

## The List Song

The list song is a song whose prime characteristic is lyric which features a list centered on a topic. Secondary characteristics vary, but might include: rapid tempo or pace, clever rhymes, minimal grammar and a sense of absurdity. But not all list songs are rapid, and some are serious. Often the *raison d'être* of a list song is to feature a performer or to show off a clever lyricist.

### Tips on constructing a List Song:

**Minimal grammar.** The focus and joy of a list song is a list itself, so more often than not there's a brief set up, but once the list itself begins, there isn't a lot of additional grammar. List songs are often constructed around phrases strung together with commas, rather than full sentences, or perhaps it's one long sentence with a single subject at either the head or the tail.

**Perfect prosody:** Syllables which don't align well with the music will often ruin a list song. Since the lyric is the focus of a list song, it demands perfect prosody. Extra syllables which are shoe-horned into the music are exceedingly distracting in a list song, perhaps more than any other lyric.

**Parallel construction:** Construct the set-up before the list proper in such a way that what follows is a series of grammatically parallel phrases: all verbs, or all nouns, or all gerunds, or all complete sentences. Once the list gets started, most of the time you won't want to start a new sentence, or change the subject or verb. Wherever possible, attempt to get the actual grammar of the idea set up before the list begins, so that the list itself can proceed without connecting words which don't belong to the list itself.

**Connecting words:** If it's not possible or desirable to get the grammar set-up before the list begins, attempt to find neutral connecting words which when repeated do not gain in meaning themselves, but merely drive to the list portion of the phrase. (Something familiar, Something peculiar, Something for everyone...)

**Stoppers:** Usually list songs are like runaway trains: once they begin, they don't stop until the ride is over. On occasion, a lyric might want a breathing point or

two. You might plan these stoppers in places which cause a feeling of structure, breaking the list into common ideas, or creating some refrain-sized musical ideas.

**Progressions.** For the most part, list songs don't utilize progressions. Part of the joy of a list song is its cumulative effect, rather than any given one of its parts. However, if there is a way to organize the list in such a way that it carries emotional growth, all the better, and so you might look to one of the traditional progressions for some underlying organizational structure. If you find, however, that what you have is truly a list and nothing but a list (say, of Russian composers' names), you might look to some *musical* progression: such as: 1) fast-faster-fastest; or 2) fast/fast/slow/fast, etc.

**Rhymes:** List songs, especially ones which are intended to be funny, tend to have an artificiality to them, and can usually withstand some overly-clever rhyme, or some impossibly-intricate internal rhyme, or even some forced rhyme, if appropriate.

**Paraphrase v. List.** We urge you not to confuse a list song with a string of paraphrases based on a topic sentence. A song which is constructed around paraphrases runs the risk of being static, and will outstay its welcome at the third or fourth iteration of the same idea. Look to genuine lists, or failing that, a sequences of images, or events which are tied together in some fashion (e.g., memory of a relationship). If you discover your lyric is merely restating a central sentence, you might look to a format different from a list song, and inject some variety or movement or progression.

**Novelty song factor.** Sometimes a list song exists merely to elicit the response of incredulity that such a song exists. The fact that an unsingable set of words has been set to music justifies its existence. File under "I can't believe they did that!"

I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General  
(W.S. Gilbert)

I am the very model of a modern Major-General,  
I've information vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights  
historical  
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;  
I'm very well acquainted, too, with matters  
mathematical,  
I understand equations, both the simple and  
quadratical,  
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o'  
news –  
With many cheerful facts about the square of the  
hypotenuse.  
With many cheerful facts about the square of the  
hypotenuse,  
With many cheerful facts about the square of the  
hypotenuse,  
With many cheerful facts about the square of the  
hypoten- potenuse.  
I'm very good at integral and differential calculus;  
I know the scientific names of beings animalculous:  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.

I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir  
Caradoc's;  
I answer hard acrostics, I've a pretty taste for  
paradox,  
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus,  
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous;  
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and  
Zoffanies,  
I know the croaking chorus from the Frogs of  
Aristophanes!  
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the  
music's din afore,  
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense  
Pinafore.  
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense  
Pinafore,  
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense  
Pinafore,  
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense  
Pina- Pinafore,

Then I can write a washing bill in Babylonian  
cuneiform,  
And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform:  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.  
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.

