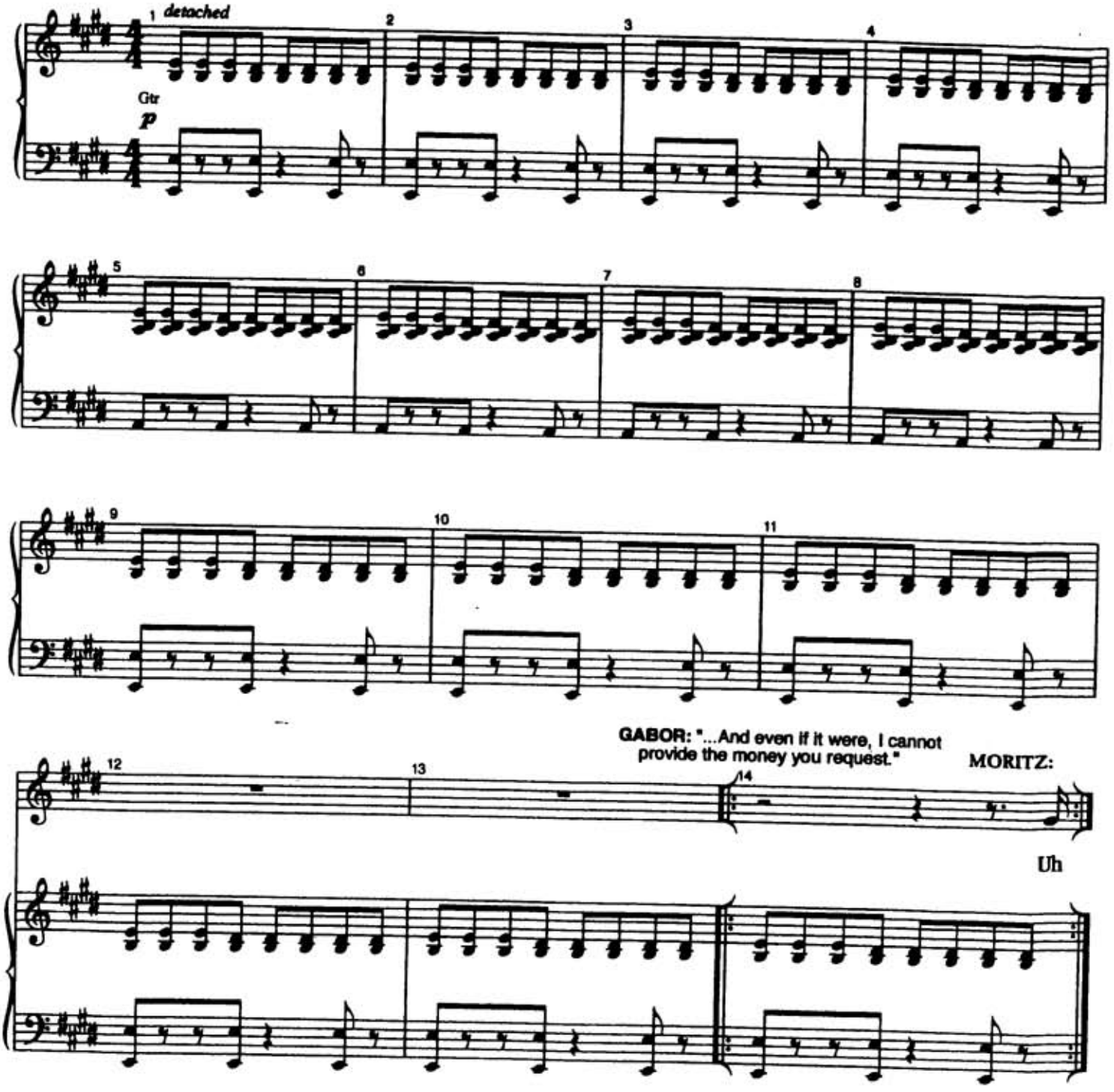
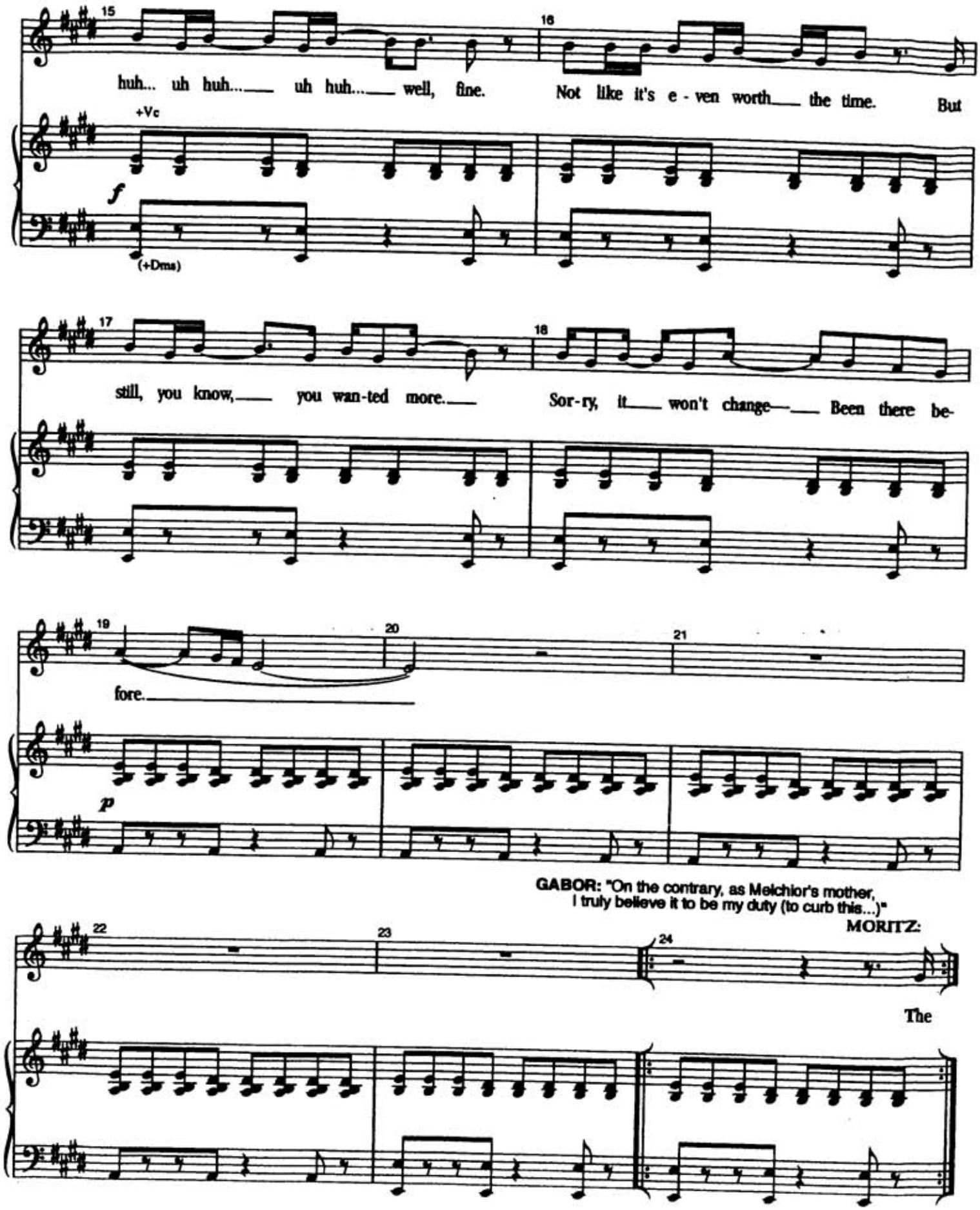
And Then There Were None

