

# John Gallagher & Lauren Pritchard

## "Don't Do Sadness/Blue Wind"

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MORITZ

Awful sweet to be a little butterfly.  
Just wingin' over things  
And nothing deep inside.  
Nothing goin', goin' wild in you, you know.  
You're slowing by the riverside,  
Or floatin' high and blue.

Or may be cool to be a little summer wind.  
Like once through everything  
And then away again.  
With the taste of dust in your mouth all day  
But no need to know.  
Like sadness, you just sail away.

'Cuz you know I don't do sadness,  
Not even a little bit.  
Just don't need it in my life.  
Don't want any part of it.  
I don't do sadness.  
Hey, I've done my time  
Lookin' back on it all.  
Man, it blows my mind.  
I don't do sadness,  
So been there.  
Don't do sadness,  
Just don't care.

(Scene)

ILSE

Spring and summer ev'ry other day  
Blue wind gets so sad  
Blowin' through the thick corn,  
Through the bales of hay,  
Through the open books on the grass  
Spring and summer

Sure, when it's autumn  
Wind always wants to  
Creep up and haunt you  
Whistlin' it's got you

With it's heartache, with it's sorrow  
Winter wind sings and it cries

Spring and summer ev'ry other day  
Blue wind gets so pained  
Blowin' through the thick corn,  
Through the bales of hay,  
Through the sudden drift of the rain  
Spring and summer.

(Scene)

MORITZ

So maybe I should be some kind of laundry line.  
Hang their things on me  
And I will swing 'em dry.  
You're just wavin' the sun through the afternoon,  
And then see, they come to set you free  
Beneath the risin' moon.

MORITZ (With ILSE)

'Cuz you know I don't do sadness,  
Not even a little bit.  
Just don't need it in my life.  
Don't want any part of it.  
I don't do sadness.  
Hey, I've done my time  
Lookin' back on it all.  
Man, it blows my mind.  
I don't do sadness,  
So been there.  
Don't do sadness,  
Just don't care.

ILSE (With MORITZ)

Spring and summer ev'ry other day  
Blue wind gets so lost  
Blowin' through the thick corn,  
Through the bales of hay

Spring and summer ev'ry other day  
Blue wind gets so lost  
Blowin' through the thick corn,  
Through the bales of hay,  
Through the wandering clouds of the dust  
Spring and summer

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