

## Spring Awakening

### "Don't Do Sadness / Blue Wind (feat. John Gallagher, Jr. an"

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Mortiz:

Awful sweet to be a little butterfly.  
Just wingin' over things, and nothin' deep inside.  
Nothin' goin', goin' wild in you-you know-  
You're slowin' by the riverside,  
Or floatin' high and blue.

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

'Cause, 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: [Spoken]  
Moritz Stiefel?

Moritz [Spoken]  
Ilse? You frightened me.

Ilse: [Spoken]  
What are you looking for?

Moritz: [Spoken]  
If only I knew.

Ilse: [Spoken]  
Then what's the use of looking? I'm on the way home.

Want to come?

Moritz: [Spoken]

I don't know.

Ilse: [Spoken]

God. You remember how we used to run back to my house and play pirates?

Wendla Bergman, Melchior Gabor, you, and I?

[Sung]

Spring and summer,  
Every other day,  
Blue wind gets so sad.  
Blowin' through thick corn,  
and 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-  
Whistling, it's got you.  
With its heartache, with its sorrow,  
Winter wind sings, and it cries...

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

Moritz: [Spoken]

Actually, I'd better go.

Ilse: [Spoken]

Walk as far as my house with me.

Moritz: [Spoken]

I wish I could.

Ilse: [Spoken]

Then why don't you?

Moritz: [Spoken]

80 lines of Virgil, 16 equations, a paper on the Hopsborks.

[Sung]

So maybe I should be some kinda laundry line-  
Hang their things on me, and I will swing 'em dry.  
You just wave in the sun through the afternoon,  
And then, see, they come to set you free-  
Beneath the rising moon.

Moritz: Ilse:

'Cause, you know, Spring and summer,  
I don't do sadness- Every other day,  
Not even a little bit. Blue wind gets so lost.  
Just don't need it in my life- Blowin' through the thick  
corn  
and the bales of hay...  
Don't want any part of it. Spring and summer,  
I don't do sadness. Every other day,  
Hey, I've done my time. Blue wind gets so lost.  
Lookin' back on it all-  
Man it blows my mind. Blowin' through the thick corn,  
and the bales of hay,  
I don't do sadness. Through the wondering clouds of  
dust.  
So been there.  
Don't do sadness. Spring and summer...  
Just don't care.

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