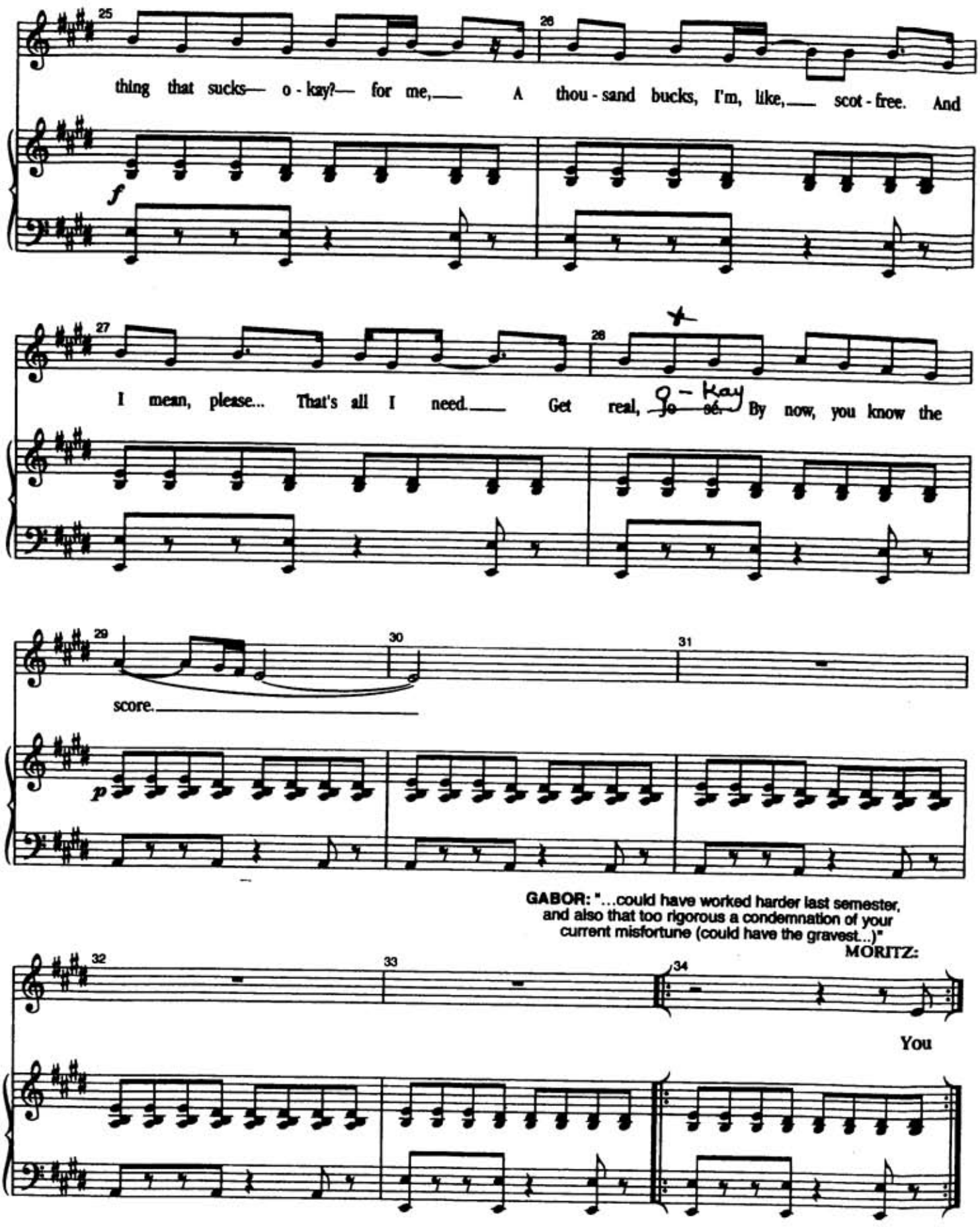
(Moritz with Onstage Boys)

