Andrew Lloyd Webber "Why Does She Love Me"

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One more Oh, buddy, don't you think you've had enough? It's practically morning already One more, I said Alright, alright

My shift is over anyway, so let's settle the bill, okay? Jeez, you're in a bad way ain't you? Worse than most that end up here Here's the morning shift, maybe he'll know what to do with you

Yes, what to do with me That's the question, isn't it? That's always been the question Ever since the beginning

She looks for sympathy I give her sorrow She asks for honesty I've none to borrow

She needs my tender kiss She begs it off me I give her ugliness Why does she love me?

She yearns for higher things Things I can't give her The rush that music brings I can't deliver

And even when she sings And soars above me I try to clip her wings Why does she love me?

One more drink, sir That's what I need Don't you think, sir? Leave the hurt behind Do you hear me? Another drink

She wants the man I was Husband and father At least, she thinks she does She needn't bother

Beneath this mask I wear There's nothing of me Just horror, shame, despair Why does she love me?

How 'bout you, sir? Tell me what am I to do, sir? Leave the hurt behind

Morning, Bernie, coffee please Hurry up before I freeze I'll just take it black

Mother said, I'd find you here Miss Giry Do you know where you are? Hell, I imagine

Around here they call it suicide hall It's where people end up When they don't know where else to go

The hopeless, the desperate The good place to step off the side Of the pier and quietly vanish You seem to be a regular Me? I come here to swim

This town is coarse and cold and mean It's hard to keep your conscience clean Faceless in the crowd Anything's allowed

And so I come at dawn each day Come to wash it all away Sink into the sea, blue and cool and kind Let it set me free, let the past unwind Leave the hurt behind

You should never have come to America It's not a place for people like you and Christine It's too easy to forget who you are and where you belong That's why Mother says you must leave here Now, take your wife and the boy and go

Leave? What about tonight? The concert, the money? Am I to just run away from him? When the sun rises tomorrow We can all start again, clean

Sail across the sea Put us out of mind Close your eyes and flee Let yourself stay blind Leave this place behind

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