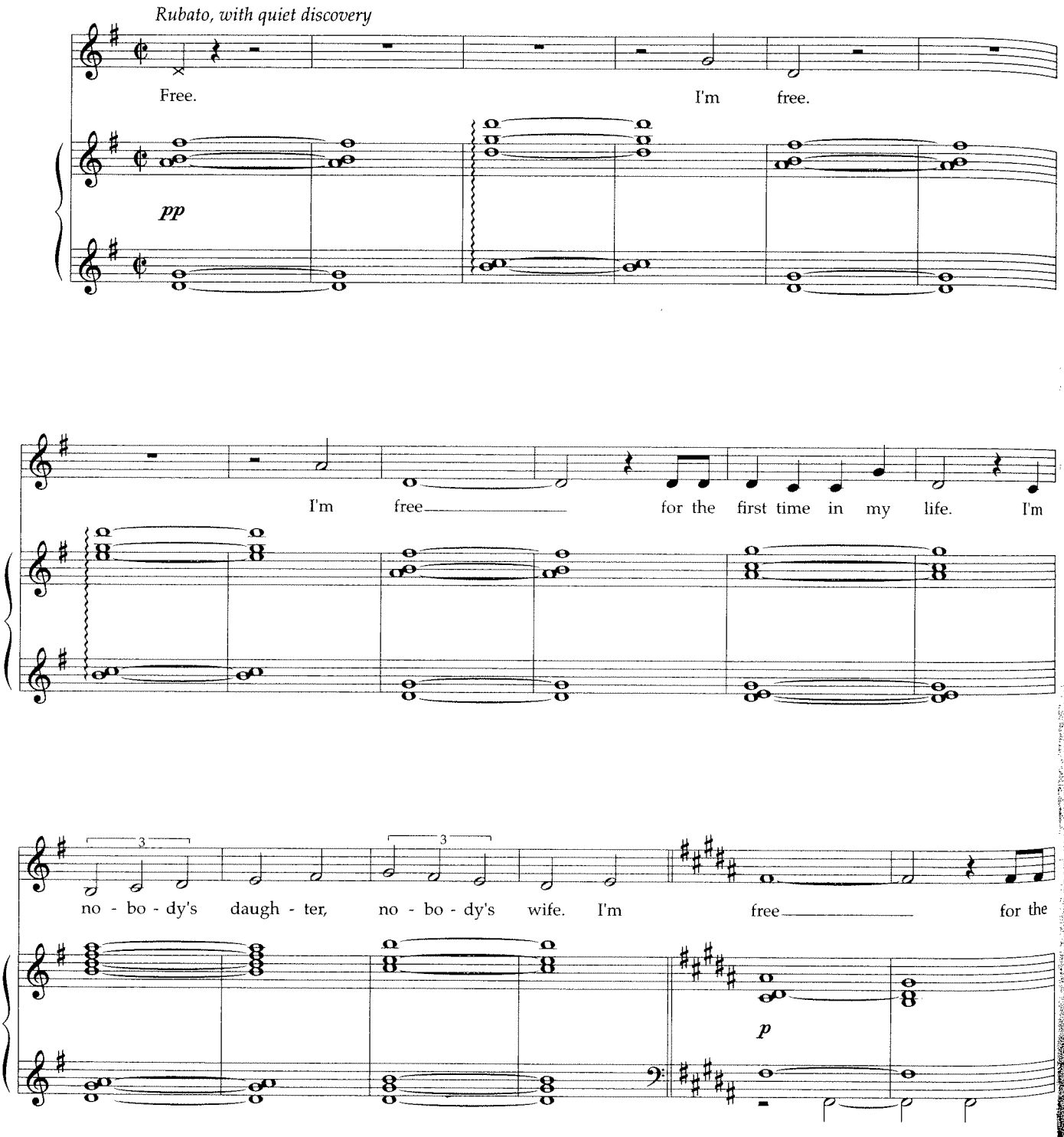

blank - et you with love as I hold you to my breast.
a tempo
rit.
Delicato, lento
Molto rubato
Liz - zie, he's not yours. Liz - zie, in his life your part is ve - ry
pp
small. But if one day a toy should break, or may-be play-ing pat - ty cake, you call me "Ma-ma"
colla voce
by mis - take, I won't mind at all.
molto rit.
a tempo
rit.

I'm Free

from *Precious Little Jewel*

Music by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ

Lyrics by
LIBBY SAINES



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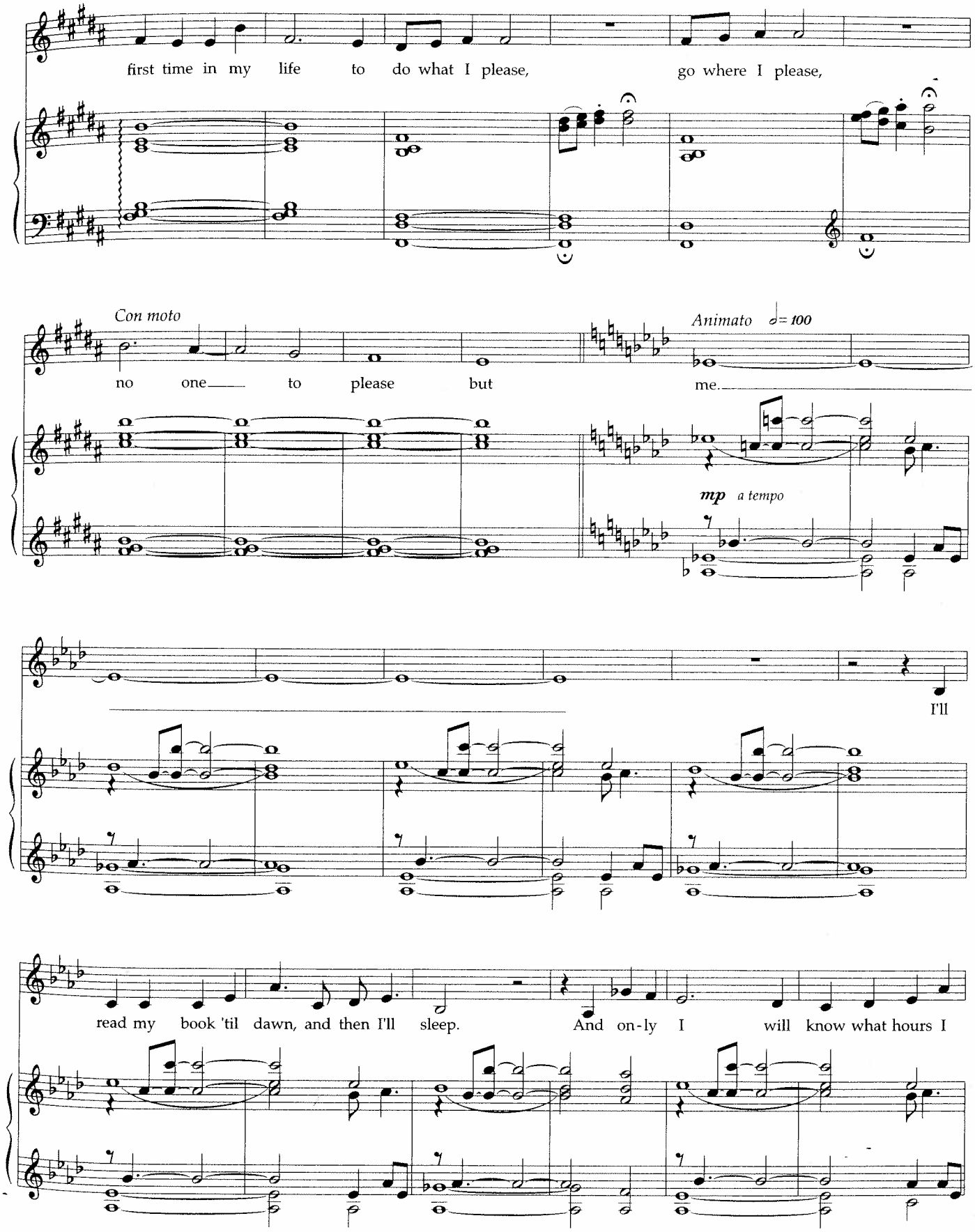
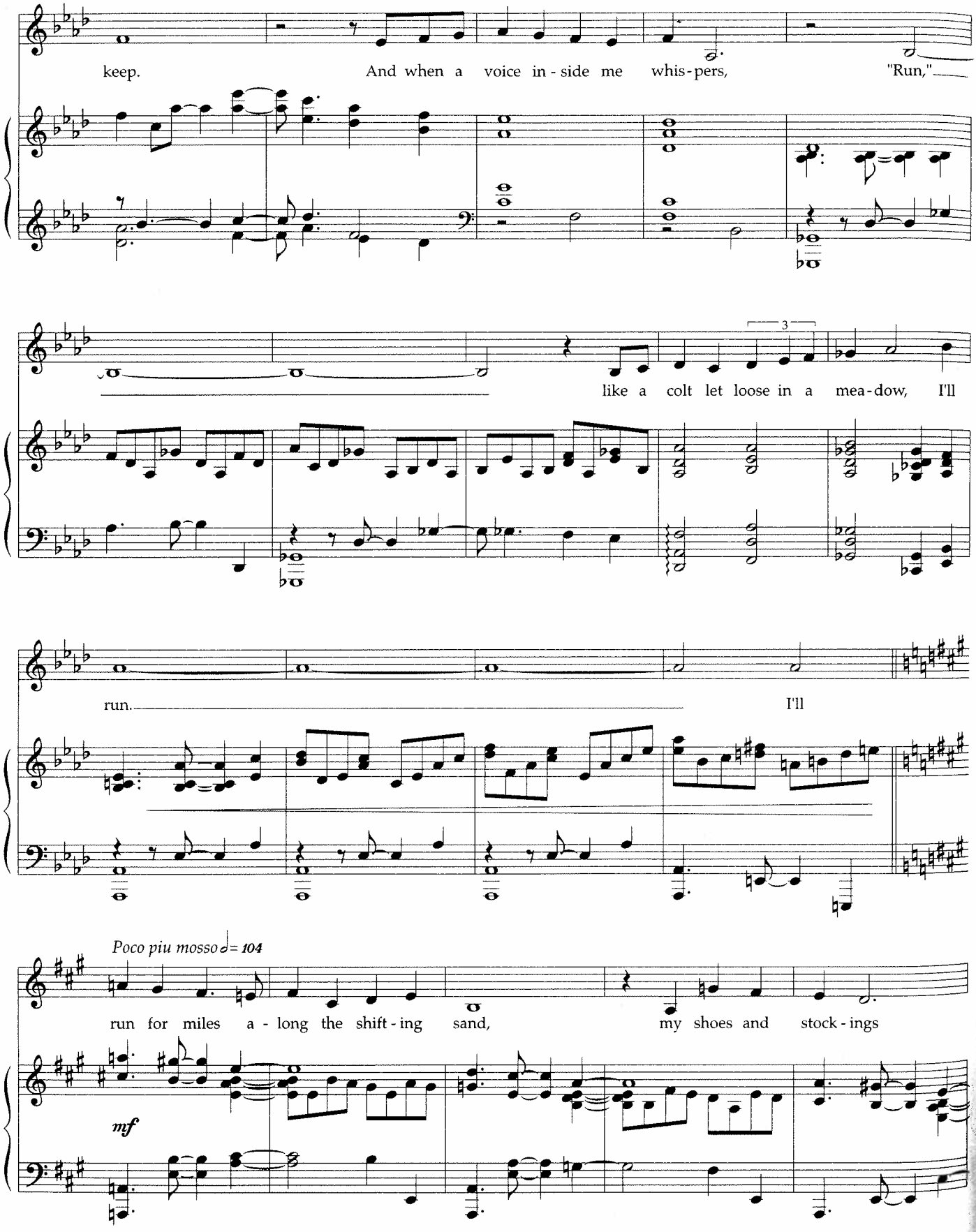
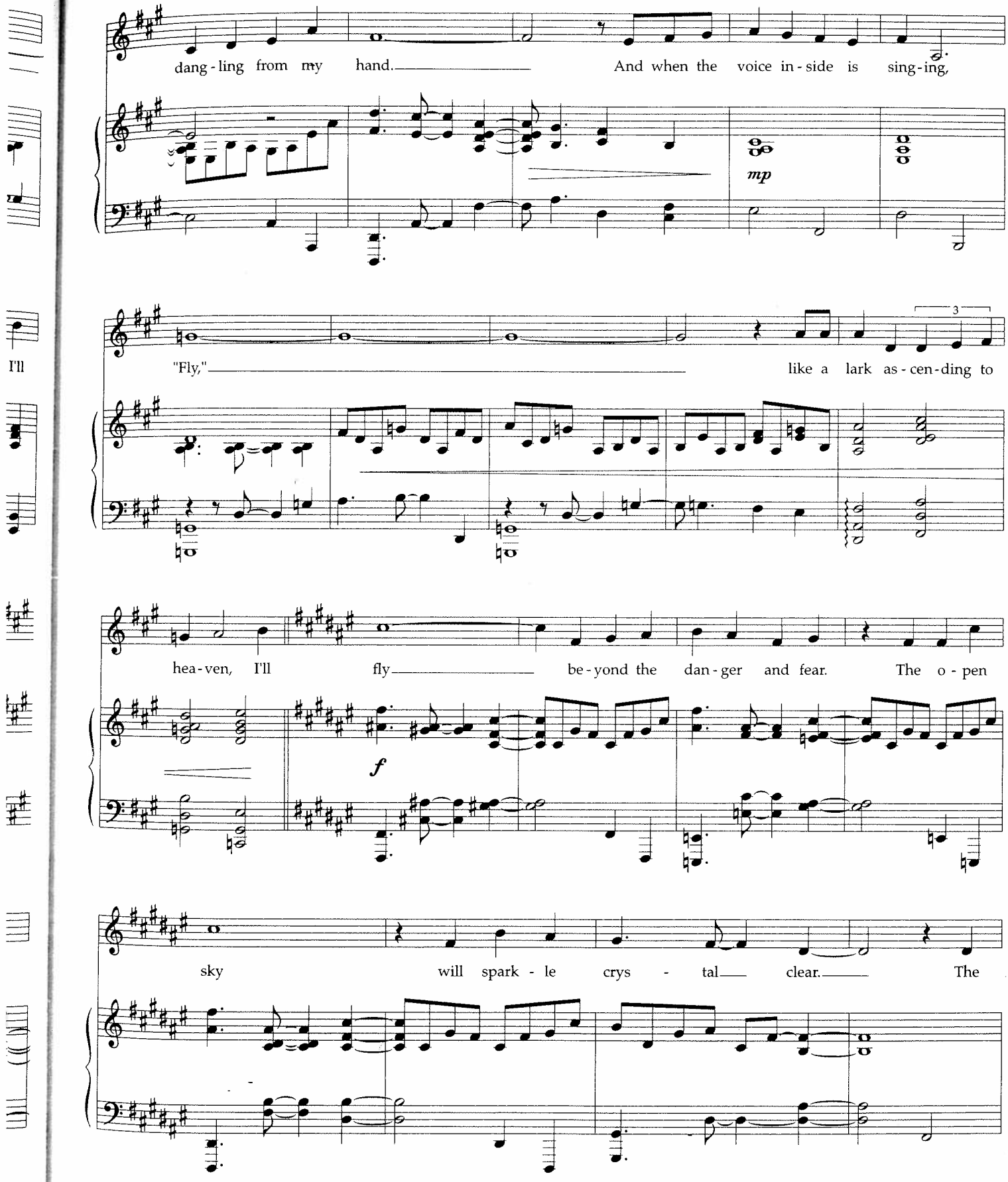
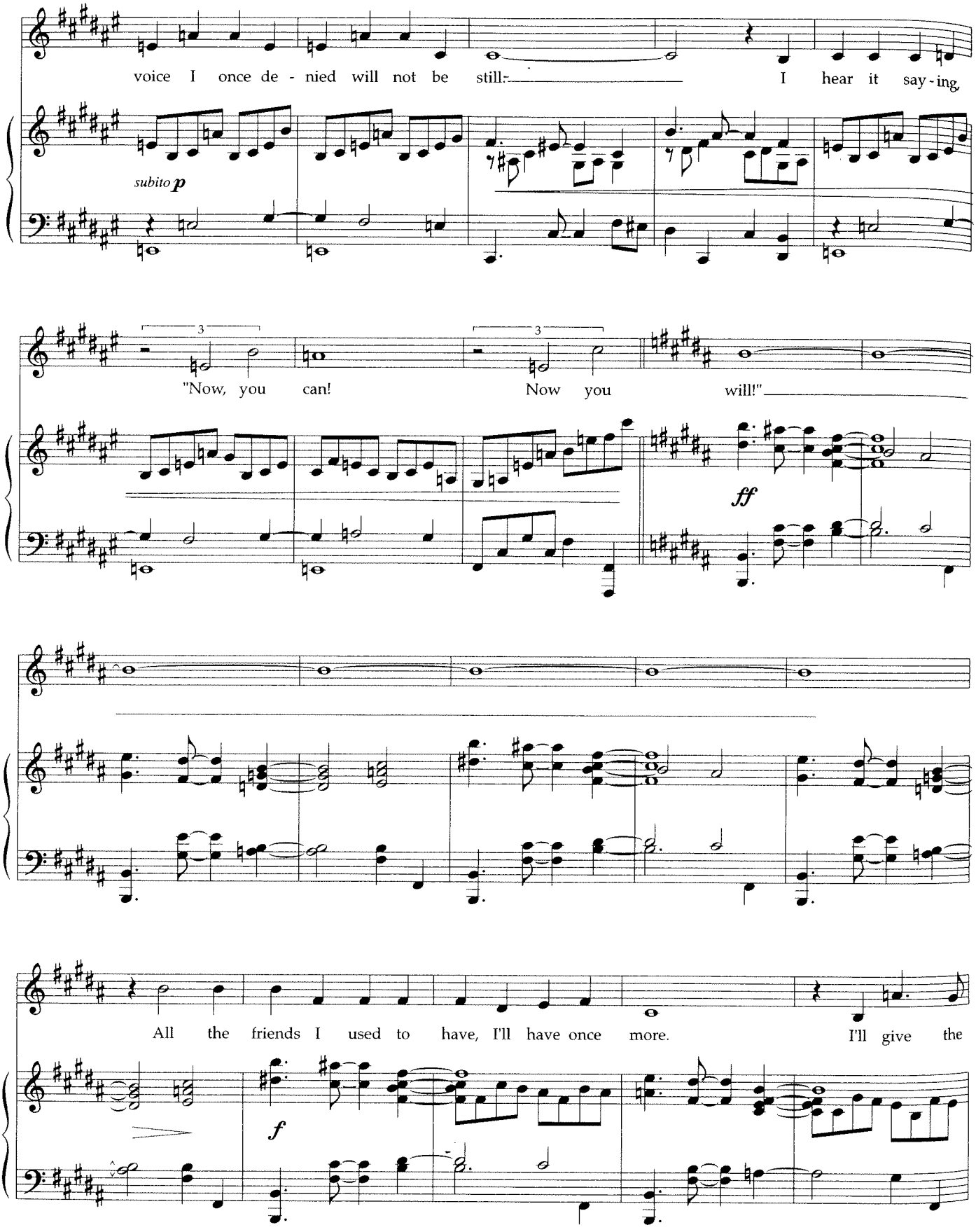
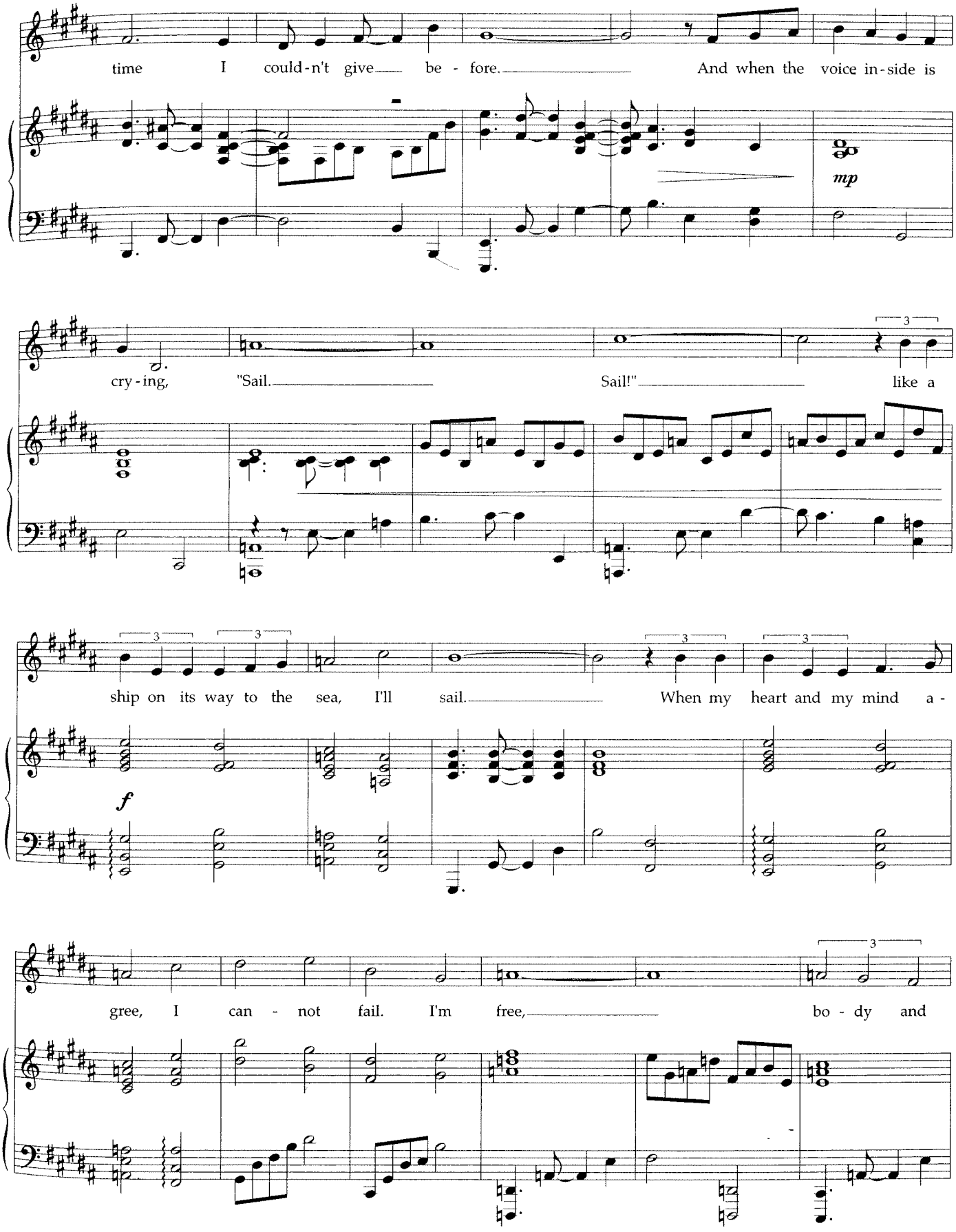
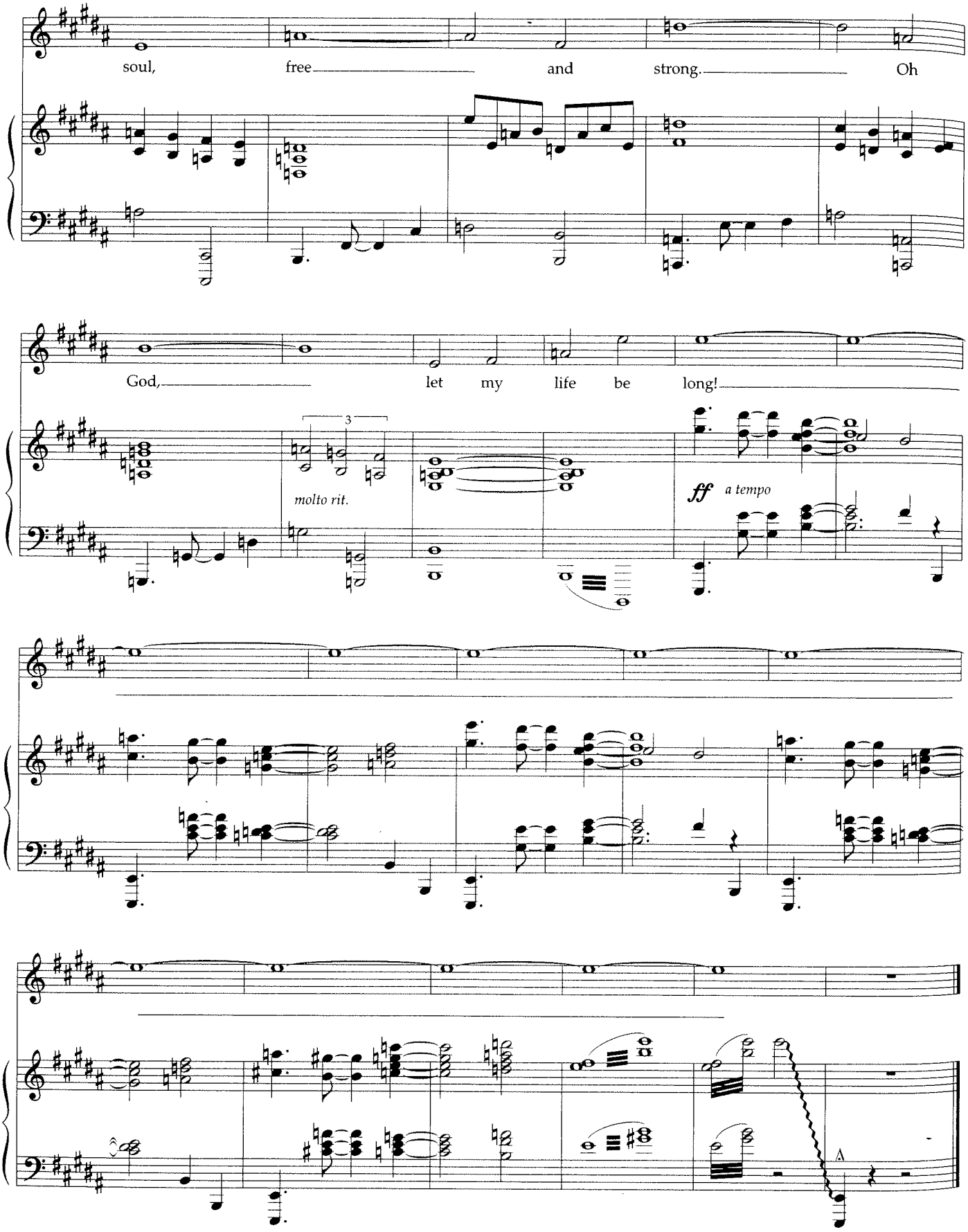

first time in my life to do what I please, go where I please,
Con moto
no one to please but
Animato ♩= 100
me.
mp a tempo
I'll
read my book 'til dawn, and then I'll sleep. And on-ly I will know what hours I


keep.
And when a voice in - side me whis - pers,
"Run,"
like a colt let loose in a mea - dow,
I'll
run.
I'll
Poco piu mosso ♩= 104
run for miles a - long the shift - ing sand,
my shoes and stock - ings
mf


dang - ling from my hand. And when the voice in - side is sing - ing,
mp
I'll
"Fly," like a lark as - cen - ding to
3
hea - ven, I'll fly be - yond the dan - ger and fear. The o - pen
f
sky will spark - le crys - tal clear. The

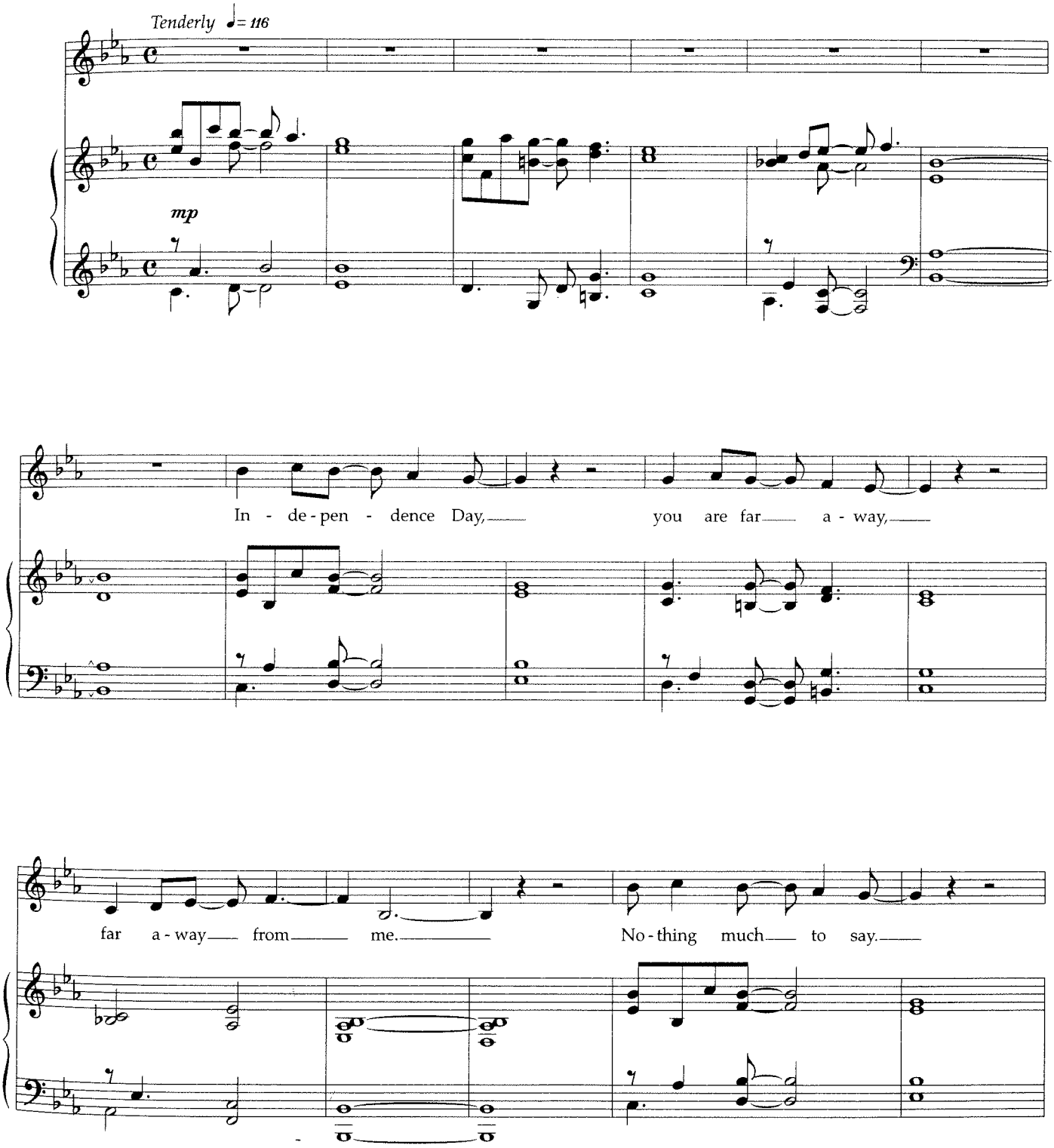

voice I once de - nied will not be still- I hear it say - ing
subito p
"Now, you can! Now you will!"
ff
All the friends I used to have, I'll have once more. I'll give the
f


time I could-n't give be - fore. And when the voice in-side is
mp
cry-ing, "Sail. Sail!" like a
ship on its way to the sea, I'll sail. When my heart and my mind a -
f
gree, I can - not fail. I'm free, bo - dy and


soul, free and strong. Oh
God, let my life be long!
molto rit.
3
ff a tempo

Independence Day

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ



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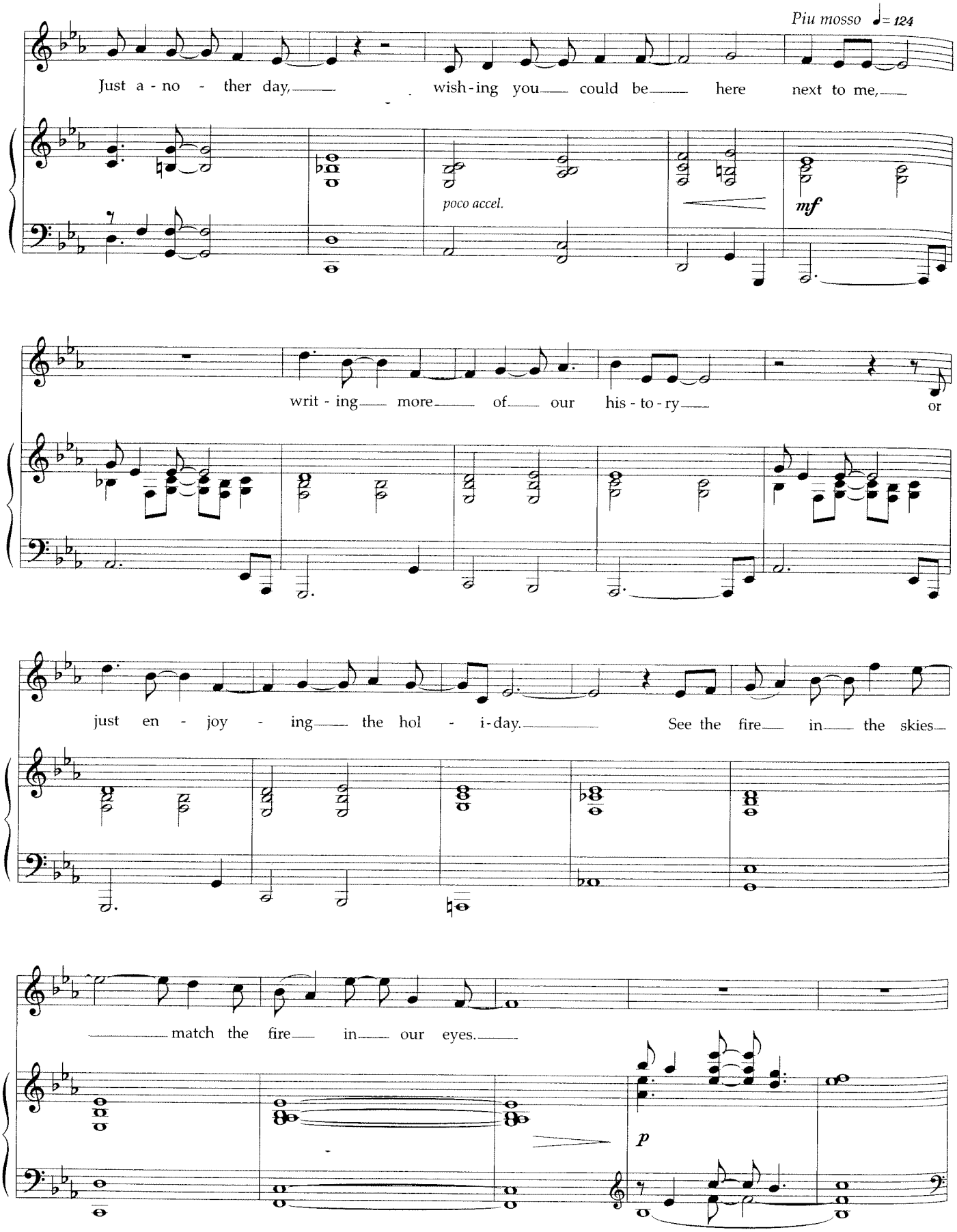
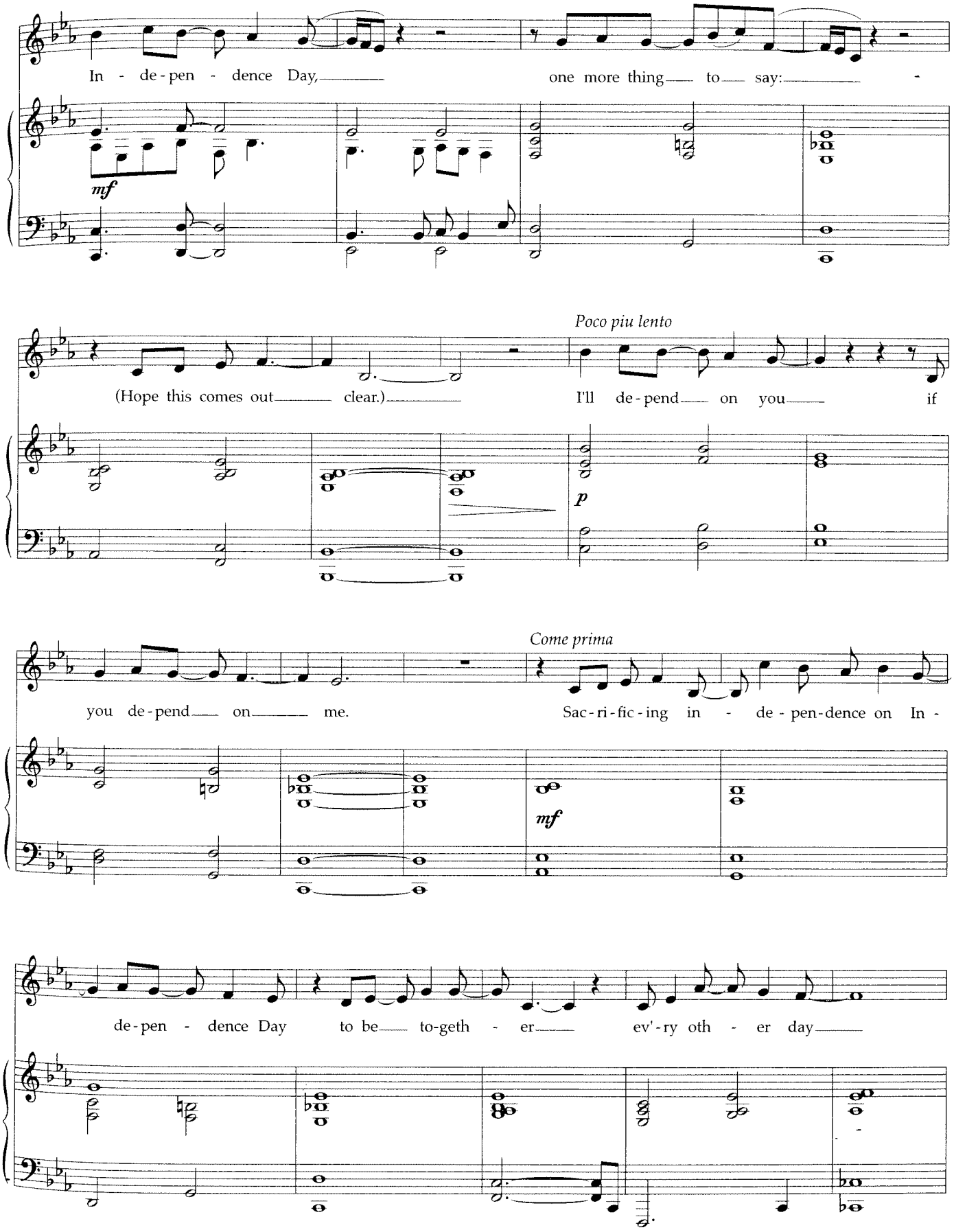
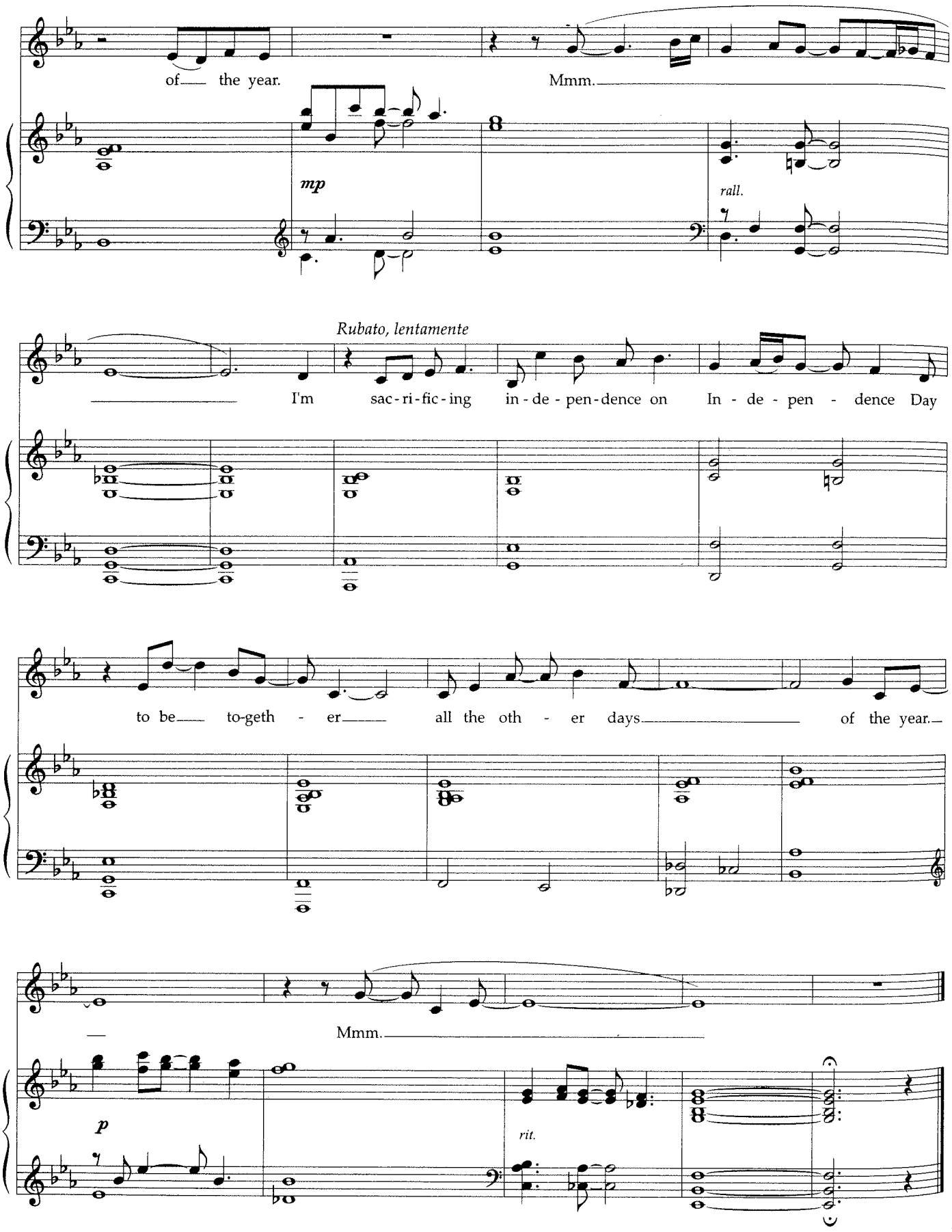
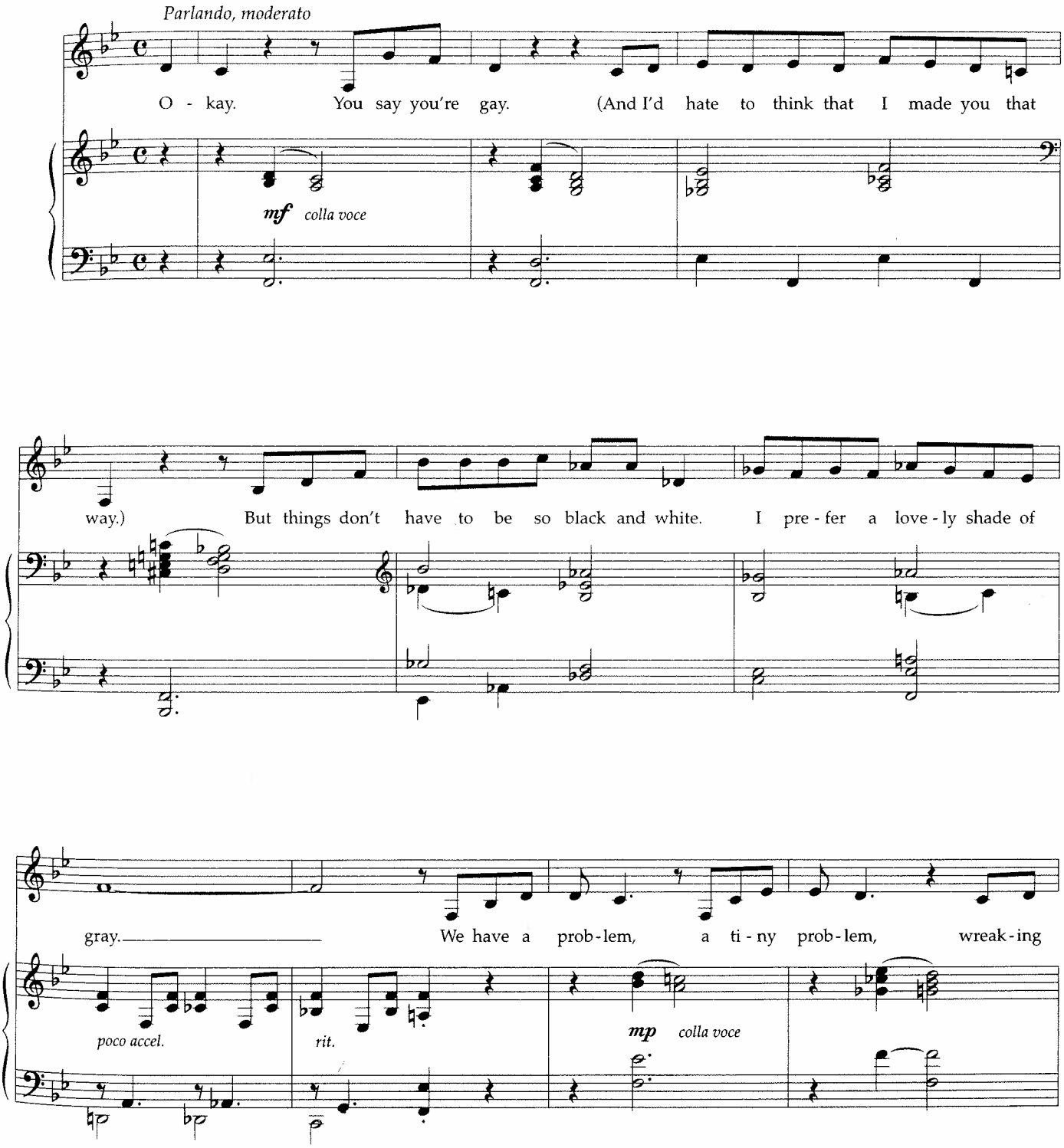

Piu mosso ♩= 124
Just a - no - ther day, wish - ing you could be here next to me,
poco accel.
mf
writ - ing more of our his - to - ry
or
just en - joy - ing the hol - i - day. See the fire in the skies
match the fire in our eyes.
p


In - de - pen - dence Day, one more thing to say: -
mf
Poco piu lento
(Hope this comes out clear.) I'll de - pend on you if
p
Come prima
you de - pend on me. Sac - ri - fic - ing in - de - pen - dence on In -
mf
de - pen - dence Day to be to - geth - er ev' - ry oth - er day


of the year.
Mmm.
mp
rall.
Rubato, lentamente
I'm sac-ri-fic-ing in-de-pen-dence on In-de-pen-dence Day
to be to-geth-er all the oth-er days of the year.
Mmm.
p
rit.

