

Newsies "Off To The Races"

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MEDDA & NEWSIES:

High times, hard times
Sometimes the living is sweet
And sometimes there's nothing to eat
But I always lands 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 race's again!

MEDDA: (Spoken)

Hello, newsies. What's new?

MEDDA:

So your old lady don't love you no more
So you're afraid there's a wolf at your door
So you've got street rats that scream in your ear

MEDDA & NEWSIES:

You win some, you lose some
My dear, oh...
High times, hard times
Sometimes the living is sweet
And sometimes there's nothing to eat
But I always lands 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:

I put on my best!

NEWSIES:

I put on my best!

MEDDA:

And I stick out my chest

NEWSIES:

And I sticks out my chest

MEDDS:

And I'm off

NEWSIES:

And I'm off

MEDDA:

And I'm off

NEWSIES:
And IÂ'm off
MEDDA:
And IÂ'm off
ALL:
To the races again!

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