In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon"  
and "ravelin",  
When I can tell at sight a Mauser rifle from a javelin,  
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more  
wary at,  
And when I know precisely what is meant by  
"commissariat",  
When I have learnt what progress has been made in  
modern gunnery,  
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a  
nunnery;  
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental  
strategy,  
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a  
gee.  
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a  
gee,  
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a  
gee,  
You'll say a better Major-General has never sat a, sat  
a gee.

For my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and  
adventury,  
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the  
century;  
But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
I am the very model of a modern Major-General.  
But still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral,  
He is the very model of a modern Major-General.

## The Elements

(Tom Lehrer)

There's antimony, arsenic, aluminum, selenium,  
And hydrogen and oxygen and nitrogen and rhenium  
And nickel, neodymium, neptunium, germanium,  
And iron, americium, ruthenium, uranium,  
Europium, zirconium, lutetium, vanadium  
And lanthanum and osmium and astatine and radium  
And gold, protactinium and indium and gallium  
And iodine and thorium and thulium and thallium.  
There's yttrium, ytterbium, actinium, rubidium  
And boron, gadolinium, niobium, iridium  
And strontium and silicon and silver and samarium,  
And bismuth, bromine, lithium, beryllium and  
barium.  
There's holmium and helium and hafnium and  
erbium  
And phosphorous and francium and fluorine and  
terbium  
And manganese and mercury, molybdenum,  
magnesium,  
Dysprosium and scandium and cerium and cesium  
And lead, praseodymium, platinum, plutonium,  
Palladium, promethium, potassium, polonium,  
Tantalum, technetium, titanium, tellurium,  
And cadmium and calcium and chromium and  
curium.  
There's sulfur, californium and fermium, berkelium  
And also mendelevium, einsteinium and nobelium  
And argon, krypton, neon, radon, xenon, zinc and  
rhodium  
And chlorine, cobalt, carbon, copper,  
Tungsten, tin and sodium.  
These are the only ones of which the news has come  
to Harvard,  
And there may be many others but they haven't been  
discovered.

## "Tchaikowsky and Other Russians"

(Ira Gershwin, *Lady in the Dark*)

VERSE:

Without the least excuse  
Or the slightest provocation,  
May I fondly introduce,  
For your mental delectation,  
The names that always give me a concussion,  
The names of those composers known as Russian.

REFRAIN

There's Malichevsky, Rubinstein, Arensky, and  
Tchaikowsky,  
Sapelnikov, Dimitriev, Tscherepnin, Kryjanowsky,  
Godowsky, Arteibouchev, Moniuszko, Akimenko,  
Soloviev, Prokofiev, Tiomkin, Korestchenko.

There's Glinka, Winkler, Bortniansky, Rebikov,  
Ilyinsky,  
There's Medtner, Balakirev, Zolotarev, and  
Kvoschinsky.  
And Sokolov and Kopylov, Dukelsky, and  
Klenowsky,  
And Shostakovitsch, Borodine, Glière, and  
Nowakofski.

There's Liadov and Karganov, Markievitch,  
Pantschenko  
And Dargomyzski, Stcherbatchev, Scriabine,  
Vassilenko,  
Stravinsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Mussorgsky, and  
Gretchaninov  
And Glazounov and Caeser Cui, Kalinikov,  
Rachmaninov,

Stravinsky and Gretchnaninov,  
Rumshinsky and Rachmaninov,  
I really have to stop, the subject has been dwelt  
Upon enough!

ENSEMBLE: Stravinsky!

RINGMASTER: Gretchaninoff!

ENSEMBLE: Rumshinsky!

RINGMASTER: Rachmaninoff!

ENSEMBLE: He'd better stop because we feel we all  
have under-  
Gone enough!