It'll Work For You

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ



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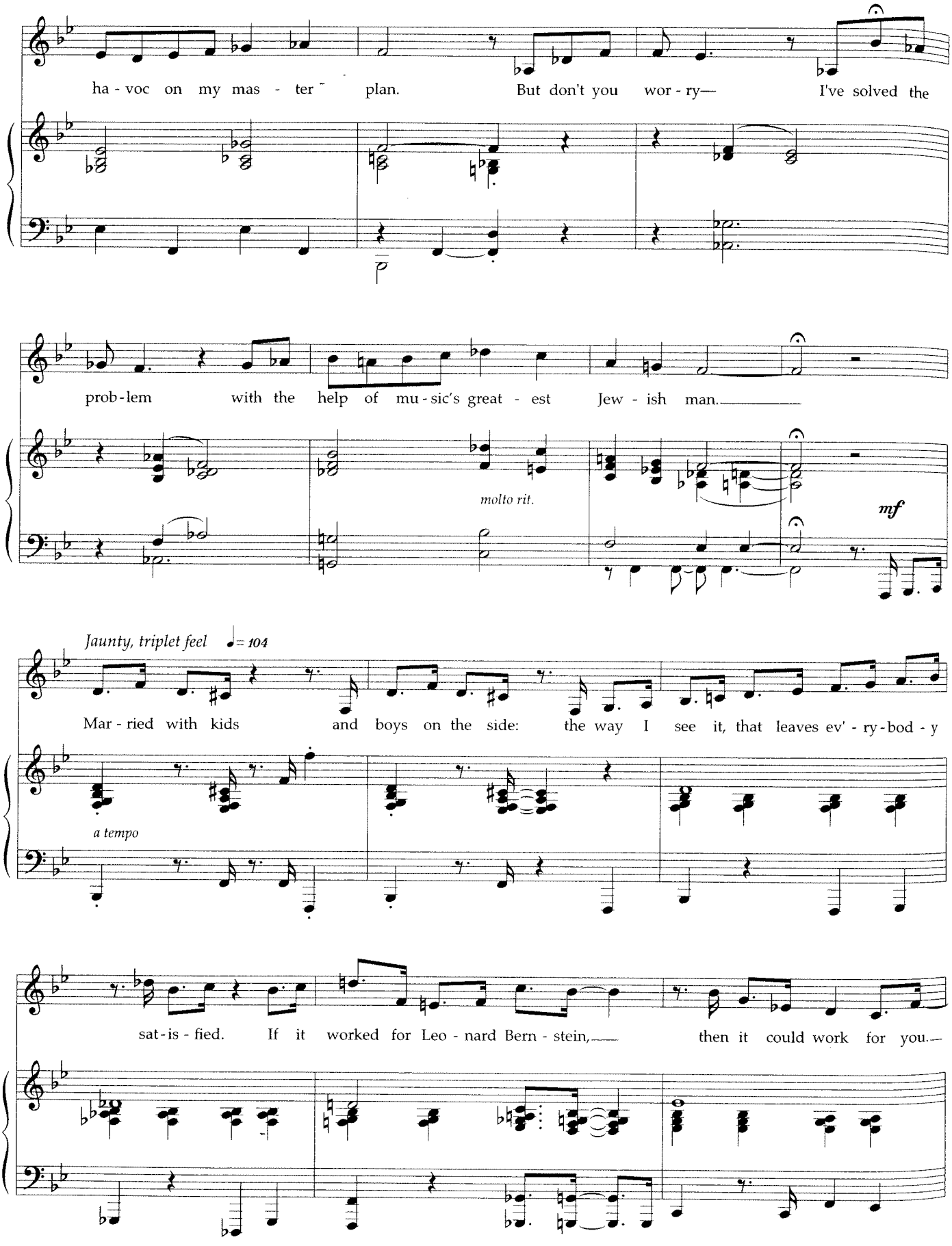
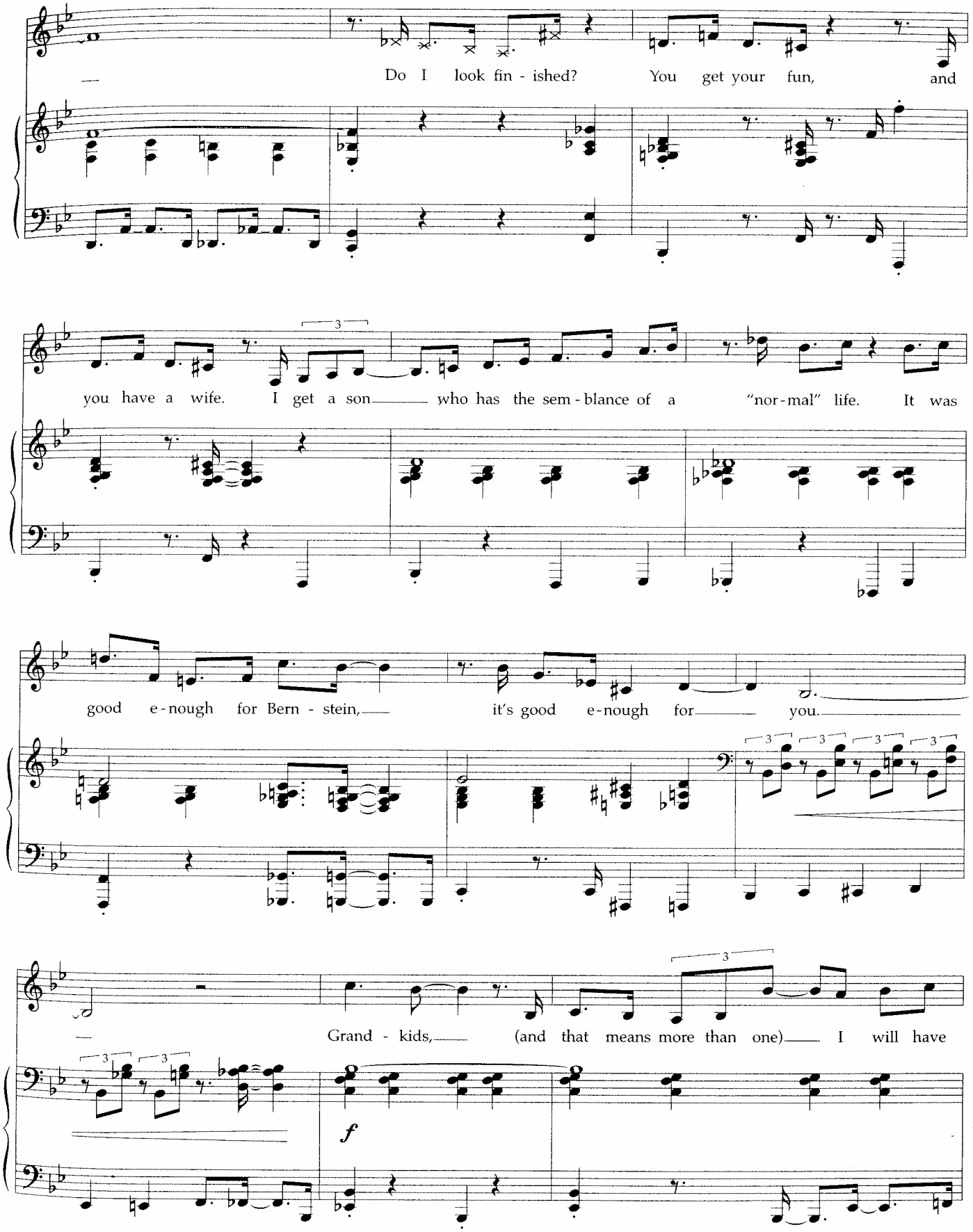
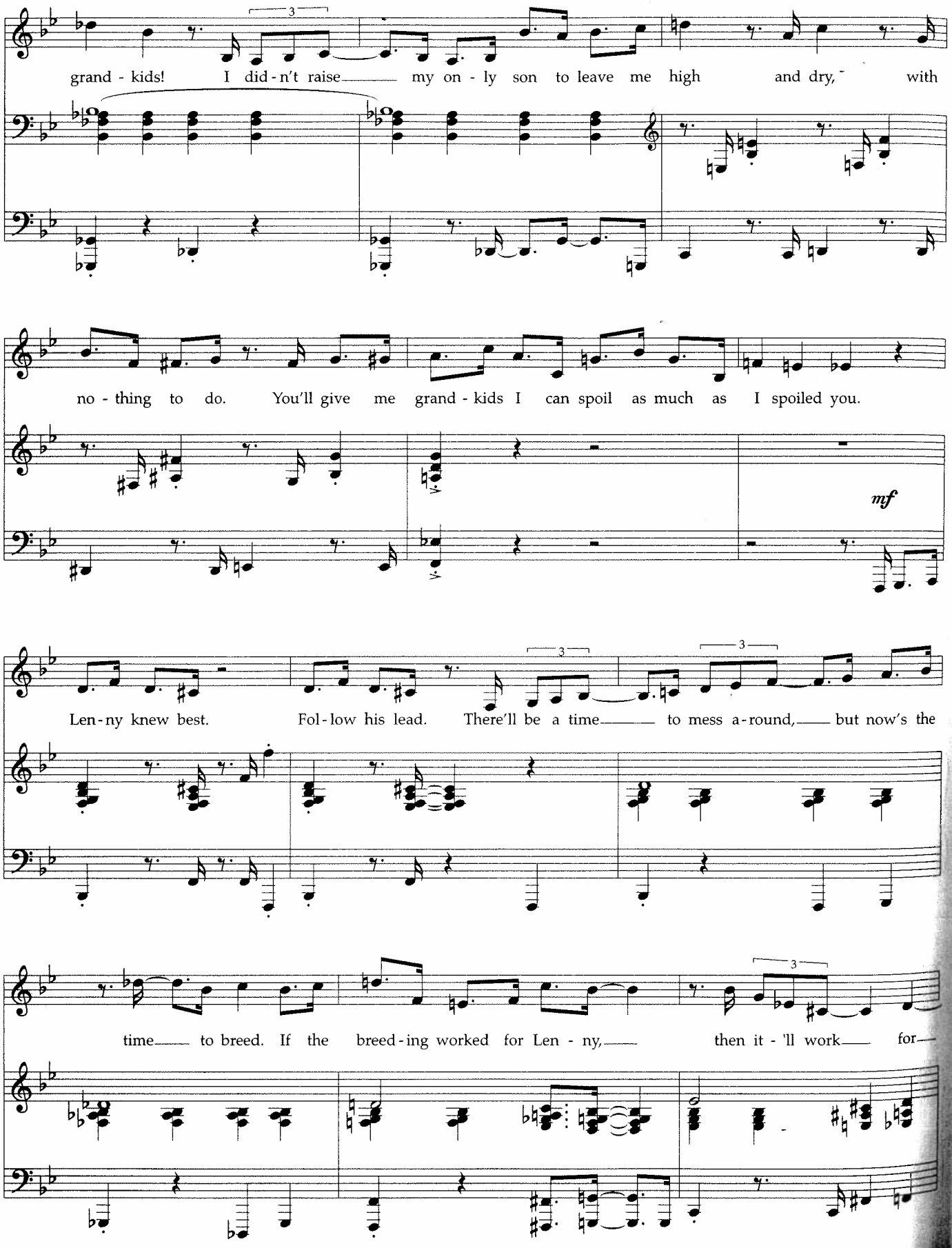
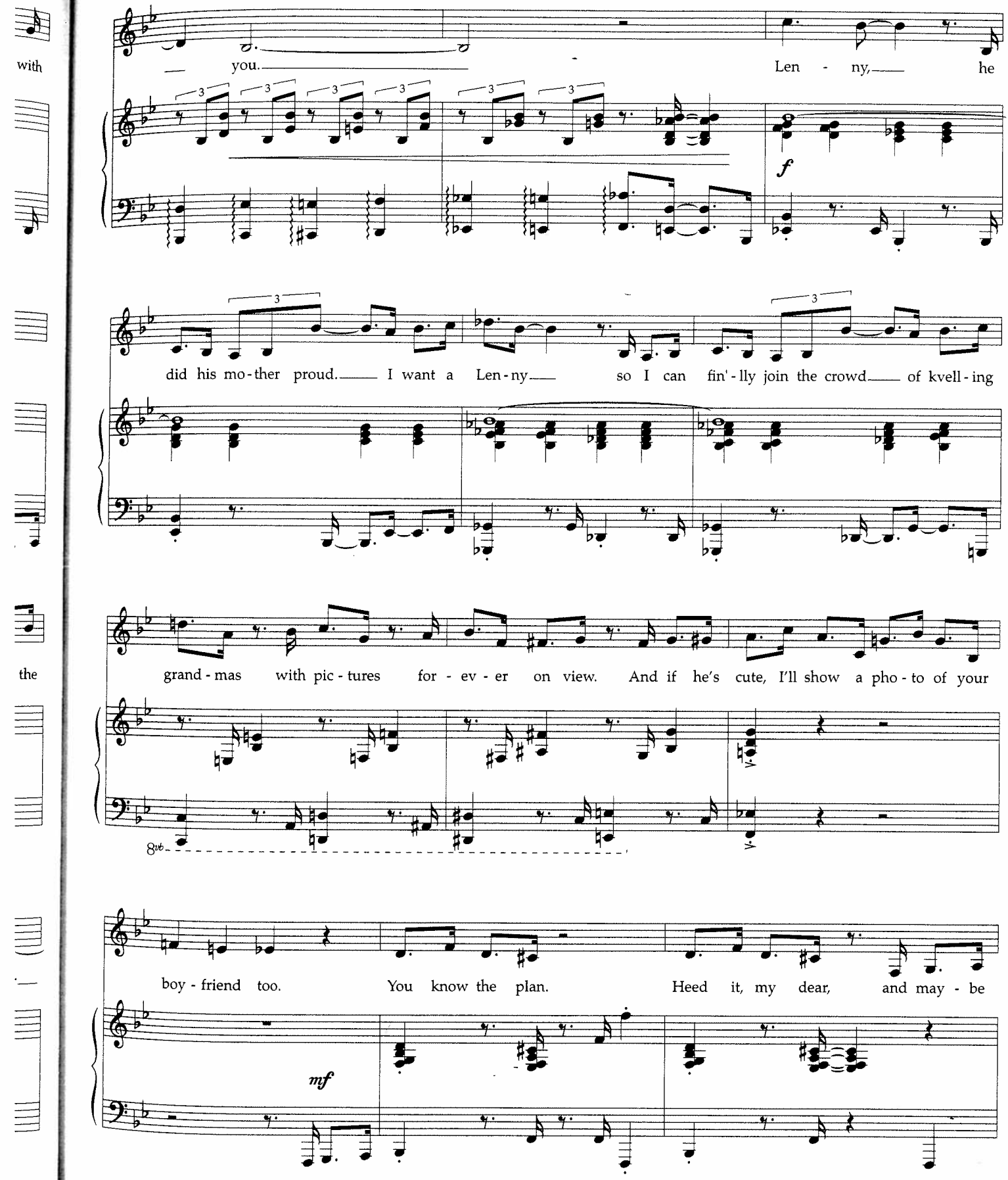
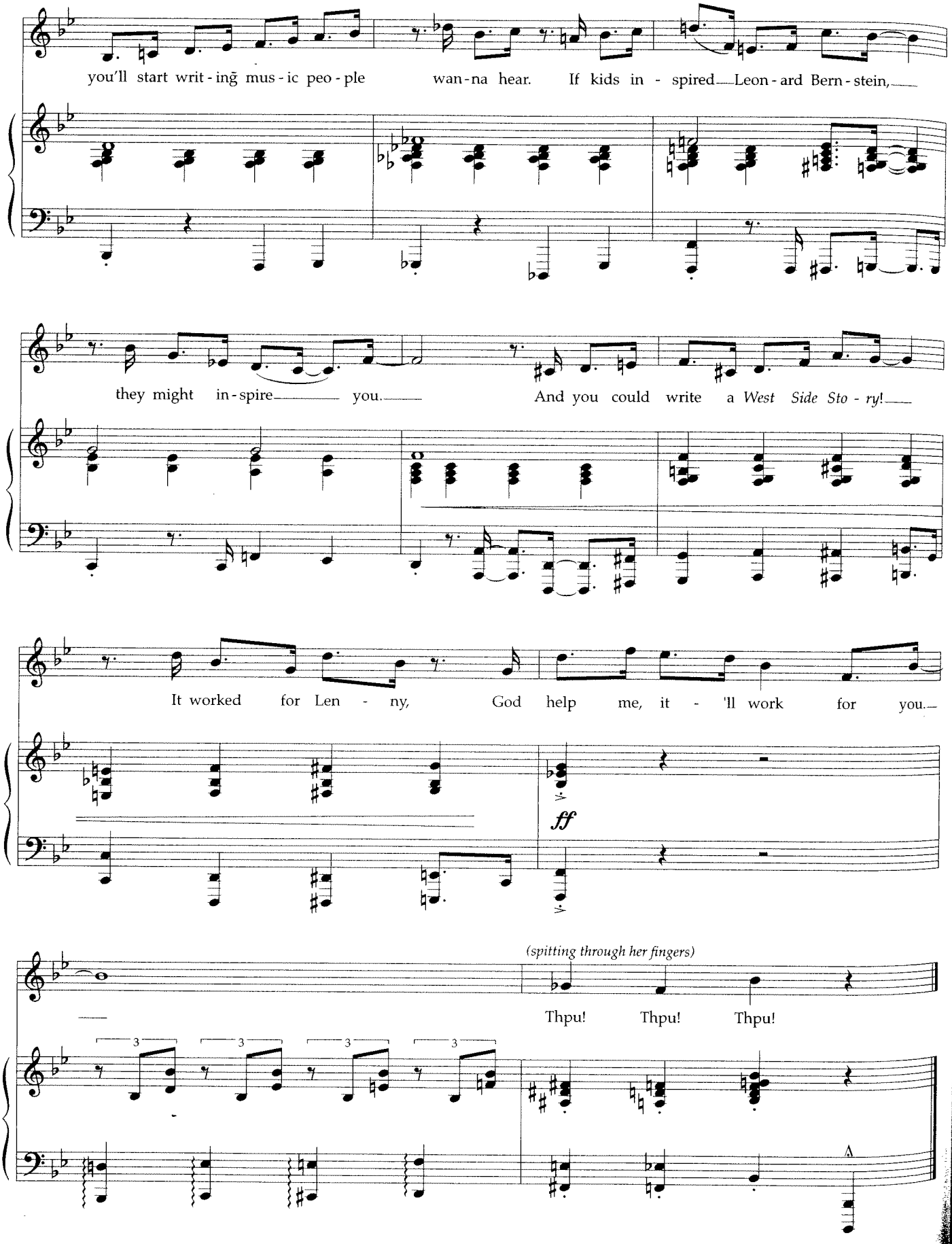

ha - voc on my mas - ter plan. But don't you wor - ry— I've solved the
prob-lem with the help of mu-sic's great - est Jew - ish man.
molto rit.
mf
Jaunty, triplet feel ♩= 104
Mar - ried with kids and boys on the side: the way I see it, that leaves ev' - ry-bod - y
a tempo
sat-is - fied. If it worked for Leo - nard Bern - stein, then it could work for you.


Do I look fin - ished? You get your fun, and
you have a wife. I get a son who has the sem - blance of a "nor-mal" life. It was
good e-nough for Bern - stein, it's good e-nough for you.
Grand - kids, (and that means more than one) I will have
f


grand - kids! I did - n't raise my on - ly son to leave me high and dry, with
no - thing to do. You'll give me grand - kids I can spoil as much as I spoiled you.
mf
Len - ny knew best. Fol - low his lead. There'll be a time to mess a - round, but now's the
time to breed. If the breed - ing worked for Len - ny, then it - 'll work for

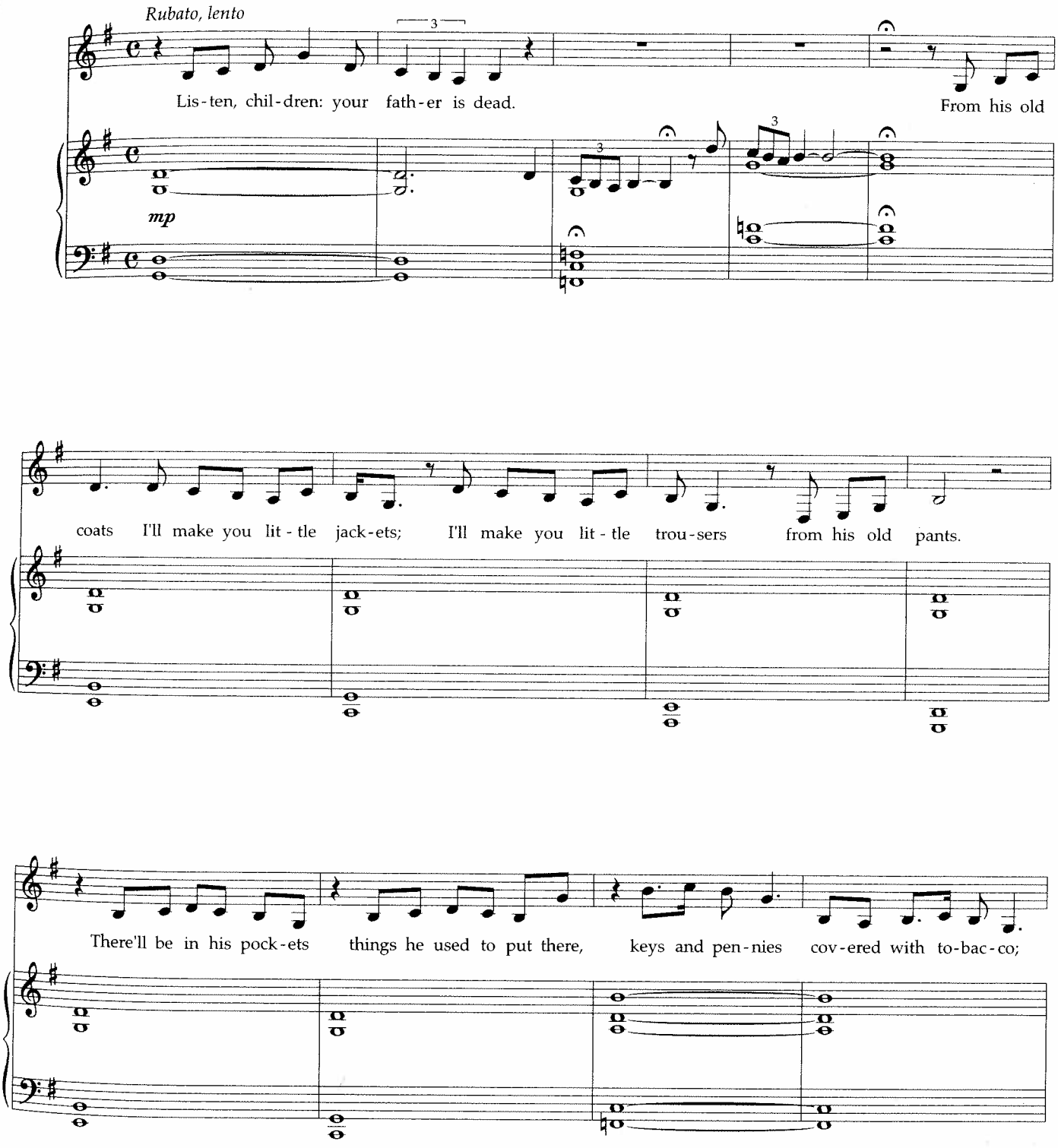

you.
Len - ny, he
f
did his mo - ther proud. I want a Len - ny so I can fin' - lly join the crowd of kvell - ing
grand - mas with pic - tures for - ev - er on view. And if he's cute, I'll show a pho - to of your
8vb
boy - friend too. You know the plan. Heed it, my dear, and may - be
mf


you'll start writ - ing mus - ic peo - ple wan - na hear. If kids in - spired Leon - ard Bern - stein,
they might in - spire you. And you could write a *West Side Sto - ry!*
It worked for Len - ny, God help me, it - 'll work for you.
ff
(spitting through her fingers)
Thpu! Thpu! Thpu!
3 3 3 3

Lament

Music by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ

From a poem by
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY



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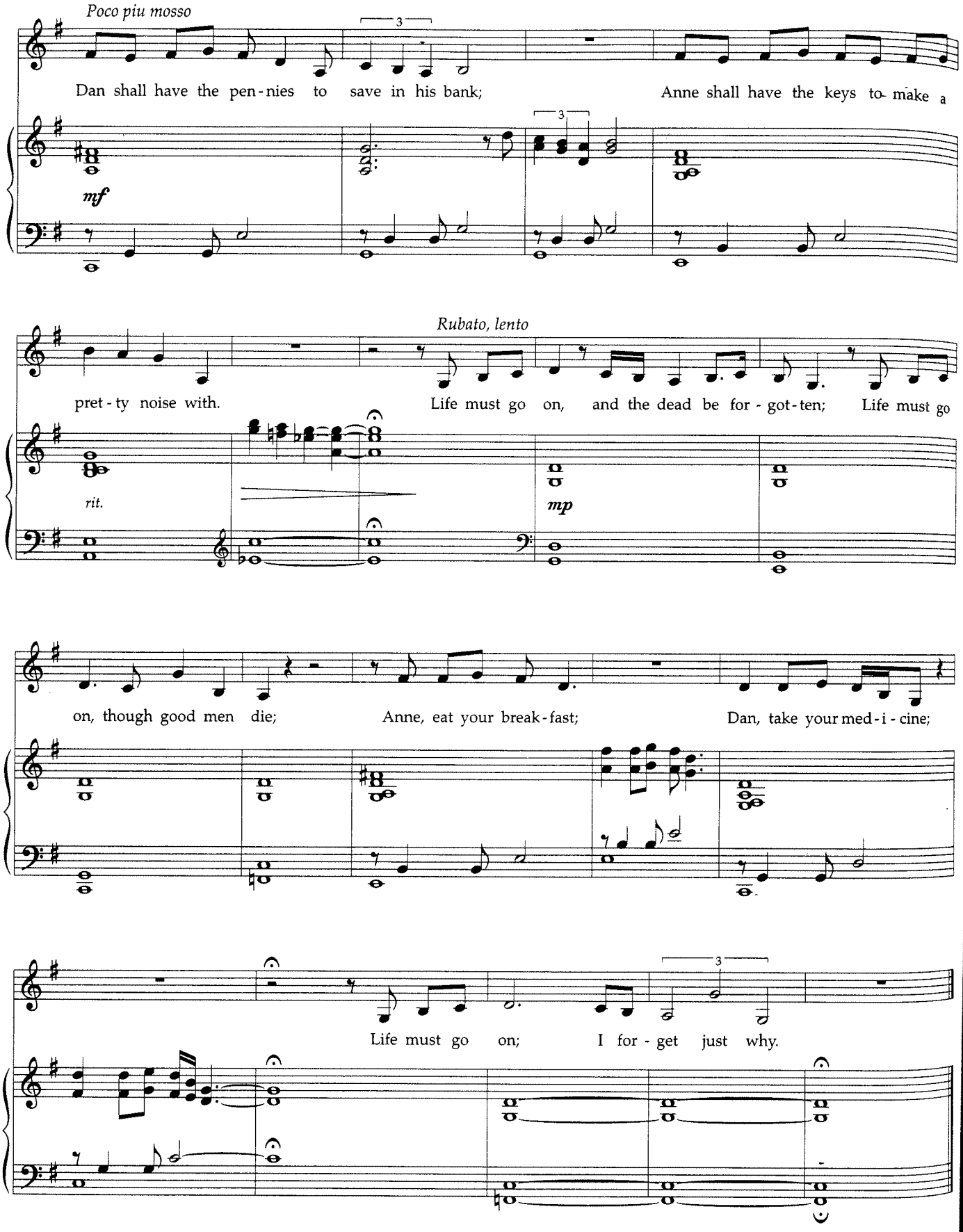
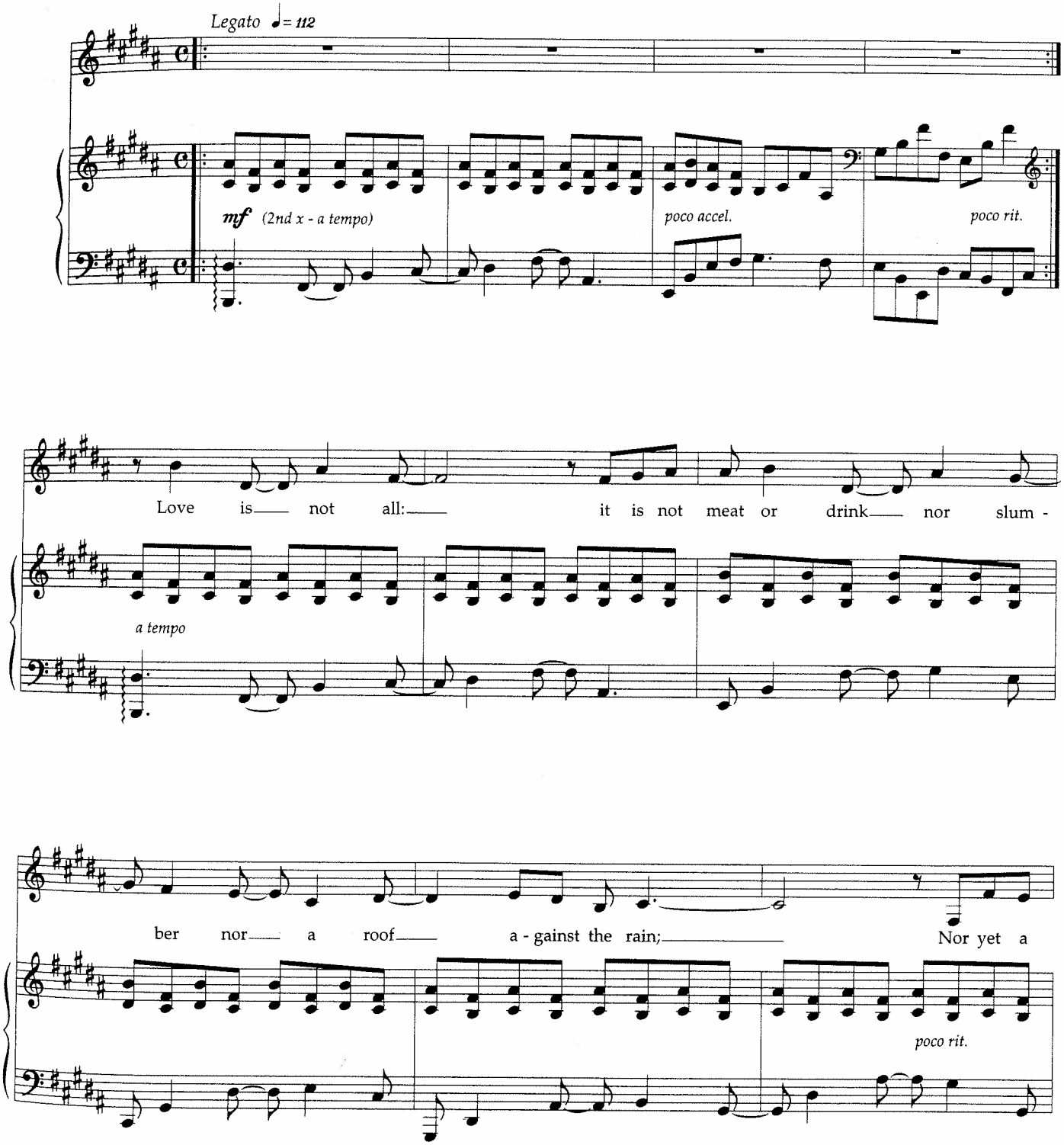

Poco piu mosso
Dan shall have the pen-nies to save in his bank; Anne shall have the keys to make a
mf
Rubato, lento
pret-ty noise with. Life must go on, and the dead be for-got-ten; Life must go
rit.
mp
on, though good men die; Anne, eat your break-fast; Dan, take your med-i-cine;
Life must go on; I for-get just why.

Love Is Not All

Music by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ

From a poem by
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY



Sonnet XXX of *Fatal Interview* by Edna St. Vincent Millay.
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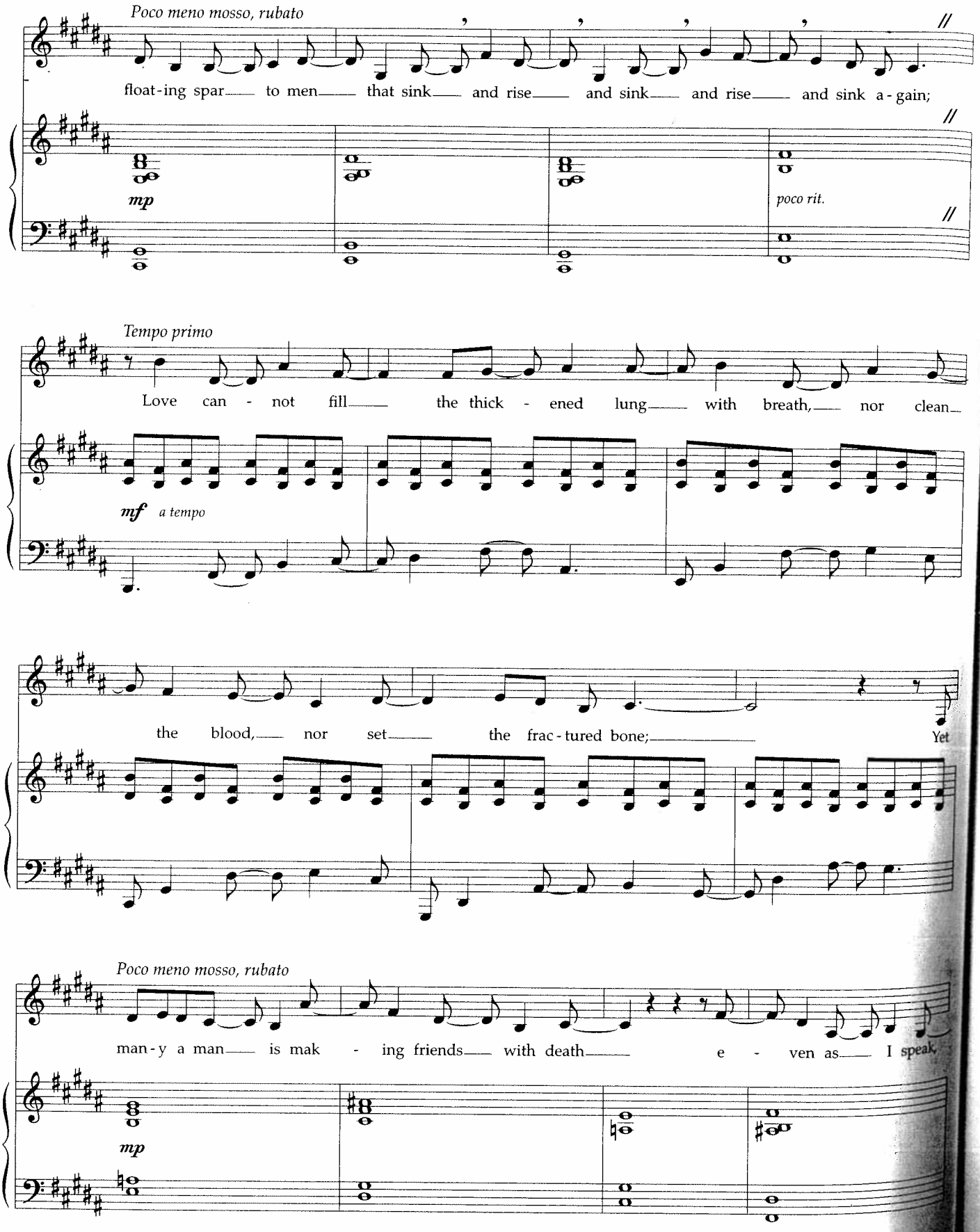
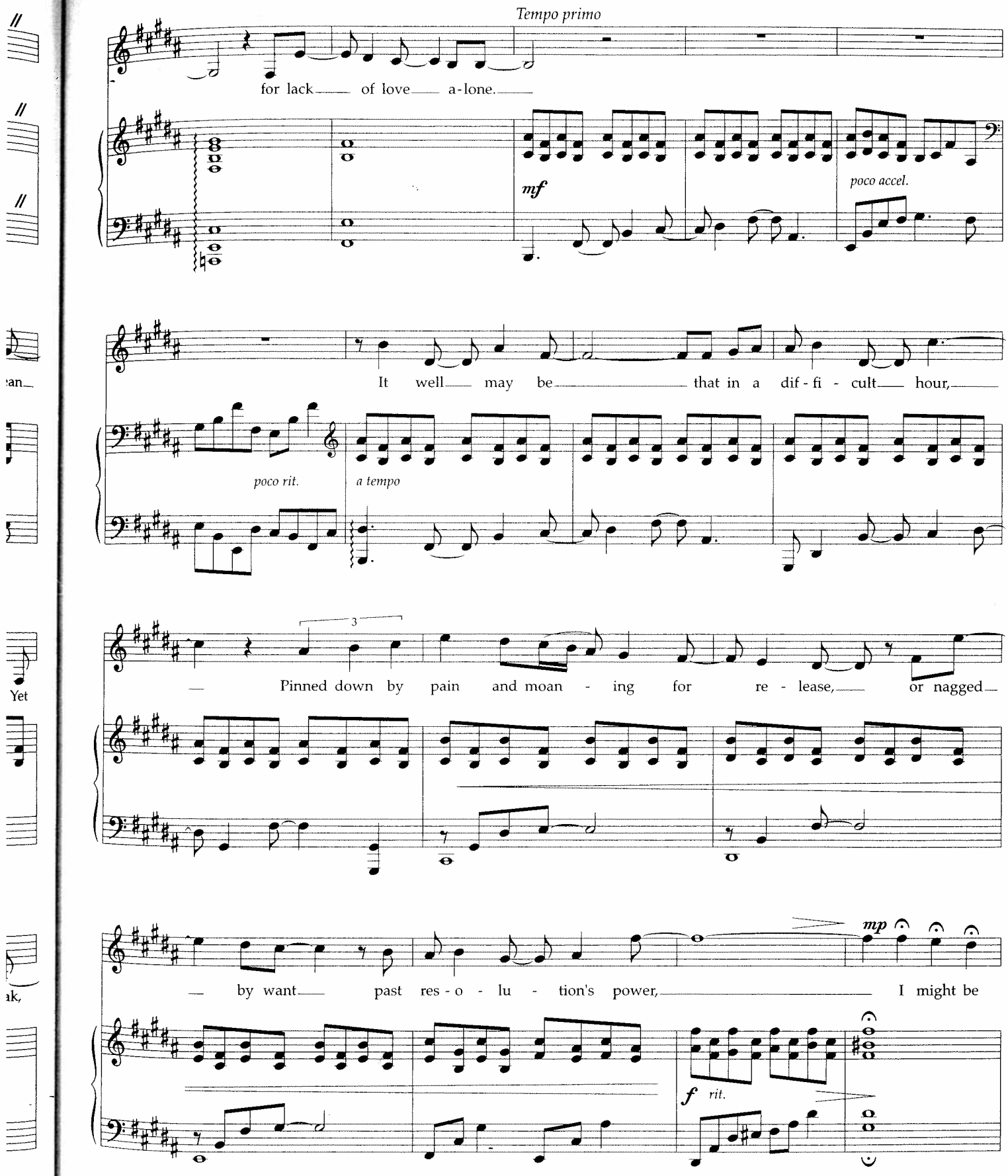
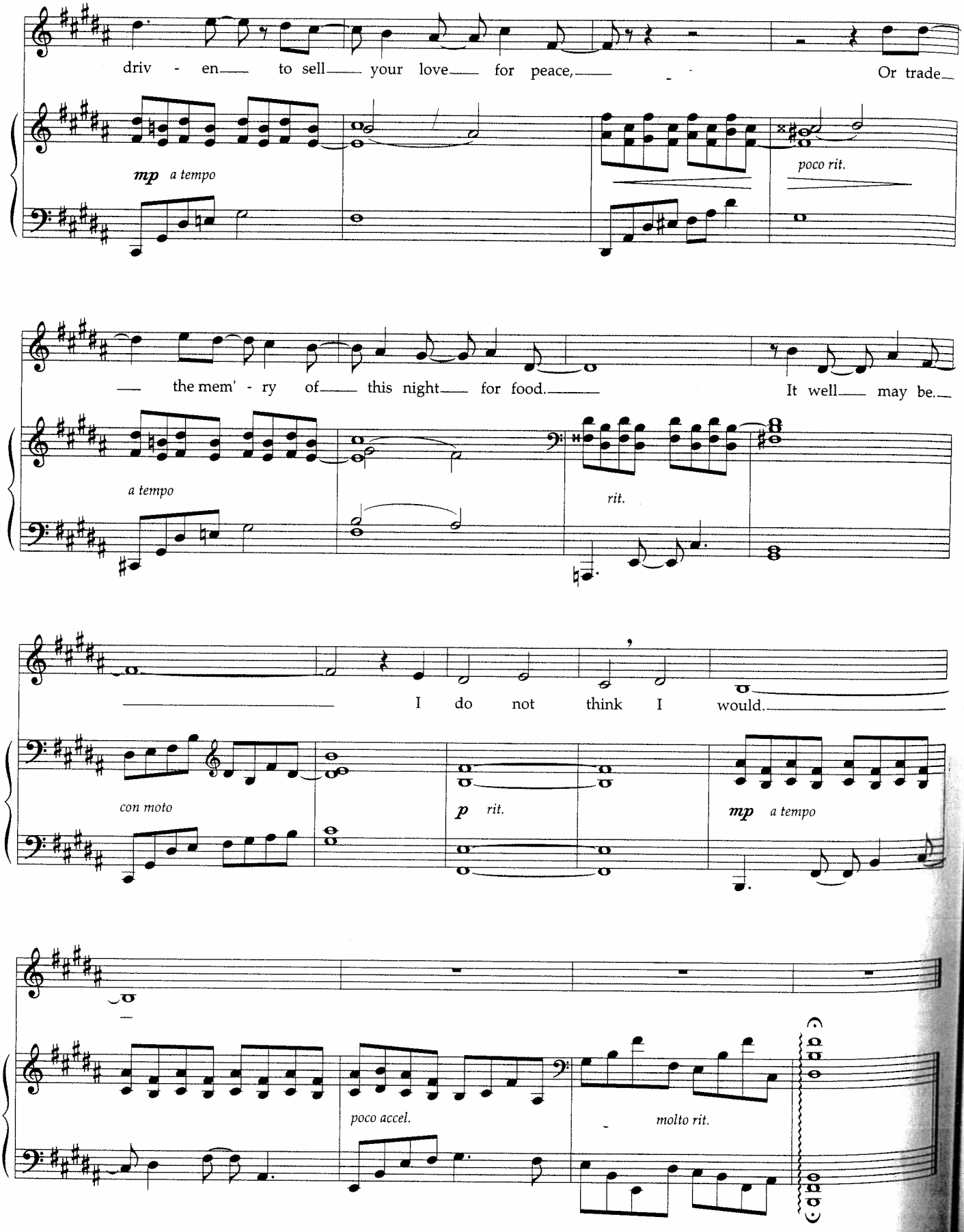

Poco meno mosso, rubato
float-ing spar— to men— that sink— and rise— and sink— and rise— and sink a-gain;
mp
poco rit.
Tempo primo
Love can - not fill— the thick - ened lung— with breath,— nor clean—
mf a tempo
the blood,— nor set— the frac-tured bone;— Yet
Poco meno mosso, rubato
man-y a man— is mak - ing friends— with death— e - ven as— I speak,
mp

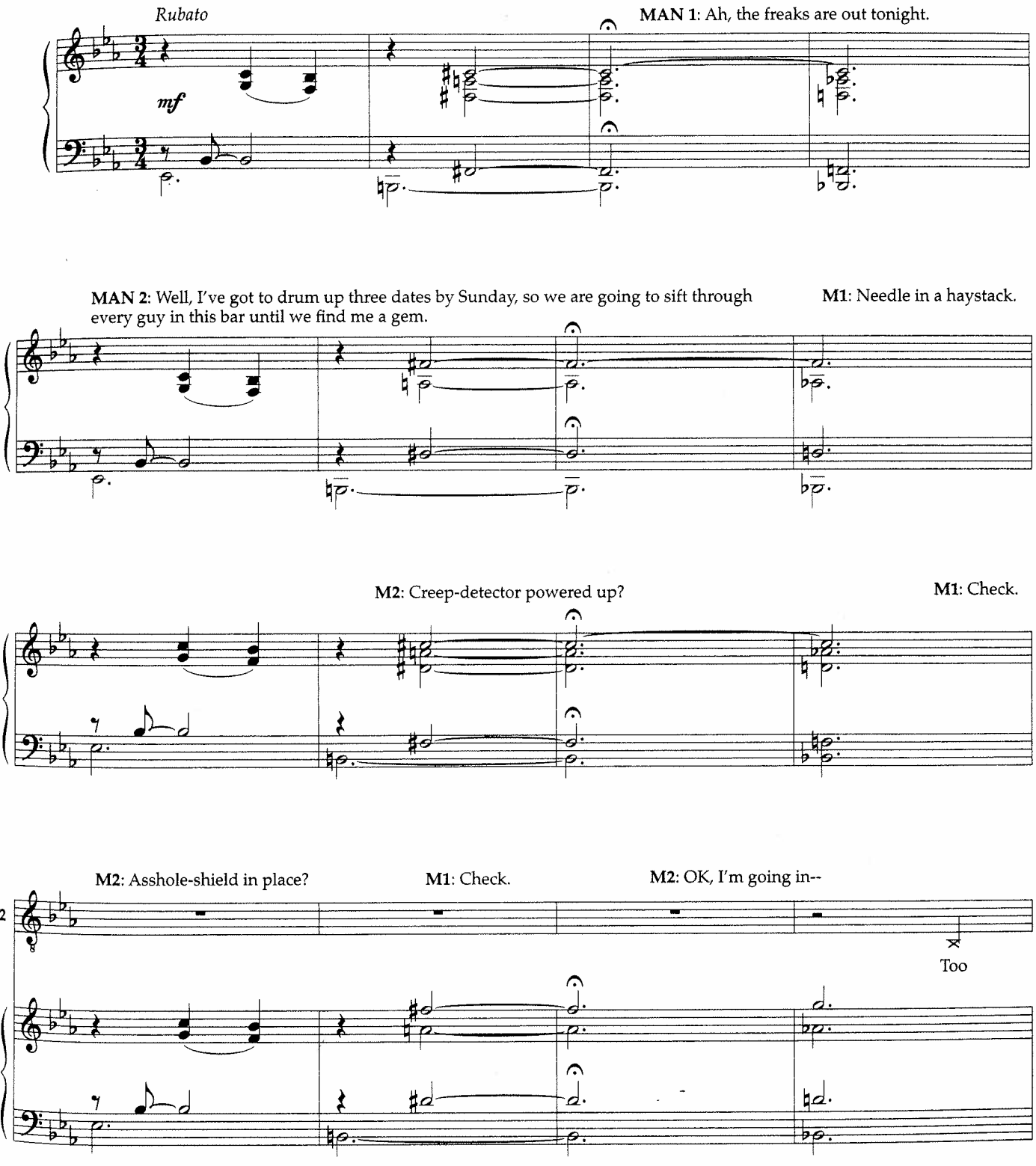

Tempo primo
for lack of love a-lone.
mf
poco accel.
It well may be that in a dif-fi-cult hour,
poco rit.
a tempo
Pinned down by pain and moan-ing for re-lease, or nagged
by want past res-o-lu-tion's power, I might be
mp
f rit.


driv - en to sell your love for peace, Or trade
mp a tempo
poco rit.
the mem' - ry of this night for food. It well may be.
a tempo
rit.
I do not think I would.
con moto
p rit.
mp a tempo
poco accel.
molto rit.

