SUZANNE:

I was working in the circus, with my boyfriend. I was

flip- ping from a high trapeze. I’d fly off and he’d
al - ways - catch me. Ev 'ry - thing - was go ing -

per fect - in the cir - cus, un - til the day - he dropped -

me, and - then dropped me for the tat - tooed

GEORGETTE/GINA:

She broke her leg in sev - en plac - es.

la - dy.
Watched the tattooed lady take her place.

GEORGETTE:
It seems that every single guy that I know

GINA:
It seems that every single guy that I know

last I bought this café.

It seems that every single guy that I know

has another lady on the side -

You know our girl’s a fragile egg.

Don’t you
GINA:
I met a plumber on the metro, with a tool belt. He was
kind a bald, but good in bed, and fixed my leaky radiator.

GEORGETTE:
So you go out on a first date, then it’s too late, when you try to leave the jealous and crazy stalking all come latter.
GEORGETTE:

Don't you treat her like a tape recorder. She's not a waitress who will take your order. Bring your food, or fill your refills. Except when working at The Windmills. It seems that every single guy that strolls by doesn't stop until he controls my every thought, every move. Are you...
just the same? you,
GINA:
Can you prove that you,
SUZANNE:
you,

are a lover for the ages?

are a lover for the ages?

are a lover for the ages?
Can you prove that you oooh ooh ooh

Can you prove that you oooh ooh ooh

Can you prove that you oooh ooh ooh

Can you prove that you oooh ooh ooh

Can you prove that you oooh ooh ooh

are not highly contagious?
Oh yes. Love is just another

Oh yes.

GEORGETTE:
diagnosis, like bacterial vaginosis
to every thing that you transmitted.

GINA:
Once you're in it you're committed

SUZANNE:
Once you're in it you're committed
ALL 3 WAITRESSES:

If you’re gonna be the guy to date her, give her space and don’t suffocate her. You might make ’em stop and stare, but

(ad lib)

GEORGETTE:

Love is just another diagnosis like

GINA & SUZANNE:

you could use a better haircut. You might be a

chicken pox, swine flu, strepococcus, walking pneumonia, mumps, her-

lover for the ages,

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but can you prove that you

But the mother of all diseases, that brings the mightiest

ooh ooh ooh are not highly

to their knees is love, love, love!

contagious?
ALL THREE:  

Oh yeah.

NINO:

There're no promises that I can give you. There's no guarantee that we will live to eighty without breaking up, or making each other miserable.

But you know I think she understands me. I don't know why she would,
I understand she may not even feel the same. I love her and I don't know her name.

WAITRESSES:

All the while while
poco rit.

love infects us, the side effect is that love connects us.

All good now, there you go.

Whoa

poco rit.

a tempo

Oh

Yeah!

poco rit.

a tempo