Van Lingle Mungo  
(Dave Frischberg)

Heeney Majeski  
Johnny Gee  
Eddie Joost  
Johnny Pesky  
Thornton Lee  
Danny Gardella  
Van Lingle Mungo  
Whitey Kurowski  
Max Lanier  
Eddie Waitkus  
Johnny Vander Meer  
Bob Estalella  
Van Lingle Mungo  
Augie Bergamo  
Sigmund Jakucki  
Big Johnny Mize  
and  
Barney Mccosky  
Hal Trosky  
Augie Galan  
and  
Pinky May  
Stan Hack  
and  
Frenchy Bordagaray  
Phil Cavarretta  
George Mcquinn  
Howard Pollet  
and  
Early Wynn  
Roy Campanella  
Van Lingle Mungo  
Augie Bergamo  
Sigmund Jakucki  
Big Johnny Mize  
and  
Barney Mccosky  
Hal Trosky  
John Antonelli  
Ferris Fain  
Frankie Crosetti  
Johnny Sain  
Harry Brecheen  
and  
Lou Boudreau  
Frankie Gustine  
and  
Claude Passeau  
Eddie Basinski

Ernie Lombardi  
Huey Mulcahy  
Van Lingle  
Van Lingle Mungo

The Naming of Ants  
(Ken Neufeld)

The way they name ants these days!  
Plagiolepis, Dolichoderus, Tetramorium.  
Pogonomyrex, Myrmecocystus, Monomorium.

Salomomis, Leptothorax, Camponotus.  
Atta Texana, Solenopsis Saevisissima.  
And my favorite: Iridomyrmex Humilis.  
What ever happened to names like Bill and Dave?

The Happy Time  
(Fred Ebb, *The Happy Time*)

Remember the Christmas morning long ago,  
The frosted glass, the dancing snow,  
The happy time?  
Remember the painted horse, the carousel,  
The choc`late kiss, the caramel,  
The happy time?  
Remember the pale pink sky,  
Your first Easter hat?  
And if you should ask me why,  
The reason I ask you this is that  
I want to remember you  
Remembering the happy time.  
Remember the day you found the dollar bill,  
Or roller skating down the hill,  
The happy time?  
Remember the compliment you once received,  
The lie you told they all believed,  
The happy time?  
Remember your first school play,  
The sound of applause?  
Why do I go on this way?  
I`m only reminding you because  
I want to remember you  
Remembering the happy time.  
Remember the dearest love you ever knew,  
The day she said, `hello` to you.  
The happy time?  
Remember the tulip trees you walked among,  
The game was old, the player young,  
The happy time?  
Remember a long deep sigh,  
A tentative kiss?

And if you should ask me why,  
The reason I ask you that is this:  
I'm longing to see you smile  
And hear you laugh  
So I can have the photograph  
And remember you.  
Remembering the happy time.

You're the Top!

(Cole Porter, *You're the Top*)

At words poetic, I'm so pathetic  
That I always have found it best,  
Instead of getting 'em off my chest,  
To let 'em rest unexpressed.  
I hate parading my serenading  
As I'll probably miss a bar,  
But if this ditty is not so pretty  
At least it'll tell you  
How great you are.

You're the top!  
You're the Coliseum,  
You're the top!  
You're the Louvre Museum.  
You're a melody from a symphony by Strauss  
You're a Bendel bonnet,  
A Shakespeare's sonnet,  
You're Mickey Mouse.  
You're the Nile,  
You're the Tower of Pisa,  
You're the smile on the Mona Lisa  
I'm a worthless check, a total wreck, a flop,  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom you're the top!

Your words poetic are not pathetic.  
On the other hand, babe, you shine,  
And I can feel after every line  
A thrill divine  
Down my spine.  
Now gifted humans like Vincent Youmans  
Might think that your song is bad,  
But I got a notion  
I'll second the motion  
And this is what I'm going to add;

You're the top!  
You're Mahatma Gandhi.  
You're the top!  
You're Napoleon Brandy.  
You're the purple light

Of a summer night in Spain,  
You're the National Gallery  
You're Garbo's salary,  
You're cellophane.  
You're sublime,  
You're a turkey dinner,  
You're the time of the Derby winner.  
I'm a toy balloon that is fated soon to pop  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
You're the top!

