

Soundtrack: A Chorus Line

"And"

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Bobby:

Well, to begin with, I come from this quasi-middle-upper or upper-middle class, family-type-home. I could never figure out which but it was real boring. I mean, we had money - but no taste. You know the kind of house - Astroturf on the patio? Anyway my mother had a lot of card parties and was one of the foremost bridge cheaters in America. My father worked for this big corporation. They used to send him out into the field a lot - to drink. Better that than to find him lying on his office floor! But he was okay! I was the strange one.

Zach:

How strange?

Bobby:

Real, real strange. I used to love to give garage recitals. BIZARRE recitals. This one time I was doing Frankenstein as a musicale and I spray-painted this kid silver - all over. They had to rush him to the hospital. 'Cause he had that thing when your pores can't breathe! He lived 'cause luckily I didn't paint the soles of his feet. And! (He goes into pantomime)

Richie:

And!

What if I'm next?

What if I'm next?

What am I gonna do?

I haven't got a clue.

I gotta think of something.

What does he want?

What does he want?

Stories from the past.

I better find one fast.

Maggie, Greg, Bebe, Richie, Val, Paul

What should I say?

What can I tell him?

Bobby:

(Out of pantomime, spoken) As I got older I kept getting stranger and stranger, I to go down to this Busy intersection near my house rush hour and direct traffic. I just wanted To see if anybody'd notice me. That's when I started breaking people's houses -- oh, I didn't steal anything --just re-arrange their furniture. Andâ€¦
(He goes into pantomime)

Val:

Andâ€¦
Orphan at three,
Orphan at three.
Mother and dad both gone.
Raised by a sweet ex-con.
Tied up and raped at seven.
Seriously!
Seriously!
Nothing too obscene!
I'd better keep it clean

Don, Connie, Sheila, Richie, Val, Diana:

What should I say?
What can I tell him?

Bobby:

(Out of pantomime, spoken) School? You wanna hear about school? I went to P.S. Shit. See, I was the kind of kid that was always getting slammed into lockers and stuff like that. Not only by students -- by the teachers too. Oh and I hated sports, hated sports. And sports were very big. I mean, it was jock city, but I didn't make one team. See I couldn't catch a ball if it had Elmer's Glue on it. And didn't my father have to be this big ex-football hero, he was so humiliated, he didn't know what to tell his friends. So he told 'em all I had polio. On father's day I'd to limp for him. (He demonstrates) Andâ€¦. (He goes into pantomime)

Judy:

Andâ€¦.
God, I'm a wreck.
God, I'm a wreck.
I don't know where to start.
I'm gonna fall apart.
Where are my childhood memories?
Who were the boys?
What were my toys?
Gone beyond recall!
And why am I so tall?!!
What should I say?

Val, Richie, Maggie, Connie, Judy, Diana, Mike
What can I tell him?

Judy:
Andâ€¦.

Connie and Maggie:
Andâ€¦.

Richie
Andâ€¦.

Val and Diana:
Andâ€¦.

Bobby
(out of pantomime, spoken) And my mother kept
saying: "If you don't stop setting your brother on fire,
we're going to have to send you away." And I was
always thinking up these spectacular ways how to kill
myself. But then I realized -- to commit suicide in
Buffalo is redundant!

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