Moving Right Along
(Part One)

(The text for a women's version of this song can be found on page 130.)

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ



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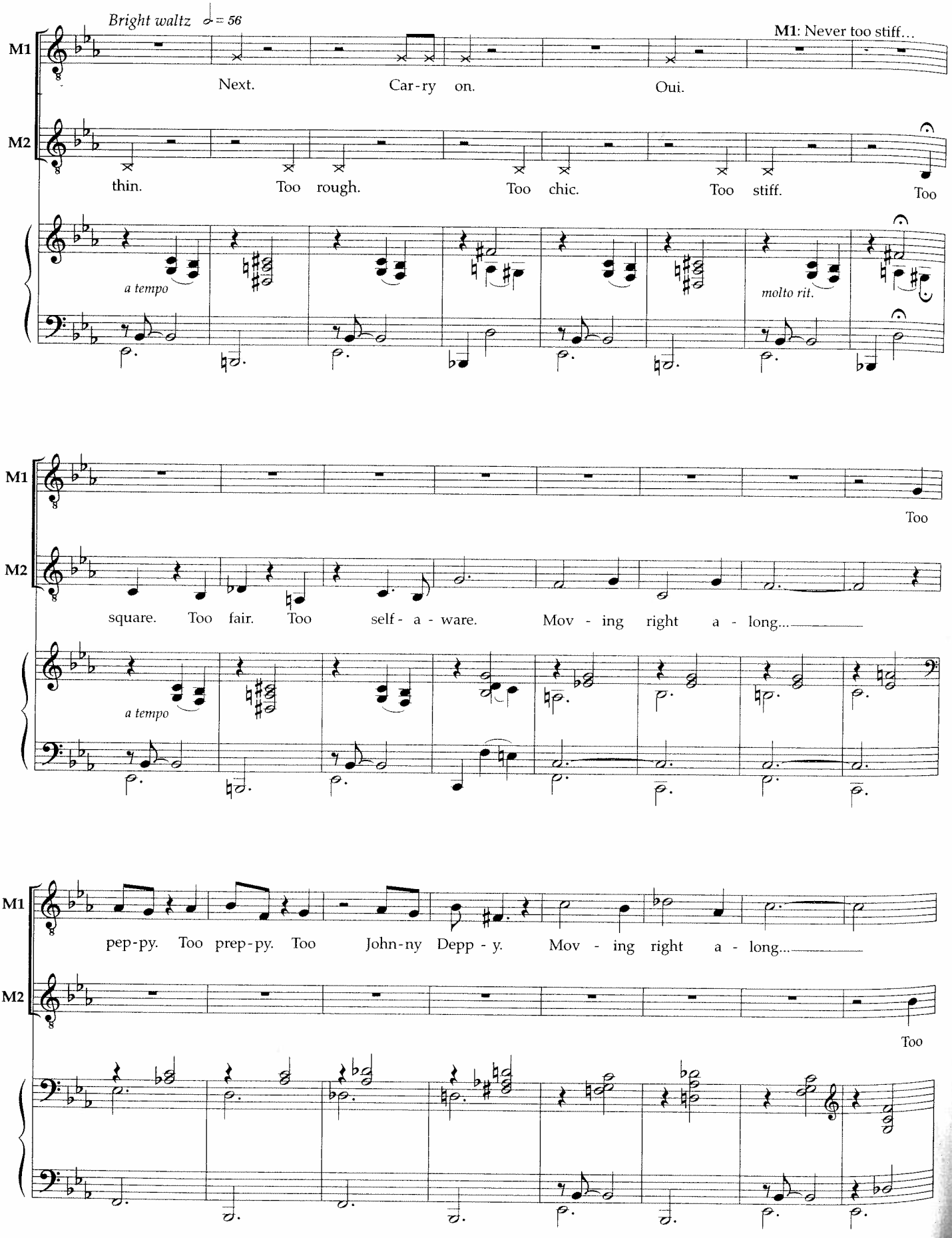
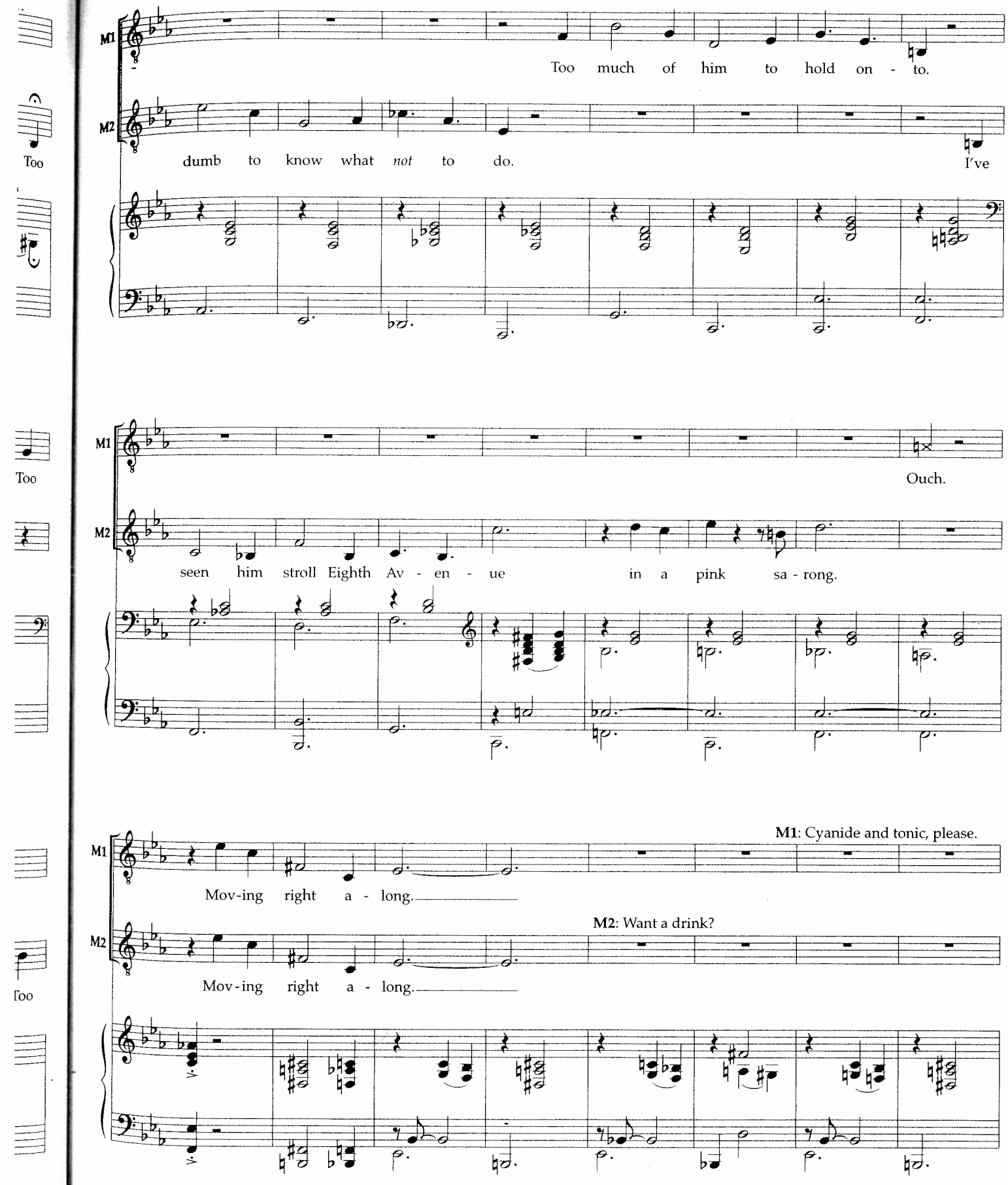
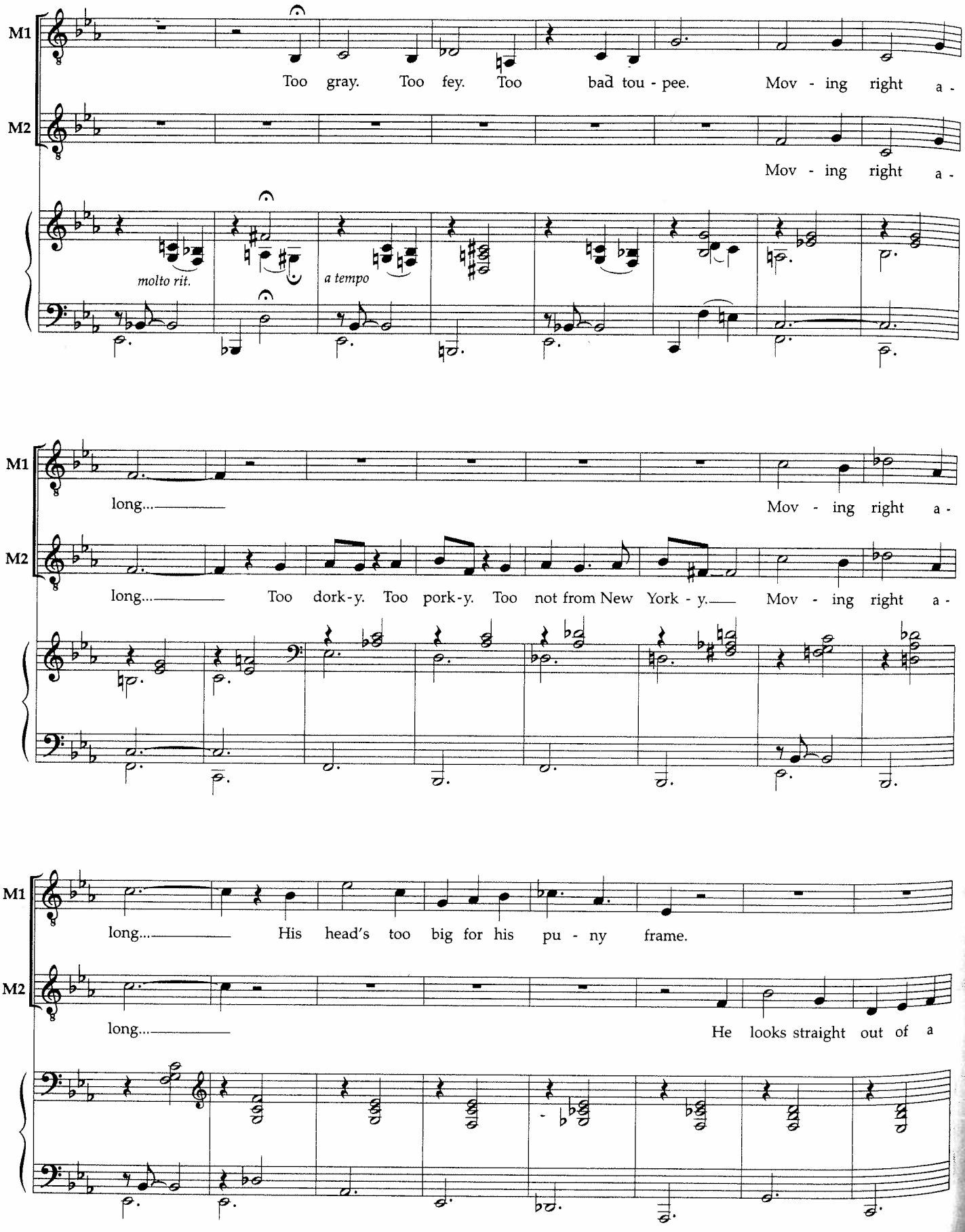
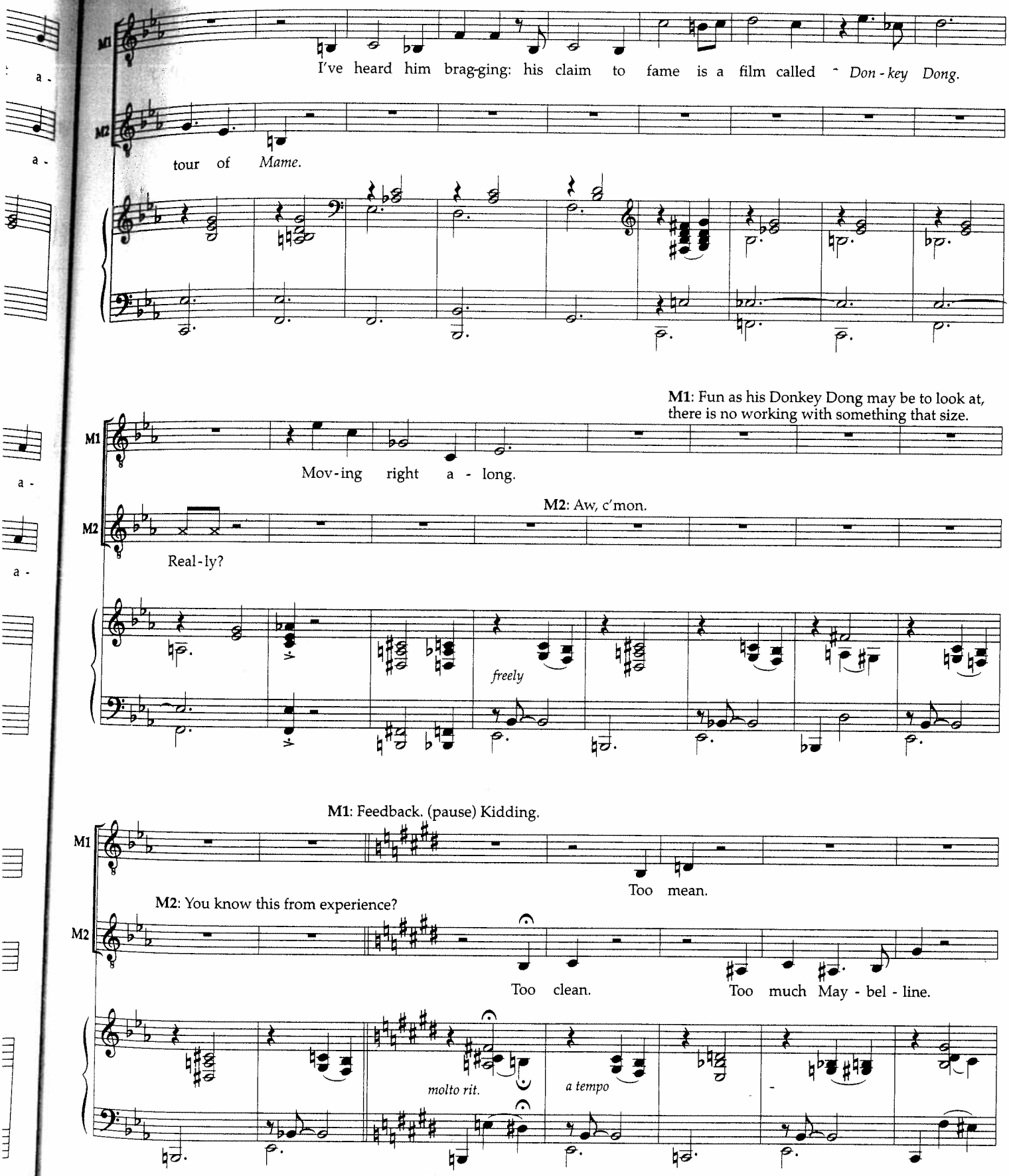
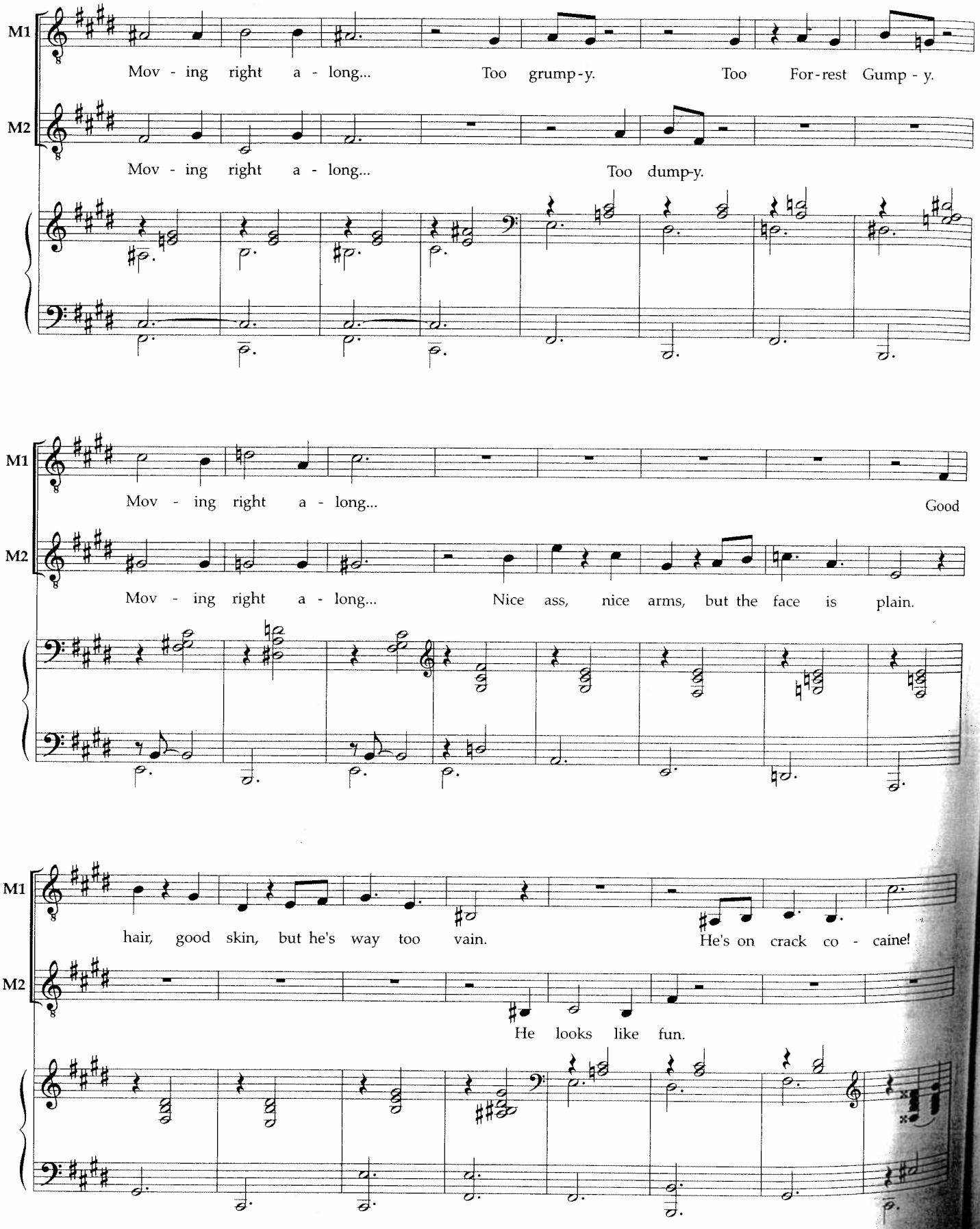
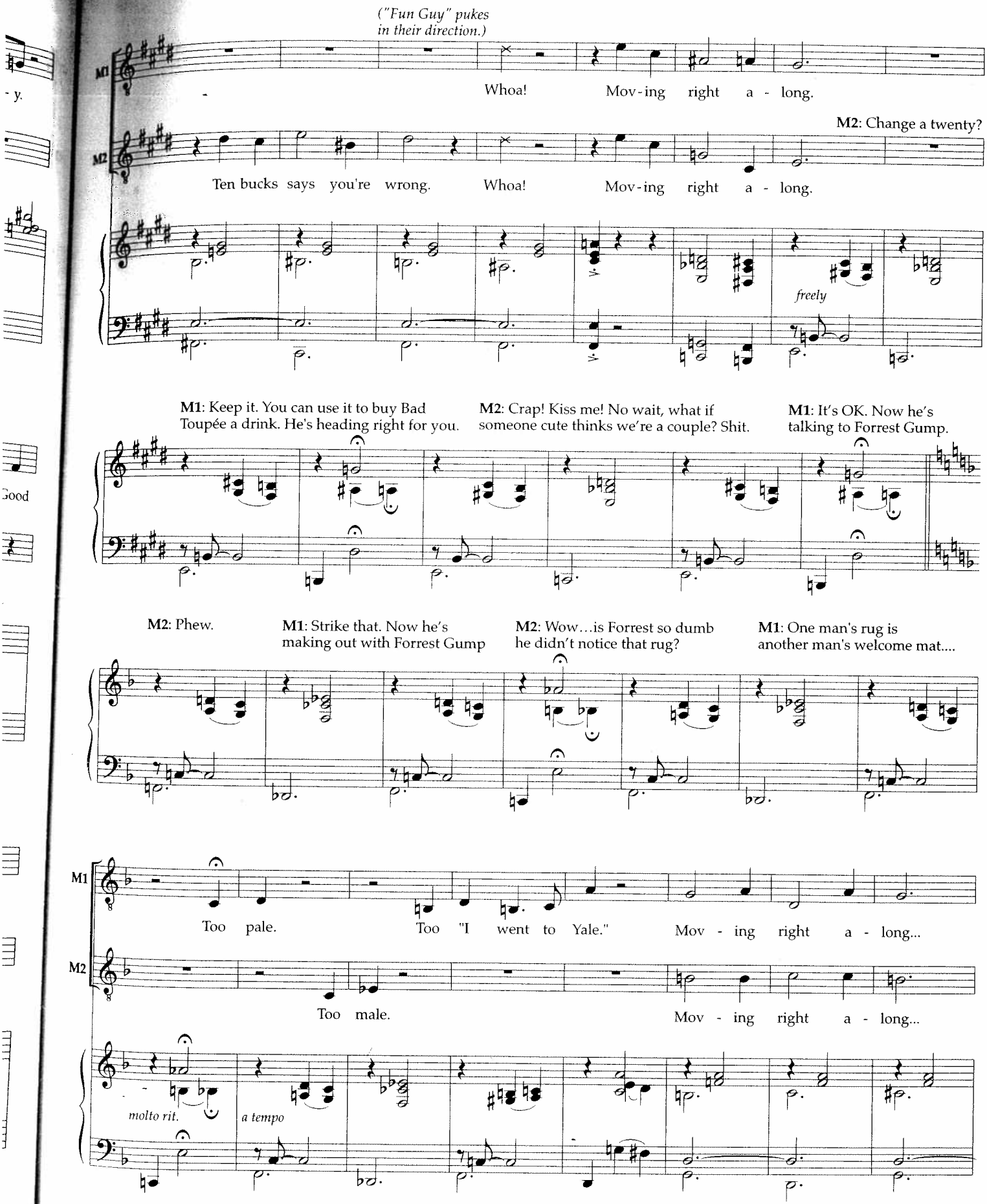

Bright waltz ♩= 56
M1: Never too stiff...
M1
M2
Next.
Car-ry on.
Oui.
thin.
Too rough.
Too chic.
Too stiff.
Too
a tempo
molto rit.
Too
square. Too fair. Too self-a-ware. Mov-ing right a-long...
a tempo
pep-py. Too prep-py. Too John-ny Depp-y. Mov-ing right a-long...
Too

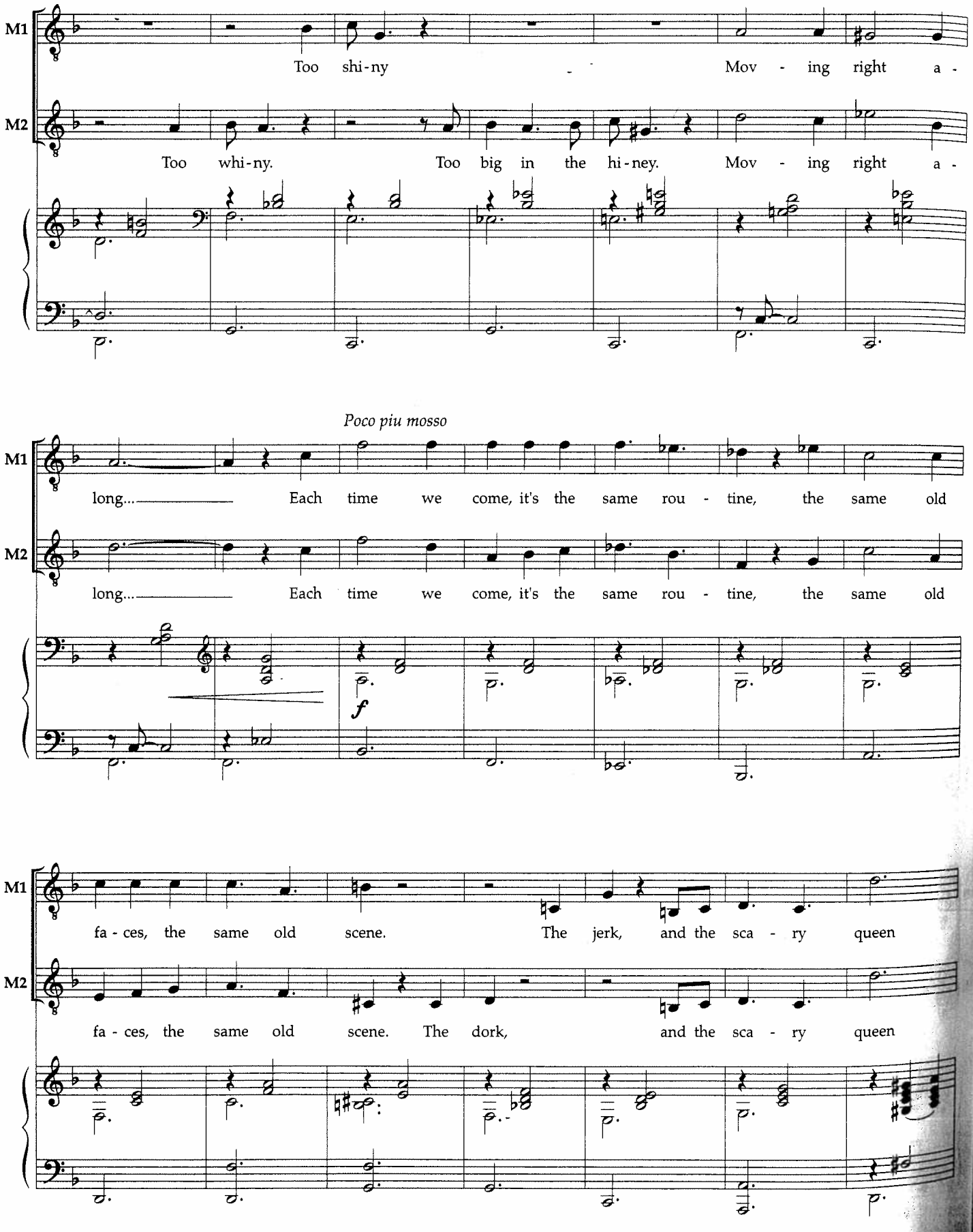

M1
Too much of him to hold on - to.
M2
dumb to know what *not* to do.
I've
M1
Ouch.
M2
seen him stroll Eighth Av - en - ue
in a pink sa - rong.
M1: Cyanide and tonic, please.
M1
Mov-ing right a - long.
M2: Want a drink?
M2
Mov-ing right a - long.


M1
M2
Too gray. Too fey. Too bad tou - pee. Mov - ing right a -
Mov - ing right a -
molto rit.
a tempo
long... Mov - ing right a -
long... Too dork-y. Too pork-y. Too not from New York - y. Mov - ing right a -
long... His head's too big for his pu - ny frame.
long... He looks straight out of a


M1
I've heard him brag-ging: his claim to fame is a film called Don-key Dong.
M2
tour of Mame.
M1: Fun as his Donkey Dong may be to look at, there is no working with something that size.
M1
Mov-ing right a - long.
M2: Aw, c'mon.
M2
Real-ly?
freely
M1: Feedback. (pause) Kidding.
M1
Too mean.
M2: You know this from experience?
M2
Too clean.
Too much May - bel - line.
molto rit.
a tempo


M1
Mov - ing right a - long... Too grump-y. Too For-rest Gump - y.
M2
Mov - ing right a - long... Too dump-y.
M1
Mov - ing right a - long... Good
M2
Mov - ing right a - long... Nice ass, nice arms, but the face is plain.
M1
hair, good skin, but he's way too vain. He's on crack co - caine!
M2
He looks like fun.

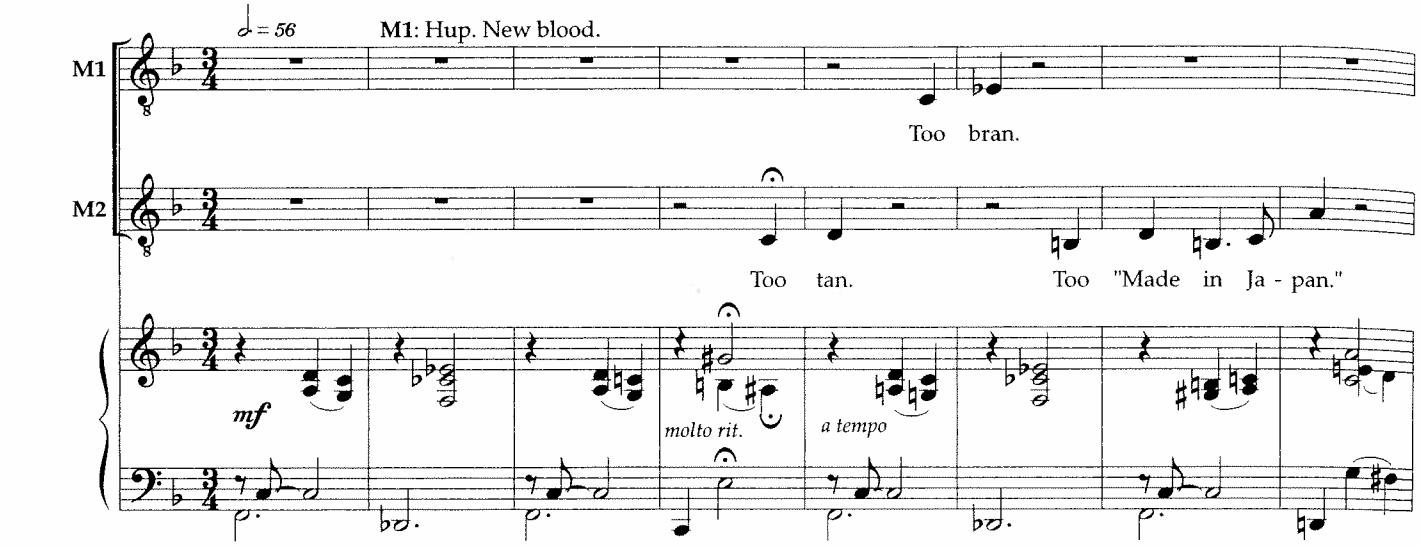

("Fun Guy" pukes in their direction.)
M1
Whoa! Mov-ing right a - long.
M2: Change a twenty?
M2
Ten bucks says you're wrong. Whoa! Mov-ing right a - long.
freely
M1: Keep it. You can use it to buy Bad Toupée a drink. He's heading right for you.
M2: Crap! Kiss me! No wait, what if someone cute thinks we're a couple? Shit.
M1: It's OK. Now he's talking to Forrest Gump.
M2: Phew.
M1: Strike that. Now he's making out with Forrest Gump
M2: Wow…is Forrest so dumb he didn't notice that rug?
M1: One man's rug is another man's welcome mat....
M1
Too pale. Too "I went to Yale." Mov - ing right a - long...
M2
Too male. Mov - ing right a - long...
molto rit.
a tempo

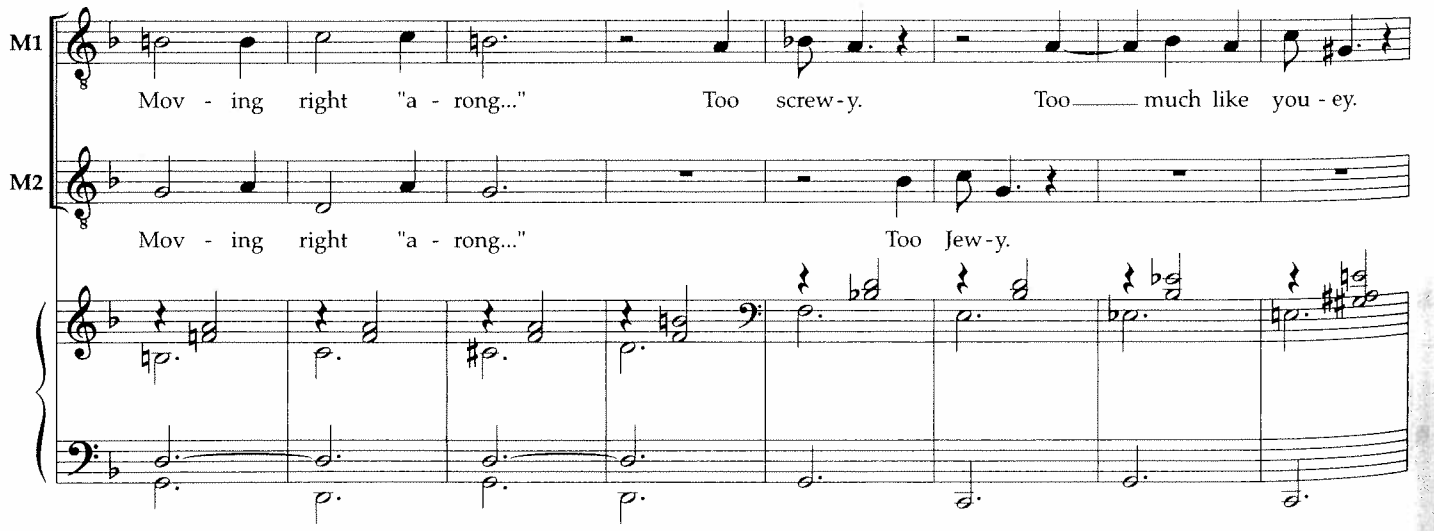

M1
Too shi-ny Mov - ing right a -
M2
Too whi-ny. Too big in the hi-ney. Mov - ing right a -
Poco piu mosso
long... Each time we come, it's the same rou - tine, the same old
long... Each time we come, it's the same rou - tine, the same old
f
fa - ces, the same old scene. The jerk, and the sca - ry queen
fa - ces, the same old scene. The dork, and the sca - ry queen

Molto piu mosso
M1
M2
al - ways get the gong. Mov - - -
al - ways get the gong. Mov - - -
ing right a - - - long!
ing right a - - - long!
ff

Moving Right Along
(Part Two)

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ





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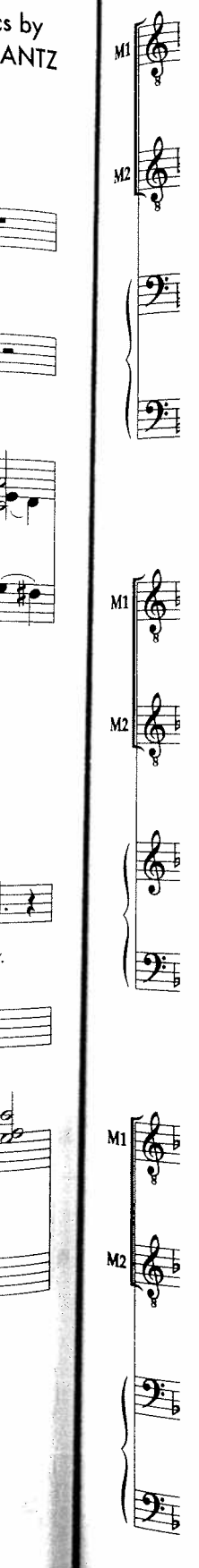
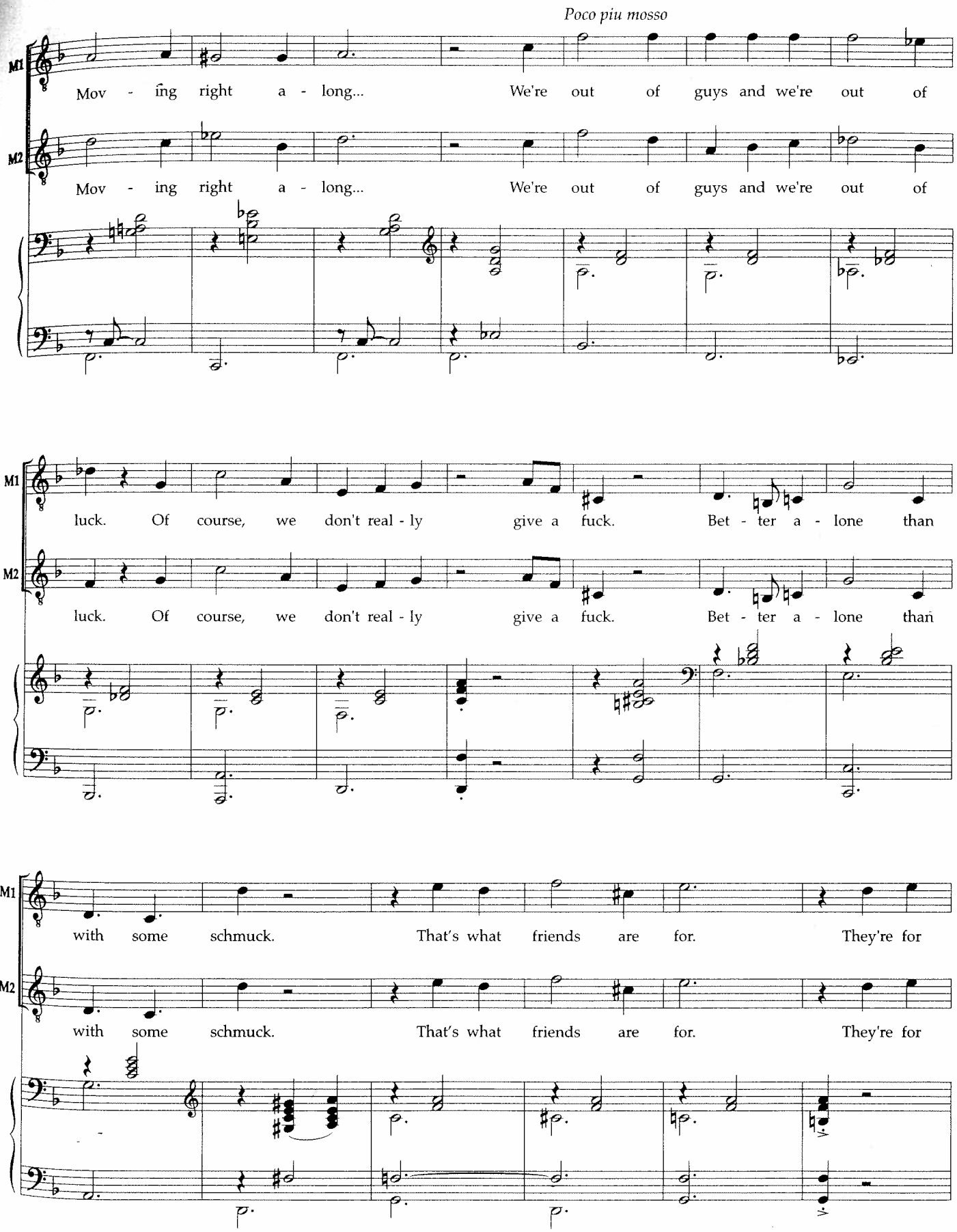
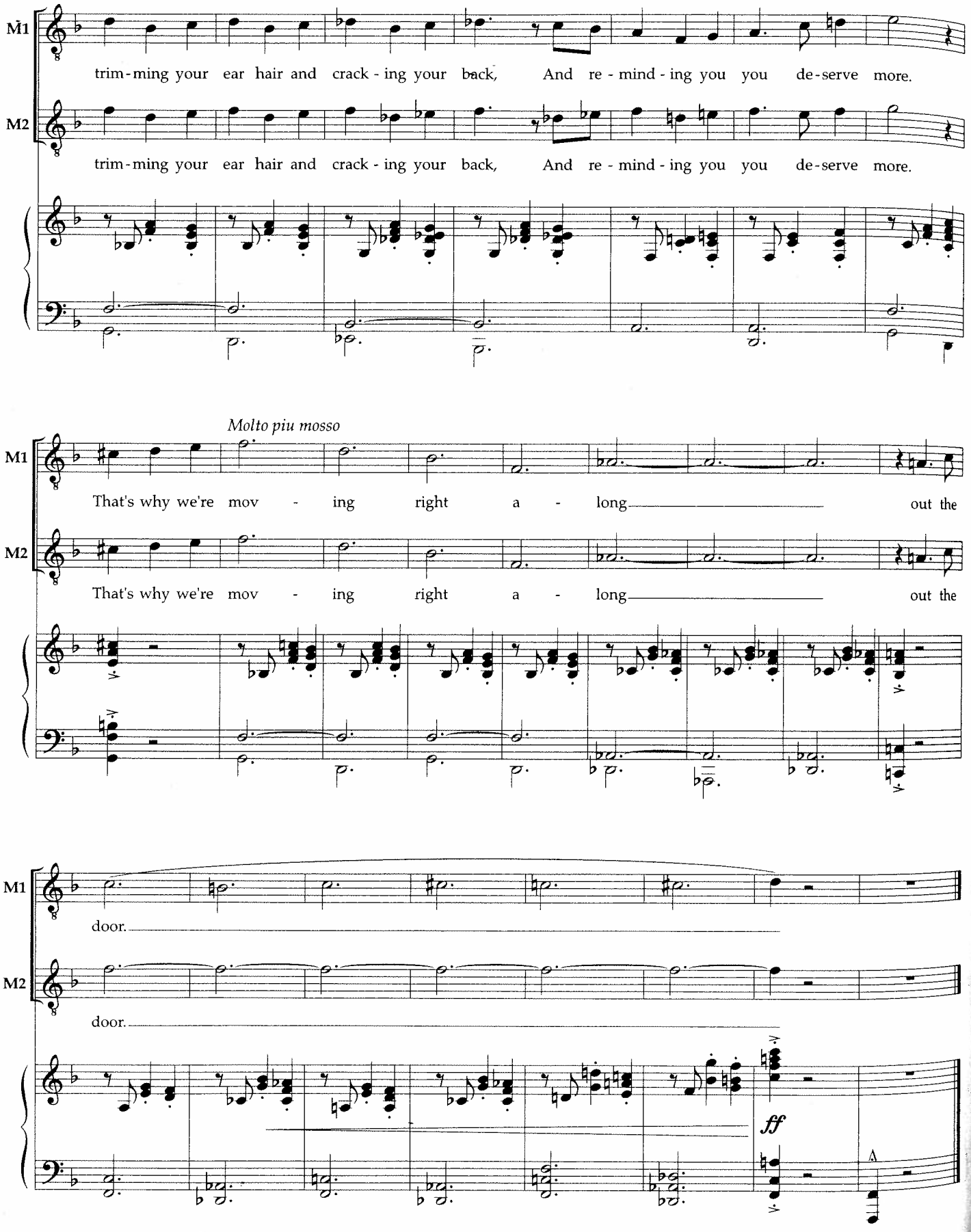
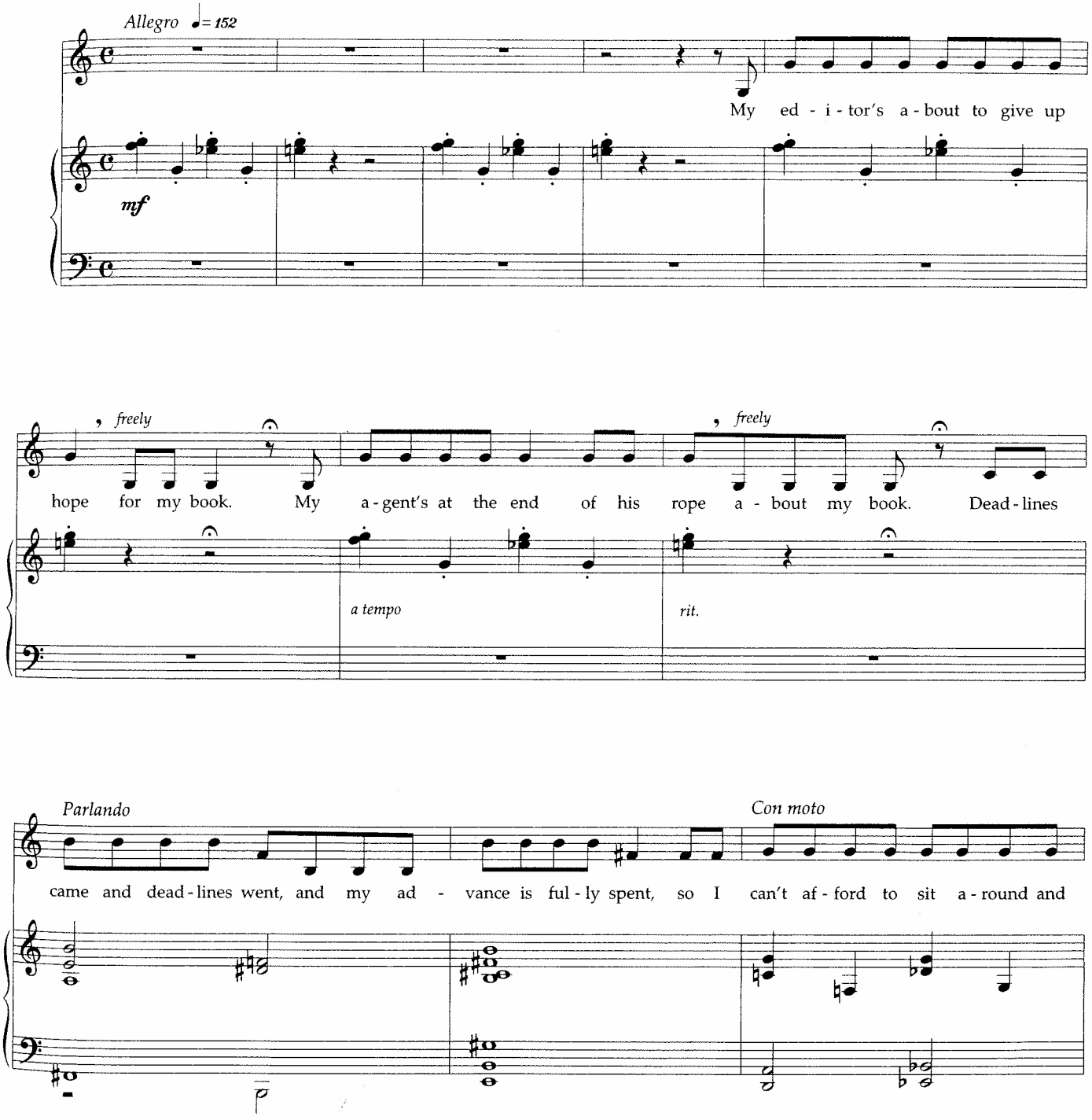