[12/31/06]

lyrics by Steven Sater
music by Duncan Sheik

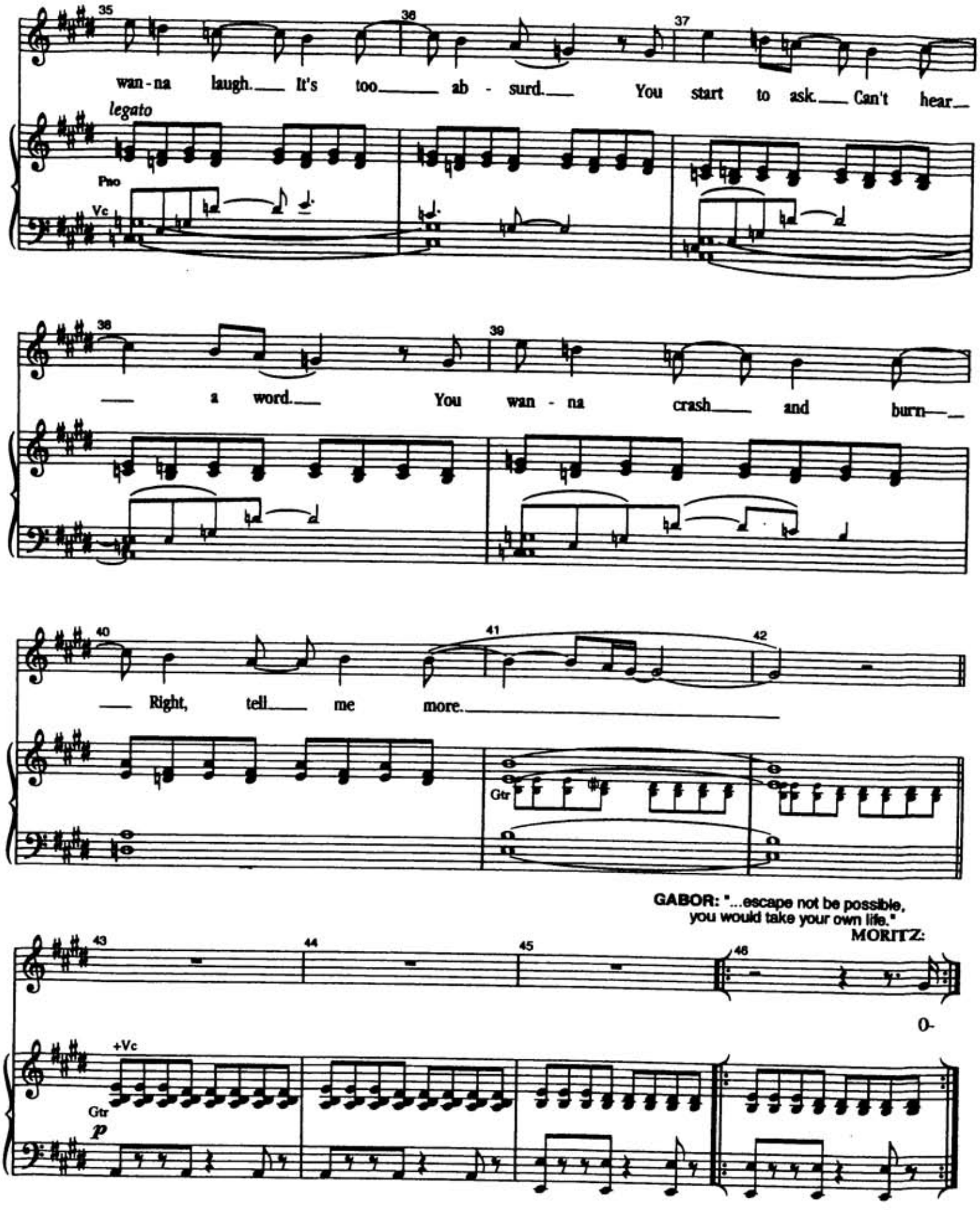


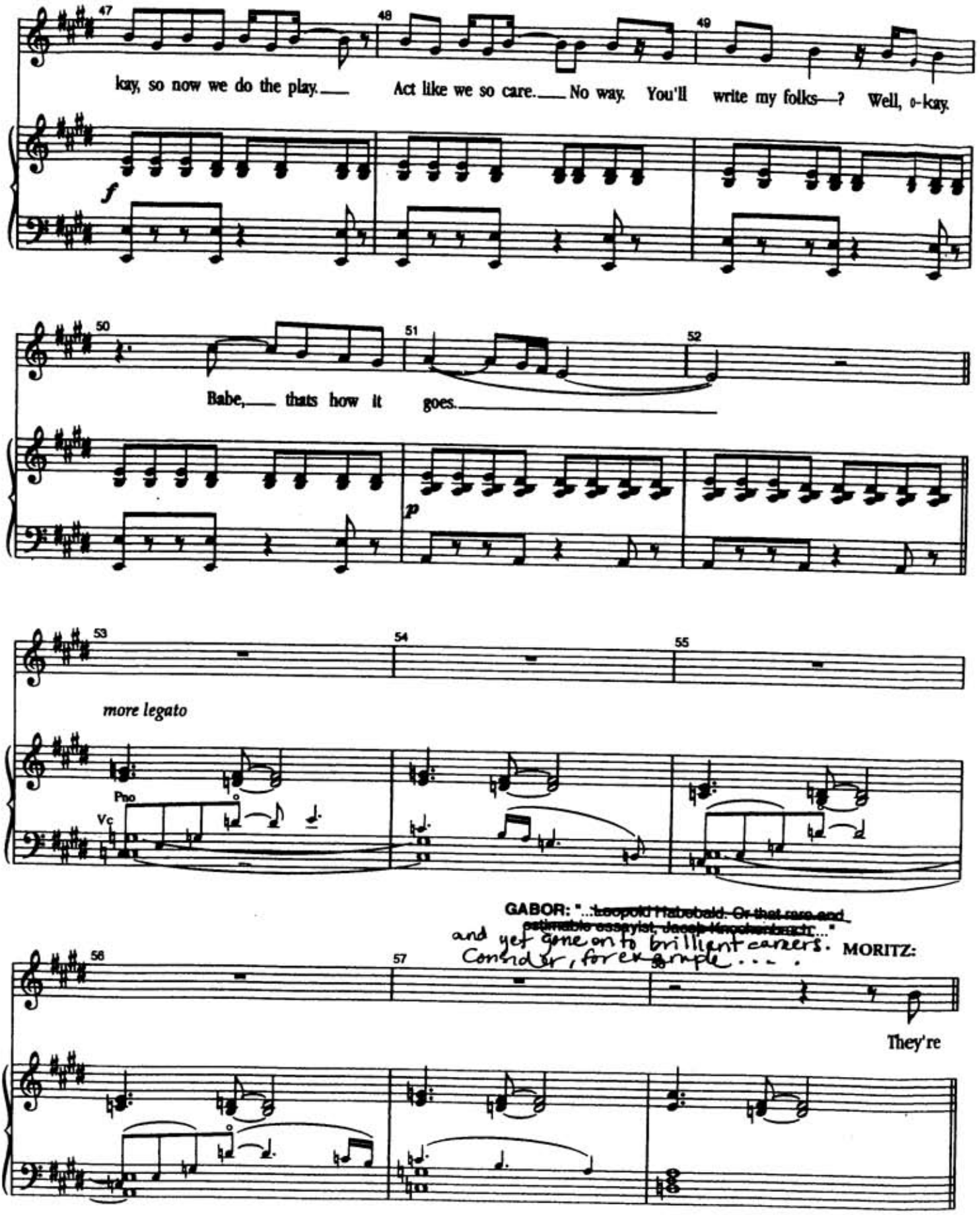

15
16
huh... uh huh... uh huh... well, fine. Not like it's e - ven worth the time. But
+Vc
f
(+Dms)
17
18
still, you know, you wan-ted more. Sor-ry, it won't change Been there be-
19
20
21
fore.
p
GABOR: "On the contrary, as Melchior's mother,
I truly believe it to be my duty (to curb this...)"
MORITZ:
22
23
24
The


25
thing that sucks— o - kay?— for me,___ A thou - sand bucks, I'm, like,___ scot - free. And

26
27
I mean, please... That's all I need.___ Get real, ~~Jo sé.~~ O - Kay By now, you know the
28
29
score.___