You're the top!  
You're a Ritz hot toddy.  
You're the top!  
You're a Brewster body.  
You're the boats that glide  
On the sleepy Zuider Zee,  
You're a Nathan panning,  
You're Bishop Manning,  
You're broccoli!  
You're a prize,  
You're a night at Coney,  
You're the eyes of Irene Bordoni.  
I'm a broken doll,  
A fol-de-rol, a blop,  
But if, Baby, I'm the bottom,  
You're the top!  
You're the top!  
You're a dance in Bali.  
You're the top!  
You're a hot tamale.  
You're an angel, you,  
Simply too, too, too diveen,  
You're a Boticcelli,  
You're Keats,  
You're Shelley,

You're Ovaltine.  
You're a boon,  
You're the dam at Boulder.  
You're the moon,  
Over Mae West's shoulder.  
I'm the nominee of the G.O.P.  
Or GOP!

But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
You're the top!

You're the top!  
You're an Arrow collar.  
You're the top!  
You're a Coolidge dollar.  
You're the nimble tread

Of the feet of Fred Astaire,  
You're an O'Neill drama,

You're Whistler's mama,

You're Camembert.

You're a rose,  
You're Inferno's Dante.

You're the nose  
On the great Durante.  
I'm just in the way,  
As the French would say, "de trop."  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
You're the top!

You're the top!  
You're the Towel of Babel,  
You're the top  
You're the Whitney stable  
By the river Rhine you're a sturdy stein of beer.  
You're a dress from Saks's,  
You're next year's taxes,  
You're stratosphere!  
You're my fuyst,  
You're a drumstick lipstick.  
You're da foist  
In da Irish svipstick.  
I'm a frightened frog that can find no log to hop  
But if baby I'm the bottom  
You're the top!  
You're the top!  
You're a Waldorf salad.  
You're the top!  
You're a Berlin ballad.  
You're a baby grand  
Of a lady and a gent.  
You're an old Dutch master,

You're Mrs. Astor,  
You're Pepsodent!  
You're romance,  
You're the steppes of Russia,  
You're the pants  
On a Roxy usher.  
I'm a lazy lout that's just about to stop  
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,  
You're the top!

Comedy Tonight  
(Stephen Sondheim, *Forum*)

Something familiar,  
Something peculiar,  
Something for everyone:  
A comedy tonight!  
Something appealing,  
Something appalling.  
Something for everyone:  
A comedy tonight!  
Nothing with kings.  
Nothing with crowns.  
Bring on the lovers, liars, and clowns!  
Old situations,  
New complications,  
Nothing portentous  
Or polite;  
Tragedy tomorrow,  
Comedy tonight!

Something convulsive,  
Something repulsive,  
Something for everyone:  
A comedy tonight!  
Something esthetic,  
Something frenetic,  
Something for everyone:  
A comedy tonight!  
Nothing of gods,  
nothing of Fate.  
Weighty affairs will just have to wait.  
Nothing that's formal,  
Nothing that's normal,  
No recitations to recite!  
Open up the curtain!  
Comedy tonight!

Something erratic,  
Something dramatic,  
Something for everyone:  
A comedy tonight!  
Frenzy and frolic,  
Strictly symbolic,  
Something for everyone:  
A comedy tonight!

Something that's gaudy,  
Something that's bawdy,  
Something for everybawdy:  
Comedy tonight!  
Nothing that's grim,  
Nothing that's Greek!  
She Medea later this week.  
Stunning surprises

Cunning disguises,  
Hundreds of actors out of sight!

Pantaloon and tunics!  
Courtesans and eunuchs!  
Funerals and chases!  
Baritones and basses!  
Panderers!  
Philanderers!  
Cupidity!  
Timidity!  
Mistakes!  
Fakes!  
Rhymes!  
Mimes!  
Tumblers!  
Grumblers!  
Fumblers!  
Bumblers!  
No royal curse,  
No Trojan horse,  
And a happy ending, of course!  
Goodness and badness,  
Man in his madness:  
This time it all turns out all right!  
Tragedy tomorrow!  
Comedy tonight!