Poco piu mosso
M1
Mov - ing right a - long... We're out of guys and we're out of
M2
Mov - ing right a - long... We're out of guys and we're out of
M1
luck. Of course, we don't real - ly give a fuck. Bet - ter a - lone than
M2
luck. Of course, we don't real - ly give a fuck. Bet - ter a - lone than
M1
with some schmuck. That's what friends are for. They're for
M2
with some schmuck. That's what friends are for. They're for


M1
trim-ming your ear hair and crack-ing your back, And re-mind-ing you you de-serve more.
M2
trim-ming your ear hair and crack-ing your back, And re-mind-ing you you de-serve more.
Molto piu mosso
M1
That's why we're mov - ing right a - long out the
M2
That's why we're mov - ing right a - long out the
M1
door.
M2
door.
ff
A

My Book

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ



"My Book" was commissioned by The Carnegie Hall Corporation.
The world premiere was given on June 2, 2004 by Audra McDonald
in the Judy and Arthur Zankel Hall, Carnegie Hall.
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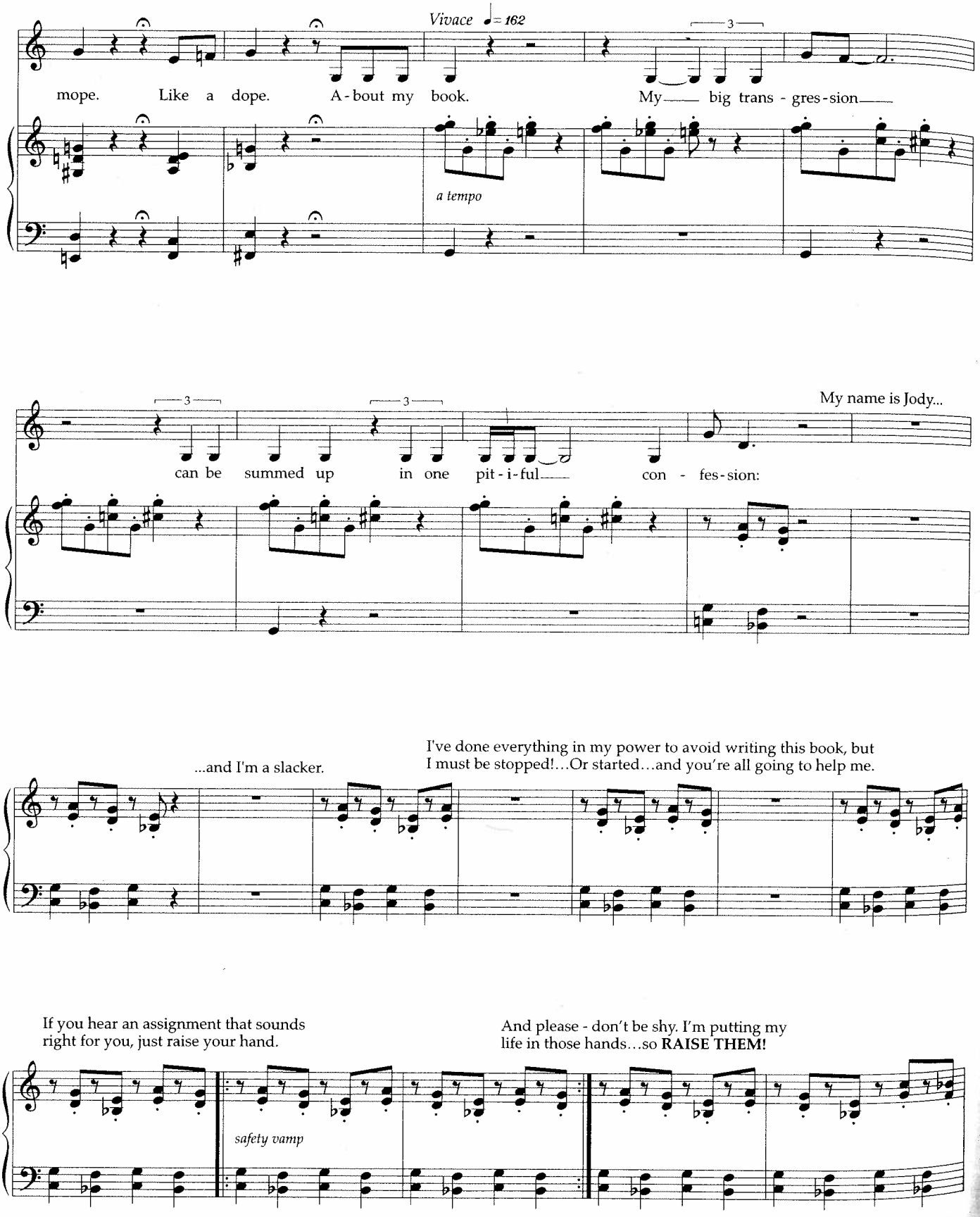
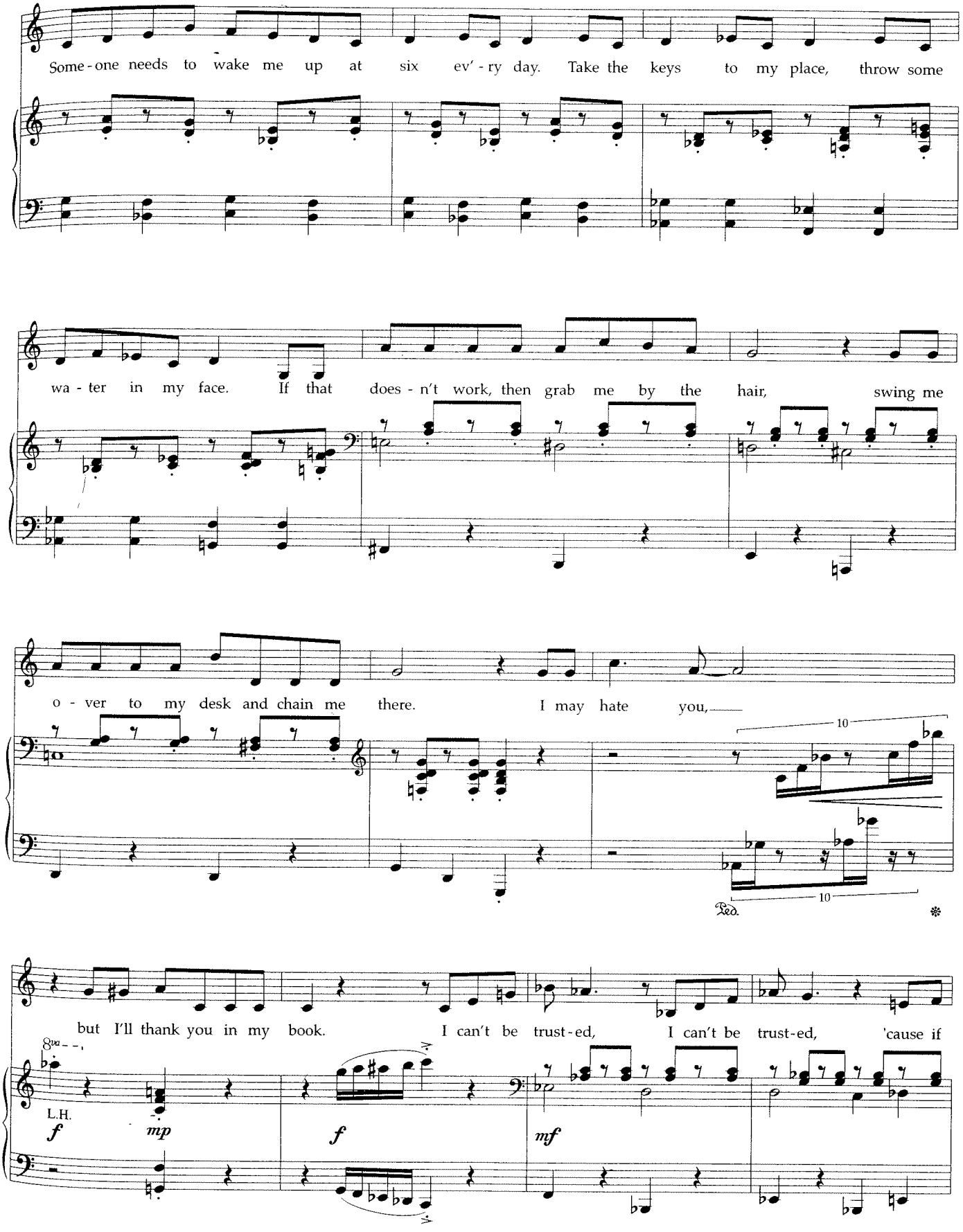
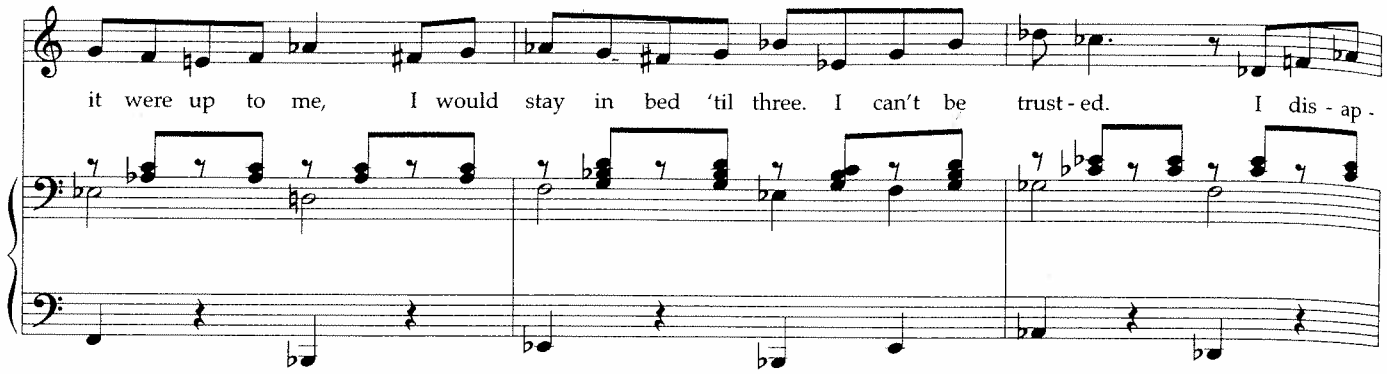
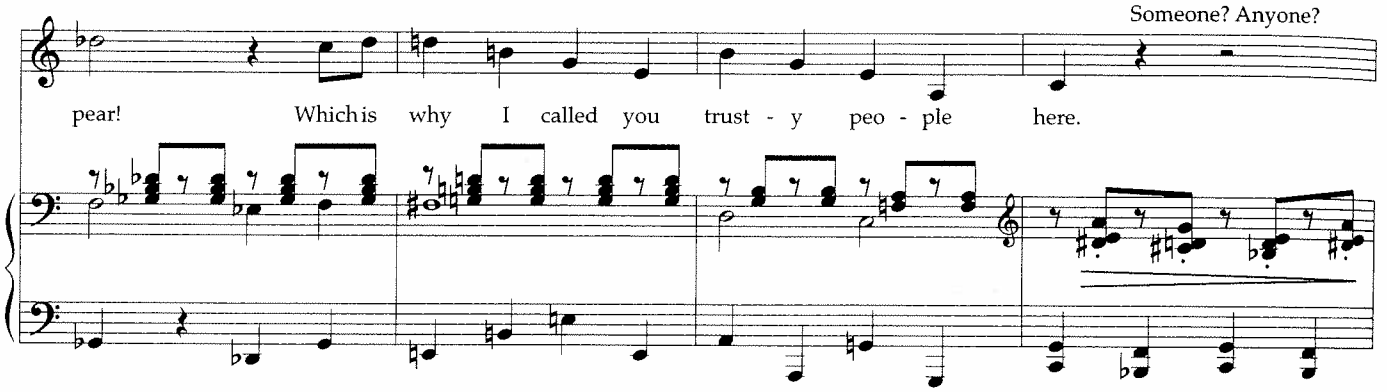
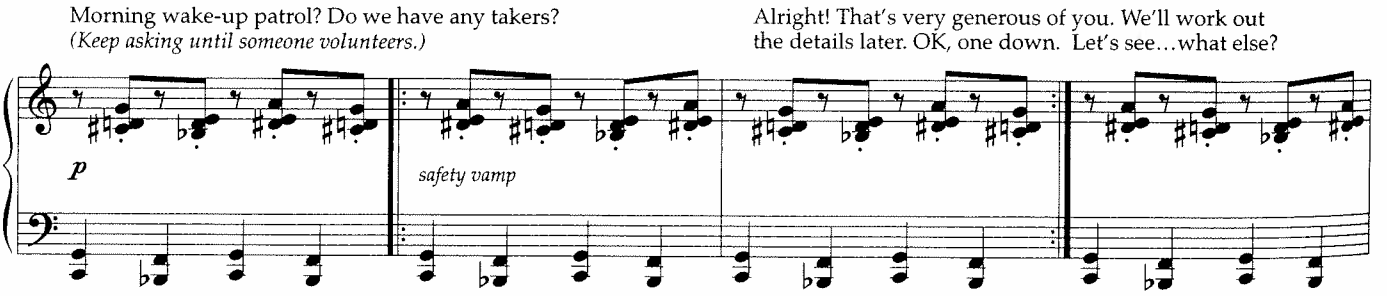
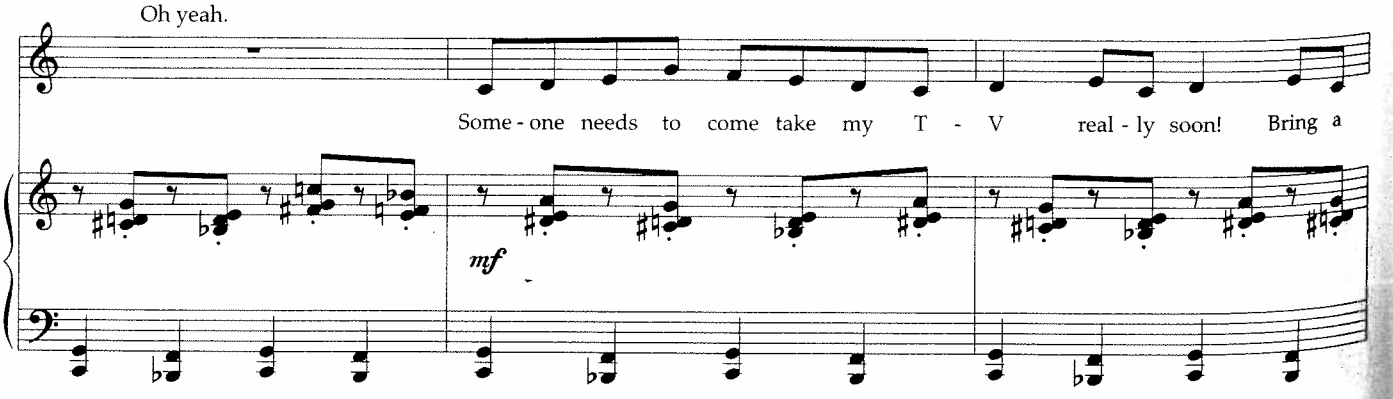

Vivace ♩= 162
mope. Like a dope. A-bout my book. My big trans-gres-sion
a tempo
My name is Jody...
can be summed up in one pit-i-ful con-fes-sion:
...and I'm a slacker.
I've done everything in my power to avoid writing this book, but I must be stopped!...Or started...and you're all going to help me.
If you hear an assignment that sounds right for you, just raise your hand.
And please - don't be shy. I'm putting my life in those hands...so RAISE THEM!
safety vamp

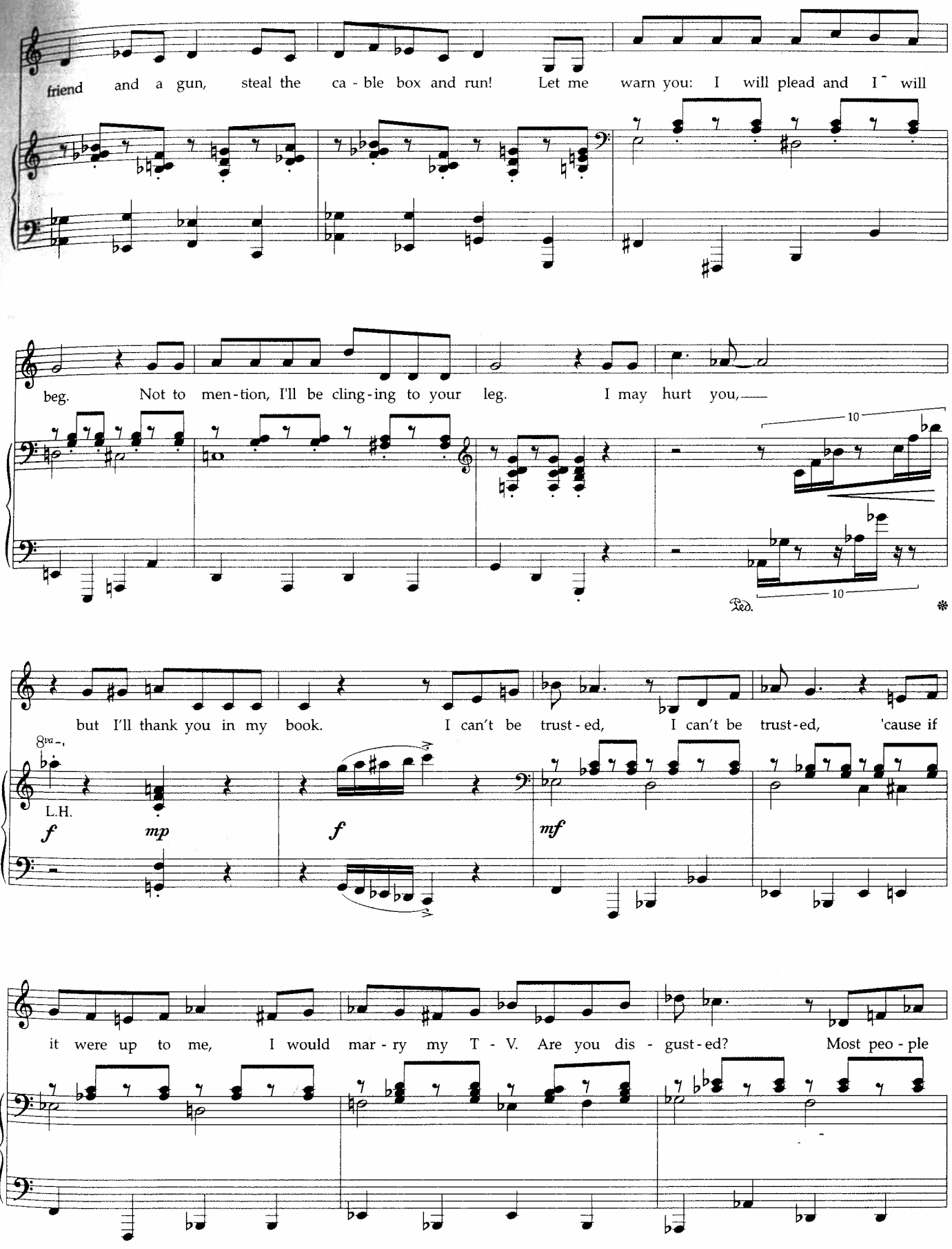

Some-one needs to wake me up at six ev'-ry day. Take the keys to my place, throw some
wa-ter in my face. If that does-n't work, then grab me by the hair, swing me
o-ver to my desk and chain me there. I may hate you,
10
10
Ped.
but I'll thank you in my book. I can't be trust-ed, I can't be trust-ed, 'cause if
8va
L.H.
f
mp
f
mf

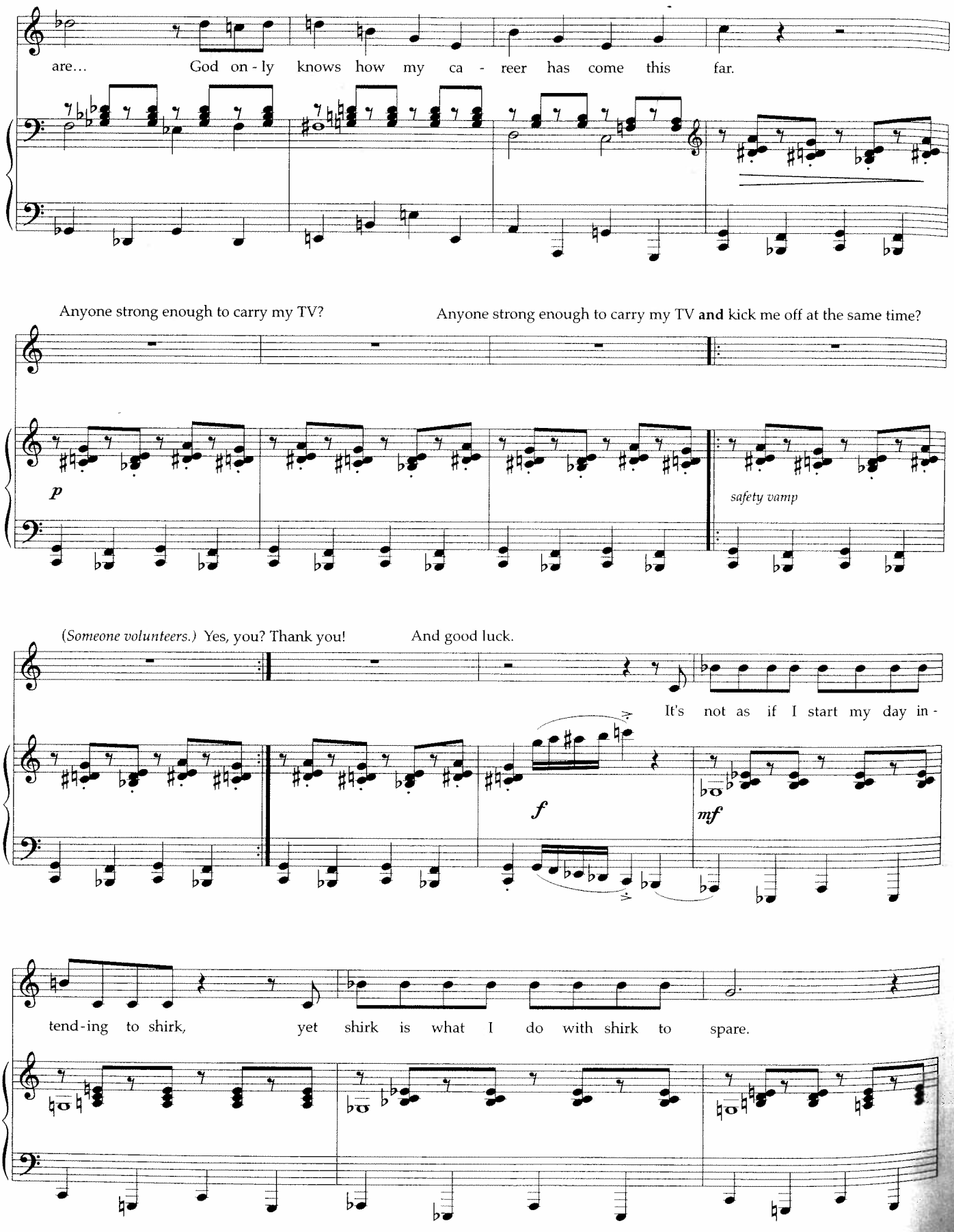

it were up to me, I would stay in bed 'til three. I can't be trust - ed. I dis - ap -

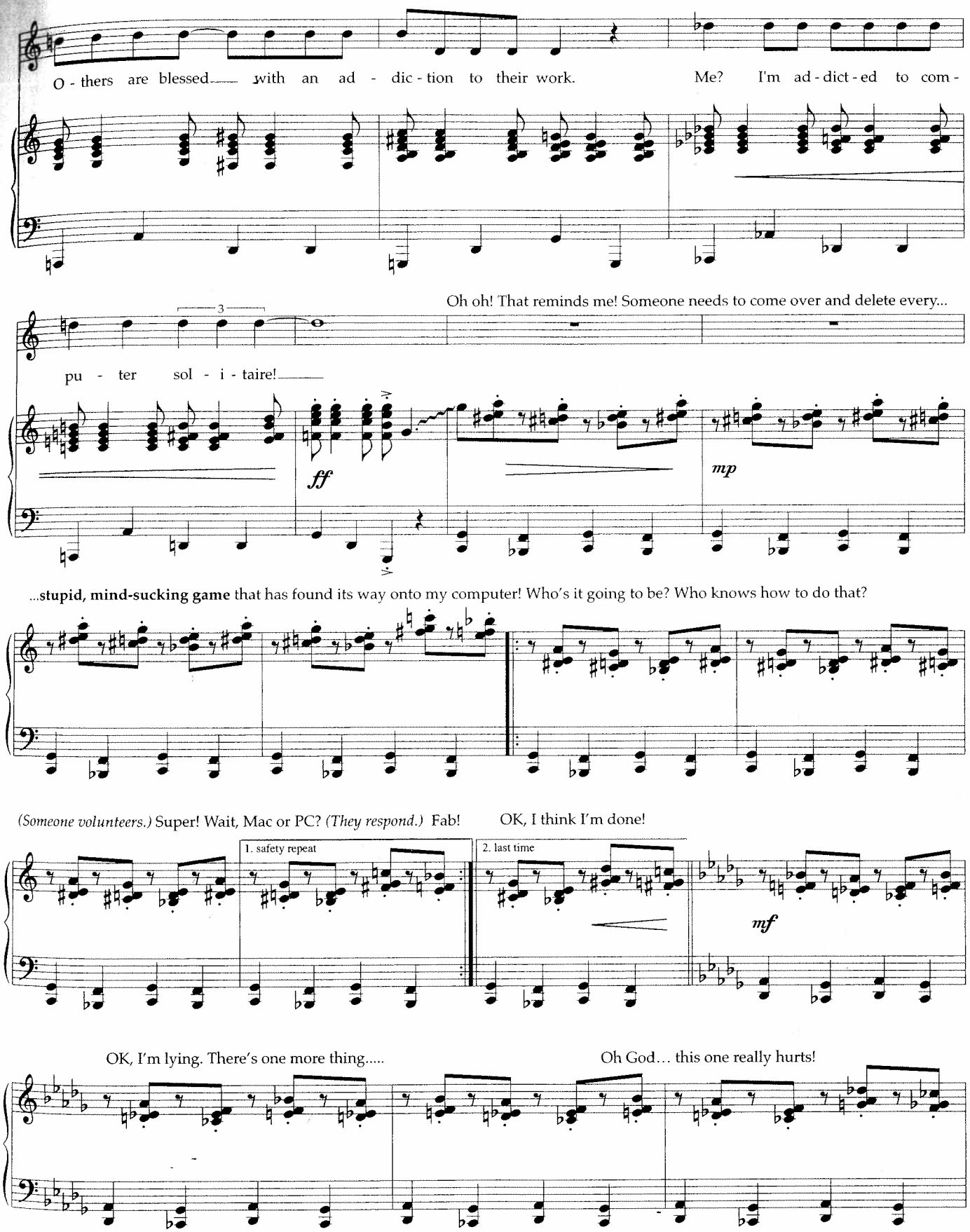

Someone? Anyone?
pear! Which is why I called you trust - y peo - ple here.

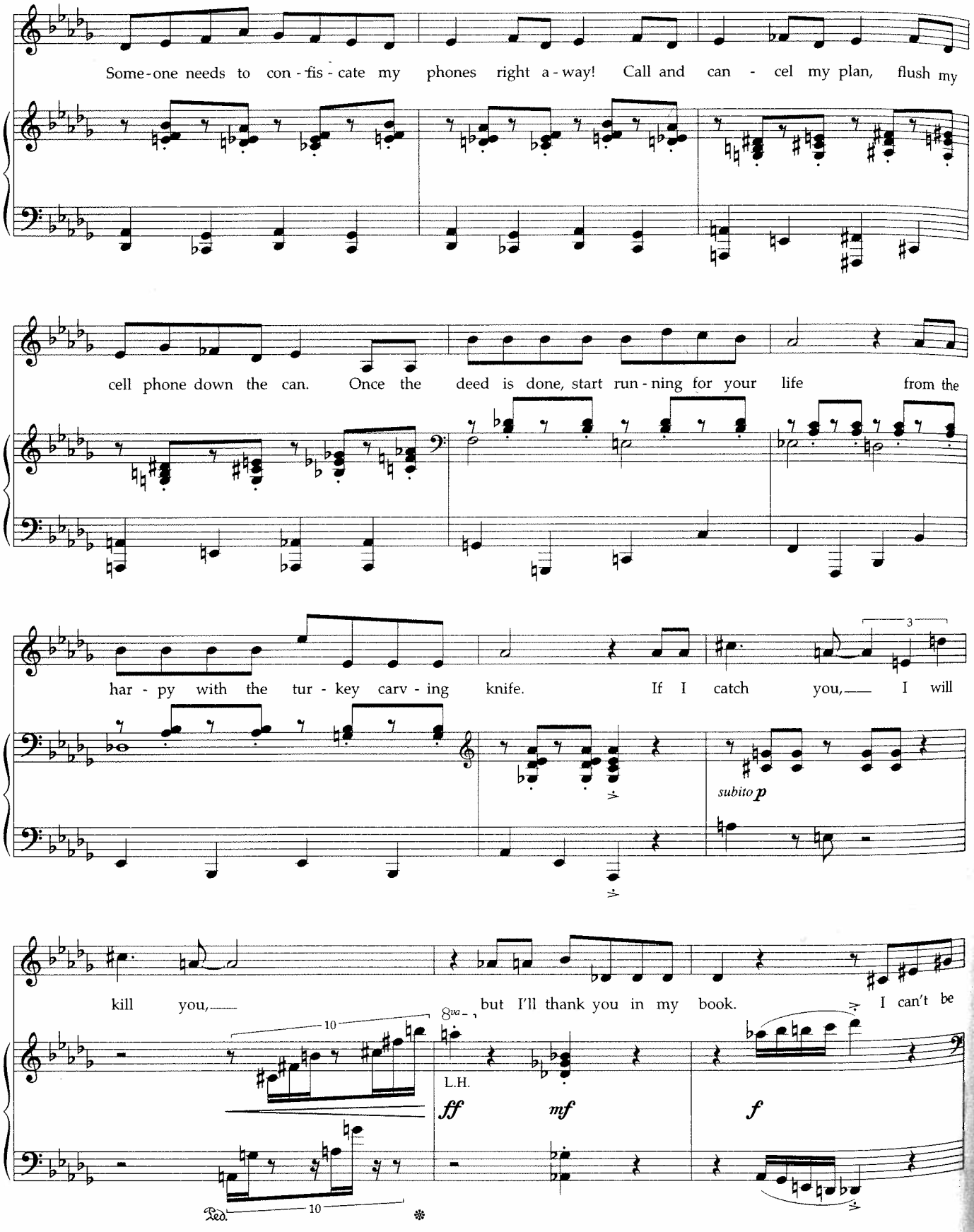

Morning wake-up patrol? Do we have any takers?
(Keep asking until someone volunteers.)
Alright! That's very generous of you. We'll work out the details later. OK, one down. Let's see...what else?
p
safety vamp

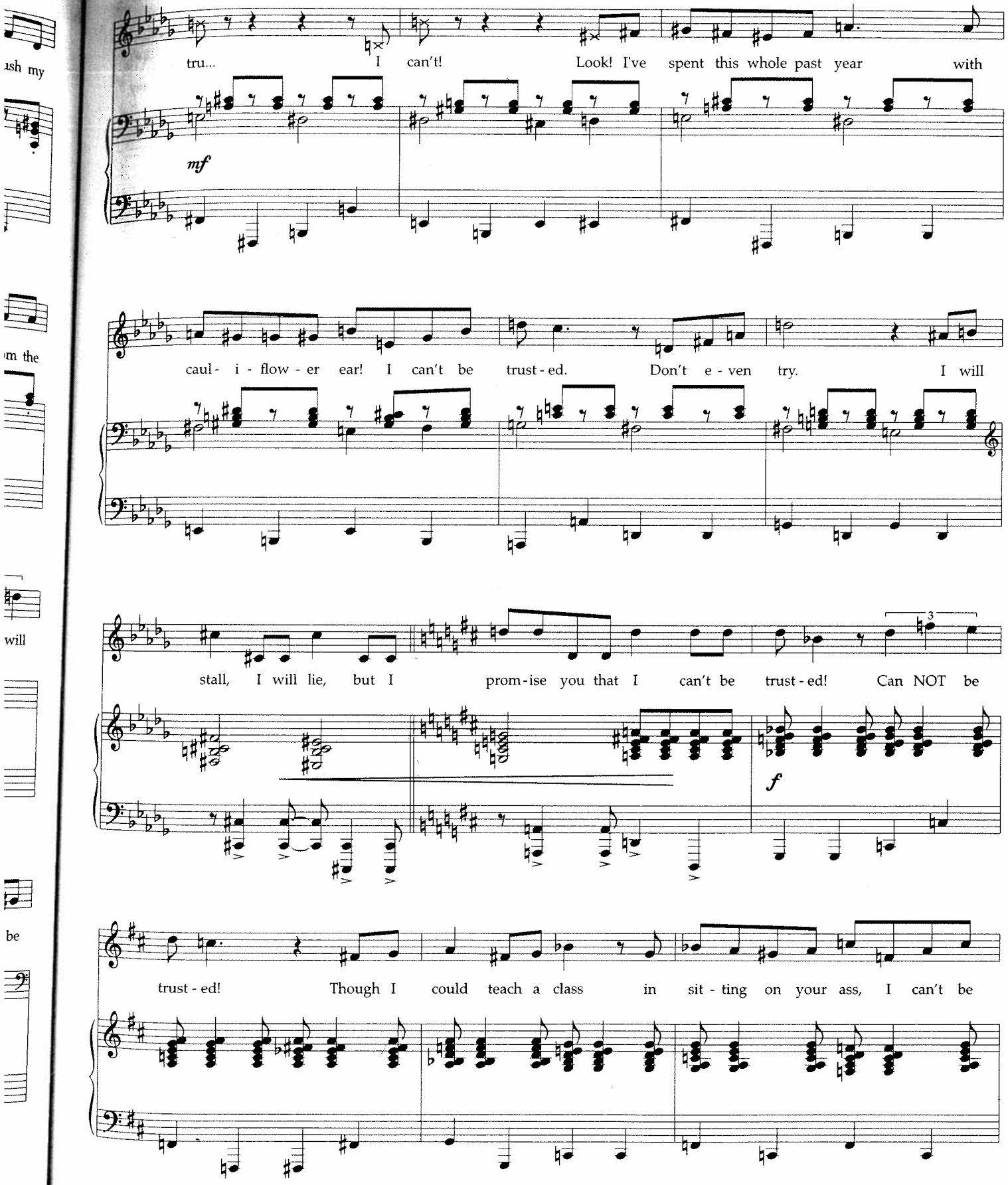

Oh yeah.
Some - one needs to come take my T - V real - ly soon! Bring a
mf

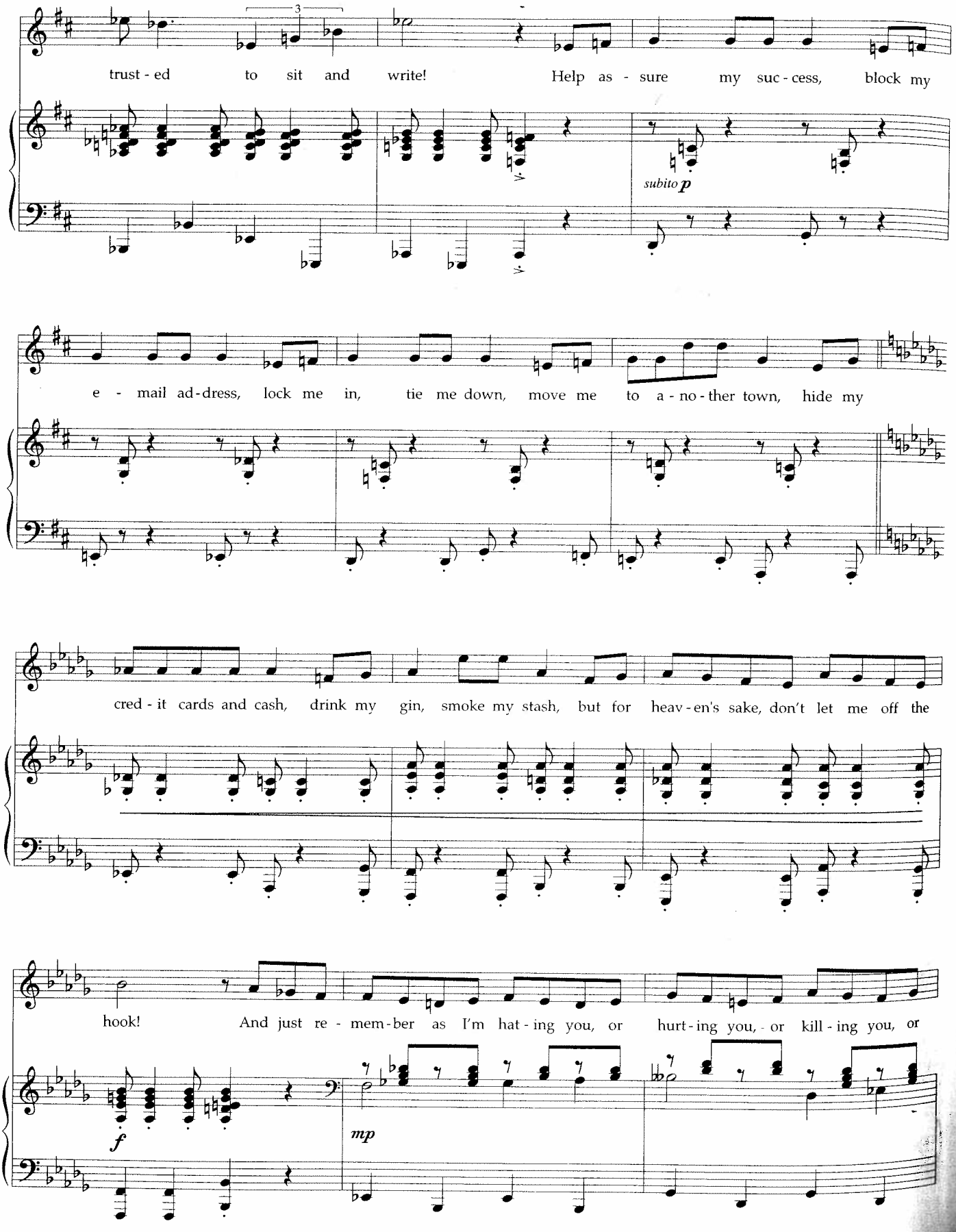

friend and a gun, steal the ca - ble box and run! Let me warn you: I will plead and I will
beg. Not to men - tion, I'll be cling - ing to your leg. I may hurt you,
10
10
Ped.
but I'll thank you in my book. I can't be trust - ed, I can't be trust - ed, 'cause if
8va
L.H.
f
mp
f
mf
it were up to me, I would mar - ry my T - V. Are you dis - gust - ed? Most peo - ple

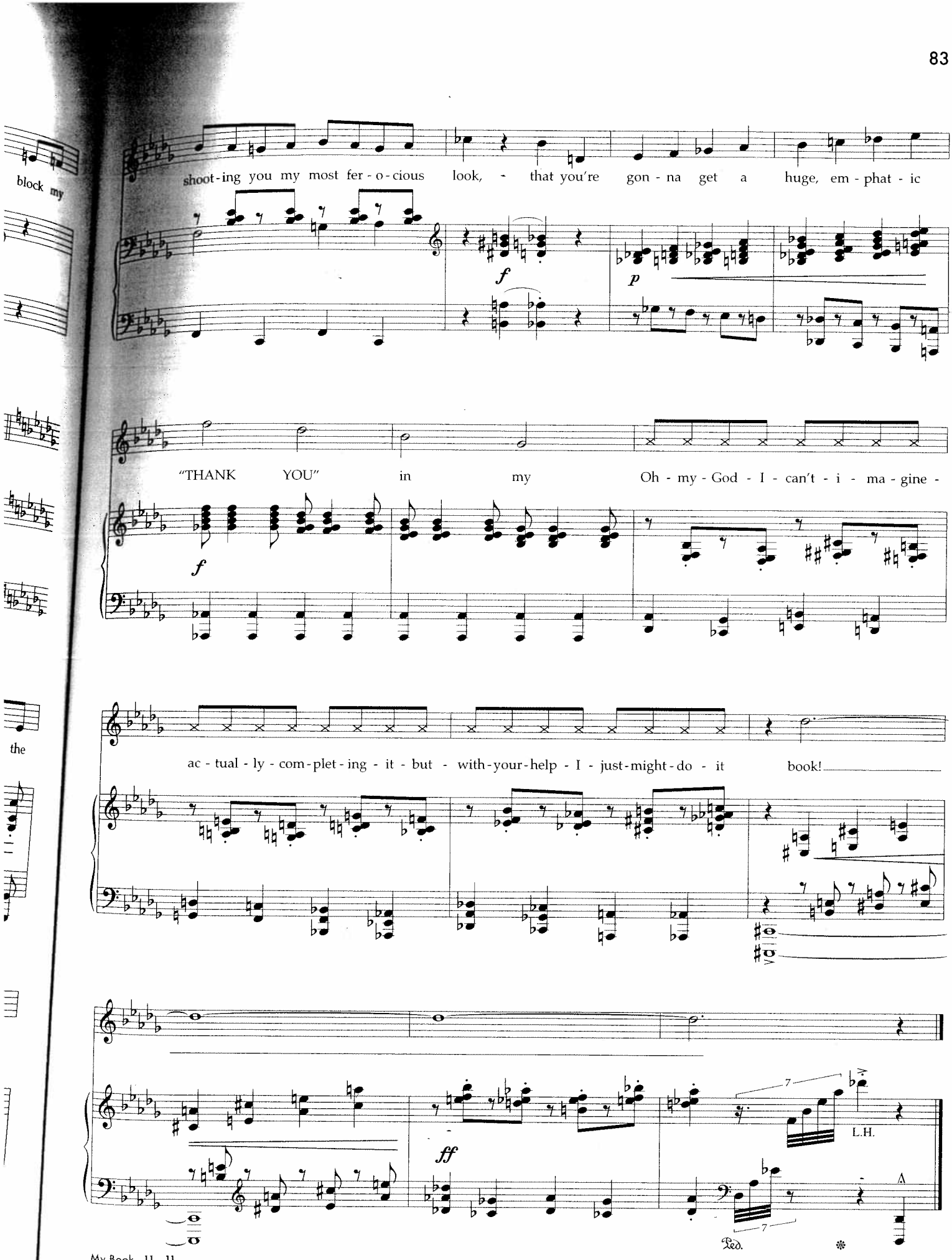

are... God on - ly knows how my ca - reer has come this far.
Anyone strong enough to carry my TV?
Anyone strong enough to carry my TV **and** kick me off at the same time?
p
safety vamp
(*Someone volunteers.*) Yes, you? Thank you!
And good luck.
It's not as if I start my day in -
f
mf
tend - ing to shirk, yet shirk is what I do with shirk to spare.


O - thers are blessed with an ad - dic - tion to their work.
Me? I'm ad - dict - ed to com -
Oh oh! That reminds me! Someone needs to come over and delete every...
pu - ter sol - i - taire!
ff
mp
...stupid, mind-sucking game that has found its way onto my computer! Who's it going to be? Who knows how to do that?
(Someone volunteers.) Super! Wait, Mac or PC? (They respond.) Fab!
OK, I think I'm done!
1. safety repeat
2. last time
mf
OK, I'm lying. There's one more thing.....
Oh God... this one really hurts!