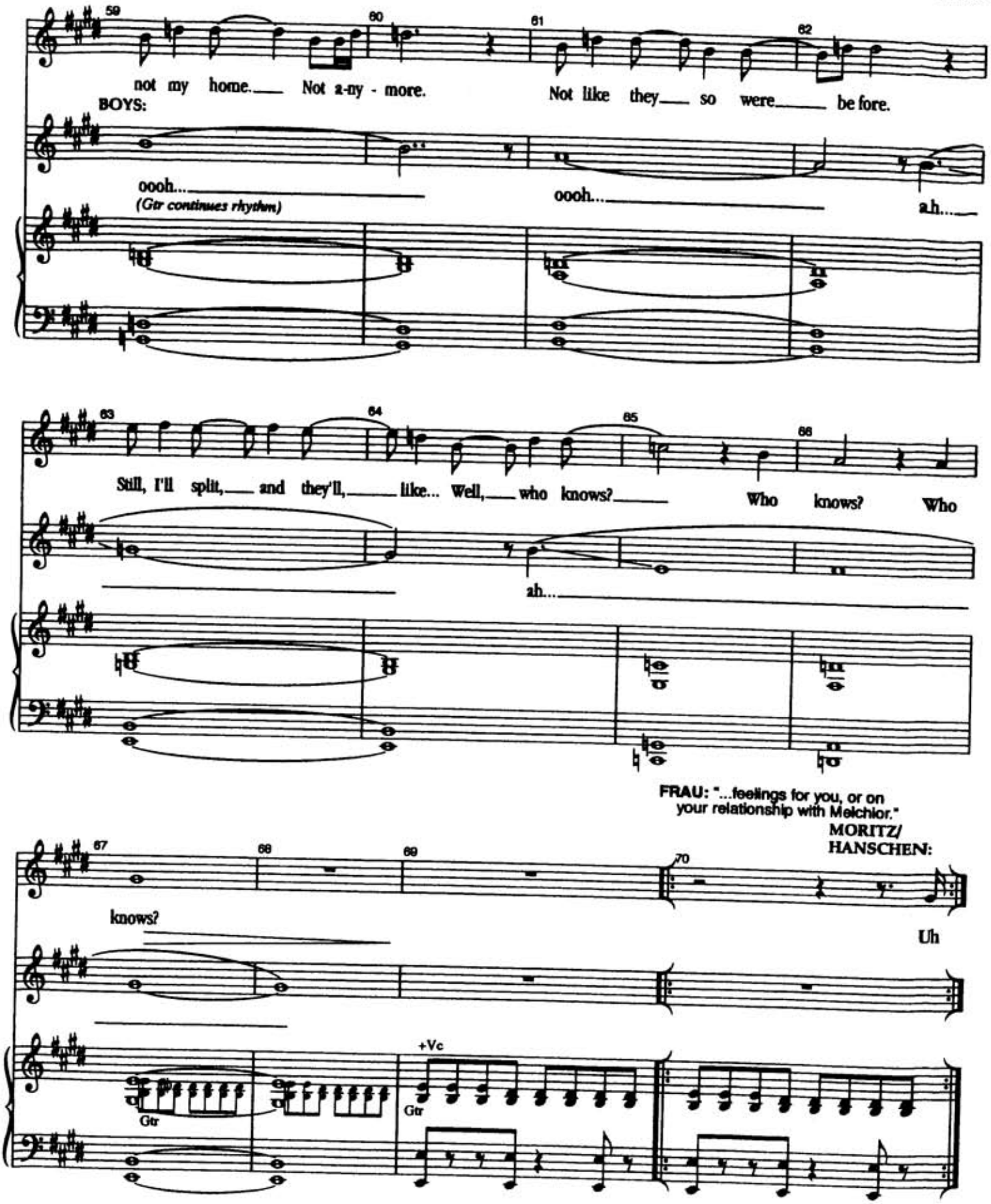
30
31
32
33
34
GABOR: "...could have worked harder last semester, and also that too rigorous a condemnation of your current misfortune (could have the gravest...)"
MORITZ:
You

