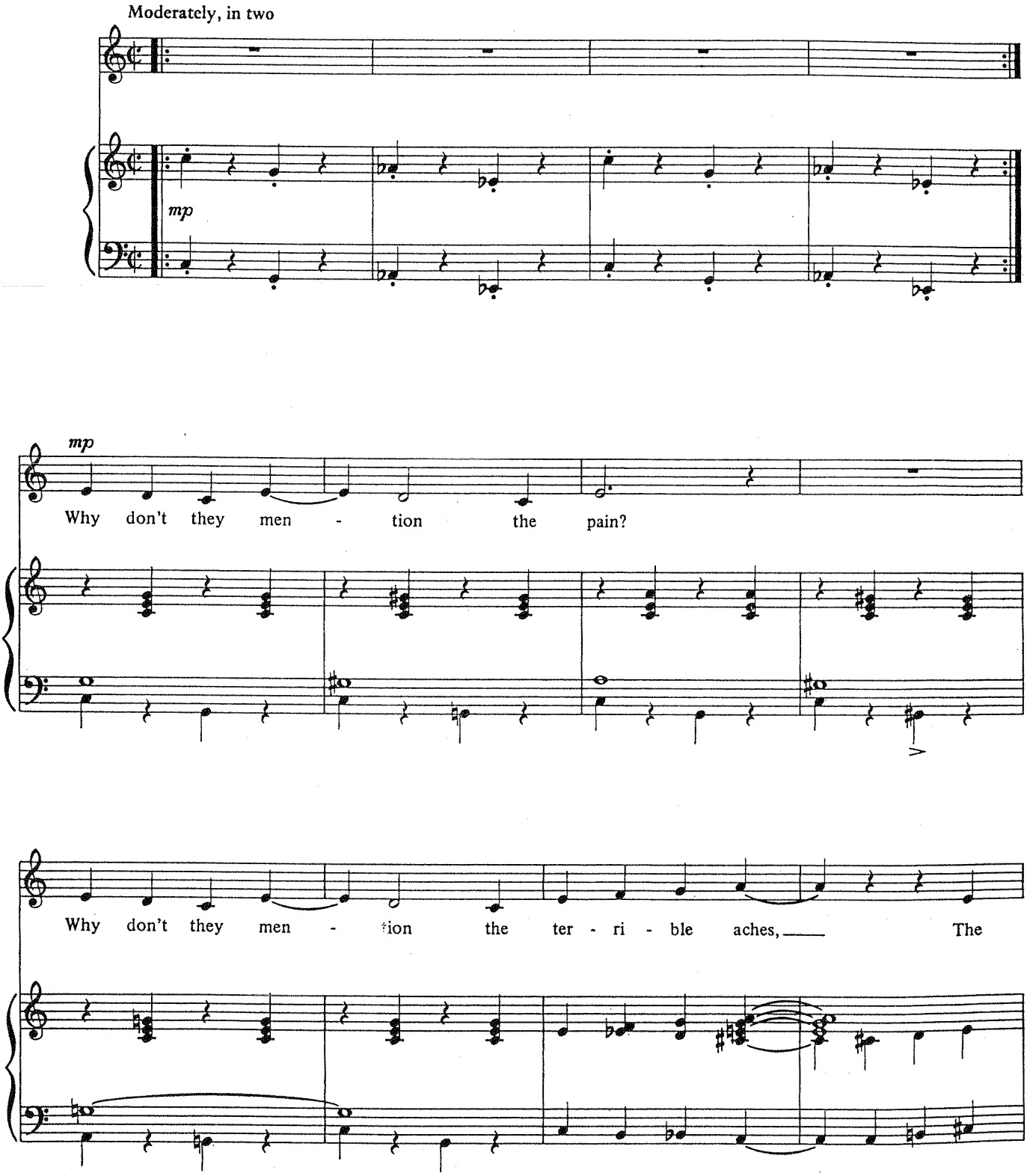
PAIN

(#23)