Some-one needs to con-fis-cate my phones right a-way! Call and can-cel my plan, flush my
cell phone down the can. Once the deed is done, start run-ning for your life from the
har-py with the tur-key carv-ing knife. If I catch you, I will
subito p
kill you, but I'll thank you in my book. I can't be
10
8va
L.H.
ff
mf
f
Ped.
10


tru... I can't! Look! I've spent this whole past year with
mf
caul - i - flow - er ear! I can't be trust - ed. Don't e - ven try. I will
stall, I will lie, but I prom - ise you that I can't be trust - ed! Can NOT be
3
f
trust - ed! Though I could teach a class in sit - ting on your ass, I can't be

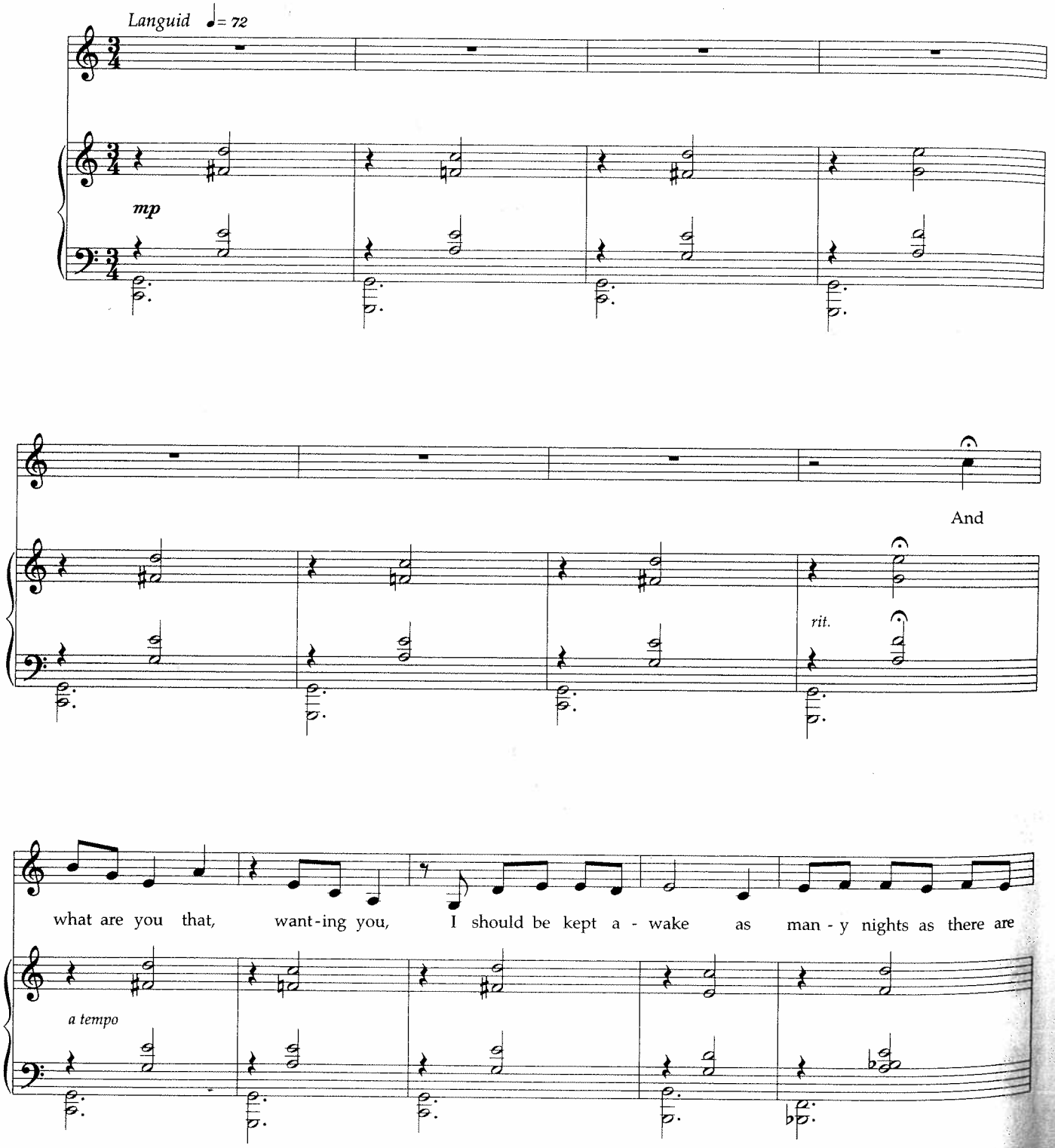

trust - ed to sit and write! Help as - sure my suc - cess, block my
subito p
e - mail ad - dress, lock me in, tie me down, move me to a - no - ther town, hide my
cred - it cards and cash, drink my gin, smoke my stash, but for heav - en's sake, don't let me off the
hook! And just re - mem - ber as I'm hat - ing you, or hurt - ing you, - or kill - ing you, or
f
mp


block my
the
shoot - ing you my most fer - o - cious look, - that you're gon - na get a huge, em - phat - ic
f
p
"THANK YOU" in my Oh - my - God - I - can't - i - ma - gine -
f
ac - tual - ly - com - plet - ing - it - but - with - your - help - I - just - might - do - it book!
ff
L.H.
Ped.

The Philosopher

Music by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ

From a poem by
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY



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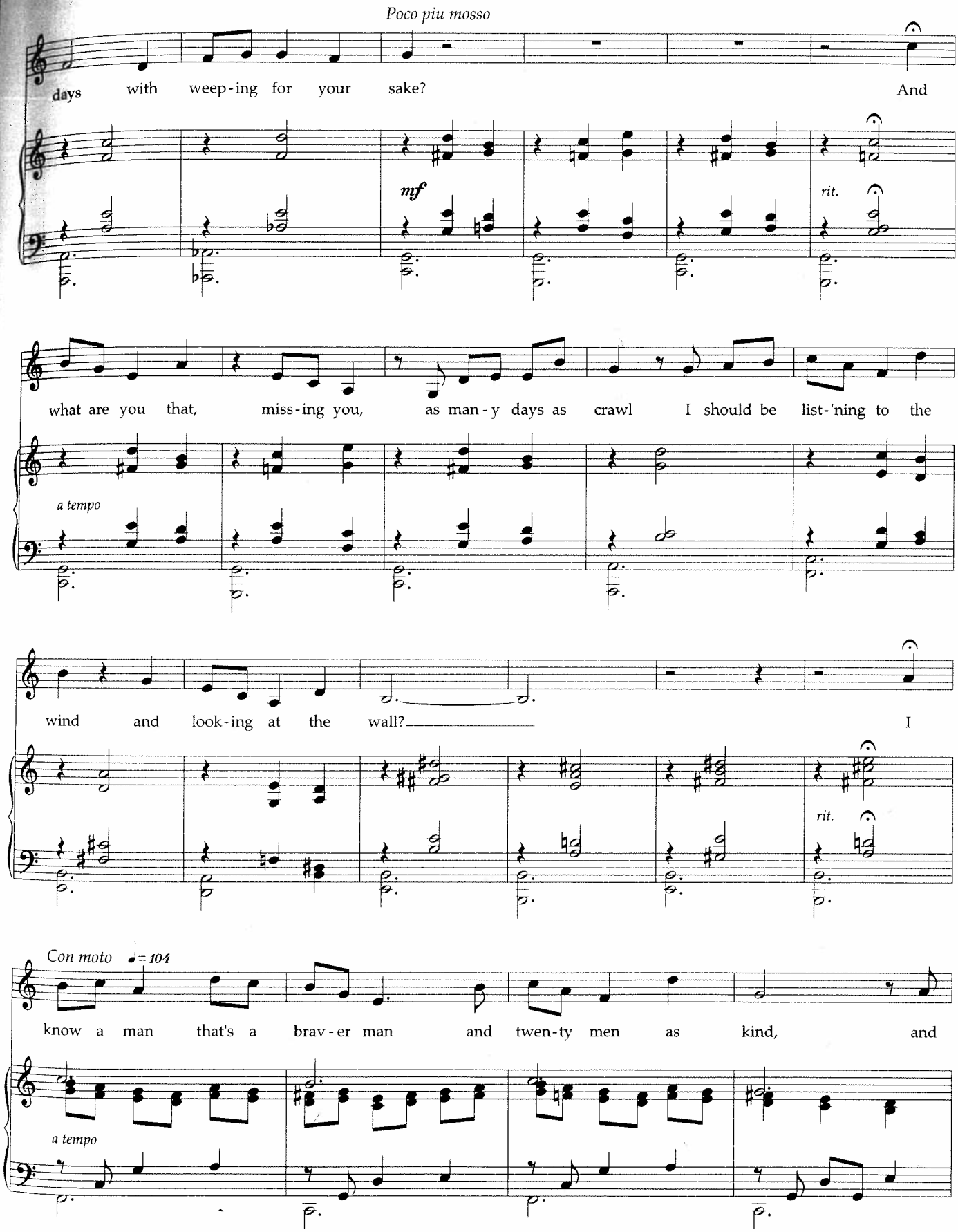
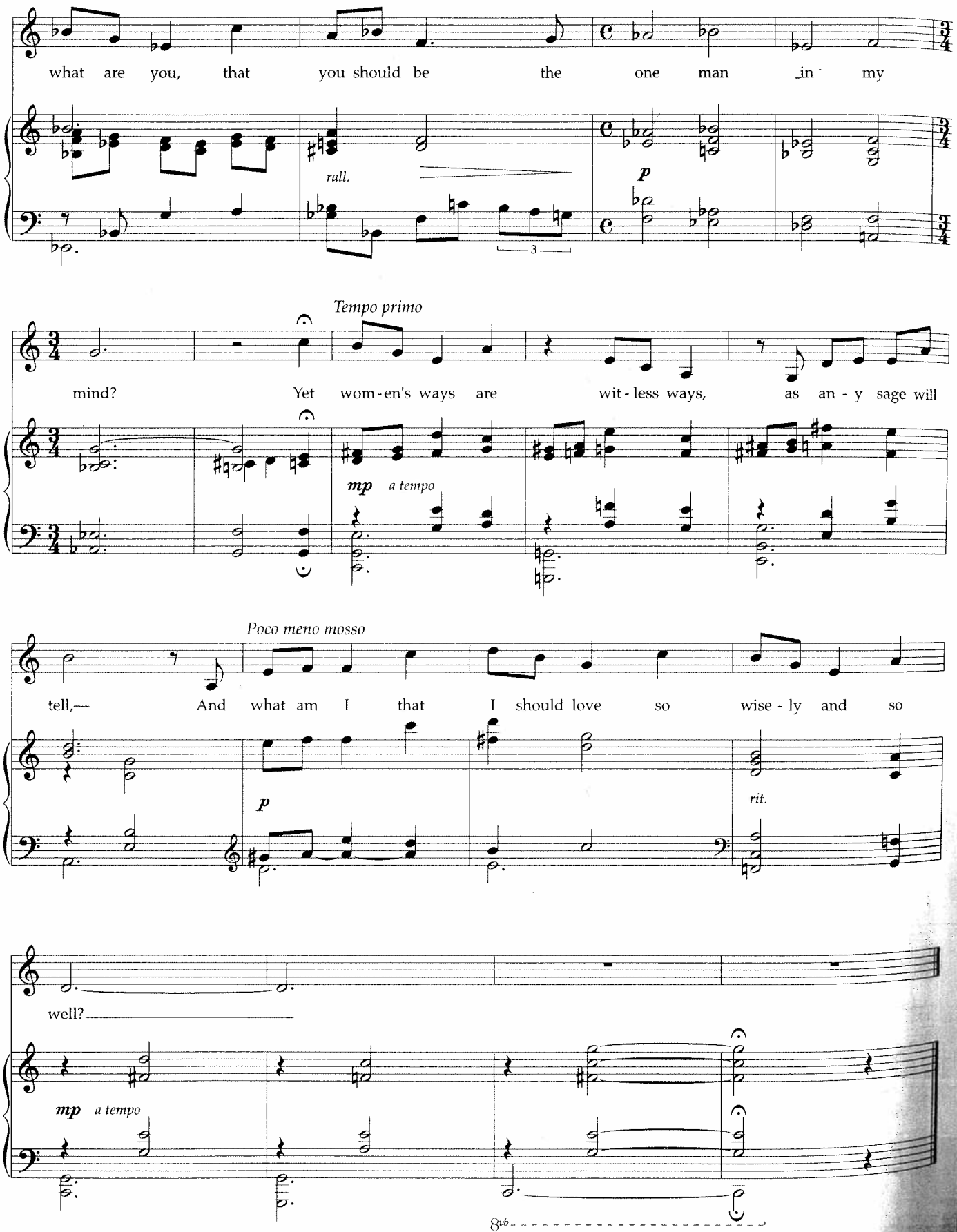
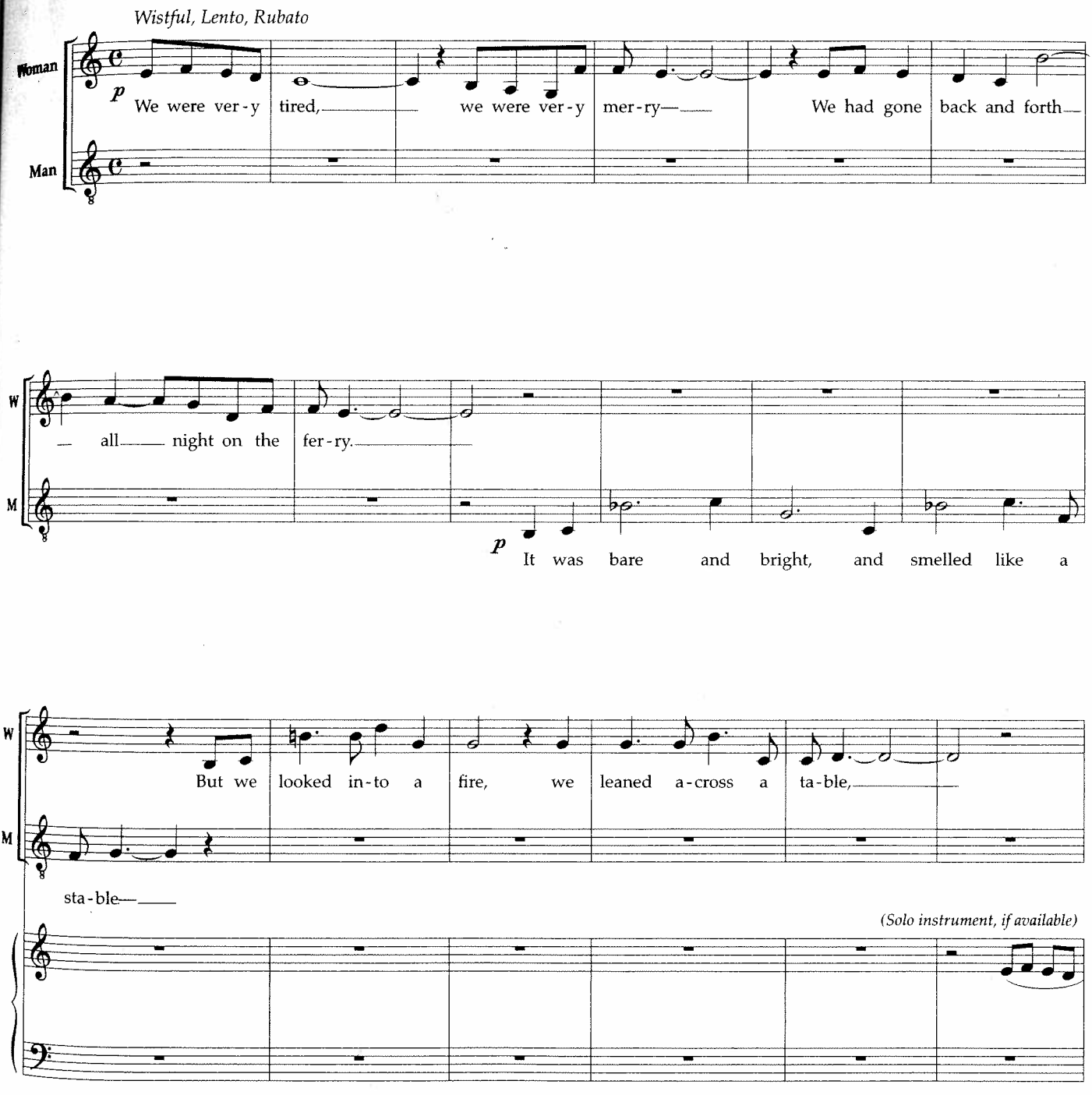

Poco piu mosso
days with weep-ing for your sake? And
mf
rit.
what are you that, miss-ing you, as man-y days as crawl I should be list-'ning to the
a tempo
wind and look-ing at the wall? I
rit.
Con moto ♩= 104
know a man that's a brav-er man and twen-ty men as kind, and
a tempo


what are you, that you should be the one man in my
rall.
p
Tempo primo
mind? Yet wom-en's ways are wit-less ways, as an-y sage will
mp a tempo
Poco meno mosso
tell,— And what am I that I should love so wise-ly and so
p
rit.
well?
mp a tempo
8vb

Recuerdo

Music by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ

From a poem by
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY



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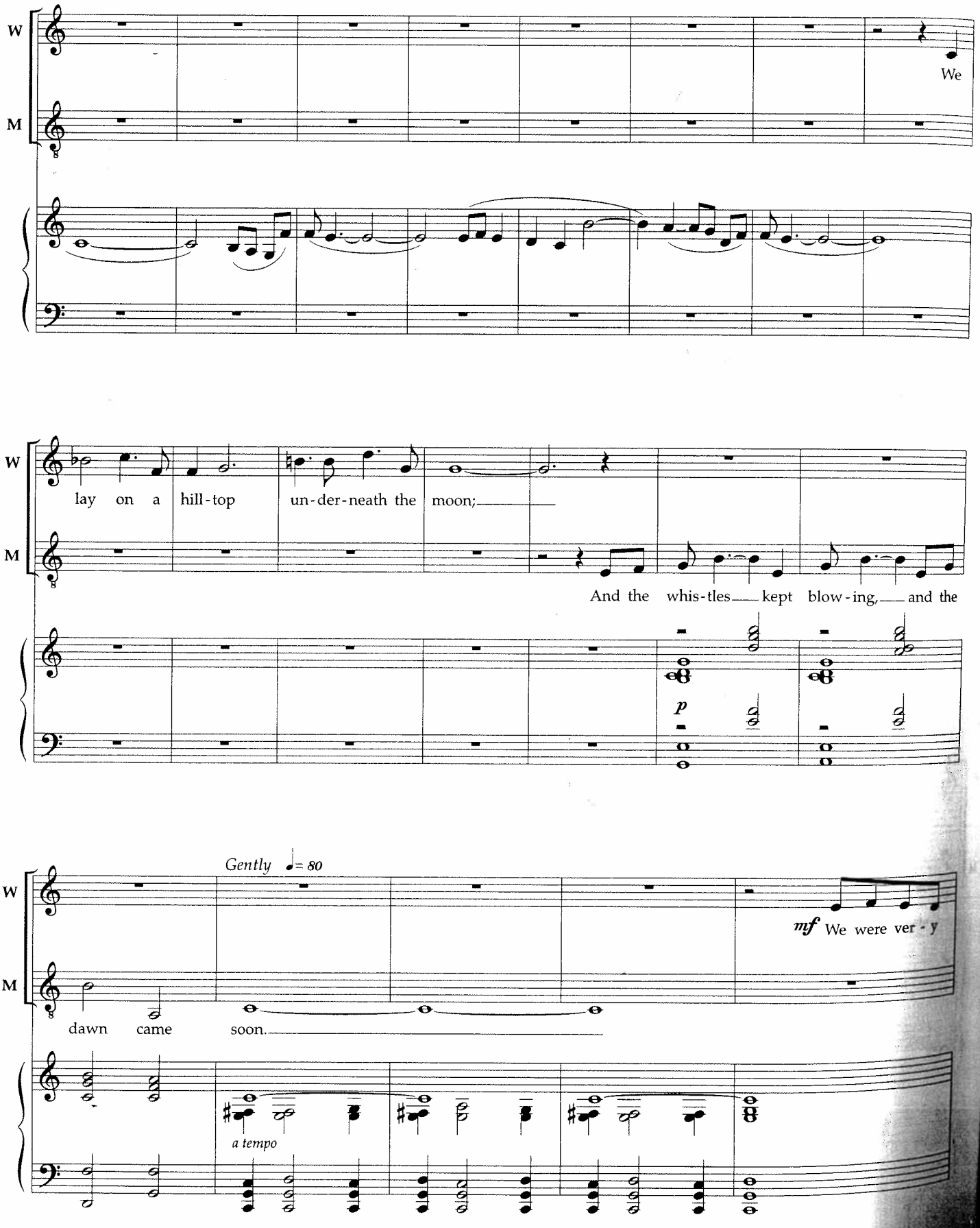
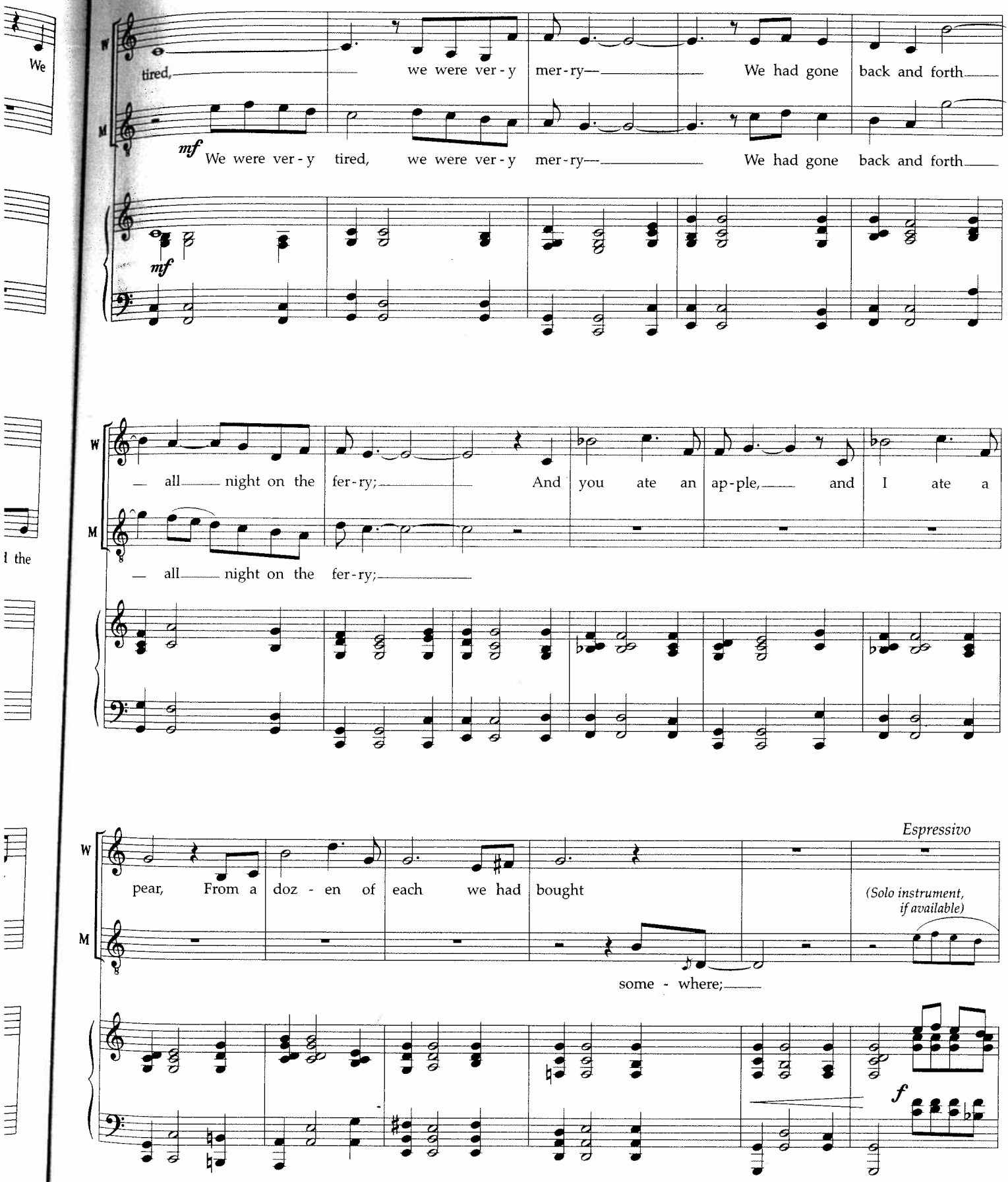
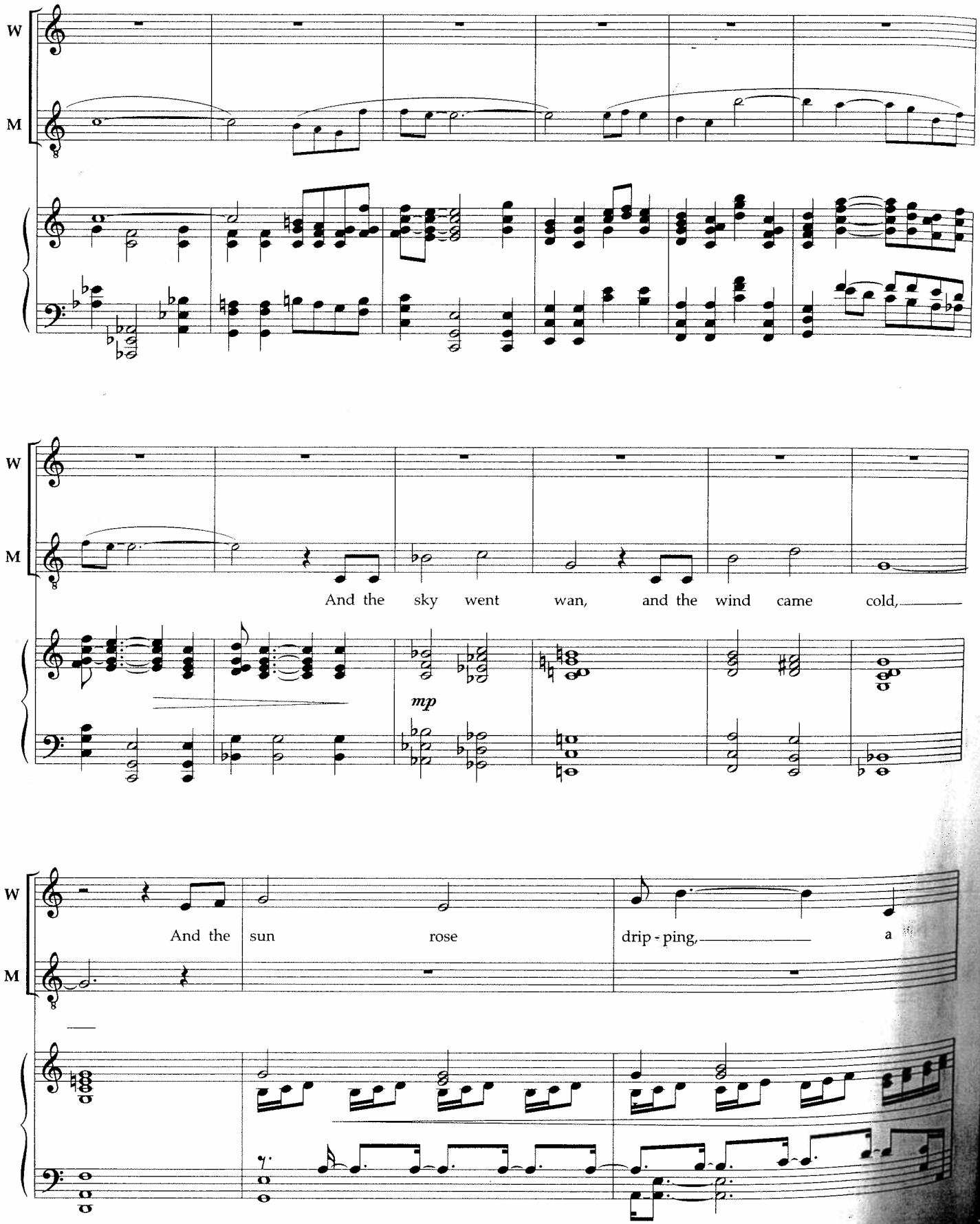
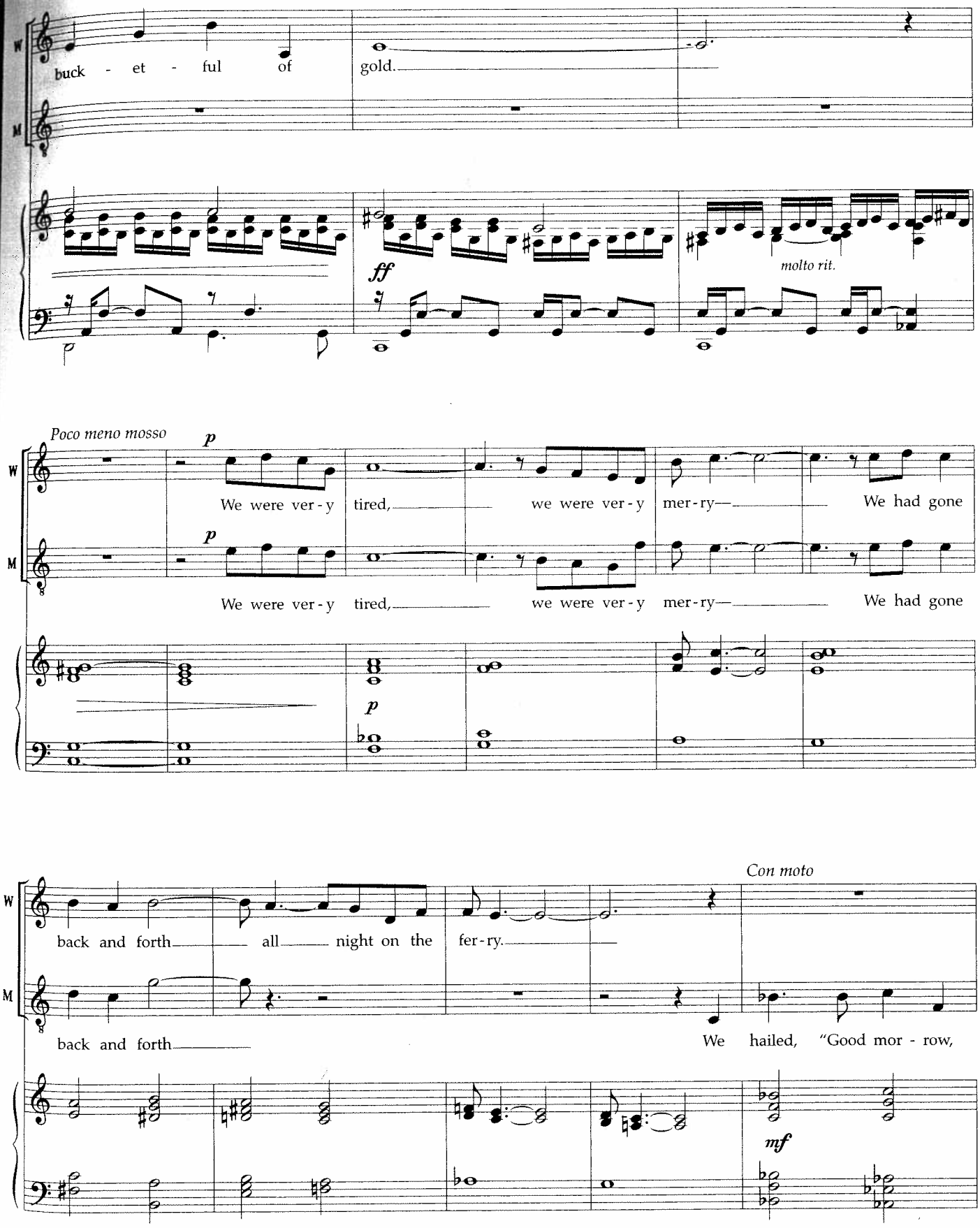
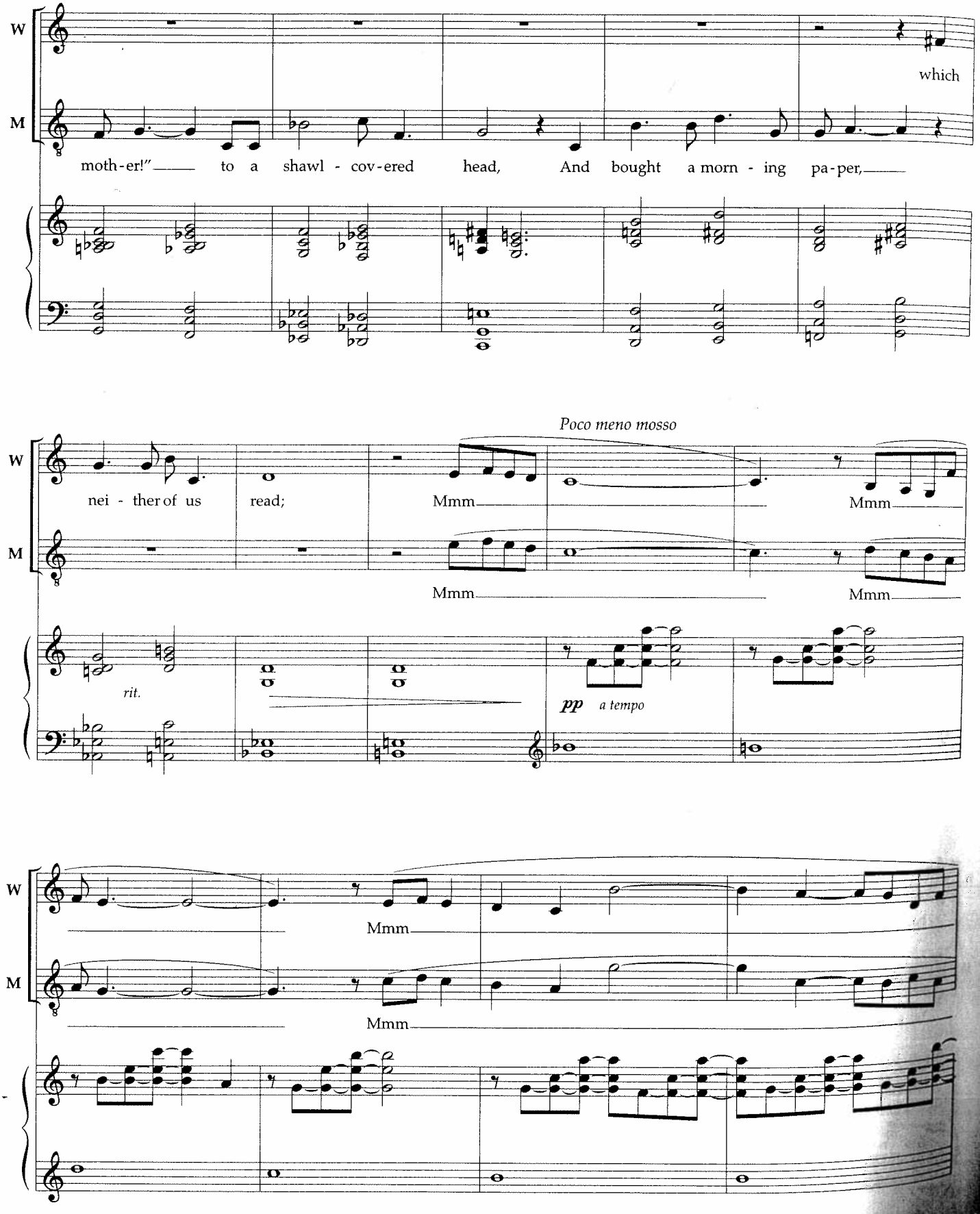
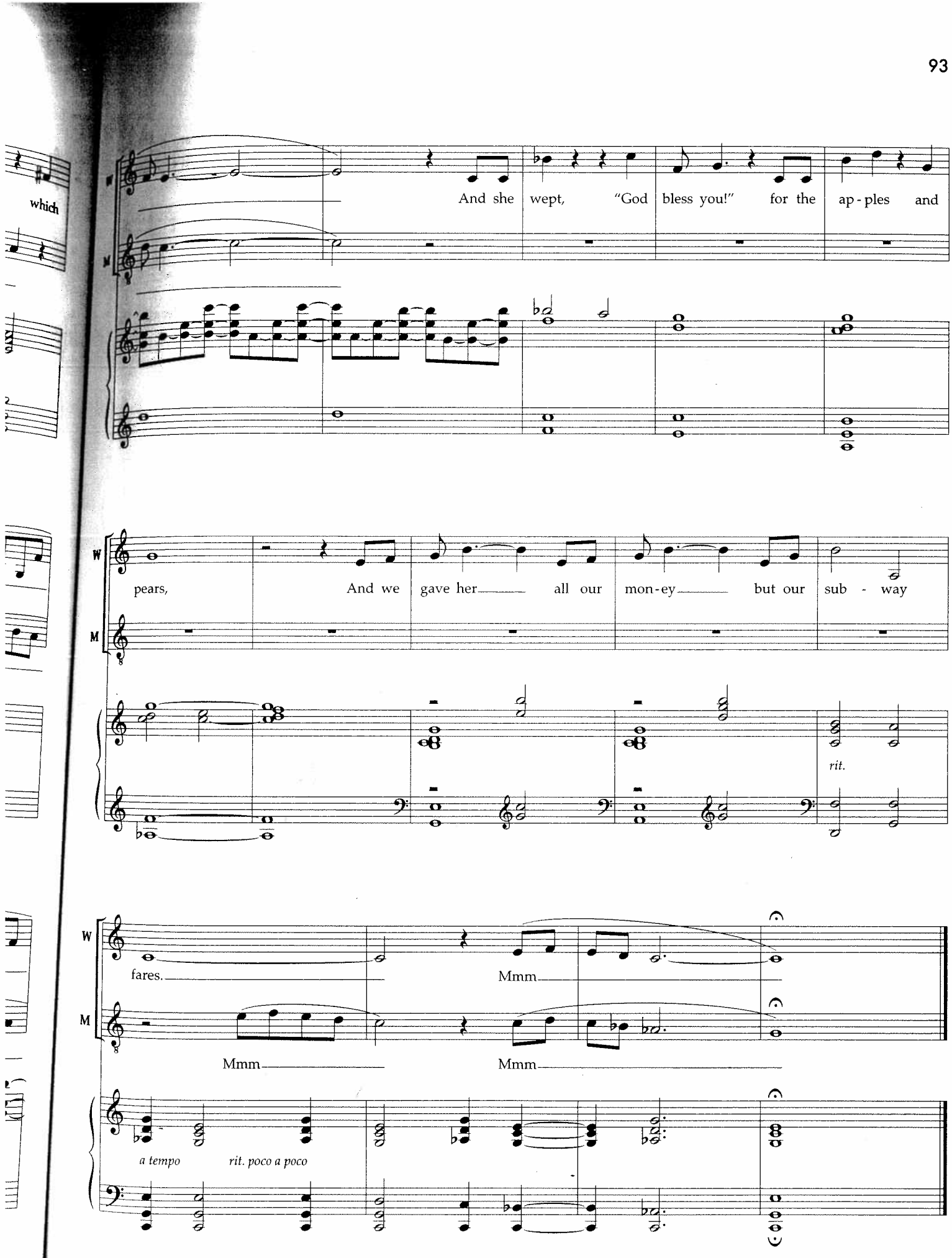

W
M
We
lay on a hill-top un-der-neath the moon;
And the whis-tles kept blow-ing, and the
p
Gently ♩= 80
mf We were ver - y
dawn came soon.
a tempo


W
M
tired, we were ver - y mer - ry— We had gone back and forth
mf We were ver - y tired, we were ver - y mer - ry— We had gone back and forth
mf
— all night on the fer - ry; And you ate an ap - ple, and I ate a
— all night on the fer - ry;
Espressivo
pear, From a doz - en of each we had bought
(Solo instrument, if available)
some - where;
f


W
M
And the sky went wan, and the wind came cold,
mp
And the sun rose drip - ping, a


W
M
buck - et - ful of
gold.
ff
molto rit.
Poco meno mosso
p
We were ver - y tired, we were ver - y mer - ry— We had gone
We were ver - y tired, we were ver - y mer - ry— We had gone
Con moto
back and forth all night on the fer - ry.
back and forth
We hailed, "Good mor - row,
mf

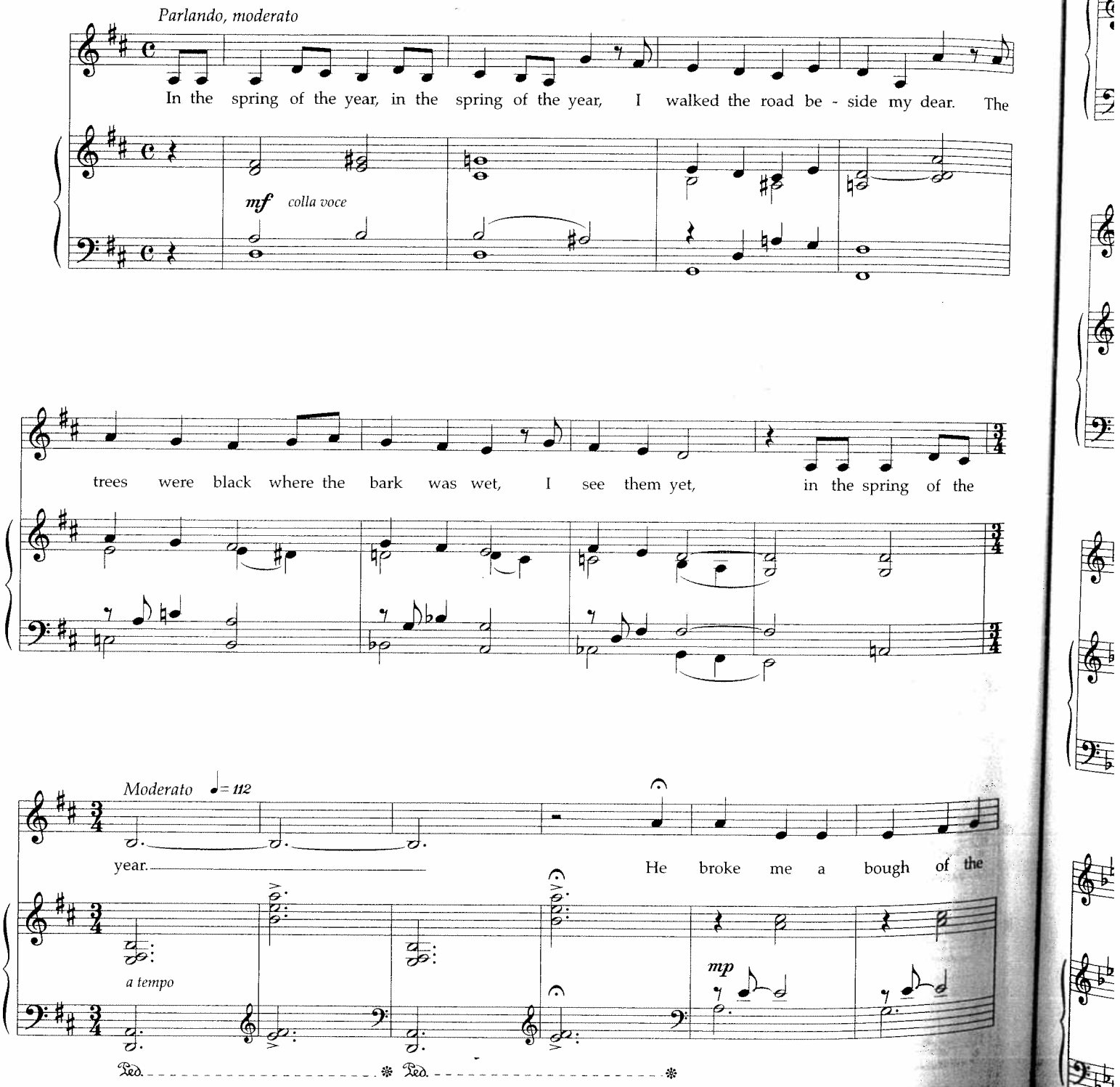

W
M
moth-er!" to a shawl - cov-ered head, And bought a morn - ing pa-per, which
Poco meno mosso
nei - ther of us read; Mmm Mmm
Mmm Mmm
rit.
pp a tempo
Mmm
Mmm


which
W
M
And she wept, "God bless you!" for the ap - ples and
pears, And we gave her all our mon-ey but our sub - way
rit.
fares. Mmm
Mmm Mmm
a tempo
rit. poco a poco