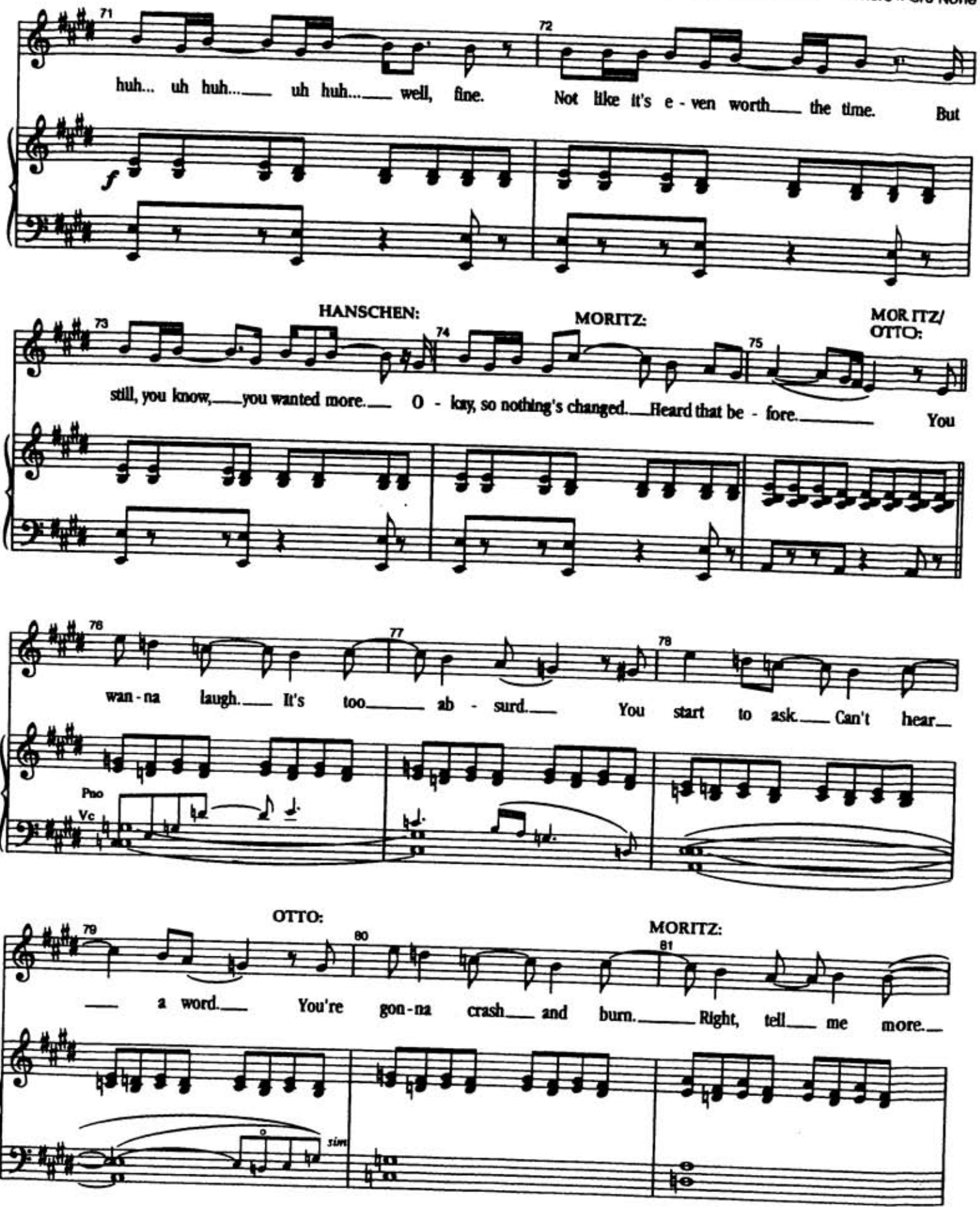

35
36
37
wan - na laugh. It's too ab - surd. You start to ask. Can't hear
legato
Pno
Vc
38
39
a word. You wan - na crash and burn
40
41
42
Right, tell me more.
Gtr
GABOR: "...escape not be possible, you would take your own life."
MORITZ:
43
44
45
46
O-
+Vc
Gtr
p