### America

(Stephen Sondheim, *West Side Story*)

Puerto Rico,  
You lovely island,  
Island of tropical breezes.  
Always the pineapples growing,  
Always the coffee blossoms blowing.  
Puerto Rico,  
You ugly island,  
Island of tropic diseases.  
Always the hurricanes blowing,  
Always the populations growing,  
And the money owing,  
And the babies crying,  
And the bullets flying.  
I like the island Manhattan.  
Smoke on your pipe and put that in.  
I like to be in America!  
O.K. by me in America!  
Everything free in America  
For a small fee in America!

I like the city of San Juan.

I know a boat you can get on.  
Hundreds of flowers in full bloom.  
Hundreds of people in each room!

Automobile in America,  
Chromium steel in America.  
Wire-spoke wheel in America,  
Very big deal in America!

I'll drive a Buick through San Juan.  
If there's a road you can drive on.  
I'll give my cousins a free ride.  
How you get all of them inside?

Immigrant goes to America,  
Many hellos in America,  
Nobody knows in America,  
Puerto Rico's in America!

I'll bring T.V. to San Juan.  
If there's a current to turn on!  
I'll give them new washing machine.  
What have they got there to keep clean?

I like the shores of America!  
Comfort is yours in America!  
Knobs on the doors in America,  
Wall-to-wall floors in America!

When I will go back to San Juan.  
When you shut up and get gone?  
Everyone there will give big cheer!  
Everyone there will have moved here!

I like to be in America!  
O.K. by me in America!  
Everything free in America  
For a small fee in America!

There is Nothing Like a Dame  
(Oscar Hammerstein, *South Pacific*)

We got sunlight on the sand,  
We got moonlight on the sea,  
We got mangoes and bananas  
You can pick right off a tree,  
We got volleyball and ping-pong  
And a lot of dandy games.  
What ain't we got?  
We ain't got dames!

We get packages from home,  
We get movies, we get shows,  
We get speeches from our skipper  
And advice from Tokyo Rose,  
We get letters doused wit' poifume,  
We get dizzy from the smell.  
What don't we get?  
You know damn well!

We have nothin' to put on a clean white suit for.  
What we need is what there ain't no substitute for.

There is nothin' like a dame.  
Nothin' in the world!  
There is nothin' you can name  
That is anythin' like a dame.

We feel restless,  
We feel blue,  
We feel lonely and, in brief,  
We feel every kind of feelin'  
But the feelin' of relief.  
We feel hungry as the wolf felt  
When he met Red Riding Hood.  
What don't we feel?  
We don't feel good!

Lots of things in life are beautiful, but, brother,  
There is one particular thing that is nothin'  
whatsoever  
In any way, shape, or form like any other.

There is nothin' like a dame.  
Nothin' in the world!  
There is nothin' you can name  
That is anythin' like a dame.

Nothin' else is built the same!  
Nothin' in the world  
Has a soft and wavy frame

Like the silhouette of a dame.  
There is absolutely nothin' like the frame of a dame!  
So suppose a dame ain't bright,  
Or completely free from flaws,  
Or as faithful as a bird dog,  
Or as kind as Santa Claus.  
It's a waste of time to worry  
Over things that they have not;  
Be thankful for  
The things they got!

There is nothin' like a dame.  
Nothin' in the world.  
There is nothin' you can name  
That is anythin' like a dame.

There are no books like a dame  
And nothin' looks like a dame.  
There are no drinks like a dame  
And nothin' thinks like a dame,  
Nothin' acts like a dame  
Or attracts like a dame.  
There ain't a thing that's wrong with any man here  
That can't be cured by puttin' him near  
A girly, womanly, female, feminine dame!

La Vie Boheme  
(Jonathan Larson, *Rent*)

MARK  
Dearly beloved we gather here to say our goodbyes

COLLINS & ROGER  
Dies irae dies illa  
Kyrie eleison  
Yitgadal v' yitkadash, etc.