The Spring and the Fall

Music by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ

From a poem by
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY



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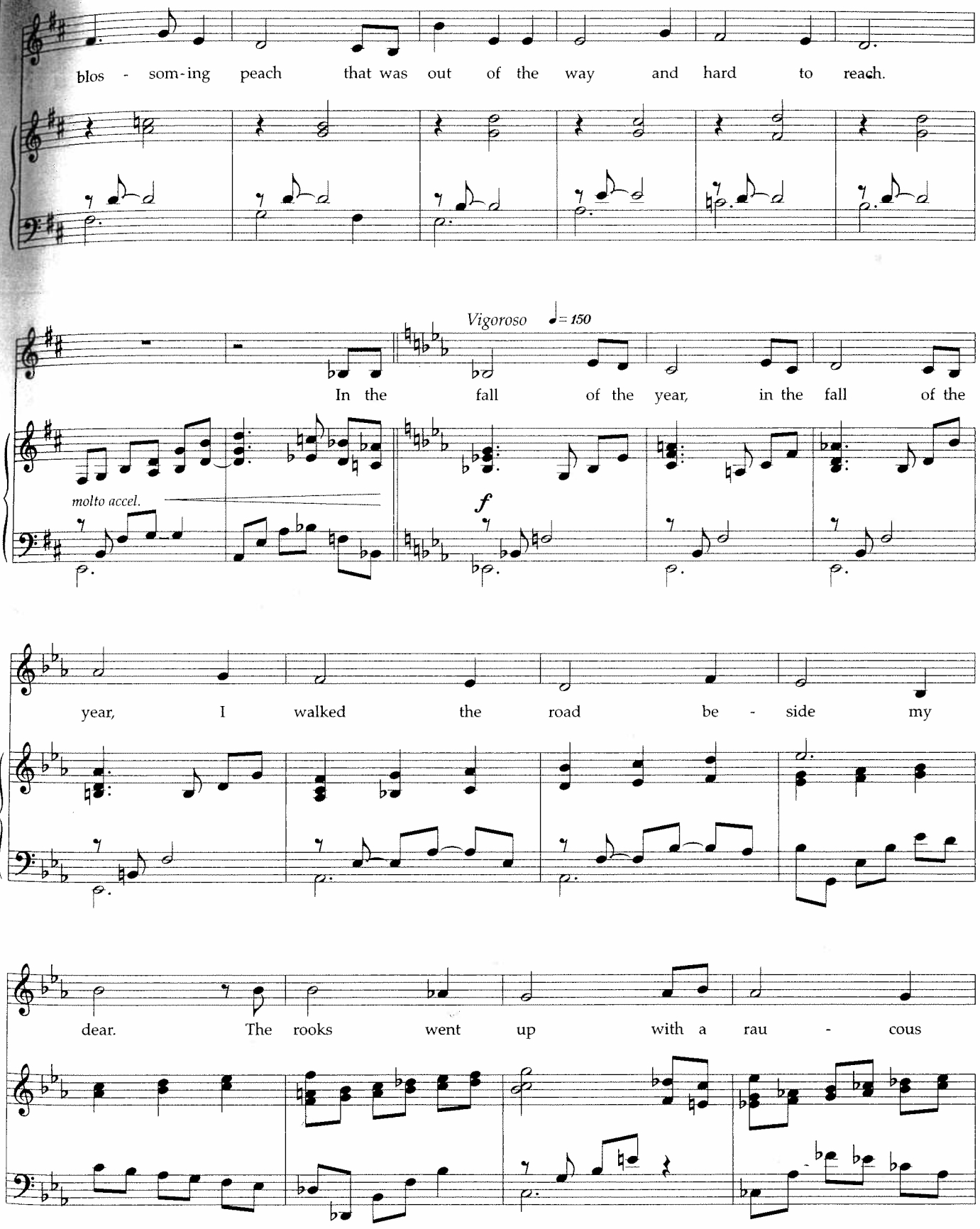
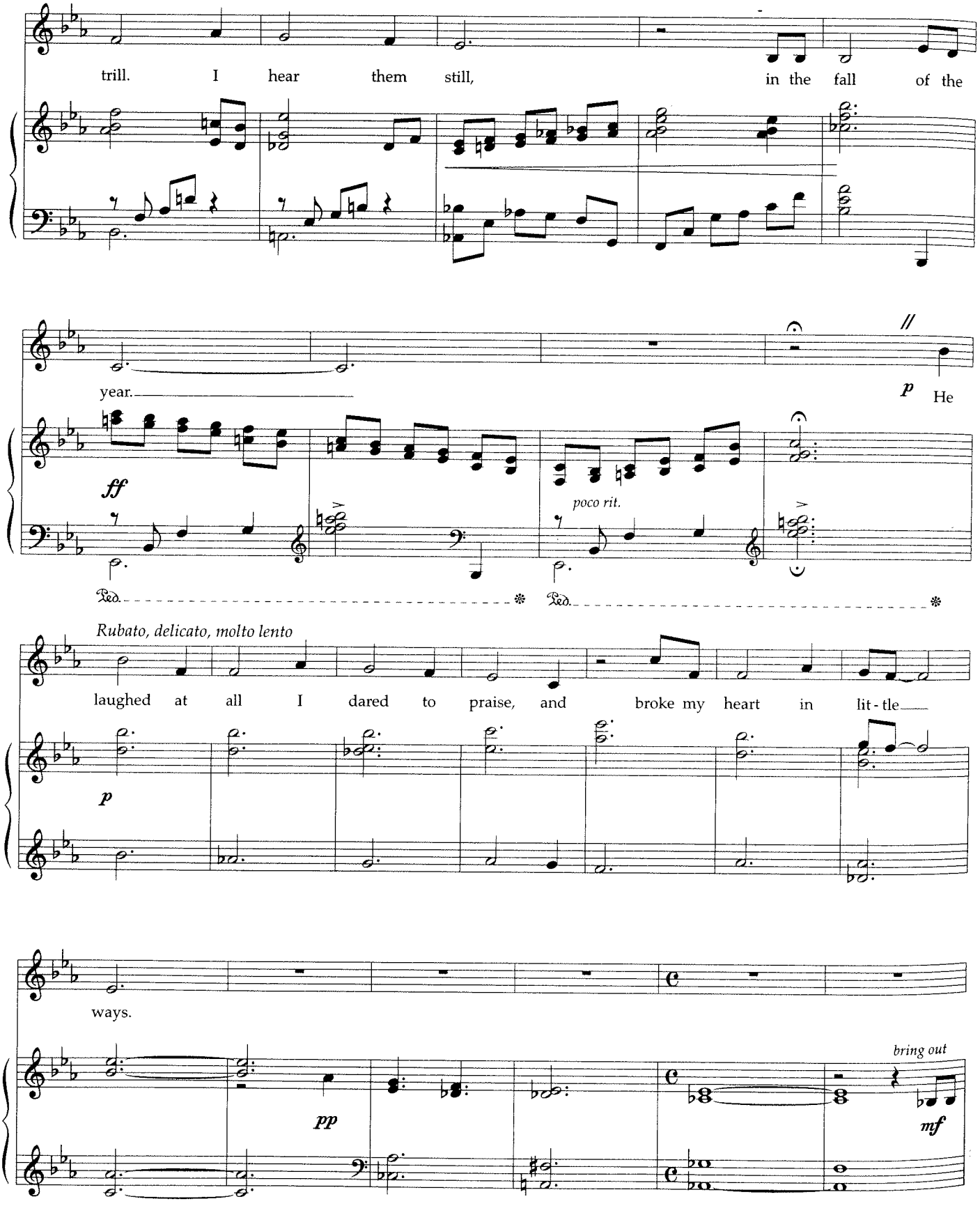
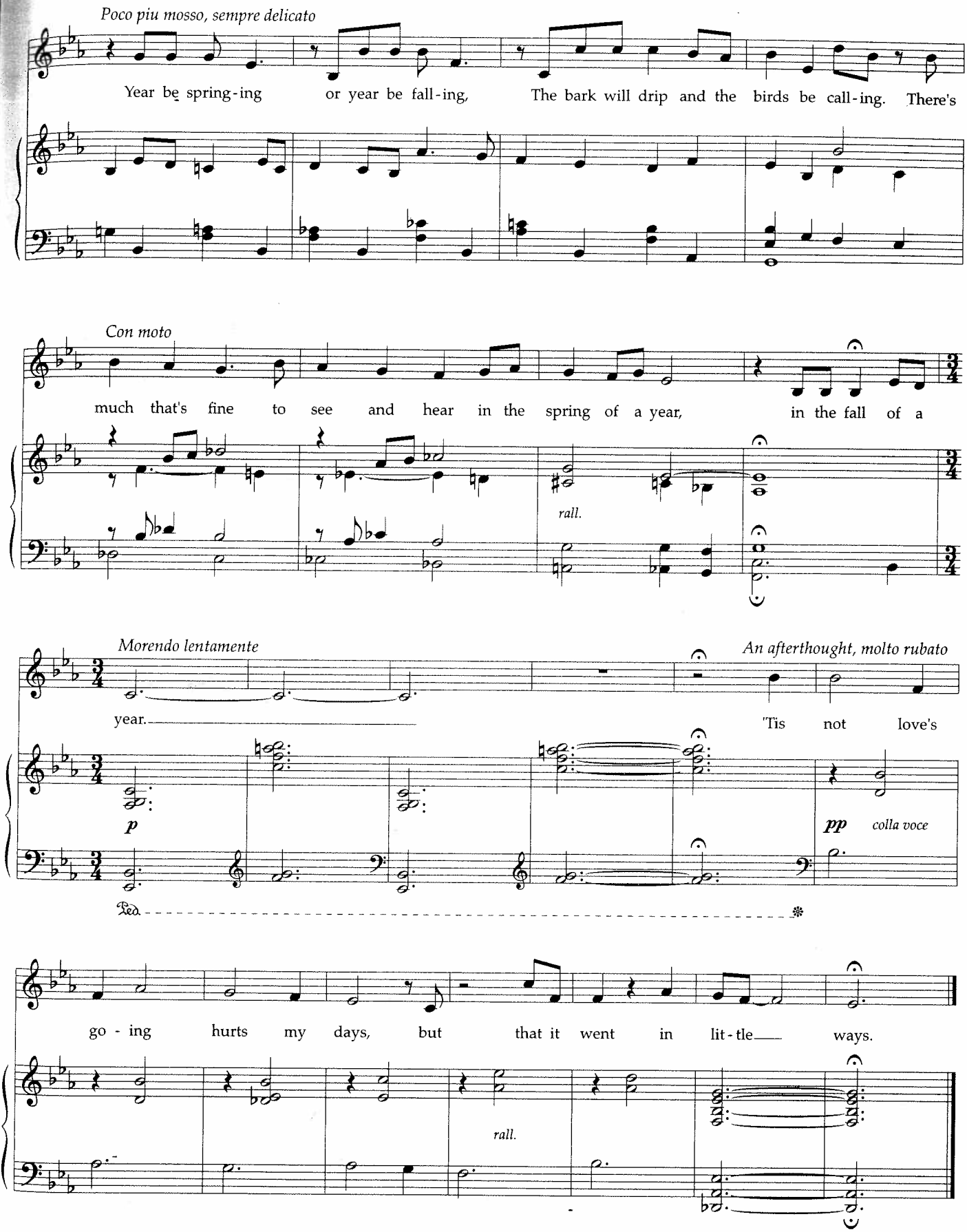
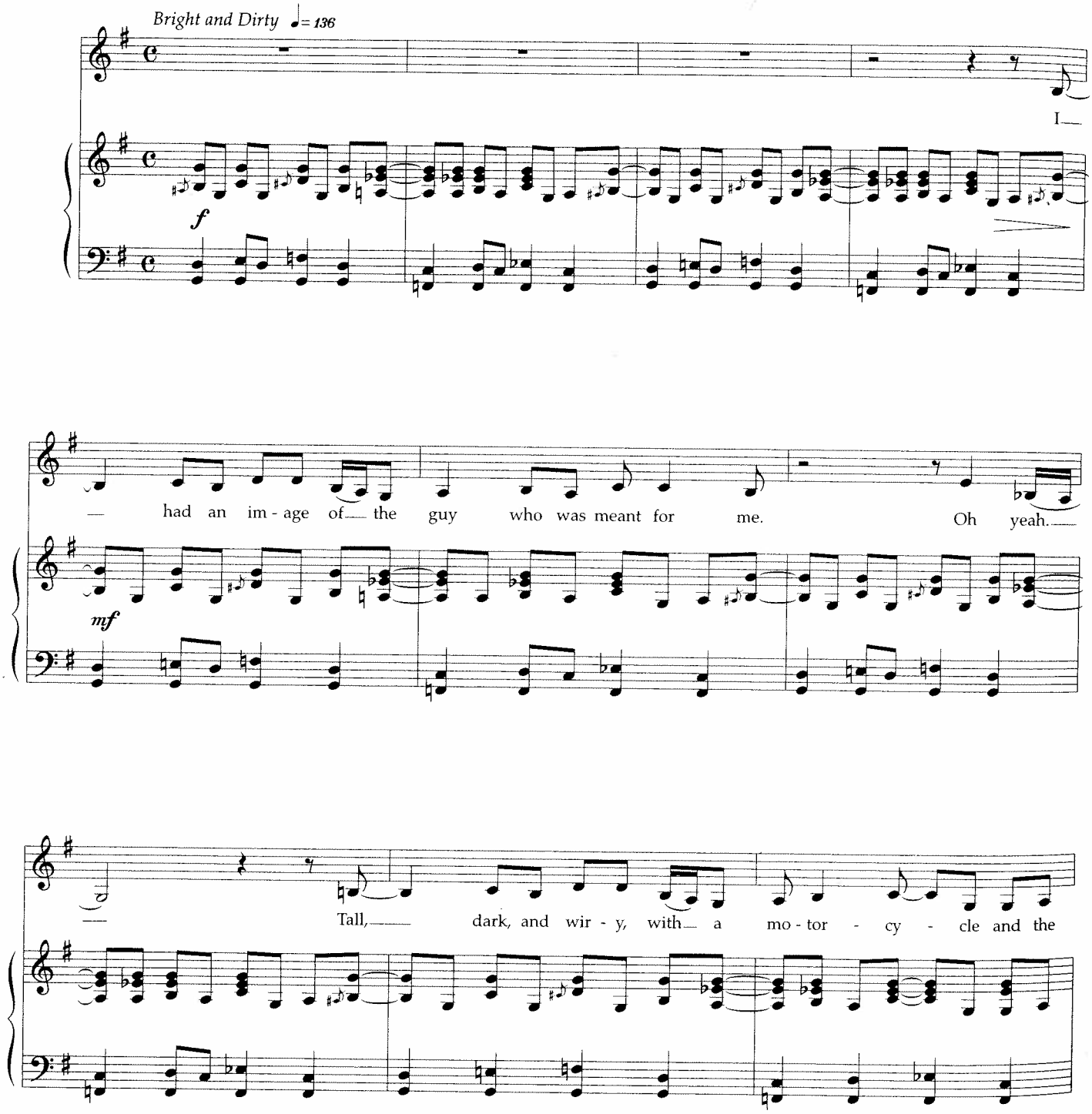

blos - som-ing peach that was out of the way and hard to reach.
Vigoroso ♩= 150
In the fall of the year, in the fall of the
molto accel.
f
year, I walked the road be - side my
dear. The rooks went up with a rau - cous


trill. I hear them still, in the fall of the
year.
ff
p He
poco rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Rubato, delicato, molto lento
laughed at all I dared to praise, and broke my heart in lit - tle
p
ways.
pp
bring out
mf


Poco piu mosso, sempre delicato
Year be spring-ing or year be fall-ing, The bark will drip and the birds be call-ing. There's
Con moto
much that's fine to see and hear in the spring of a year, in the fall of a
rall.
Morendo lentamente
An afterthought, molto rubato
year.
'Tis not love's
p
pp
colla voce
go - ing hurts my days, but that it went in lit-tle ways.
rall.

Take the Filter Off

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ



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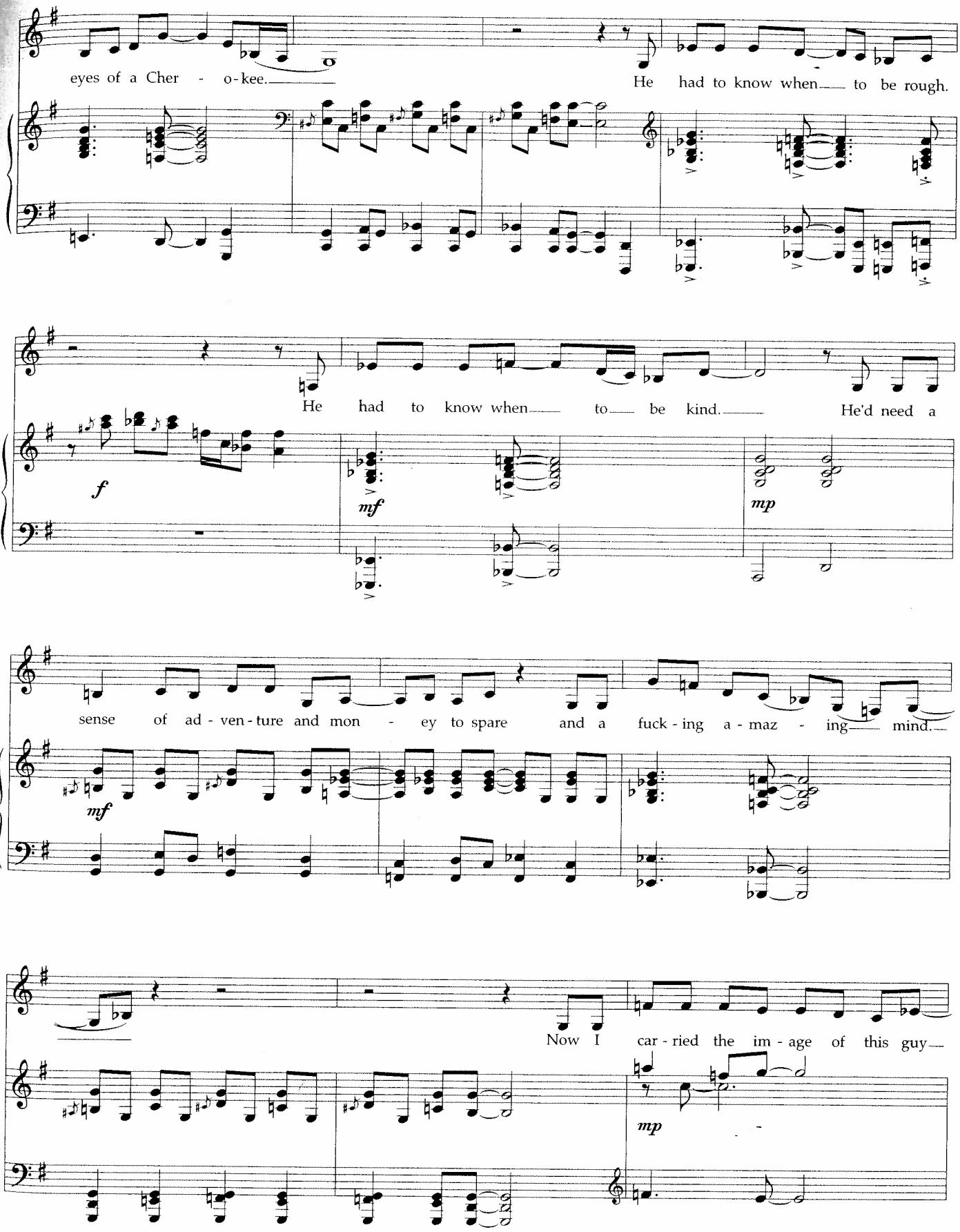
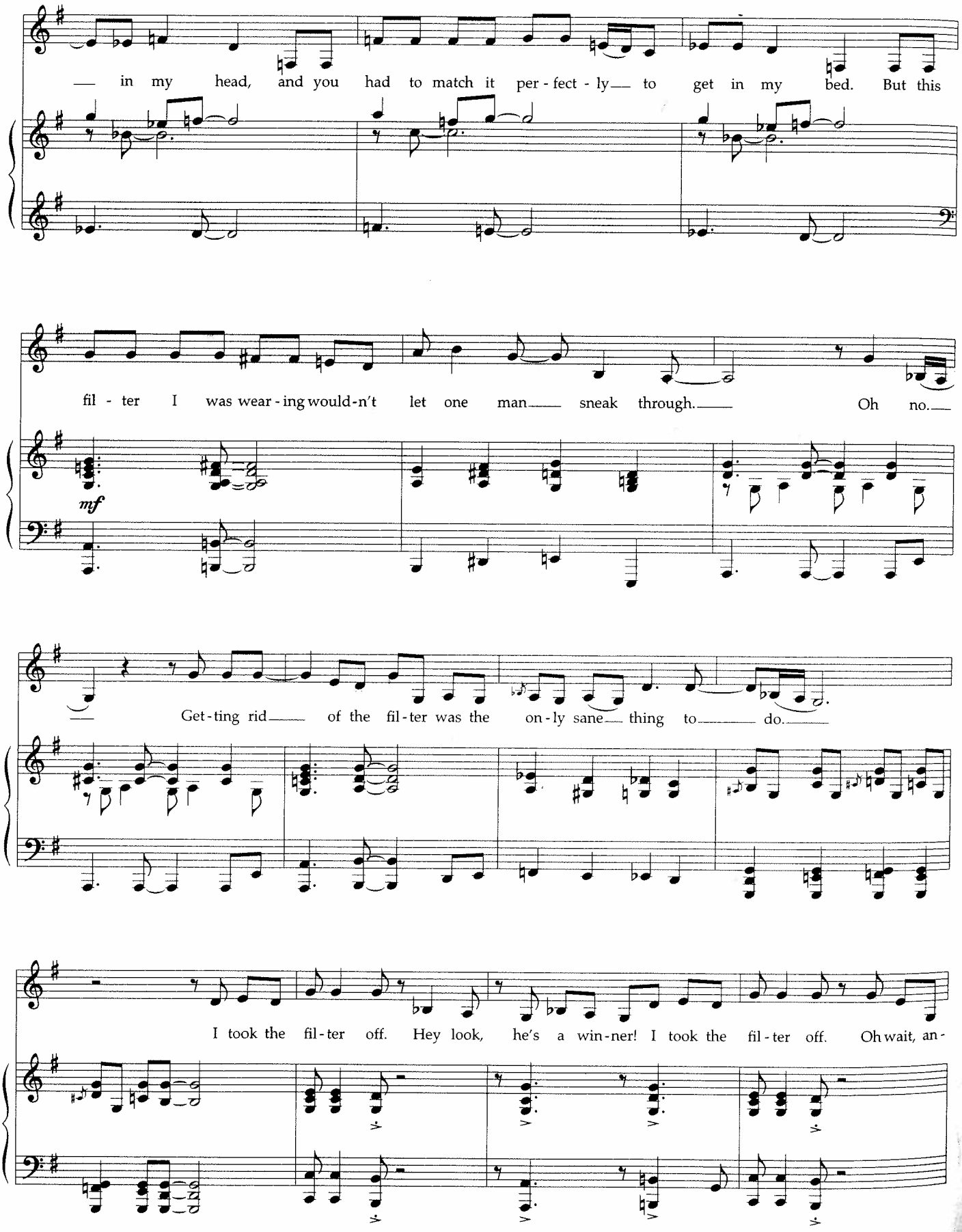
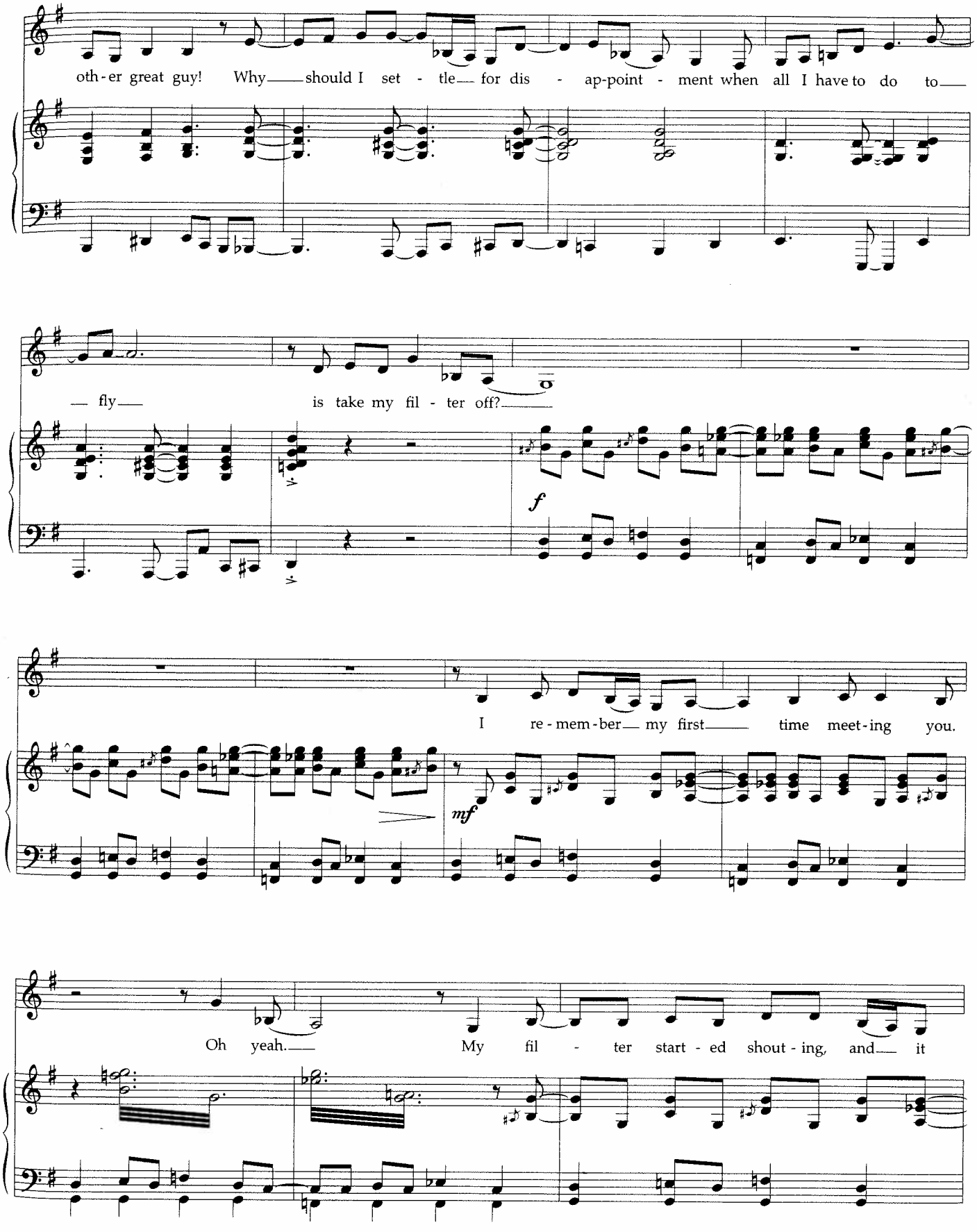
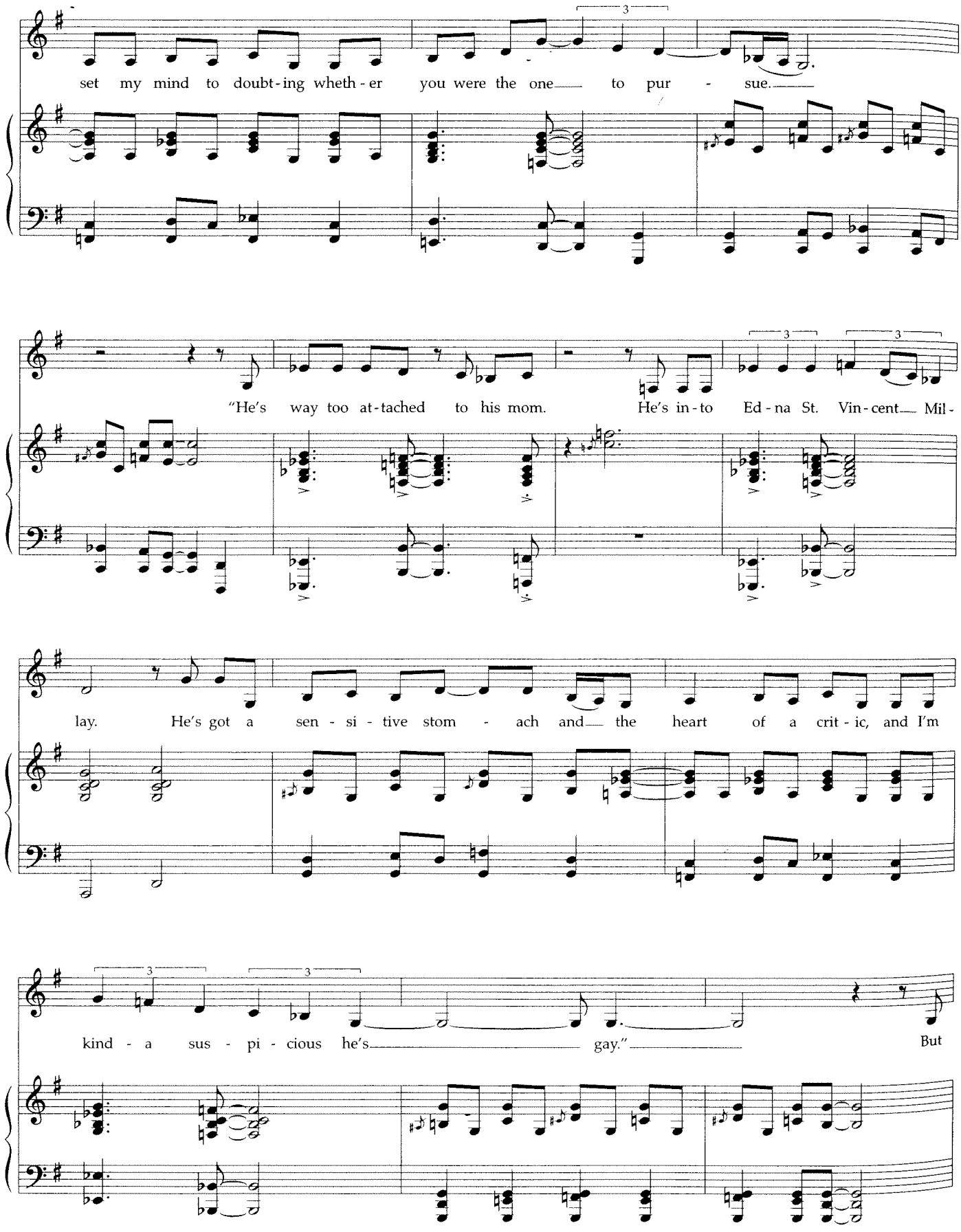
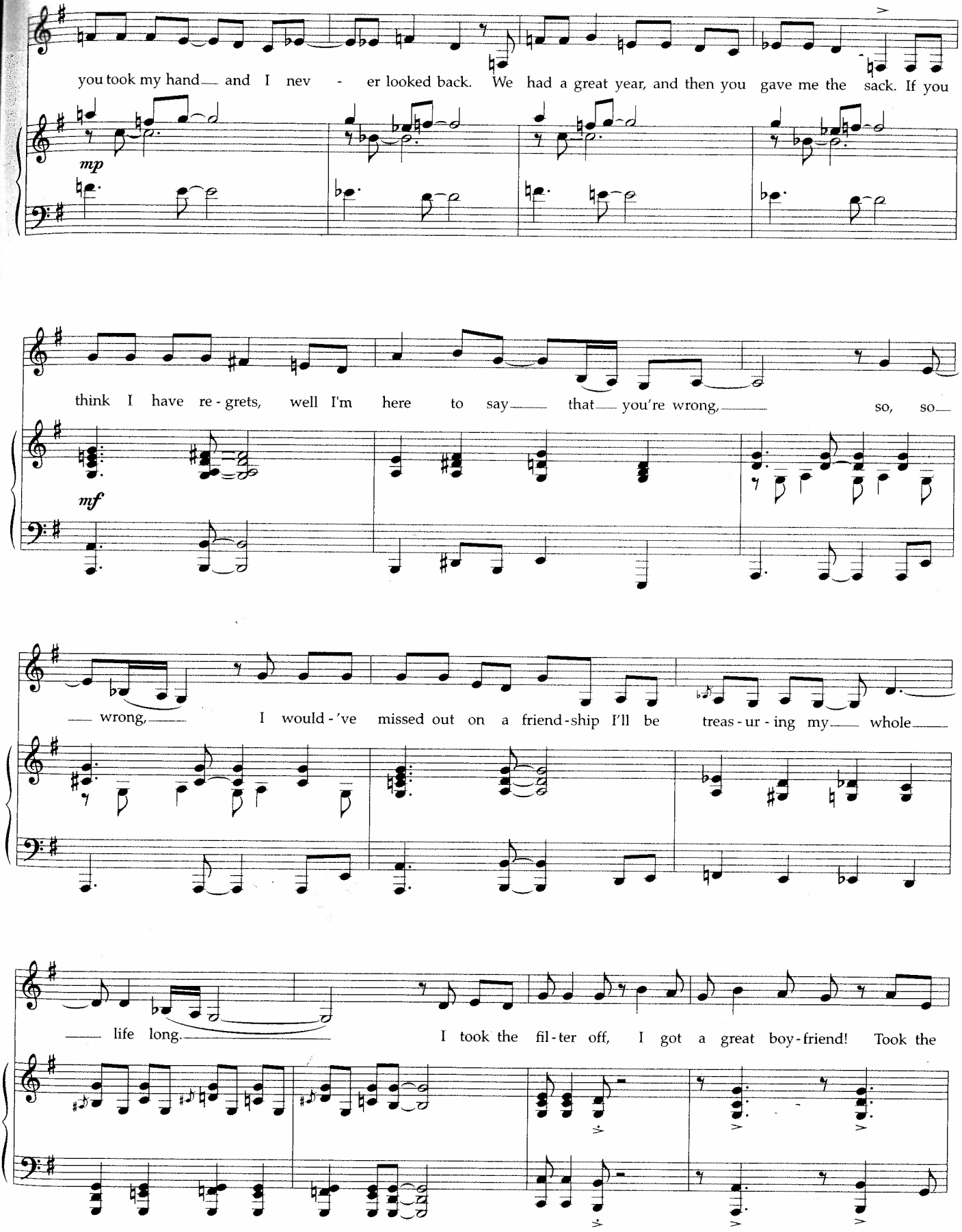
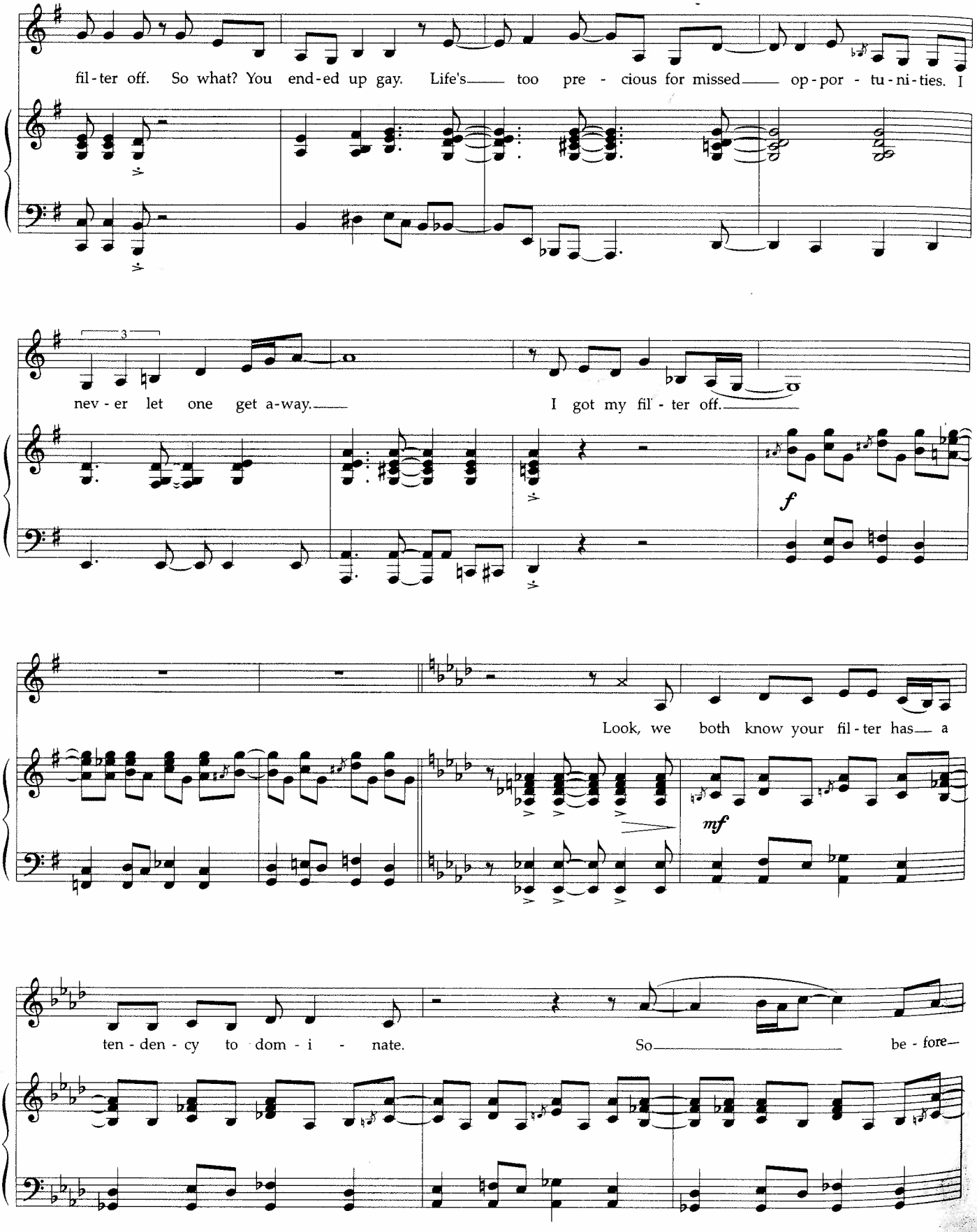

eyes of a Cher - o-kee.
He had to know when to be rough.
He had to know when to be kind.
He'd need a
sense of ad - ven - ture and mon - ey to spare and a fuck - ing a - maz - ing mind.
Now I car - ried the im - age of this guy
f
mf
mp
mf
mp

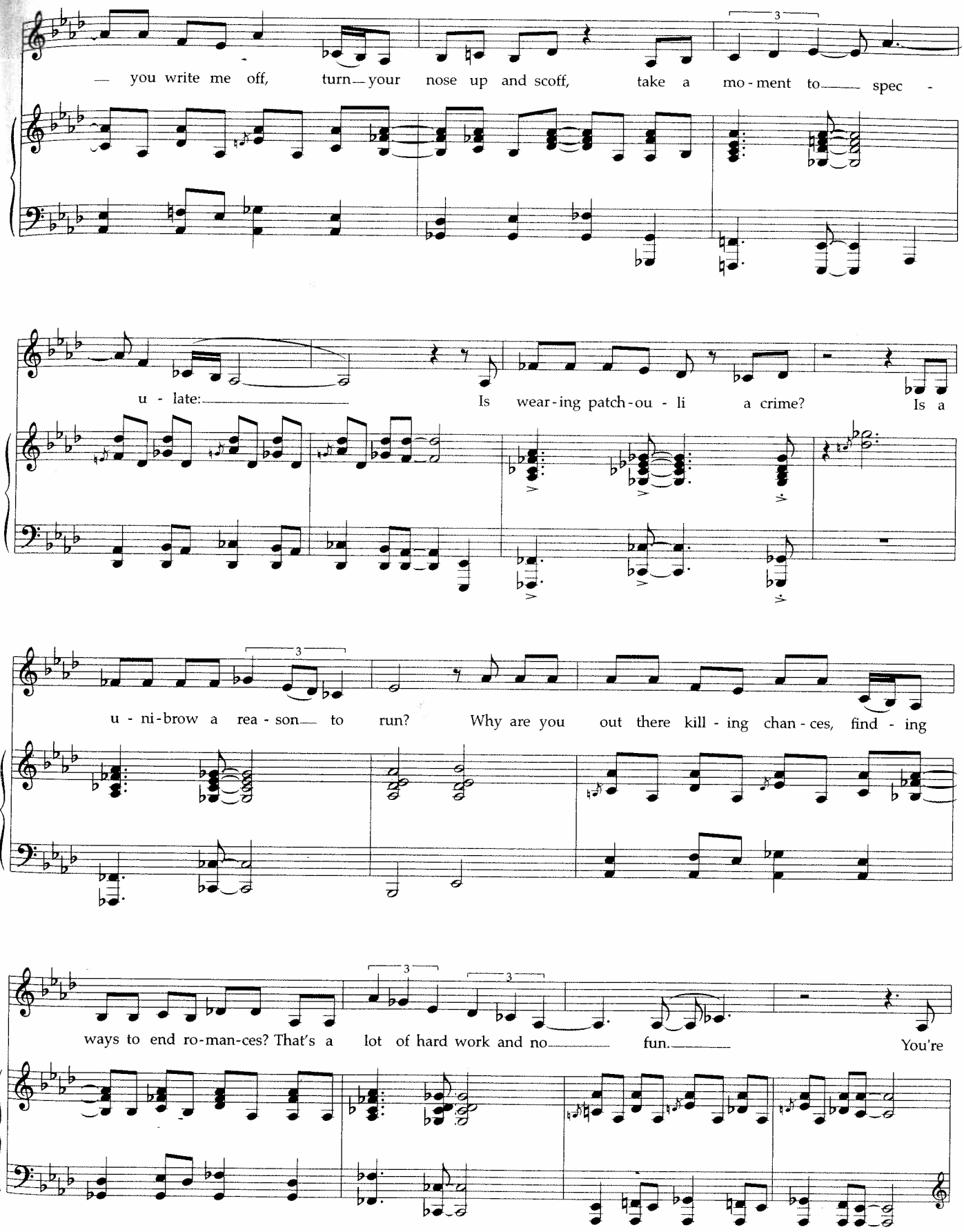

— in my head, and you had to match it per - fect - ly— to get in my bed. But this
fil - ter I was wear - ing would-n't let one man— sneak through.— Oh no.—
mf
— Get-ting rid— of the fil-ter was the on-ly sane— thing to— do.—
I took the fil-ter off. Hey look, he's a win-ner! I took the fil-ter off. Oh wait, an-

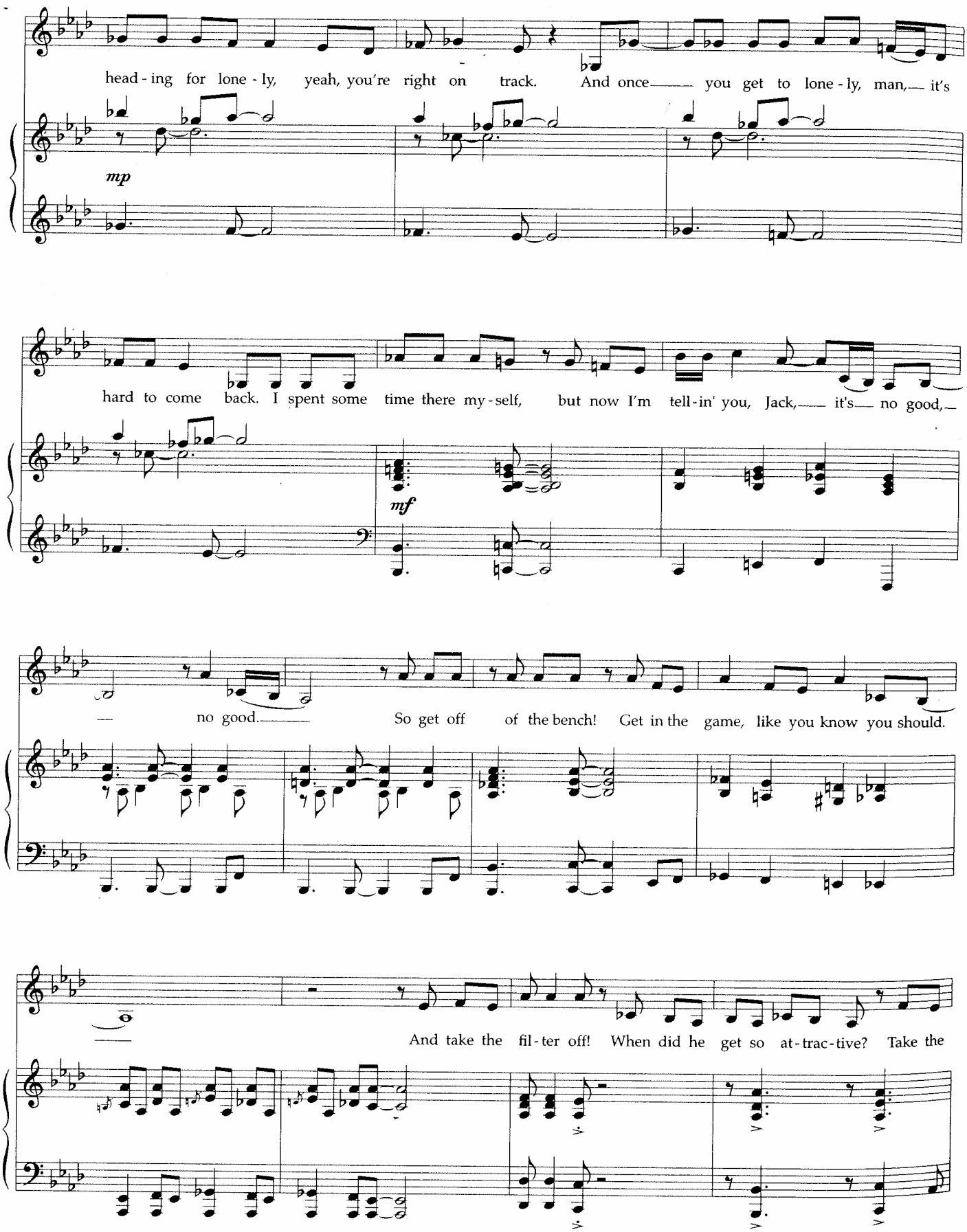

oth - er great guy! Why should I set - tle for dis - ap-point - ment when all I have to do to
fly
is take my fil - ter off?
f
I re - mem - ber my first time meet - ing you.
mf
Oh yeah.
My fil - ter start - ed shout - ing, and it