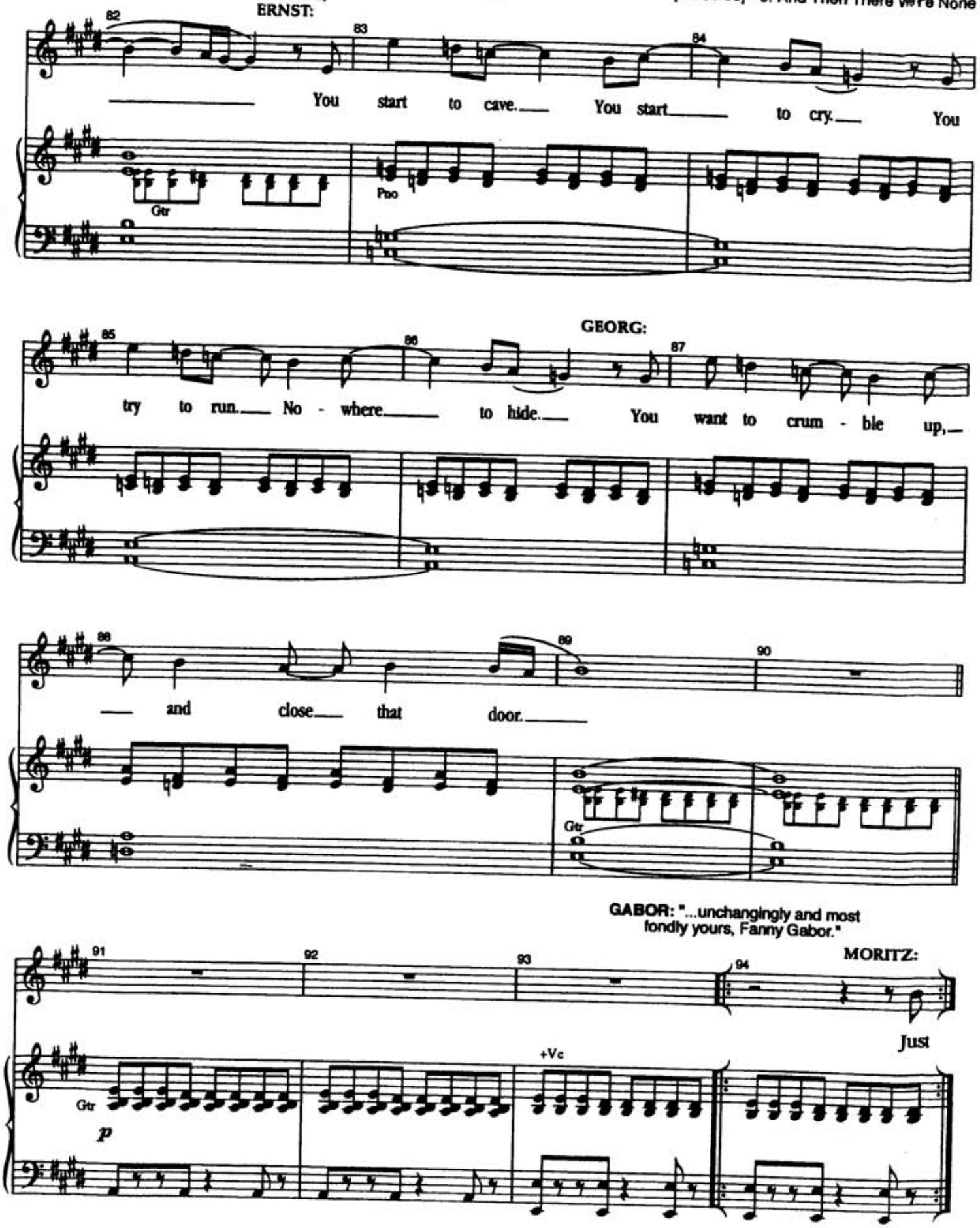

47
kay, so now we do the play.
48
Act like we so care.
No way.
49
You'll write my folks—?
Well, o-kay.

