

## Stephen Sondheim

### "Every Day A Little Death"

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CHARLOTTE:

Every day a little death  
In the parlor, in the bed,  
In the curtains, in the silver,  
In the buttons, in the bread.  
Every day a little sting  
In the heart and in the head,  
Every move and every breath  
(And you hardly feel a thing)  
Brings a perfect little death.

He smiles sweetly, strokes my hair,  
Says he misses me.  
I would murder him right there,  
But first I die.  
He talks softly of his wars,  
And his horses, and his whores.  
I think love's a dirty business.

ANNE:

So do I!

CHARLOTTE: ANNE:

I'm before him on my knees So do I...  
And he kisses me.  
He assumes I lose my reason,  
And I do.  
Men are stupid, men are vain,  
Love's disgusting, love's insane,  
A humiliating business.

ANNE:

Oh, how true!

CHARLOTTE:

Ah, well... ANNE:

Every day a little death  
Every day a little death  
In the parlor, in the bed,  
On the lips and in the eyes,  
In the curtains, in the silver, In the murmurs, in the

pauses,  
In the buttons, in the bread. In the gestures, in the  
sighs.  
Every day a little sting  
Every day a little dies  
In the heart and in the head. In the looks and in the lies.  
Every move and every breath,

BOTH:  
(And you hardly feel a thing)  
Brings a perfect little death.

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