MARK  
Here she lies  
No one knew her worth  
The late great daughter of mother earth  
On this night when we celebrate the birth  
In that little town of Bethlehem  
We raise our glass- you bet your ass to-  
(MAUREEN flashes hers)  
La vie Boheme

ALL  
La vie Boheme  
La vie Boheme  
La vie Boheme  
La vie Boheme

MARK  
To days of inspiration  
Playing hooky, making something out of nothing  
The need to express  
To communicate,  
To going against the grain,  
Going insane  
Going mad

To loving tension, no pension  
To more than one dimension,  
To starving for attention,  
Hating convention, hating pretension  
Not to mention of course,  
Hating dear old mom and dad

To riding your bike,  
Midday past the three- piece suits  
To fruits to no absolutes  
To Absolute- to choice  
To the Village Voice  
To any passing fad  
To being an us-for once-, instead of a them -

ALL

La vie Boheme  
La vie Boheme

(JOANNE enters)

MAUREEN  
Is the equipment in a pyramid?

JOANNE  
It is, Maureen

MAUREEN  
The mixer doesn't have a case  
Don't give me that face

(MAUREEN smacks JOANNE's ass as she exits.  
MR. GREY reacts)

MR. GREY  
Ahhemm

MAUREEN  
Hey Mister- she's my sister

RESTAURANT MAN  
So that's five miso soup, four seaweed salad  
Three soy burger dinner, two tofu dog platter  
And one pasta with meatless balls

A BOY  
Ugh

COLLINS  
It tastes the same

MIMI  
If you close your eyes

RESTAURANT MAN  
And thirteen orders of fries  
Is that it here?

ALL  
Wine and beer!

MIMI & ANGEL  
To hand-crafted beers made in local breweries  
To yoga, to yogurt, to rice and beans and cheese  
To leather, to dildos, to curry vindaloo  
To huevos rancheros and Maya Angelou

MAUREEN & COLLINS  
Emotion, devotion, to causing a commotion

Creation, vacation

MARK

Mucho masturbation

MAUREEN & COLLINS

Compassion, to fashion, to passion when it's new

COLLINS

To Sontag

ANGEL

To Sondheim

FOUR PEOPLE

To anything taboo

COLLINS & ROGER

Ginsberg, Dylan, Cunningham and Cage

COLLINS

Lenny Bruce

ROGER

Langston Hughes

MAUREEN

To the stage

PERSON #1

To Uta

PERSON #2

To Buddha

PERSON #3

Pablo Neruda, too

MARK & MIMI

Why Dorothy and Toto went over the rainbow

To blow off Auntie Em

ALL

La vie Boheme

(JOANNE returns)

MAUREEN

And wipe the speakers off before you pack

JOANNE

Yes, Maureen

MAUREEN

Well - hurry back

(MAUREEN and JOANNE kiss)

MR. GREY

Sisters?

MAUREEN

We're close

(ANGEL jumps on top of COLLINS, who's on the table. They kiss)

ANGEL, COLLINS, MAUREEN, MARK, MR. GREY

Brothers!

MARK, ANGEL, MIMI & THREE OTHERS

Bisexuals, trisexuals, homo sapiens,  
Carcinogens, hallucinogens, men, Pee Wee Herman  
German wine, turpentine, Gertrude Stein  
Antonioni, Bertolucci, Kurosawa  
Carmina Burana

ALL

To apathy, to entropy, to empathy, ecstasy  
Vaclav Havel - The Sex Pistols, 8BC,  
To no shame - never playing the Fame Game

COLLINS

To marijuana

ALL

To sodomy,  
It's between God and me  
To S & M

(MR. GREY walks out)

BENNY

Waiter...Waiter...Waiter

ALL

La vie Boheme

### My Favorite Things

(Oscar Hammerstein, *The Sound of Music*)

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

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

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

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

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### Money Isn't Everything

(Oscar Hammerstein, *Allegro*)

Money isn't everything.  
What can money buy?  
An automobile, so you won't get wet;  
Champagne, so you won't get dry.  
Money isn't everything.  
What have rich folks got?  
A Florida home, so you won't get cold;  
A yacht so you won't get hot;  
An orchid or two,  
So you won't feel blue  
If you have to go out at night;  
And maybe a jar  
Of caviar,  
So your appetite won't be light.  
Oil tycoon and cattle king,  
Radio troubadour,  
Belittle the fun that their fortunes bring  
And tell you that they are sure  
Money isn't everything!