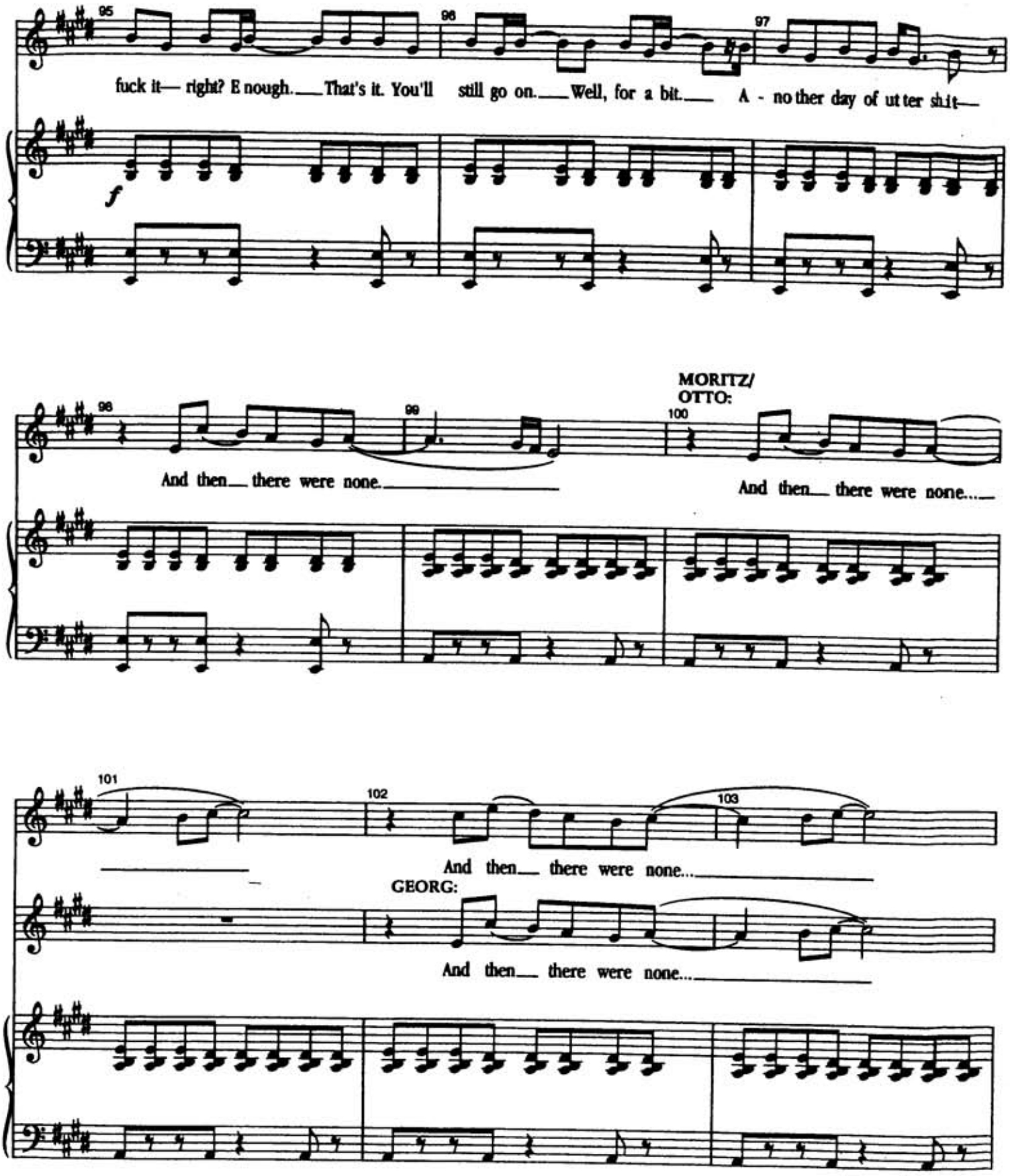
50
Babe,
51
thats how it goes.
52

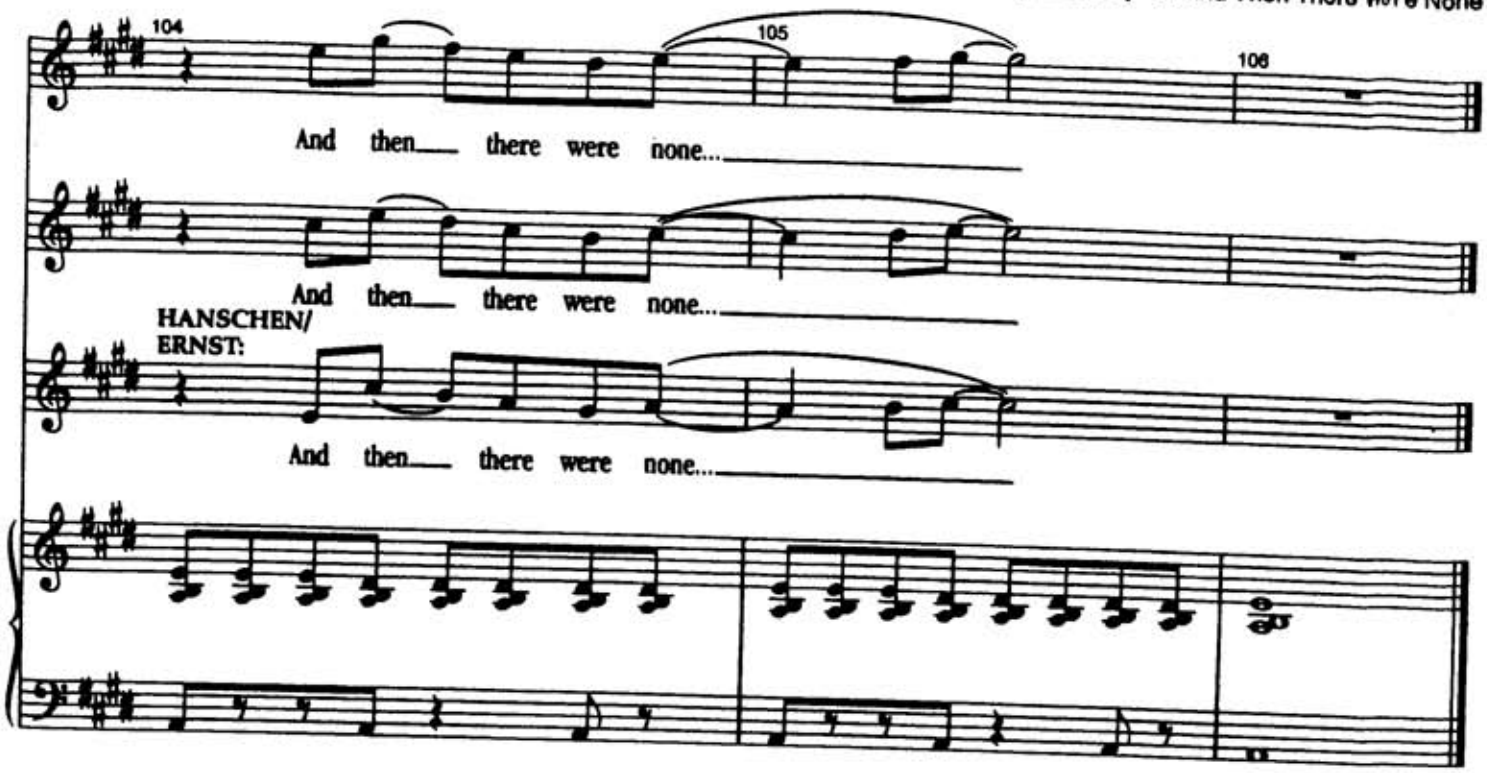
53
more legato
Pno
Vc
54
55
GABOR: "...~~Leopold Habebald. Or that rare and estimable essayist, Jacob Knochenbruch~~..."
and yet gone on to brilliant careers. Consider, for example . . . .
MORITZ:
56
57
58
They're


59
60
61
62
not my home. Not a-ny - more.
Not like they so were be fore.
BOYS:
oooh...
(Gtr continues rhythm)
oooh...
ah...
63
64
65
66
Still, I'll split, and they'll, like... Well, who knows?
Who knows? Who
ah...
FRAU: "...feelings for you, or on your relationship with Melchior."
MORITZ/ HANSCHEN:
67
68
69
70
knows?
Uh
+Vc
Gtr
Gtr


71
72
huh... uh huh... uh huh... well, fine. Not like it's e - ven worth the time. But
f
HANSCHEN:
MORITZ:
MORITZ/ OTTO:
73
74
75
still, you know, you wanted more. O - kay, so nothing's changed. Heard that be - fore. You
76
77
78
wan - na laugh. It's too ab - surd. You start to ask. Can't hear
Pno
Vc
OTTO:
MORITZ:
79
80
81
a word. You're gon - na crash and burn. Right, tell me more.
sim


MORITZ/
ERNST:
82
83
84
You start to cave. You start to cry. You
Gtr
Pno
GEORG:
85
86
87
try to run. No - where to hide. You want to crum - ble up,
88
89
90
and close that door.
Gtr
GABOR: "...unchangingly and most
fondly yours, Fanny Gabor."
MORITZ:
91
92
93
94
Just
+Vc
Gtr
p


95
96
97
fuck it— right? E nough. That's it. You'll still go on. Well, for a bit. A - no ther day of ut ter shit—
f
98
99
100
MORITZ/
OTTO:
And then there were none.
And then there were none.
101
102
103
And then there were none.
GEORG:
And then there were none.



SEGUE AS ONE TO:
"Mirror Blue Night"