

92 (BOWERY BEAUTIES)

93 94 95 96 97

knock - ing on my door. You are - n't wel - come here no more.

JACK:

8 I got no use for moon - light

w/ Vn, "Harp"

mp "Harp", Cello Wood Block

98 99 100 101 102 103

I should have known you stunk like yes - ter-day's trash the

or sap - py po et -

Clar

p

Wood Block

104 105 106 107 108 109

night you stole my heart plus for-ty dol-lars in cash. Turns out my beau is just—some bum.

ry. Love at first

110 111 112 113 114 115

— Turns out that love ain't blind, — it's dumb. — You

sight's — for suck — ers, — at least it

116 117 118 119 120 121

nev-er told the truth or worked a day in your life. In fact, you're so re-vol-tin' I feel

used to be.

122 123 124 125 126 127

bad for your wife. I won't be shav-ing your back an-y-more. No, *señ-or*. Don't come a-

KATHERINE: What are you doing? JACK: Quiet down. There's a show going on.

Clar + Bells

w/ Stgs, "Warm Stgs"

+Tbn