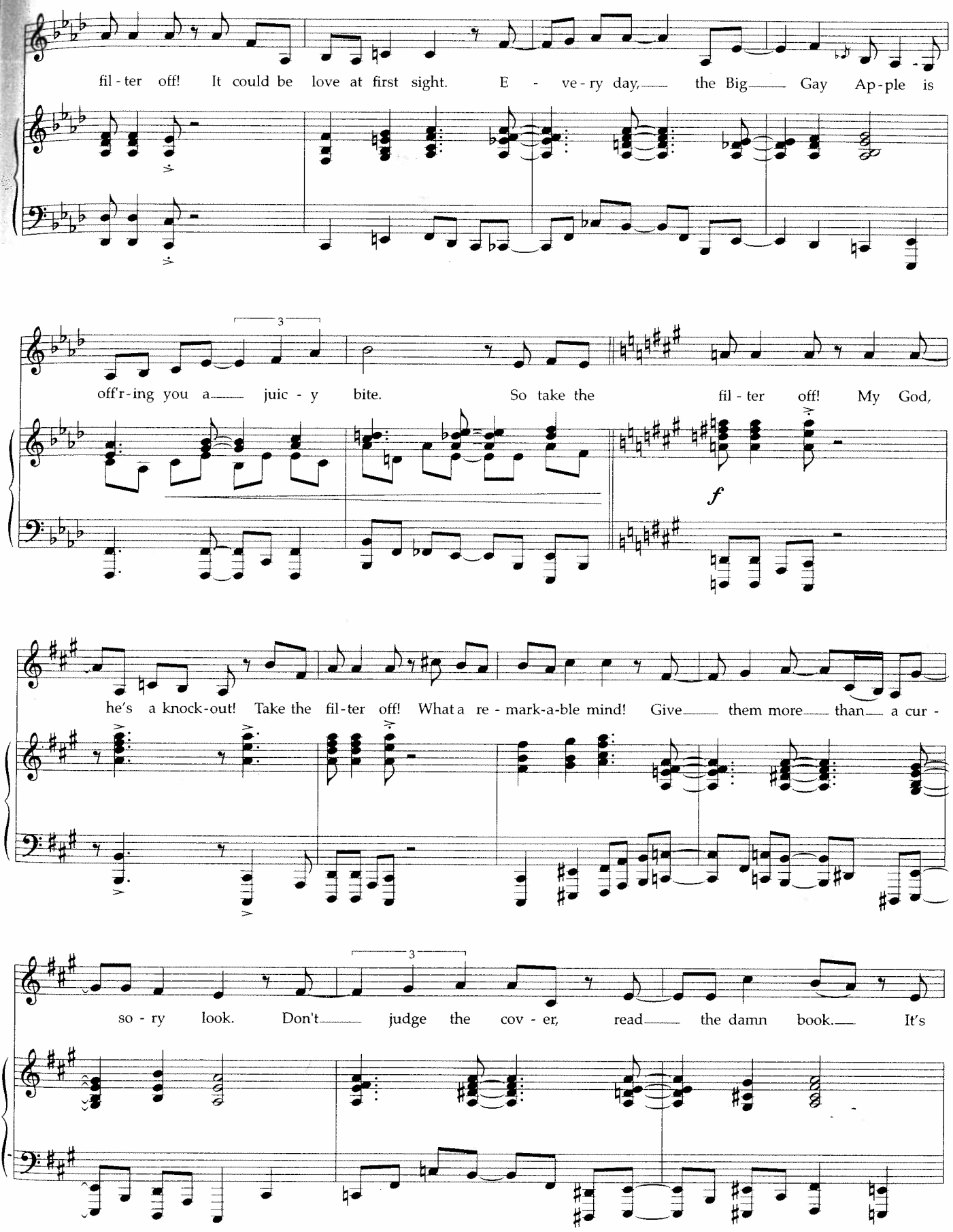

set my mind to doubt-ing wheth-er you were the one to pur - sue.
"He's way too at-tached to his mom. He's in-to Ed-na St. Vin-cent Mil-
lay. He's got a sen - si - tive stom - ach and the heart of a crit - ic, and I'm
kind - a sus - pi - cious he's gay." But

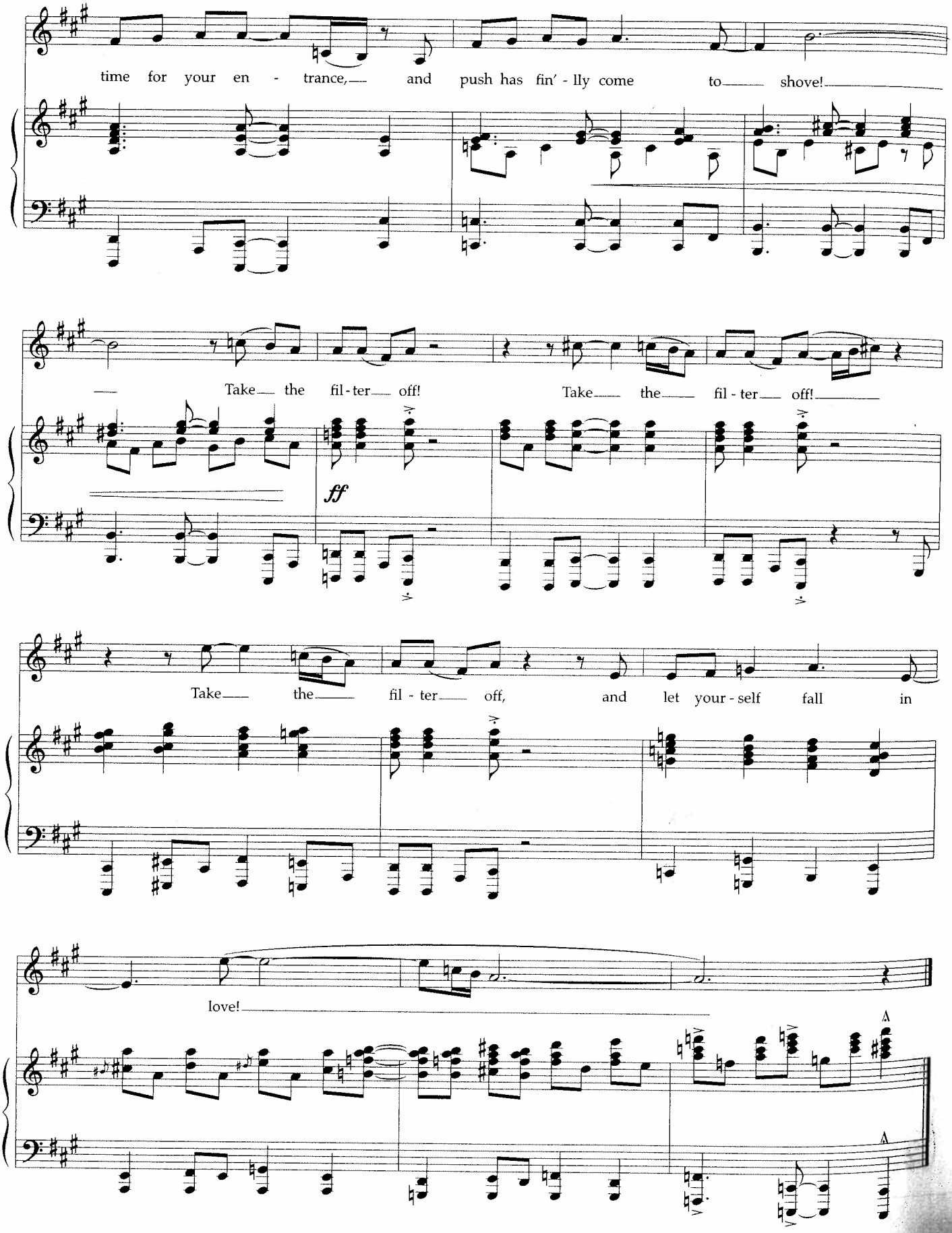

you took my hand and I nev - er looked back. We had a great year, and then you gave me the sack. If you
mp
think I have re - grets, well I'm here to say that you're wrong, so, so
mf
wrong, I would - 've missed out on a friend - ship I'll be treas - ur - ing my whole
life long. I took the fil - ter off, I got a great boy - friend! Took the


fil - ter off. So what? You end - ed up gay. Life's too pre - cious for missed op - por - tu - ni - ties. I
nev - er let one get a-way. I got my fil - ter off.
f
Look, we both know your fil - ter has a
mf
ten - den - cy to dom - i - nate. So be - fore


— you write me off, turn— your nose up and scoff, take a mo - ment to— spec -
u - late: Is wear - ing patch - ou - li a crime? Is a
u - ni - brow a rea - son— to run? Why are you out there kill - ing chan - ces, find - ing
ways to end ro - man - ces? That's a lot of hard work and no— fun.— You're


head - ing for lone - ly, yeah, you're right on track. And once you get to lone - ly, man, it's
mp
hard to come back. I spent some time there my - self, but now I'm tell - in' you, Jack, it's no good,
mf
no good. So get off of the bench! Get in the game, like you know you should.
And take the fil - ter off! When did he get so at - trac - tive? Take the

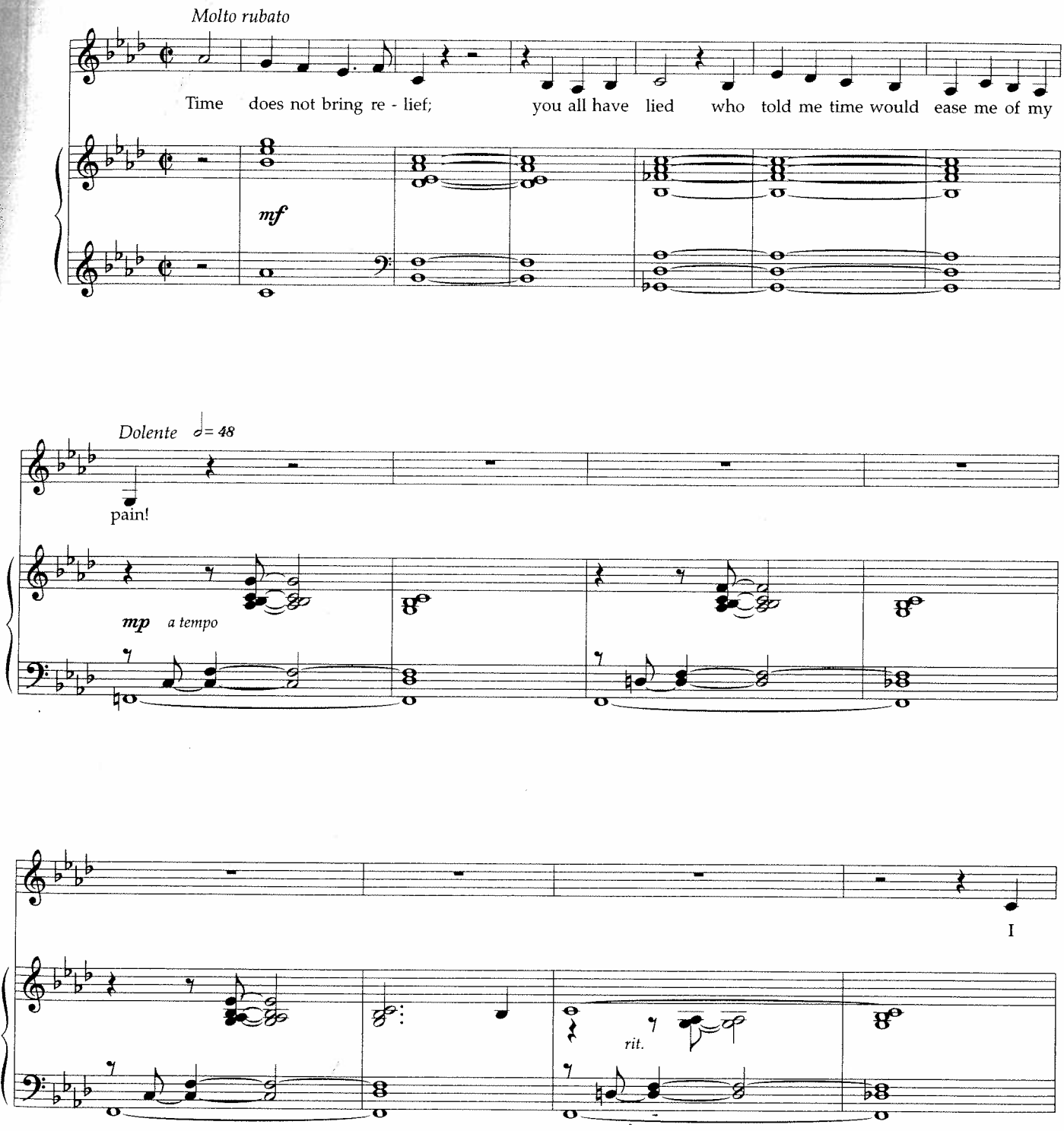

fil - ter off! It could be love at first sight. E - ve - ry day, the Big Gay Ap - ple is
3
off'r - ing you a juic - y bite. So take the fil - ter off! My God,
f
he's a knock-out! Take the fil - ter off! What a re - mark-a-ble mind! Give them more than a cur -
3
so - ry look. Don't judge the cov - er, read the damn book. It's


time for your en - trance, and push has fin' - lly come to shove!
Take the fil - ter off! Take the fil - ter off!
ff
Take the fil - ter off, and let your - self fall in
love!

Time Does Not Bring Relief

Music by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ

From a poem by
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY



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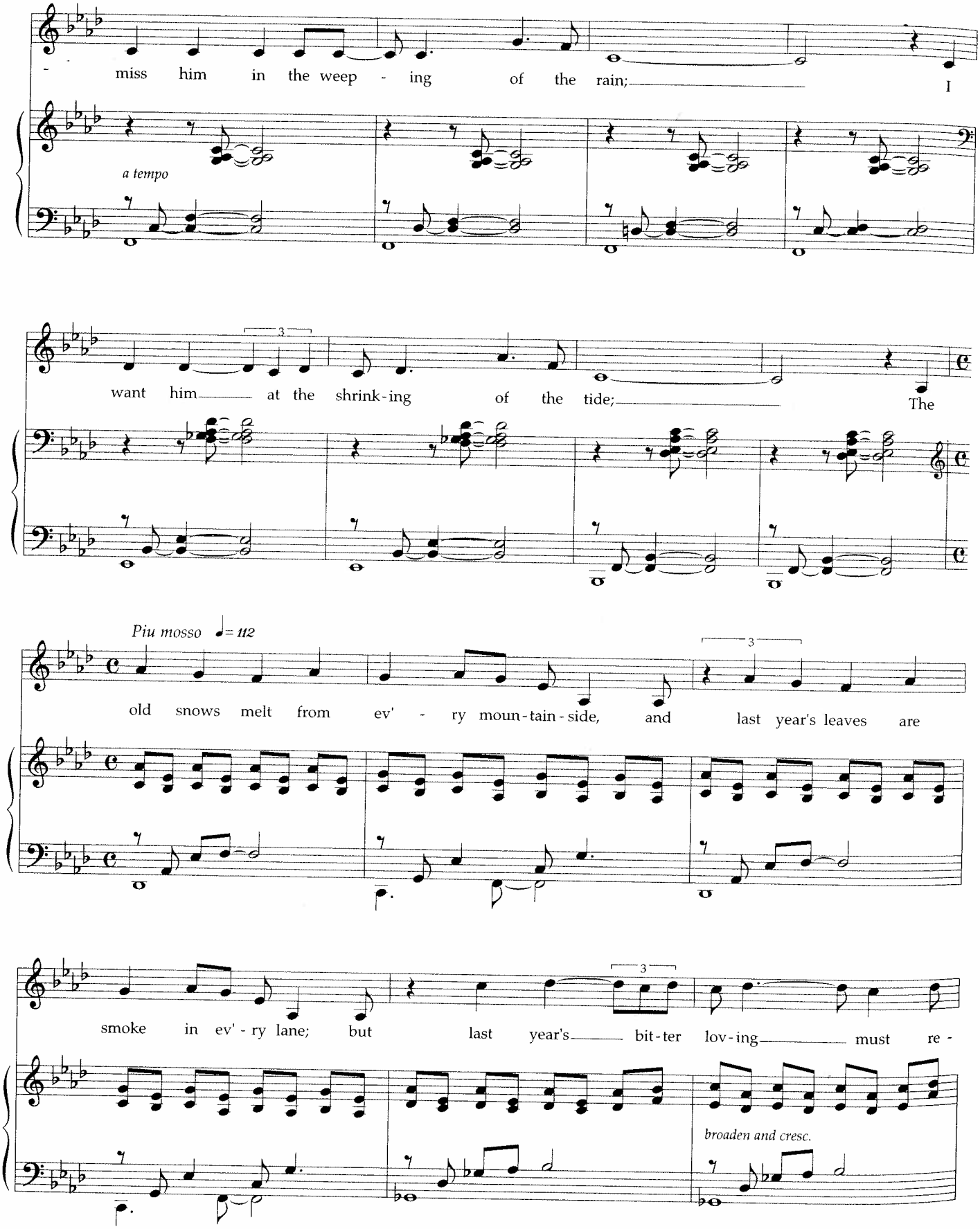
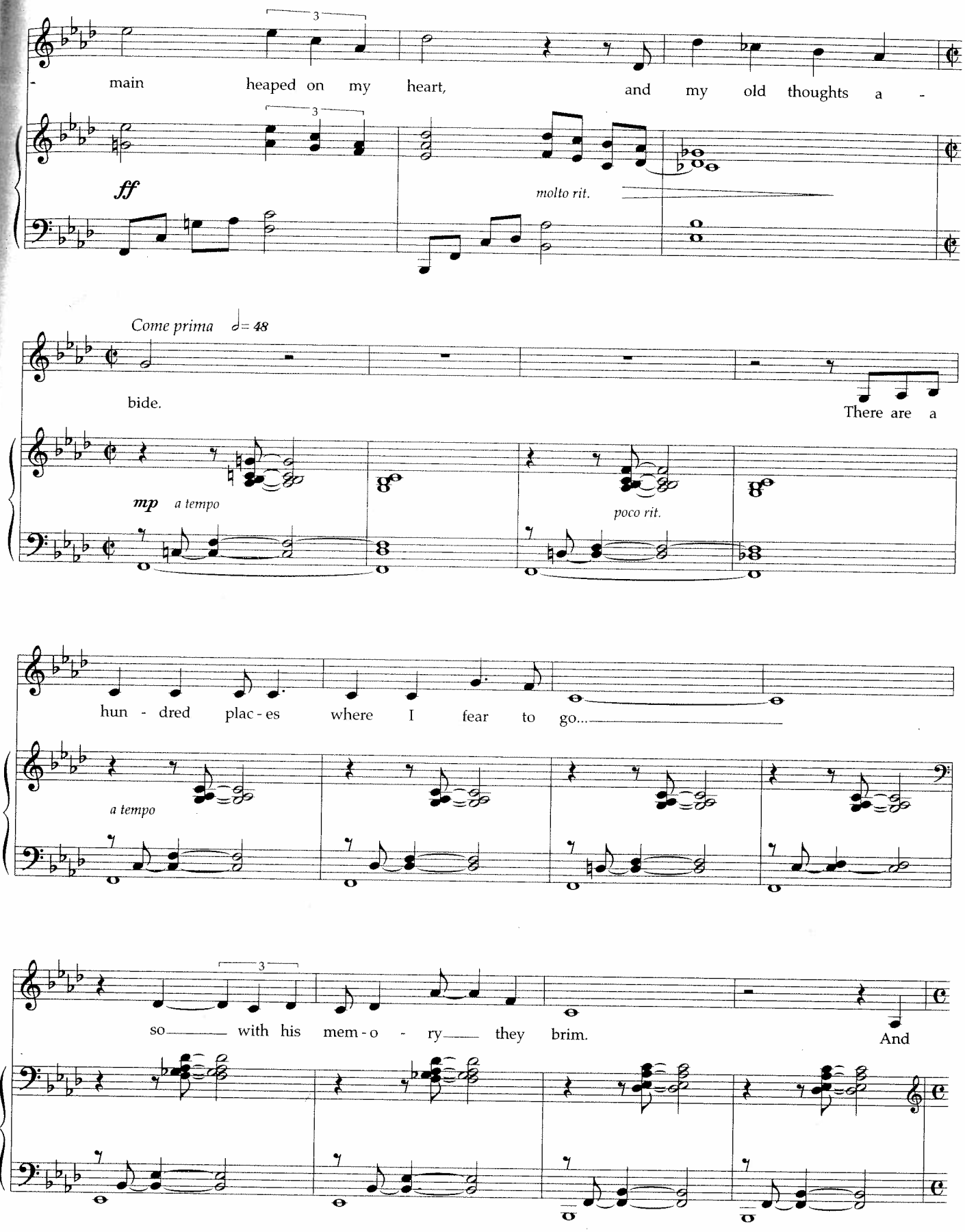
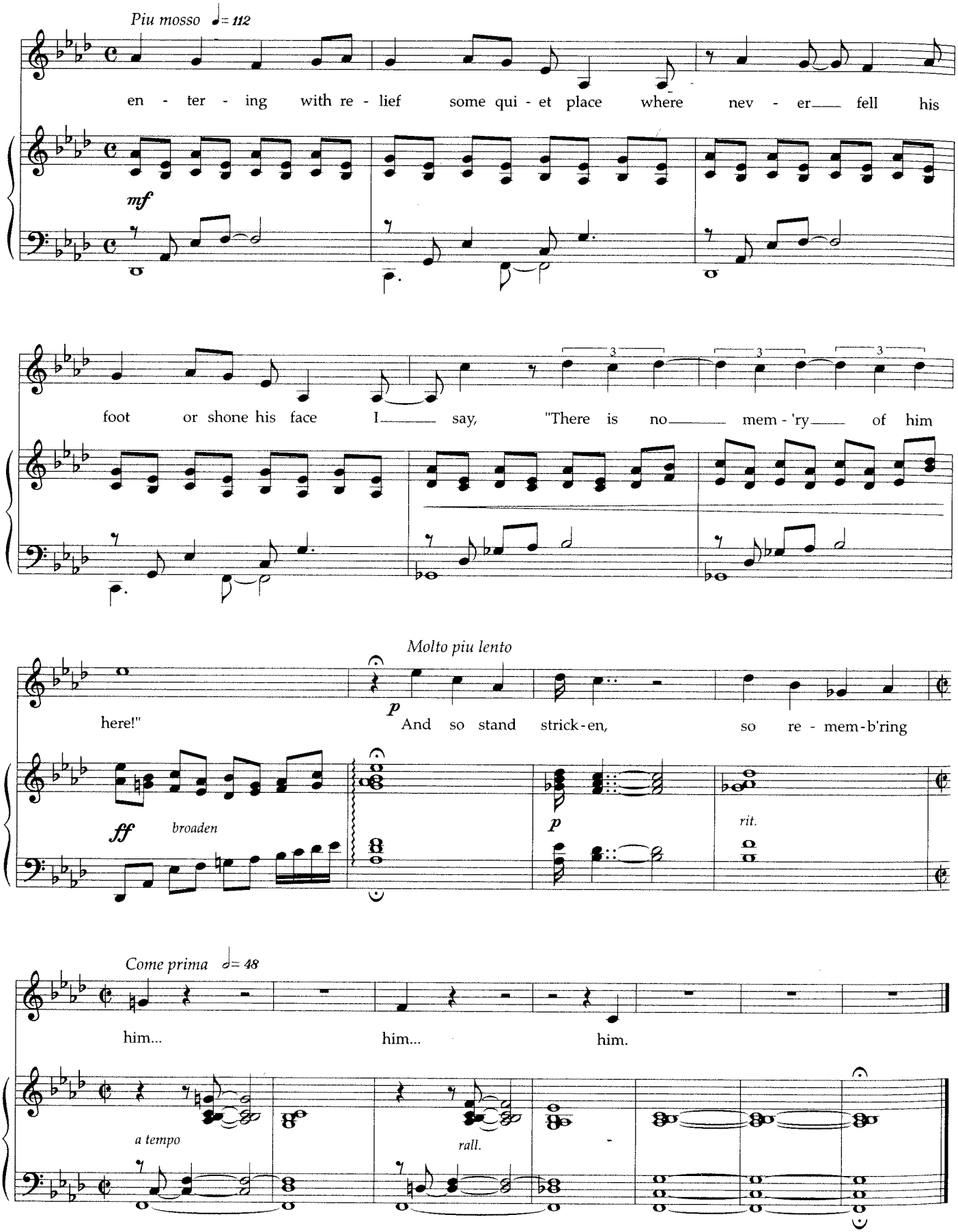
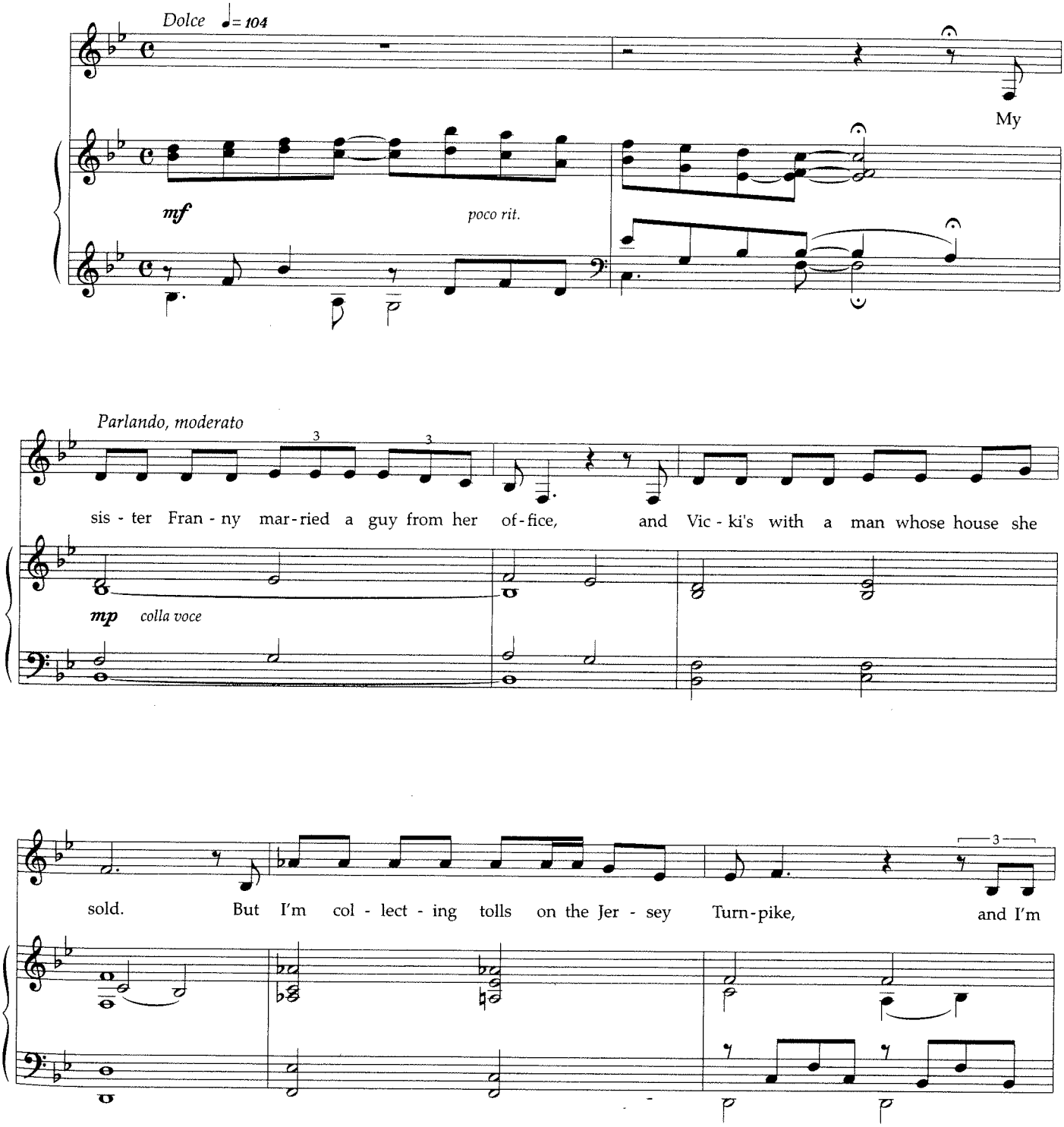

miss him in the weep - ing of the rain; I
a tempo
want him at the shrink-ing of the tide; The
Piu mosso ♩= 112
old snows melt from ev' - ry moun-tain-side, and last year's leaves are
smoke in ev' - ry lane; but last year's bit-ter lov-ing must re -
broaden and cresc.


main heaped on my heart, and my old thoughts a -
ff
molto rit.
Come prima ♩= 48
bide.
There are a
mp a tempo
poco rit.
hun - dred plac - es where I fear to go...
a tempo
so with his mem - o - ry they brim.
And


Piu mosso ♩= 112
en - ter - ing with re - lief some qui - et place where nev - er fell his
mf
foot or shone his face I say, "There is no mem - 'ry of him
here!"
Molto piu lento
p
And so stand strick-en, so re - mem-b'ring
ff
broaden
p
rit.
Come prima ♩= 48
him... him... him.
a tempo
rall.

Toll

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ



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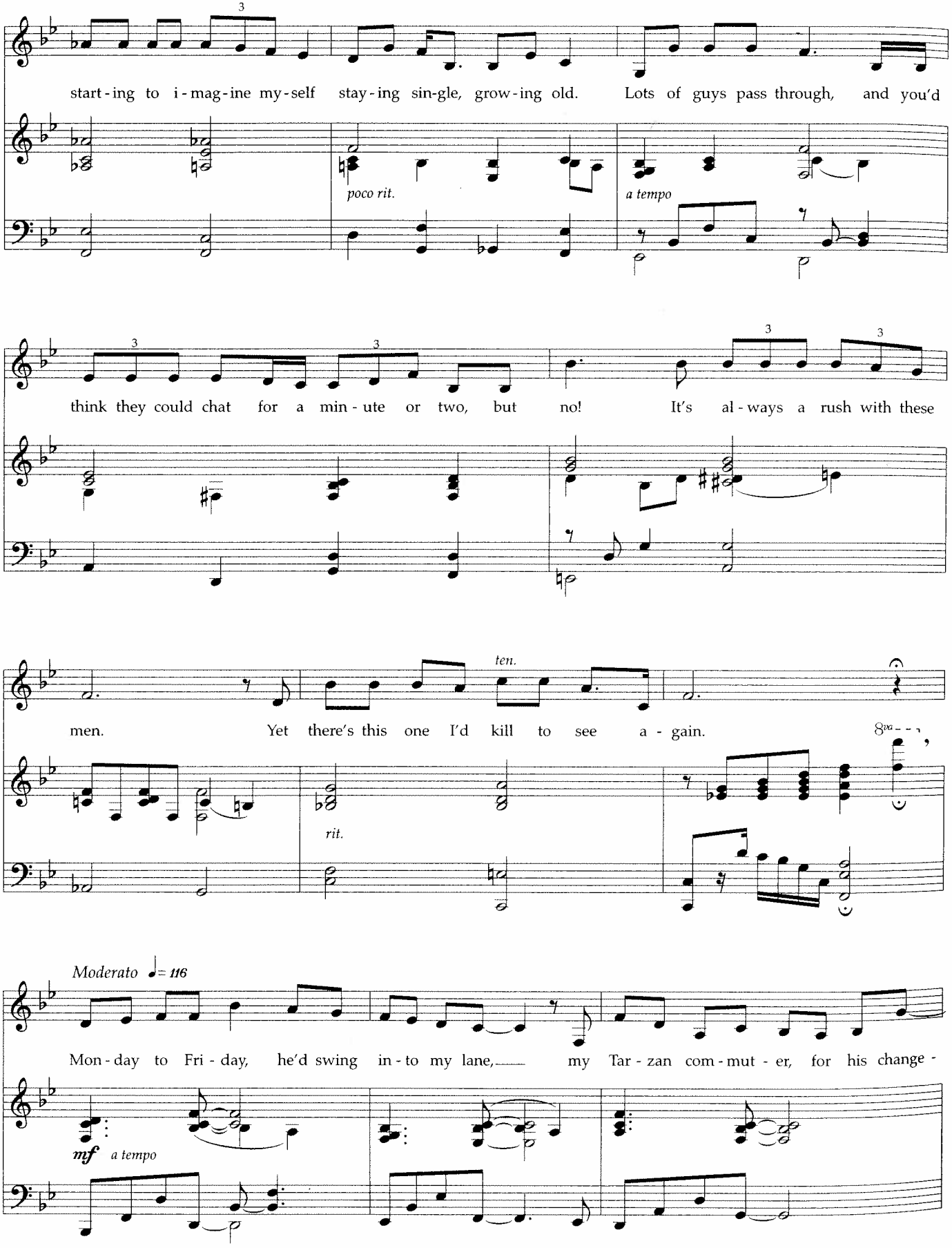
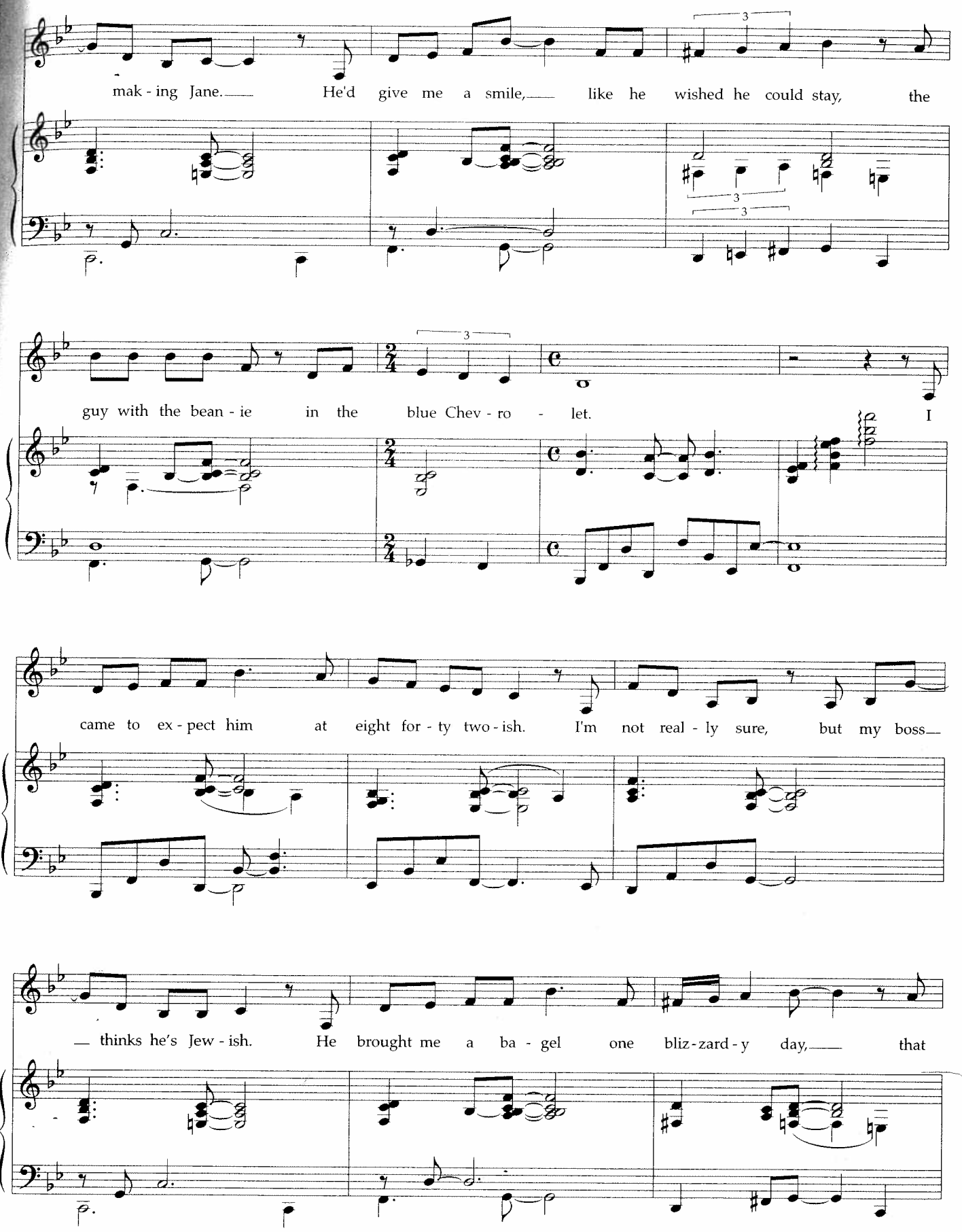
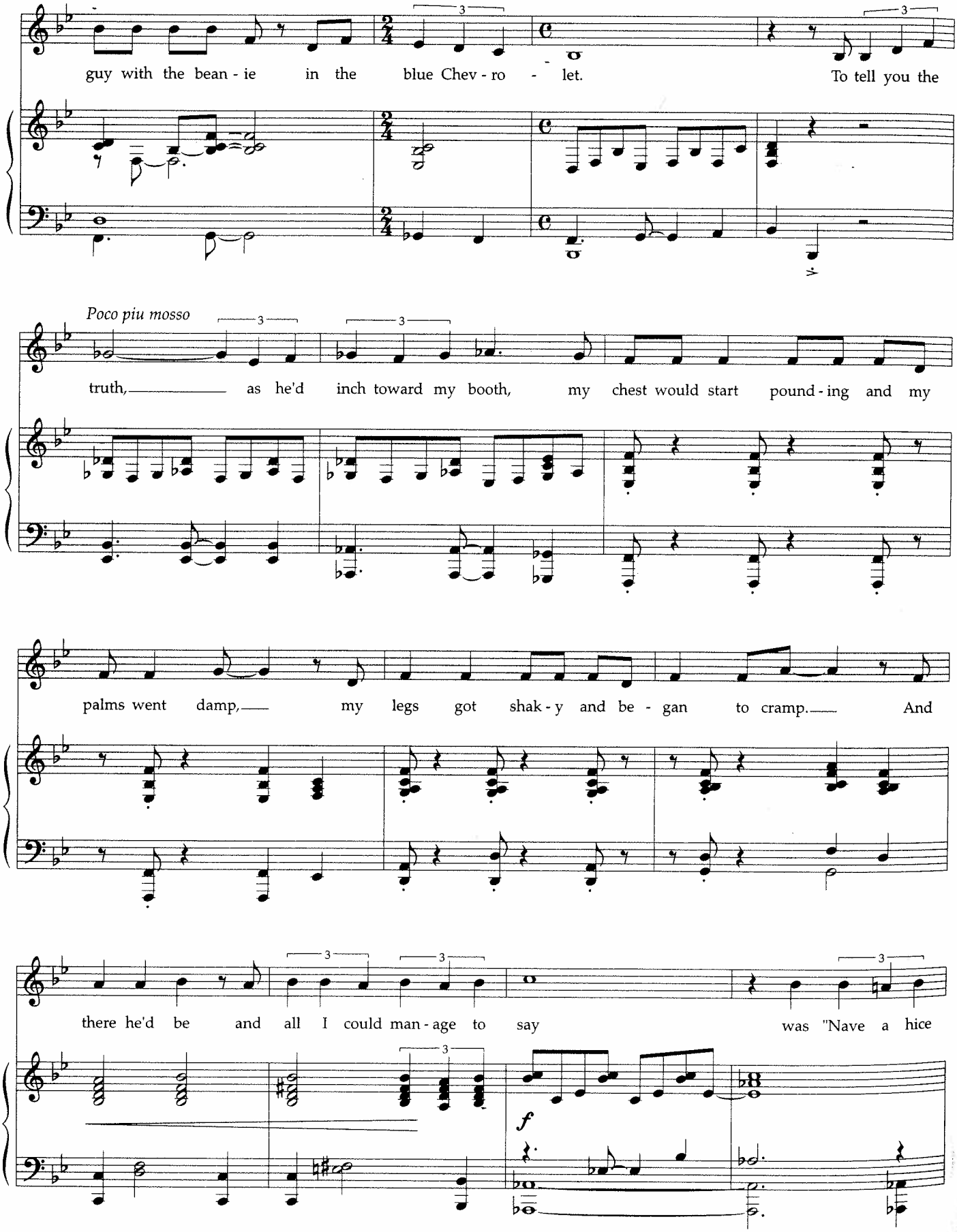
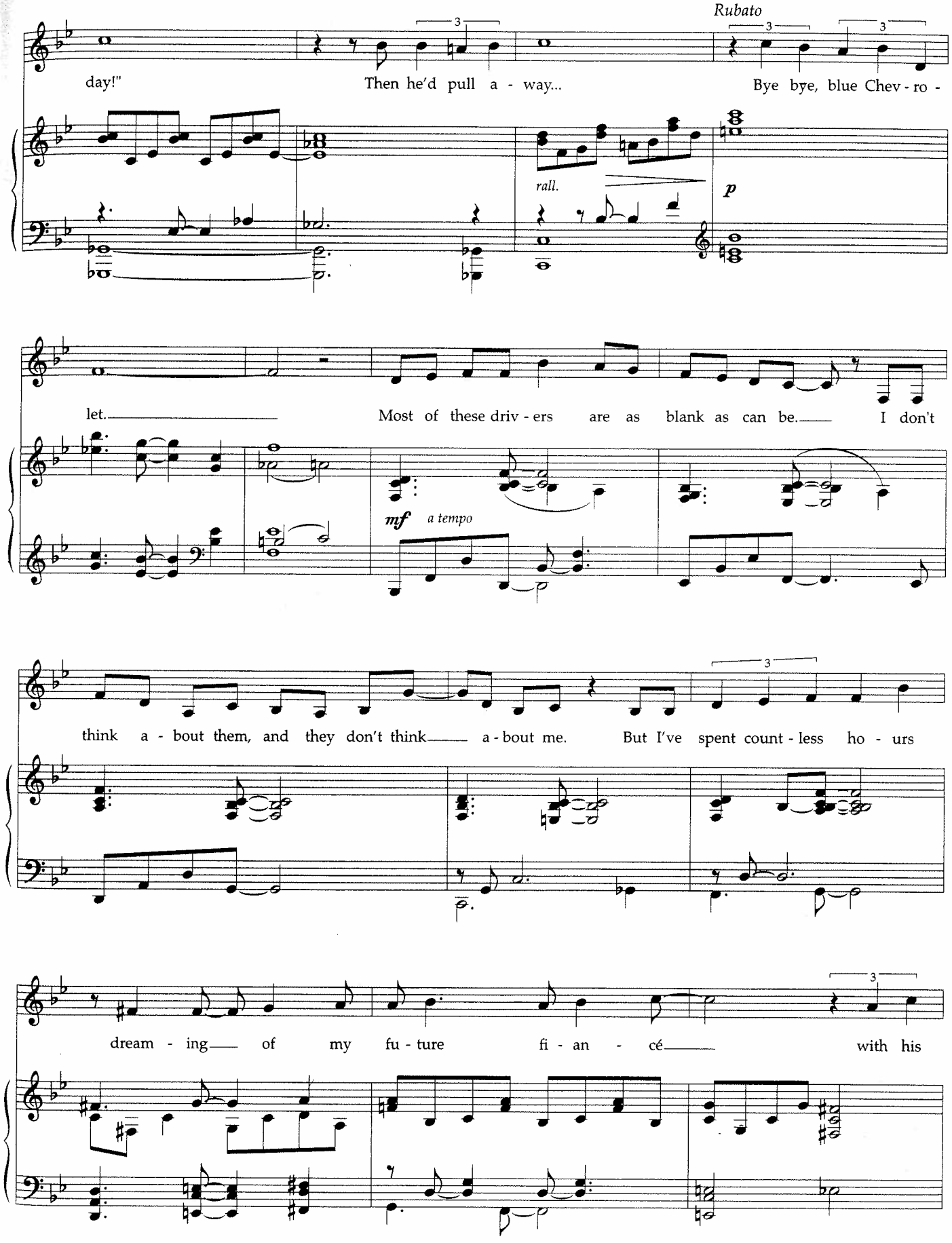
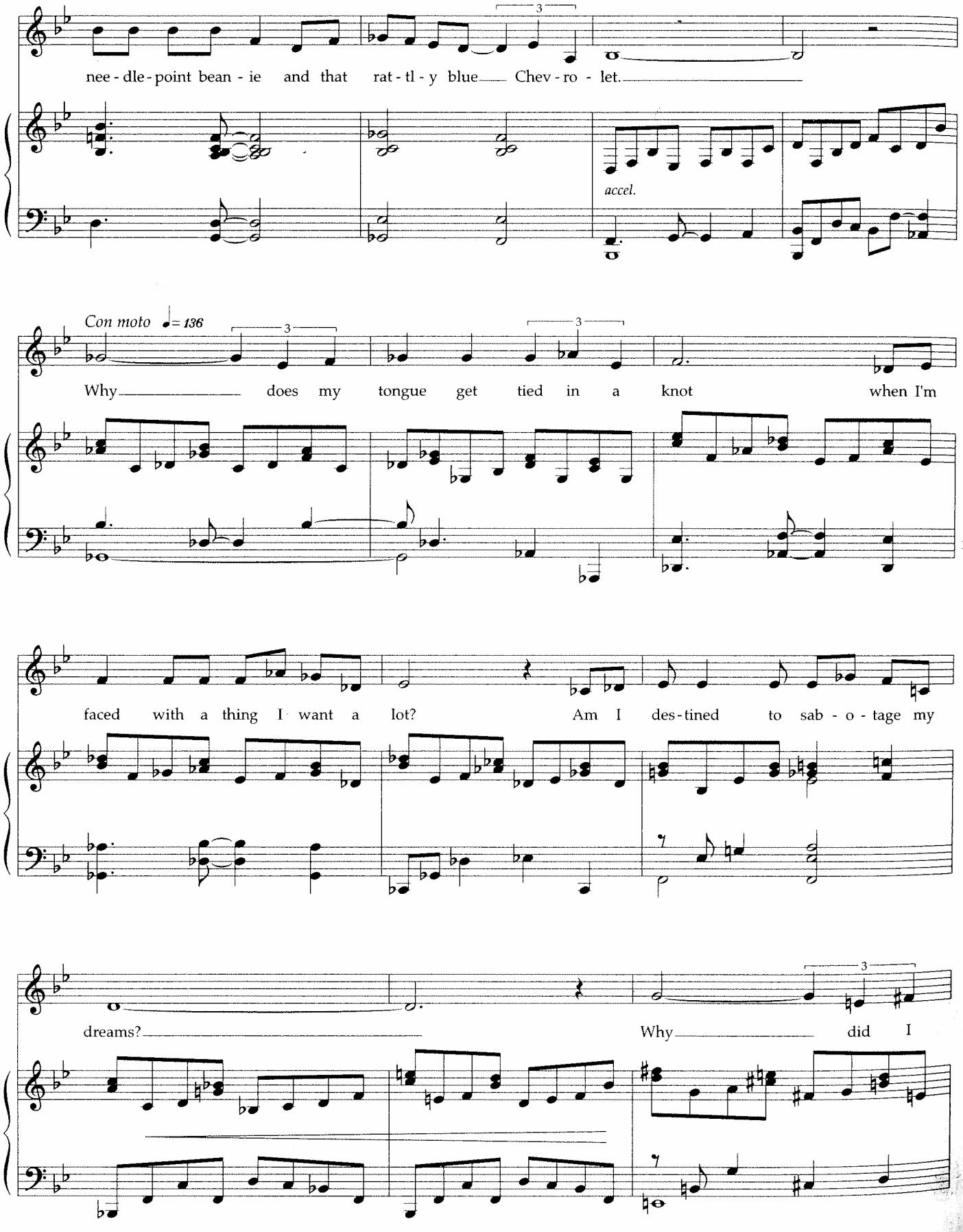
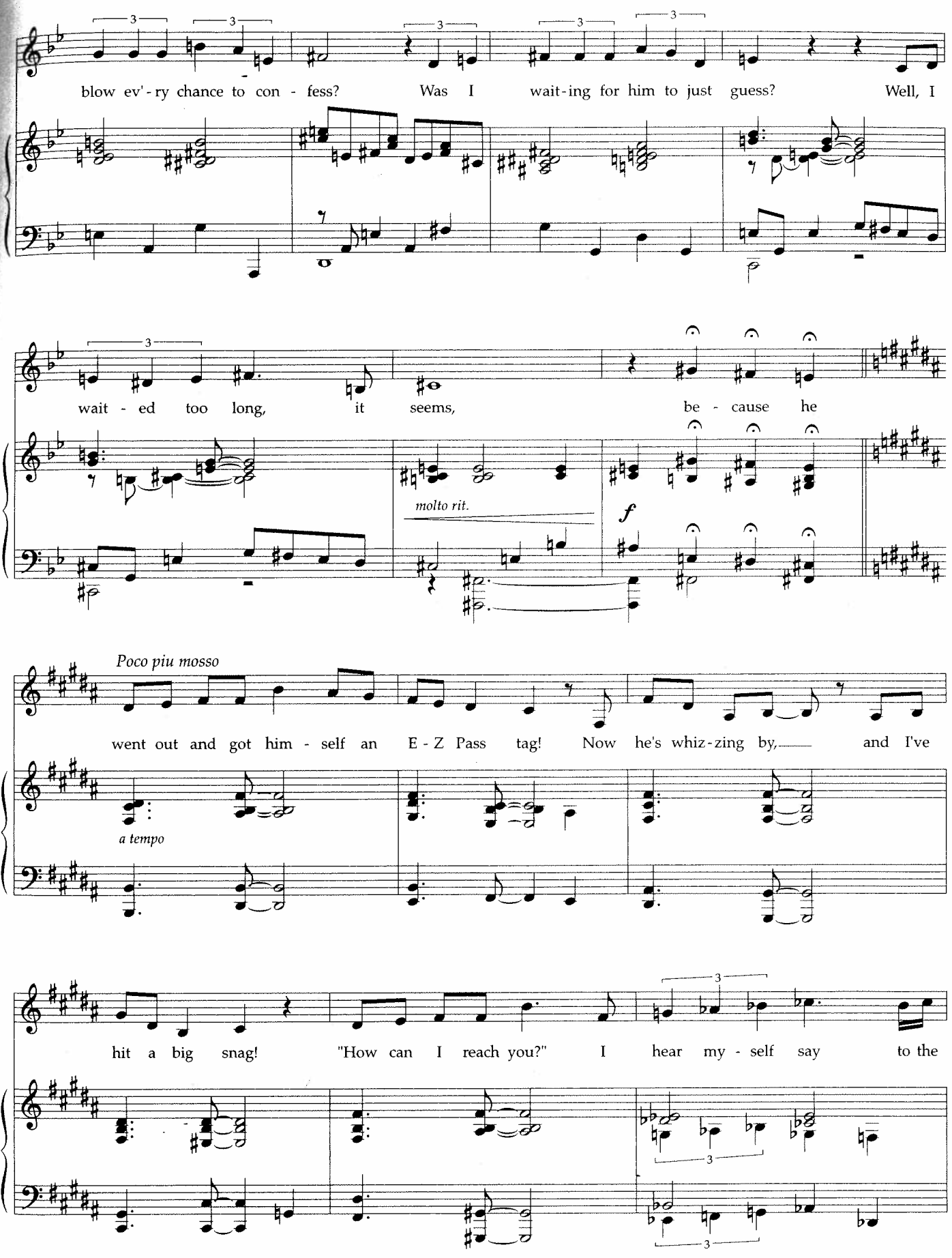

start - ing to i - mag - ine my - self stay - ing sin-gle, grow - ing old. Lots of guys pass through, and you'd
poco rit.
a tempo
think they could chat for a min - ute or two, but no! It's al - ways a rush with these
ten.
men. Yet there's this one I'd kill to see a - gain.
8va
rit.
Moderato ♩= 116
Mon - day to Fri - day, he'd swing in - to my lane, my Tar - zan com - mut - er, for his change -
mf a tempo

