

A.C.T. "The Money Tree"

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Music by: John Kander Lyrics by: Fred Ebb

The day will come
He'll come running to me
The day the sun turns black
And there's a money tree

The day will come
He'll be changing his tune
When there's a granite lake
And a cotton moon

And I listen
To all of his
Sorryful pleas
And I'll forgive him
And life will be cool as a breeze
When the rain falls up!

The day will come
He'll come back to my arms
And the slate is clean
When the snow is green

And we'll share a love
Idealic, and final, and free
Yeah the time will come
When he'll never stray
On a never gone
Of a never day
When the green dollar fits
On the silver money tree
That old money tree
Oh, yeah!

A granite lake
And a cotton moon
And he'll tremble, and stammer
And say he was wrong
And together is how we will always belong
When the earth stands still

The day will come

He'll come back to my arms
And forget the past
When a snail runs after (Sharili)*

Idealic, and final, and free
Yeah, the time will come
When he'll never stray
On the never gone
Of the never day
When we all take turns
On the silver money tree
He'll come back to me

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