

Chorus Line

"Nothing"

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I'm so excited because I'm gonna go to the High School
of Performing
Arts, I mean I was dying to be a serious actress.
Anyway, it's our first day acting class and we're in the
auditorium and
the teacher, Mr. Karp, puts us upon the stage with
our legs around everybody, one in back of the other,
and he says:
"Okay, we're gonna do improvisations...Now, you're on
a
bobsled and it's snowing out and it's cold... Okay,
go!"Ev'ryday for a week we would try to feel the
motion,Feel the motion down the hill.Ev'ry day for a
week we would try to hear the wind rushHear the wind
rush, feel the chillAnd I dug right down to the bottom of
my soul To see what I had inside.Yes, I dug right down
to the bottom of my soul And I tried, I tried!And
everybody goin' "Woosh... woosh ... I feel the snow, I
feel the
cold,I feel the air..." And Mr. Karp turns to me and he
says: "Okay,
Morales, what did you feel?"And I said... "Nothing, I'm
feeling nothing,"And he says "Nothing could get a girl
transferred."They all felt something, but I felt
nothingExcept the feelin' that this bullshit was
absurd!But I said to myself, "Hey, it's only the first
week. Maybe it's
genetic, They don't have bobsleds in San Juan!"Second
week, more advanced, And we had to be a table, Be a
sportscar,
Ice-cream cone.Mister Karp, he would say, "Very good,
except Morales.Try, Morales, all alone."And I dug right
down to the bottom of my soul To see how an ice cream
felt... Yes, I dug right down to the bottom of my soul
And I tried to melt!The kids yelled, "Nothing!" They
called me "Nothing"And Karp allowed it, which really
makes me burn.They were so helpful, they called me
"Hopeless",Until I really didn't know where else to
turn.And Karp kept saying, "Morales, I think you should
transfer to Girl's
High, You'll never be an actress, Never!" Jesus

Christ!Went to church, praying, Santa Maria, Send me
guidance,Send me guidance on my knees.Went to
church praying, Santa Maria, Help me feel it,Help me
feel it pretty please.And a voice from down at the
bottom of my soulCame up to the top of my headAnd a
voice from down at the bottom of my soul, Here is what
it said:This man is nothing! This course is nothing!If
you want something go find another class.And when
you find one You'll be an actress.And I assure you
that's what fin'lly came to pass.Six months later I heard
that Karp had died.And I dug right down to the bottom
of my soul And cried...'Cause I felt nothing.

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