Money isn't everything,  
Money isn't everything  
Unless you're very poor!

Can money make you honest?  
Can it teach you right from wrong?  
Can money keep you healthy?  
Can it make your muscles strong?  
Can money make your eyes get red,  
The way they get from sewing?  
Can money make your back get sore,  
The way it gets from mowing?  
Can money make your hands get rough,  
As washing dishes does?  
Can money make you smell the way  
That cooking fishes does?  
It may buy you gems and fancy clothes  
And juicy steaks to carve,  
But it cannot build your character  
Or teach you how to starve!

Money isn't everything.  
If you're rich, you pay  
Elizabeth Arden to do your face  
The night you attend a play.  
Feeling like the bloom of spring,  
Down the aisle you float,  
A Tiffany ring, and a Cartier string  
Of pearls to adorn your throat.

Your Carnegie dress  
Will be more or less  
Of a handkerchief round your hip,  
Sewed on to you so  
That your slip won't show.  
And whatever you show won't slip.  
To your creamy shoulders cling  
Ermines white as snow.  
Then on to cafe's where they sway and swing,  
You go with your wealthy beau.  
There you'll hear a crooner sing:  
"Money isn't everything!"

Money isn't everything,  
As long as you have dough!

These Foolish Things  
(Eric Maschwitz)

Oh! will you never let me be?  
Oh! will you never set me free?  
The ties that bound us  
Are still around is,  
There's no escape that I can see.  
And still those little things remain,  
That bring me happiness or pain.

Refrain 1:

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces,  
An airline ticket to romantic places,  
And still my heart has wings.  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you.  
A tinkling piano in the next apartment,  
Those stumbling words that told you what my heart  
meant,  
A fairground's painted swings,  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you.  
You came, you saw, you conquer'd me;  
When you did that to me,  
I knew somehow this had to be.  
The winds of March that make my heart a dancer,  
A telephone that rings, but who's to answer?  
Oh, how the ghost of you clings!  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you.

Refrain 2:

First daffodils and long excited cables,  
And candle light on little corner tables,

And still my heart has wings.  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you.  
The park at evening when the bell has sounded,  
The "Ile de France" with all the gulls around it,  
The beauty that is Spring's,  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you.  
How strange, how sweet,  
To find you still;  
These things are dear to me,  
They seem to bring you near to me.  
The sigh of midnight trains in empty stations.  
Silk stockings thrown aside, dance invitations.  
Oh, how the ghost of you clings!  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you.

Refrain 3:

Gardenia perfume lingering on a pillow,  
Wild strawberries only seven francs a kilo,  
And still my heart has wings  
These foolish things remind me of you.  
The smile of Garbo and the scent of roses,  
The waiters whistling as the last bar closes,  
The song that Crosby sings,  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you.  
How strange, how sweet,  
To find you still;  
These things are dear to me,  
They seem to bring you near to me.  
The scent of smoldering leaves, the wail of streamers,  
Two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers.  
Oh, how the ghost of you clings!  
These foolish things  
Remind me of you.

Another Hundred People

(Stephen Sondheim, *Company*)

Another hundred people just got off of the train  
And came up through the ground,  
While another hundred people just got off of the bus  
And are looking around  
At another hundred people who got off of the plane  
And are 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, some to stay.  
And every day  
The ones who stay  
Can find each other in the crowded streets and the  
guarded parks,  
By the rusty fountains and the dusty trees with the  
battered barks,  
And they walk together past upholstered walls with  
the crude remarks.  
And they meet at parties through the friends of  
friends who they never  
know.

"Do I pick you up or do I meet you there or shall we  
let it go?"

"Did you get my message? 'Cause I looked in vain."

"Can we see each other Tuesday if it doesn't rain?"

"Look, I'll call you in the morning or my service will  
explain."

And another hundred people just got off of the train.