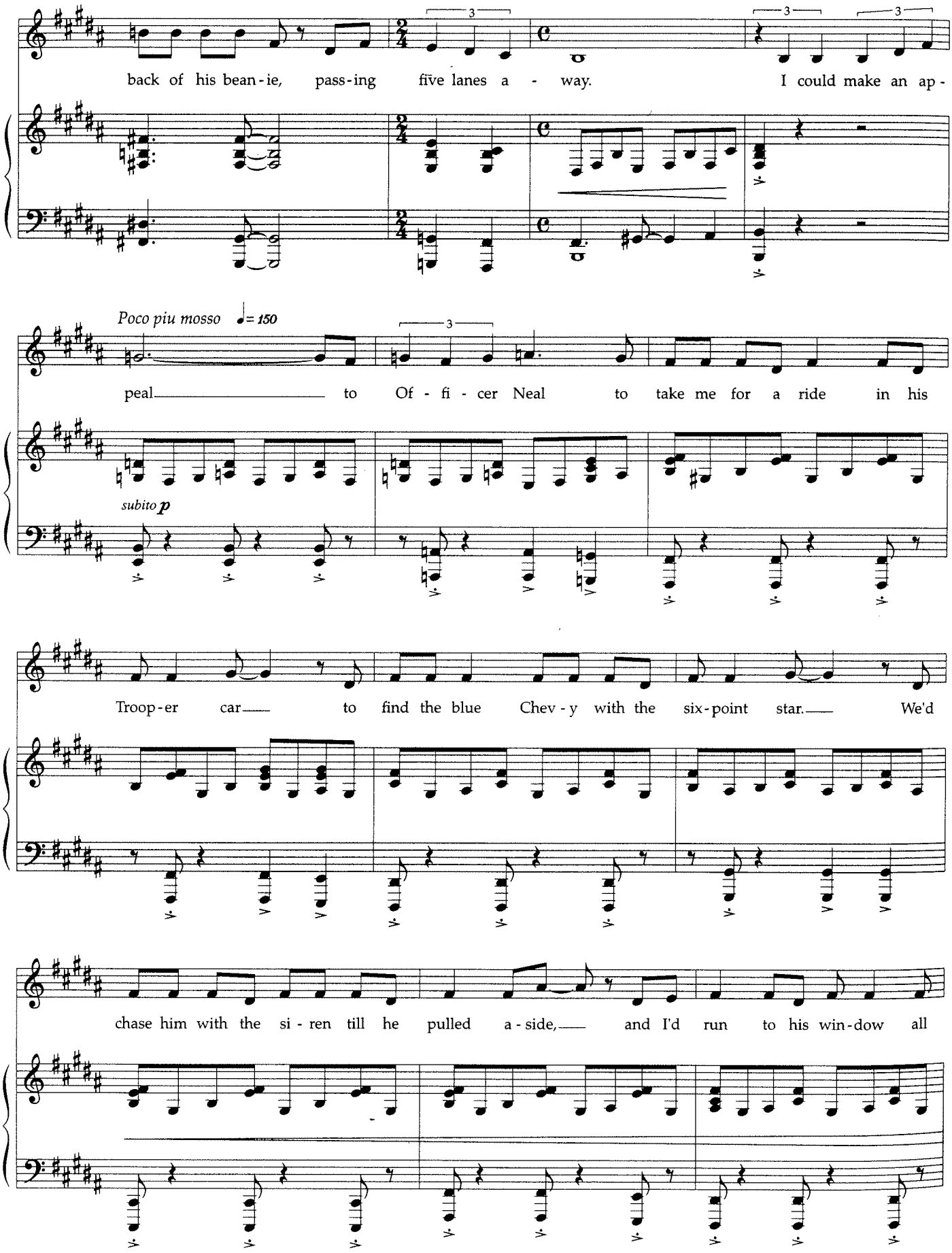

mak - ing Jane. He'd give me a smile, like he wished he could stay, the
guy with the bean - ie in the blue Chev - ro - let. I
came to ex - pect him at eight for - ty two - ish. I'm not real - ly sure, but my boss
thinks he's Jew - ish. He brought me a ba - gel one bliz - zard - y day, that

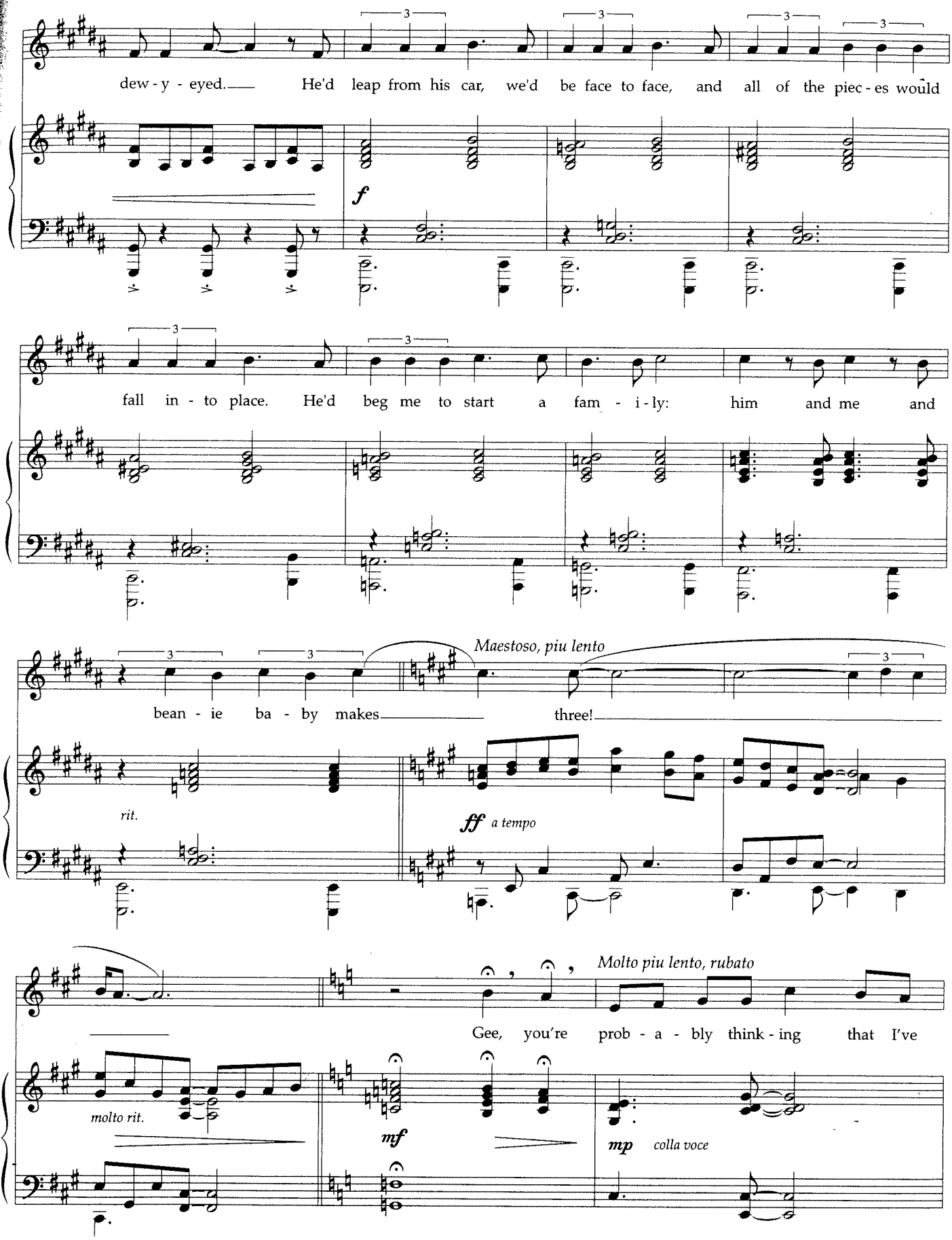

guy with the bean - ie in the blue Chev - ro - let. To tell you the
Poco piu mosso
truth, as he'd inch toward my booth, my chest would start pound - ing and my
palms went damp, my legs got shak - y and be - gan to cramp. And
there he'd be and all I could man - age to say was "Nave a hice
f

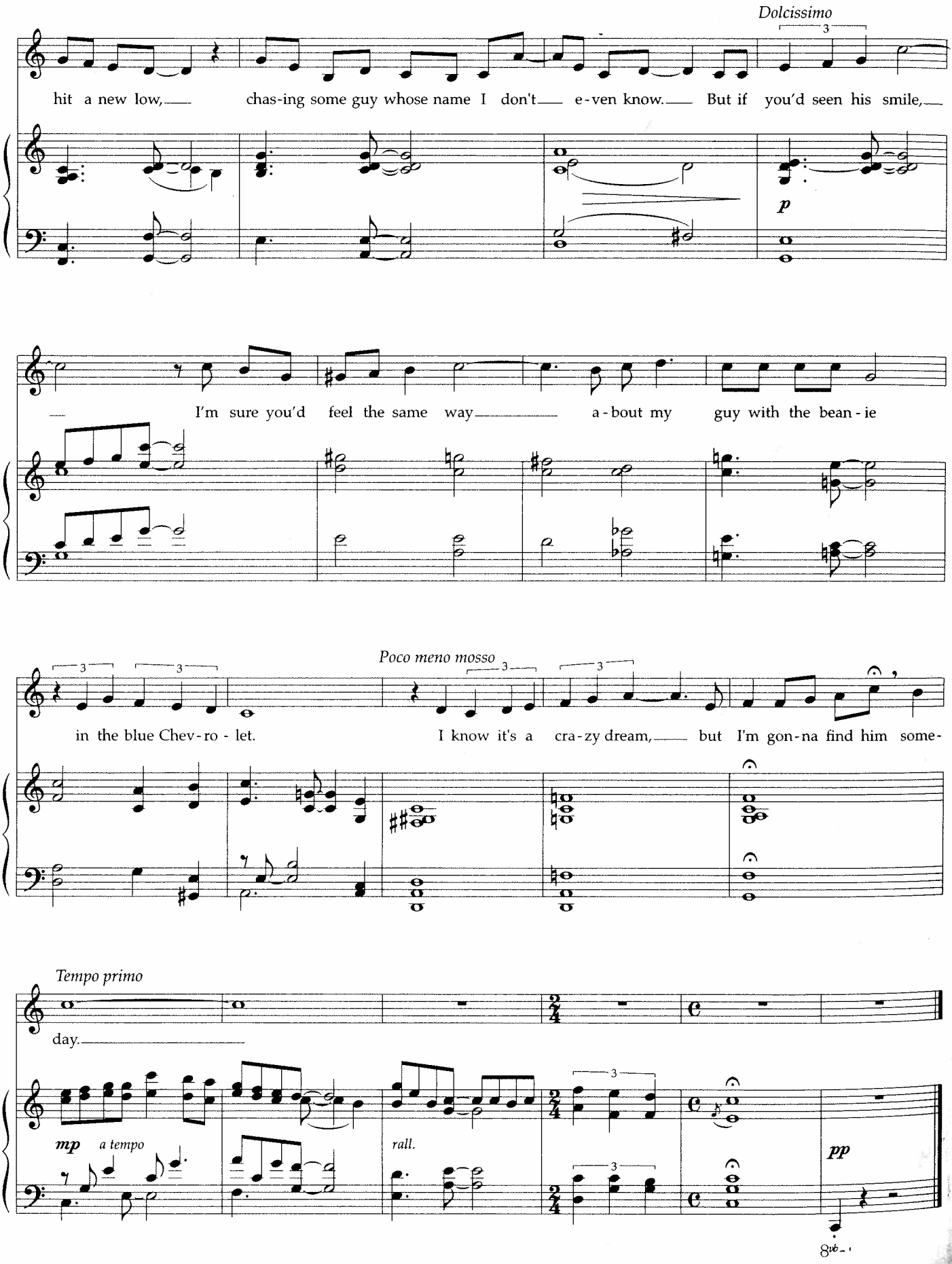

Rubato
day!"
Then he'd pull a - way...
Bye bye, blue Chev - ro -
rall.
p
let.
Most of these driv - ers are as blank as can be.
I don't
mf
a tempo
think a - bout them, and they don't think
a - bout me.
But I've spent count - less ho - urs
dream - ing
of my fu - ture fi - an - cé
with his


nee - dle - point bean - ie and that rat - tl - y blue Chev - ro - let.
accel.
Con moto ♩= 136
Why does my tongue get tied in a knot when I'm
faced with a thing I want a lot? Am I des - tined to sab - o - tage my
dreams? Why did I


blow ev'-ry chance to con - fess? Was I wait-ing for him to just guess? Well, I
wait - ed too long, it seems, be - cause he
molto rit.
f
Poco piu mosso
went out and got him - self an E - Z Pass tag! Now he's whiz-zing by, and I've
a tempo
hit a big snag! "How can I reach you?" I hear my - self say to the


back of his bean-ie, pass-ing five lanes a - way. I could make an ap-
Poco piu mosso ♩= 150
peal to Of - fi - cer Neal to take me for a ride in his
subito p
Troop-er car to find the blue Chev-y with the six-point star. We'd
chase him with the si - ren till he pulled a-side, and I'd run to his win-dow all

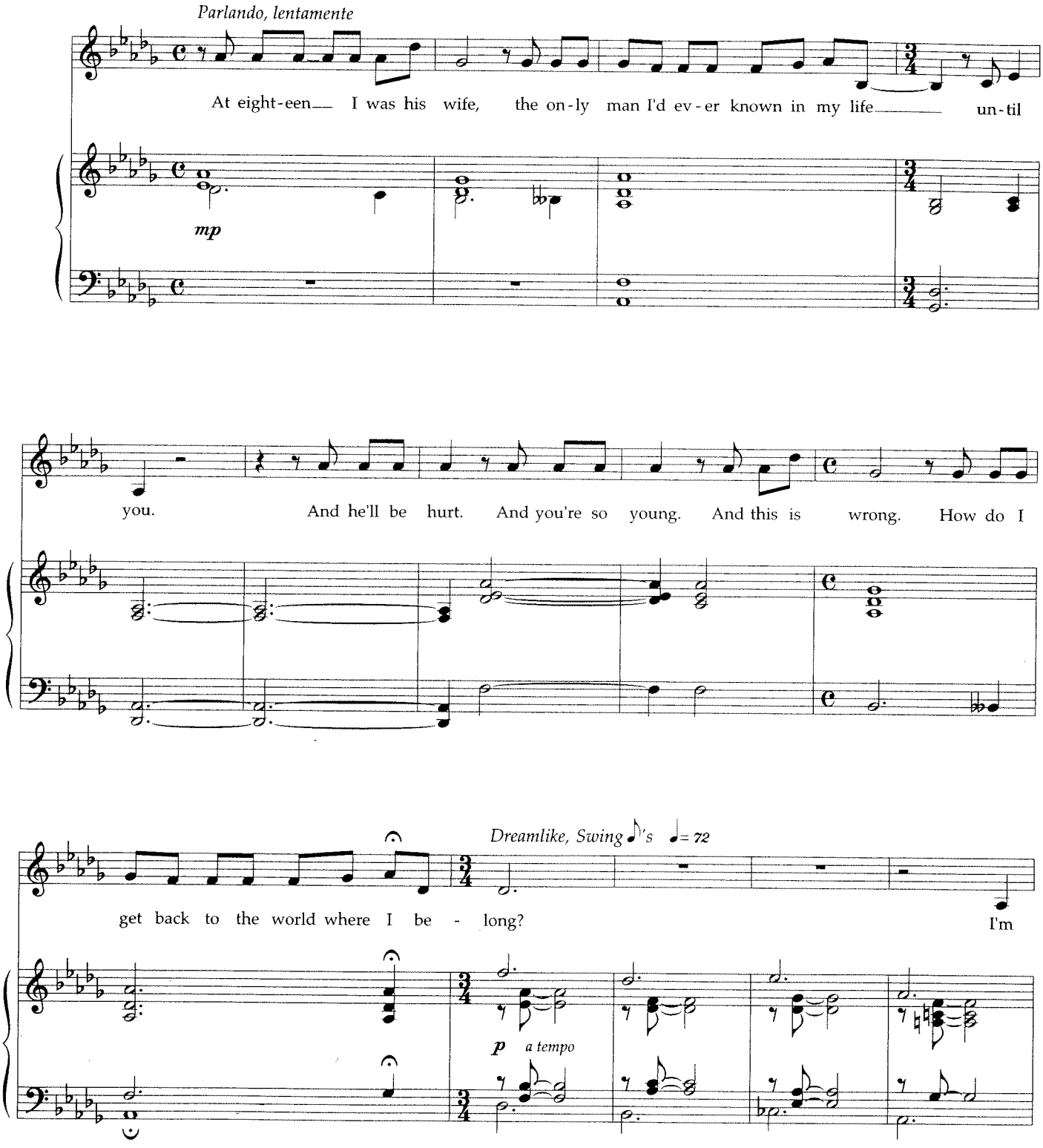

dew - y - eyed. He'd leap from his car, we'd be face to face, and all of the piec - es would
f
fall in - to place. He'd beg me to start a fam - i - ly: him and me and
Maestoso, piu lento
bean - ie ba - by makes three!
rit.
ff a tempo
Molto piu lento, rubato
Gee, you're prob - a - bly think - ing that I've
molto rit.
mf
mp colla voce


Dolcissimo
hit a new low, chas-ing some guy whose name I don't e-ven know. But if you'd seen his smile,
p
I'm sure you'd feel the same way a-bout my guy with the bean-ie
Poco meno mosso
in the blue Chev-ro-let. I know it's a cra-zy dream, but I'm gon-na find him some-
Tempo primo
day.
mp a tempo
rall.
pp
8vb

Walking the Wrong Way

Music by
JEFF BLUMENKRANTZ

Lyrics by
LIBBY SAINES



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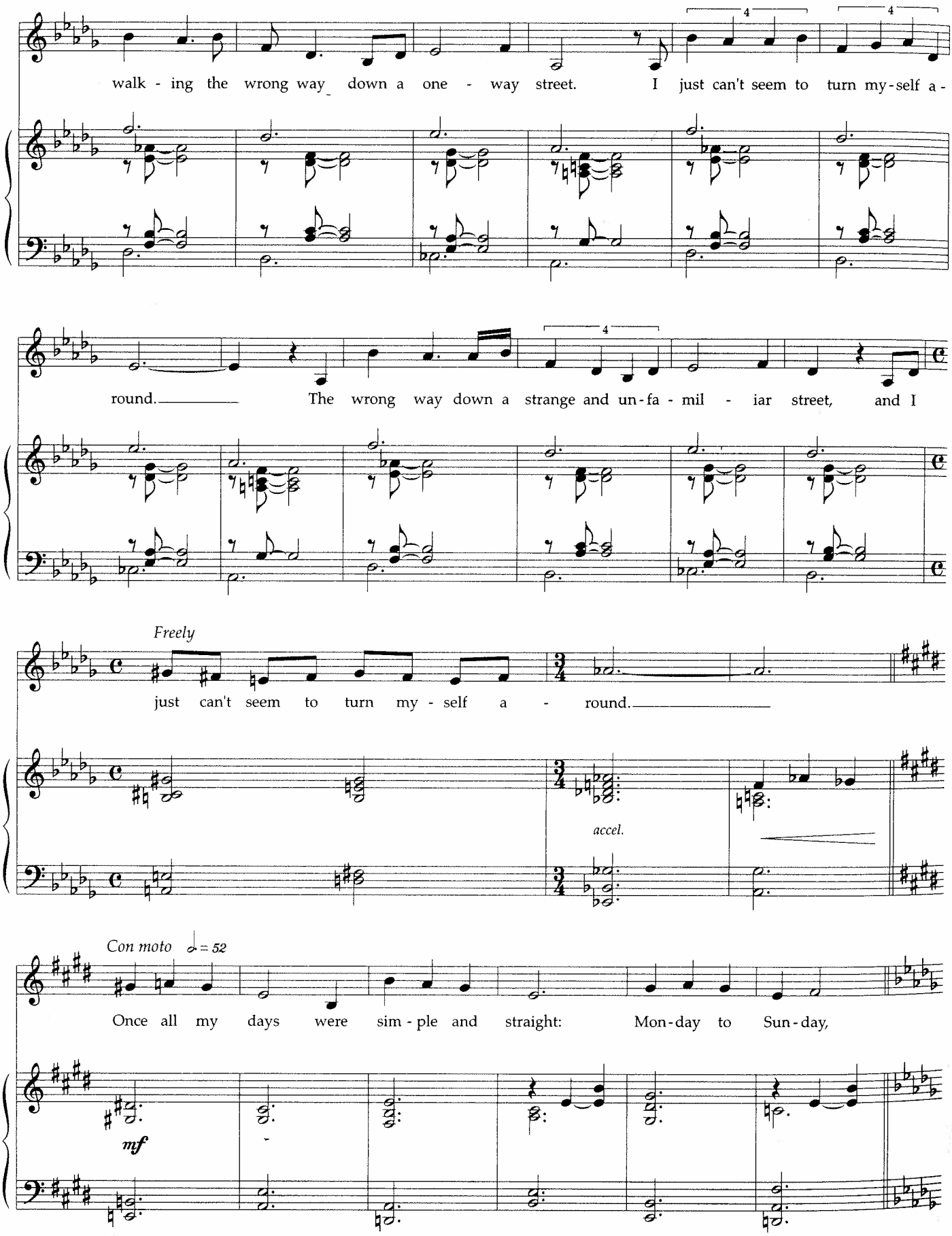
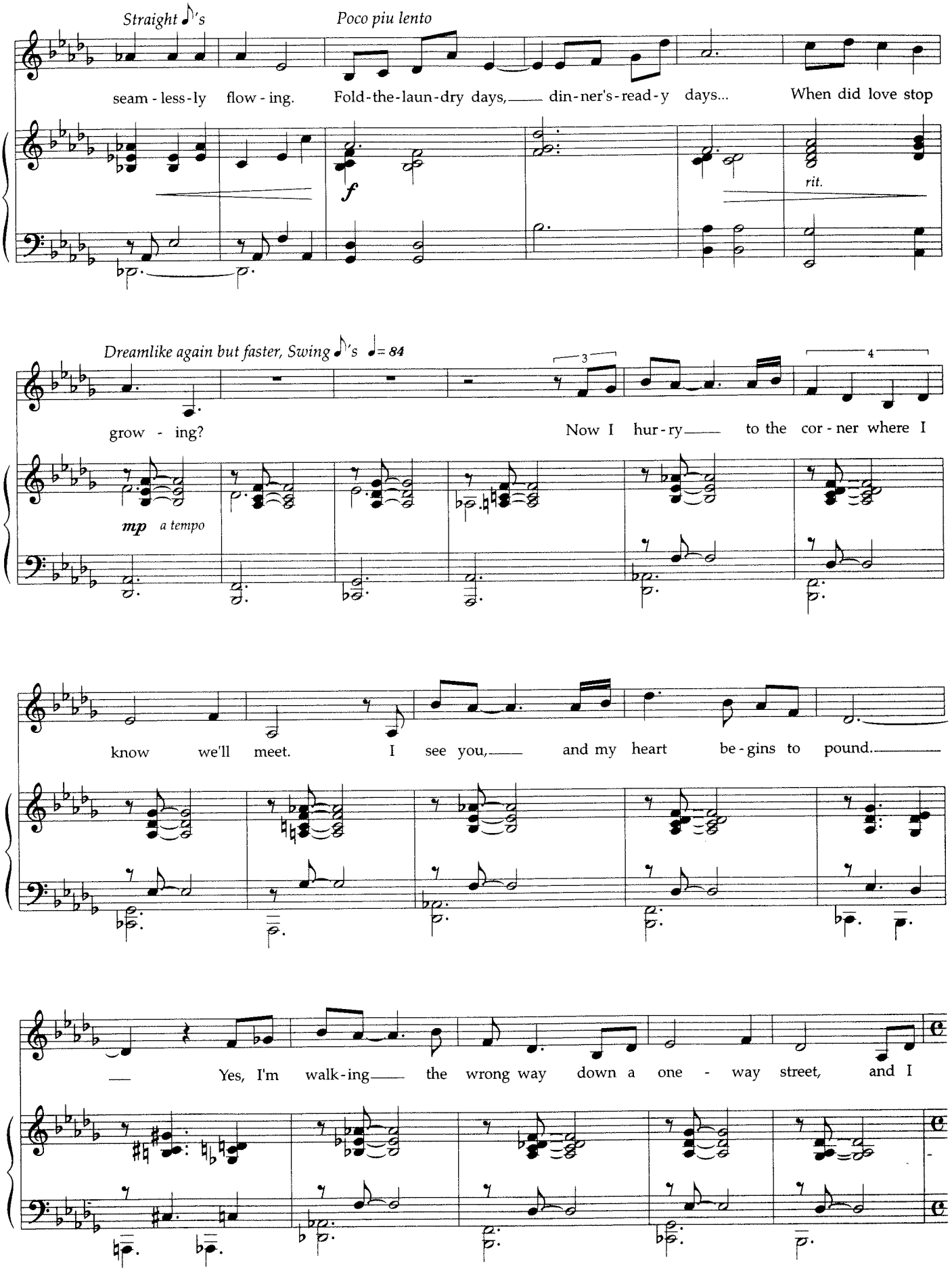
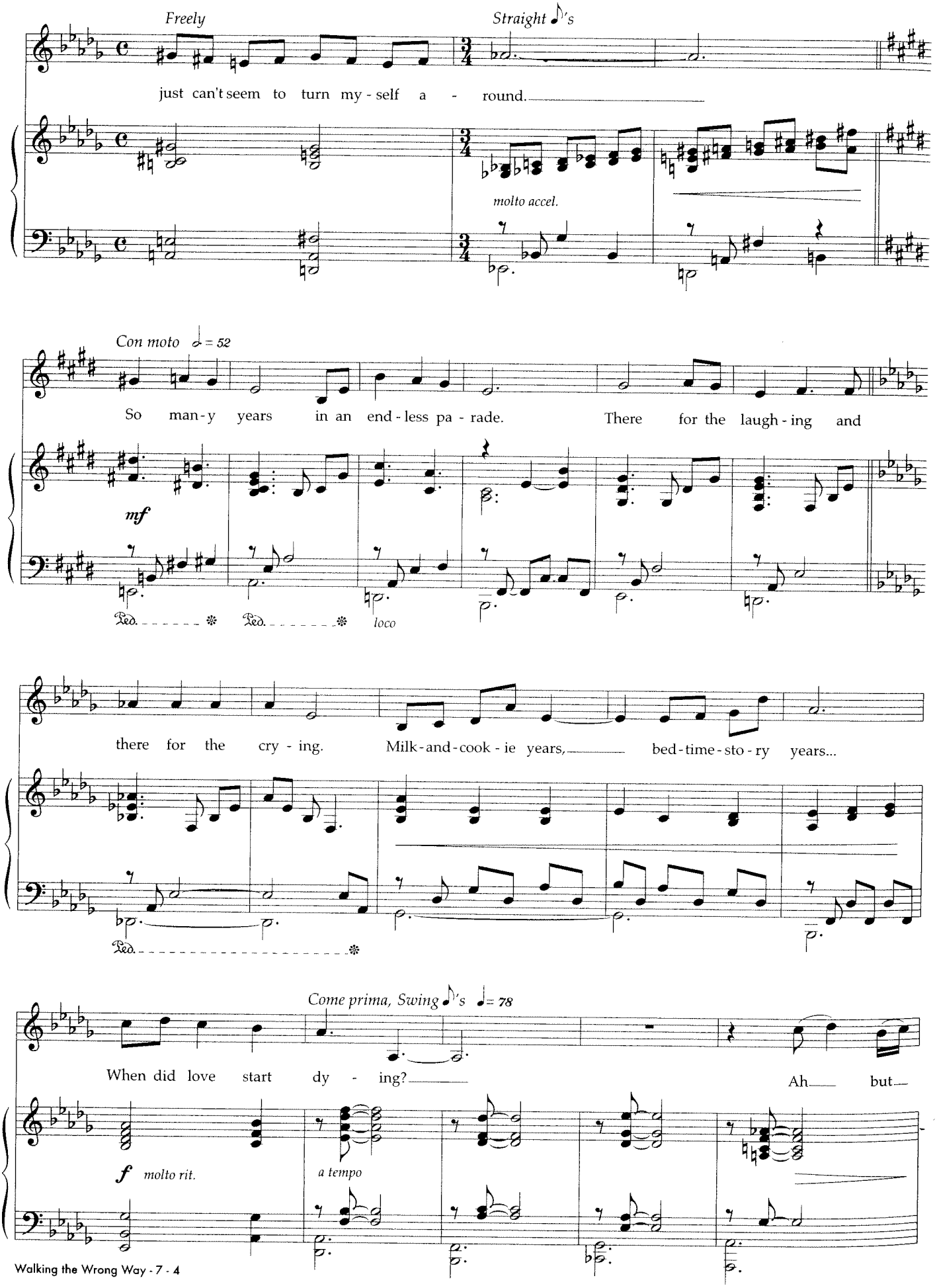
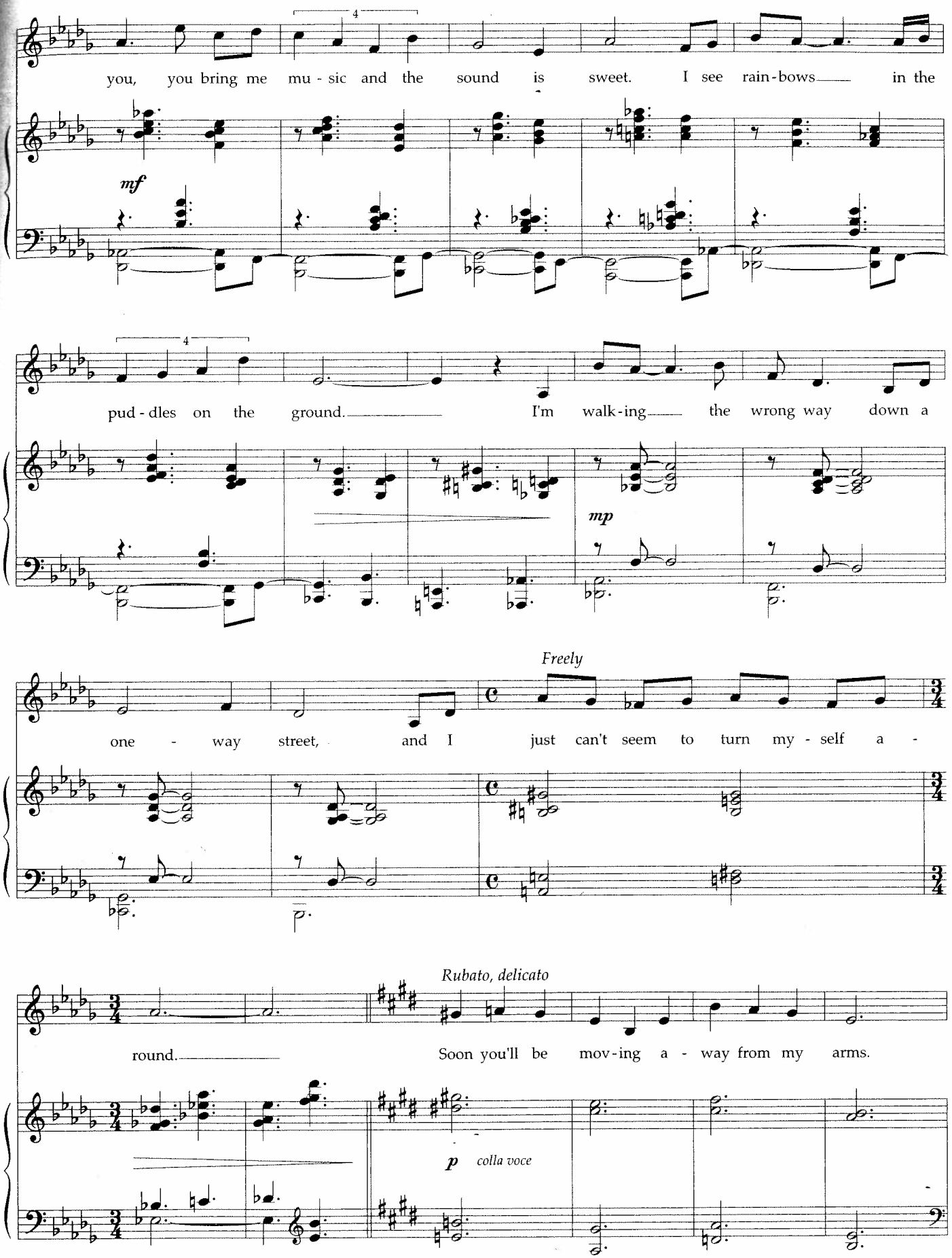
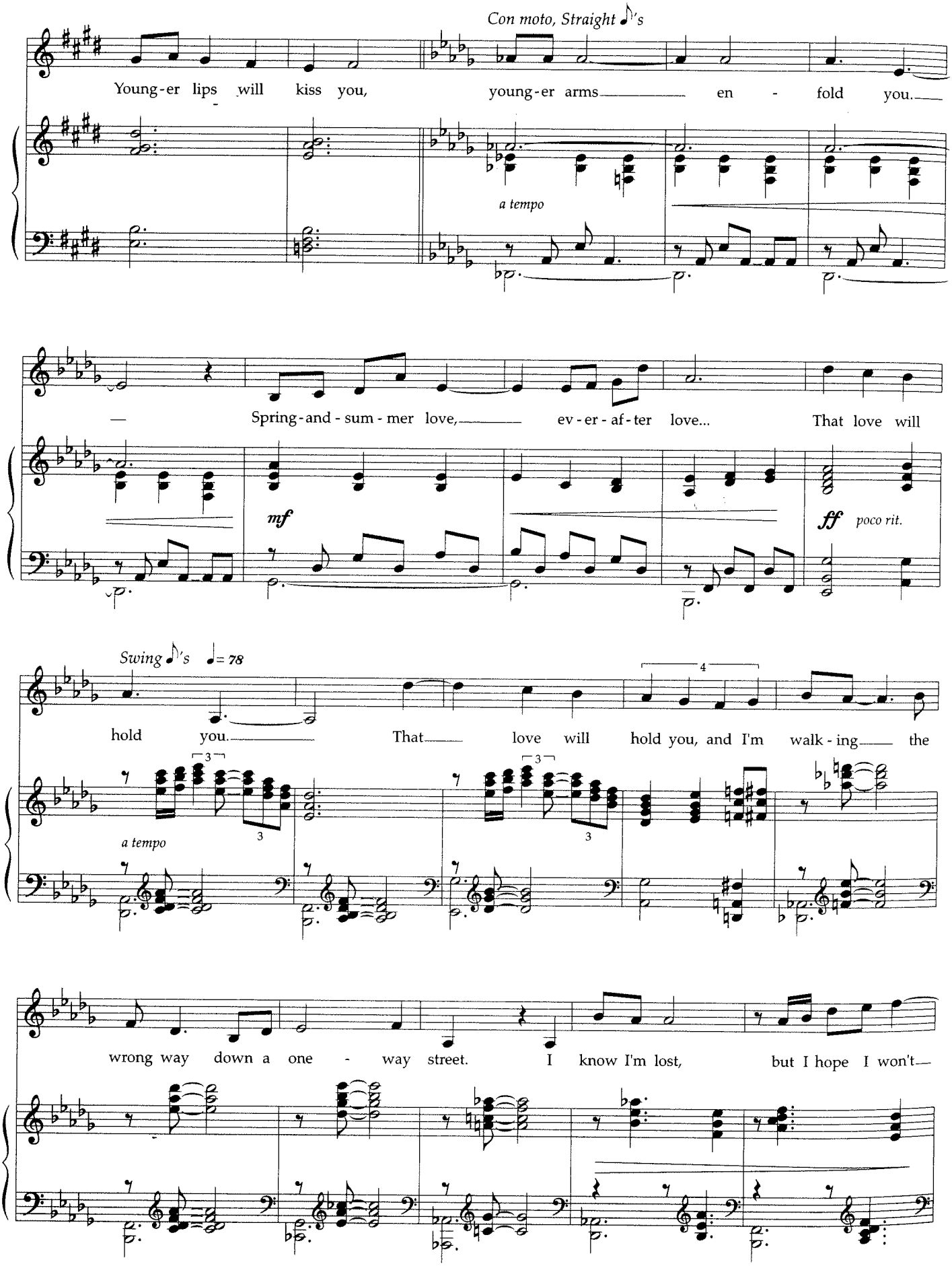
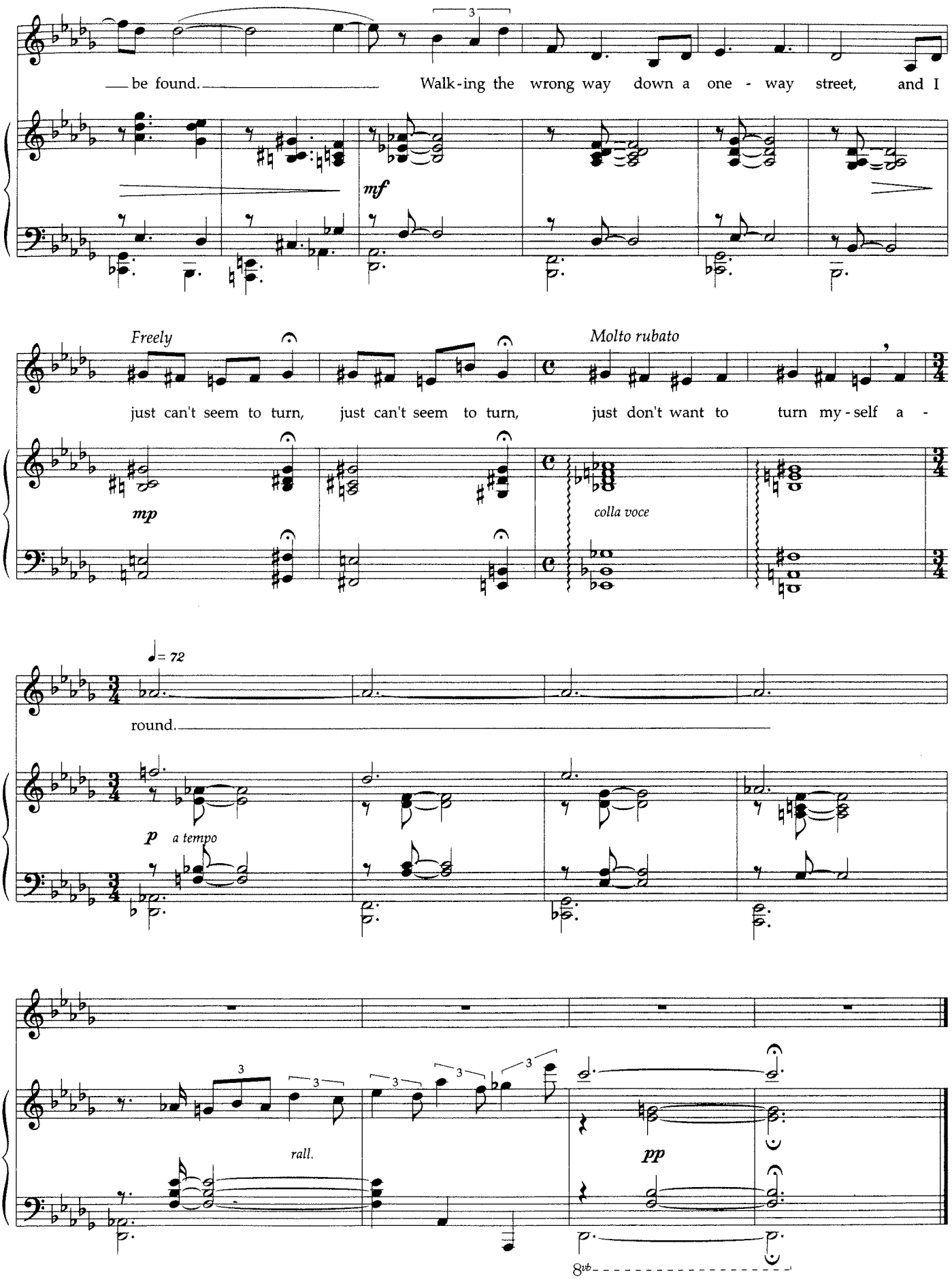

walk - ing the wrong way down a one - way street. I just can't seem to turn my-self a -
round. The wrong way down a strange and un-fa - mil - iar street, and I
Freely
just can't seem to turn my - self a - round.
accel.
Con moto ♩= 52
Once all my days were sim - ple and straight: Mon-day to Sun-day,
mf


Straight ♪'s
Poco piu lento
seam - less - ly flow - ing. Fold-the-laun-dry days, din-ner's-read-y days... When did love stop
f
rit.
Dreamlike again but faster, Swing ♪'s ♩= 84
3
4
grow - ing? Now I hur - ry to the cor - ner where I
mp a tempo
know we'll meet. I see you, and my heart be - gins to pound.
Yes, I'm walk-ing the wrong way down a one - way street, and I


Freely
Straight ♪'s
just can't seem to turn my - self a - round.
molto accel.
Con moto ♩= 52
So man - y years in an end - less pa - rade. There for the laugh - ing and
mf
loco
there for the cry - ing. Milk - and - cook - ie years, bed - time - sto - ry years...
Come prima, Swing ♪'s ♩= 78
When did love start dy - ing? Ah but
f molto rit.
a tempo


you, you bring me mu - sic and the sound is sweet. I see rain-bows in the
mf
pud - dles on the ground. I'm walk-ing the wrong way down a
mp
Freely
one - way street, and I just can't seem to turn my - self a -
Rubato, delicato
round. Soon you'll be mov-ing a - way from my arms.
p colla voce


Con moto, Straight ♪'s
Young-er lips will kiss you, young-er arms en - fold you.
a tempo
Spring-and-sum-mer love, ev-er-af-ter love... That love will
mf
ff poco rit.
Swing ♪'s ♩= 78
hold you. That love will hold you, and I'm walk-ing the
a tempo
wrong way down a one - way street. I know I'm lost, but I hope I won't—


be found.
Walk-ing the wrong way down a one - way street, and I
mf
Freely
Molto rubato
just can't seem to turn, just can't seem to turn, just don't want to turn my-self a -
mp
colla voce
round.
♩= 72
p
a tempo
rall.
pp
8vb