

## Alan Menken "High Times, Hard Times"

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Refrain (Medda):

High times, hard times!  
Sometimes the living is sweet  
And sometimes there's nothing to eat  
But I always land on my feet  
So when there's dry times  
I wait for high times and then  
I put on my best and I stick out my chest  
And I'm off to the races again!

Medda:

My good friend, the Mayor  
He called me today  
He said, "Medda! The voters are turning away!  
"Help me," he cried, "or they'll give me the axe!"  
I said, "Your Honor, you got to relax!"

(Repeat refrain)

Medda:

So your old lady  
Don't love you no more  
So your afraid  
There's a wolf at your door  
So you got street rats  
That scream in your ear ...

ALL:

You win some, you lose some, my dear!  
Oh ...

(Repeat refrain)

Medda:

I put on my best

Newsies:

I put on my best!

Medda:

And I stick out my chest

Newsies:

I stick out my chest!

Medda:

And I'm off

Newsies:

And I'm off

(repeat)

Medda:

And I'm off ...

ALL:  
To the races again

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