It's a city of strangers,  
Some come to work, some to play.  
A city of strangers,  
Some come to stare, some to stay.  
And every day  
Some go away  
Or they find each other in the crowded streets and the  
guarded parks,  
By the rusty fountains and the dusty trees with the  
battered barks,  
And they walk together past upholstered walls with  
the crude remarks.  
And they meet at parties through the friends of  
friends who they never  
know.

"Do I pick you up or do I meet you there or shall we  
let it go?"

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And another hundred people just got off of the train.  
And another hundred people just got off of the train,  
And another hundred people just got off of the train,  
And another hundred people just got off of the train.  
Another hundred people just got off of the train.

I'm Still Here

(Stephen Sondheim, *Follies*)

Good times and bum times,  
I've seen them all and, my dear,  
I'm still here.  
Plush velvet sometimes,  
Sometimes just pretzels and beer,  
But I'm here.  
I've stuffed the dailies  
In my shoes.  
Strummed ukuleles,  
Sung the blues,  
Seen all my dreams disappear,  
But I'm here.  
I've slept in shanties,  
Guest of the W.P.A.,  
But I'm here.  
Danced in my scanties,  
Three bucks a night was the pay,  
But I'm here.  
I've stood on bread lines  
With the best,  
Watched while the headlines  
Did the rest.  
In the Depression was I depressed?  
Nowhere near.  
I met a big financier  
And I'm here.  
I've been through Gandhi,  
Windsor and Wally's affair,  
And I'm here.  
Amos 'n' Andy,  
Mah-jongg and platinum hair,  
And I'm here.  
I got through Abie's  
Irish Rose,  
Five Dionne babies,  
Major Bowes,  
Had heebie-jeebies  
For Beebe's

Bathysphere.  
I lived through Brenda Frazier  
And I'm here.  
I've gotten through Herbert and J. Edgar Hoover,  
Gee, that was fun and a half.  
When you've been through Herbert and J. Edgar Hoover,  
Anything else is a laugh.  
I've been through Reno.  
I've been through Beverly Hills,  
And I'm here.  
Reefers and vino,  
Rest cures, religion and pills,  
And I'm here  
Been called a pinko  
Commie tool,  
Got through it stinko  
By my pool.  
I should have gone to an acting school.  
That seems clear,  
Still, someone said, "She's sincere,"  
So I'm here.  
Black sable one day.  
Next day it goes into hock,  
But I'm here.  
Top billing Monday,  
Tuesday you're touring in stock,  
But I'm here.  
First you're another  
Sloe-eyed vamp,  
Then someone's mother,  
Then you're camp.  
Then you career from career  
To career.  
I'm almost through my memoirs.  
And I'm here.  
I've gotten through "Hey, lady, aren't you whoozis?  
Wow! What a looker you were."  
Or, better yet, "Sorry, I thought you were whoozis.  
Whatever happened to her?"  
Good times and bum times,  
I've seen 'em all and, my dear,  
I'm still here.  
Flush velvet sometimes,  
Sometimes just pretzels and beer,  
But I'm here.  
I've run the gamut.  
A to Z.  
Three cheers and dammit,  
C'est la vie.  
I got through all of last year  
And I'm here.  
Lord knows, at least I was there,

And I'm here!  
Look who's here!  
I'm still here!

They Can't Take That Away from Me  
(Ira Gershwin)

Our romance won't end on a sorrowful note,  
Though by tomorrow you're gone;  
The song is ended, but as the songwriters wrote,  
"The melody lingers on."  
They may take you from me,  
I'll miss your fond caress,  
But though they take you from me,  
I'll still possess:

The way you wear your hat,  
The way you sip your tea,  
The memory of all that,  
No, no! They can't take that away from me!  
The way your smile just beams,  
The way you sing off-key,  
The way you haunt my dreams,  
No, no! They can't take that away from me!  
We may never, never meet again  
On the bumpy road to love,  
Still I'll always, always keep  
The memory of  
The way you hold your knife,  
The way we danced till three,  
The way you've changed my life:  
No, no! They can't take that away from me!  
No! They can't take that away from me!