Lyrics by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER



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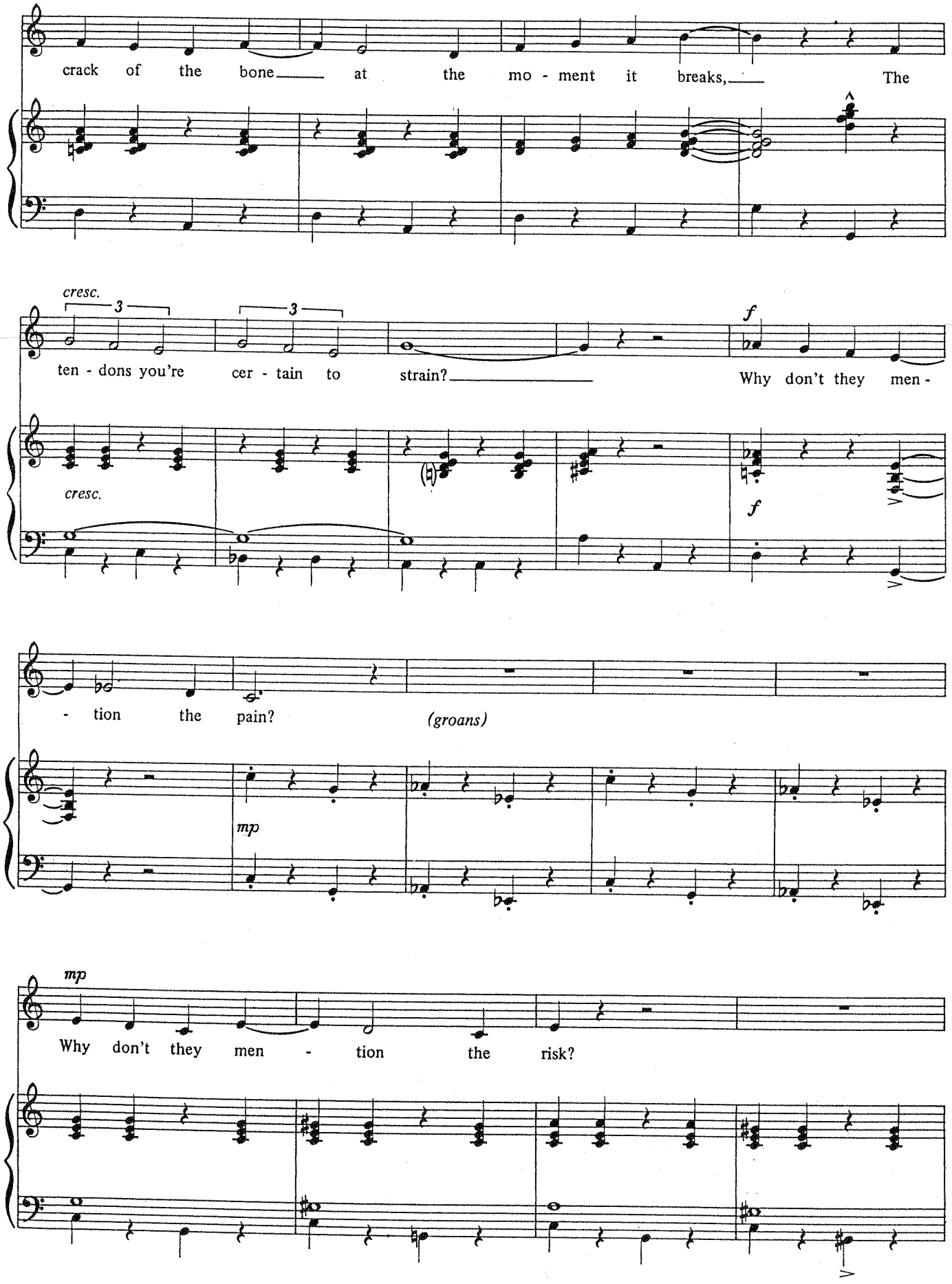
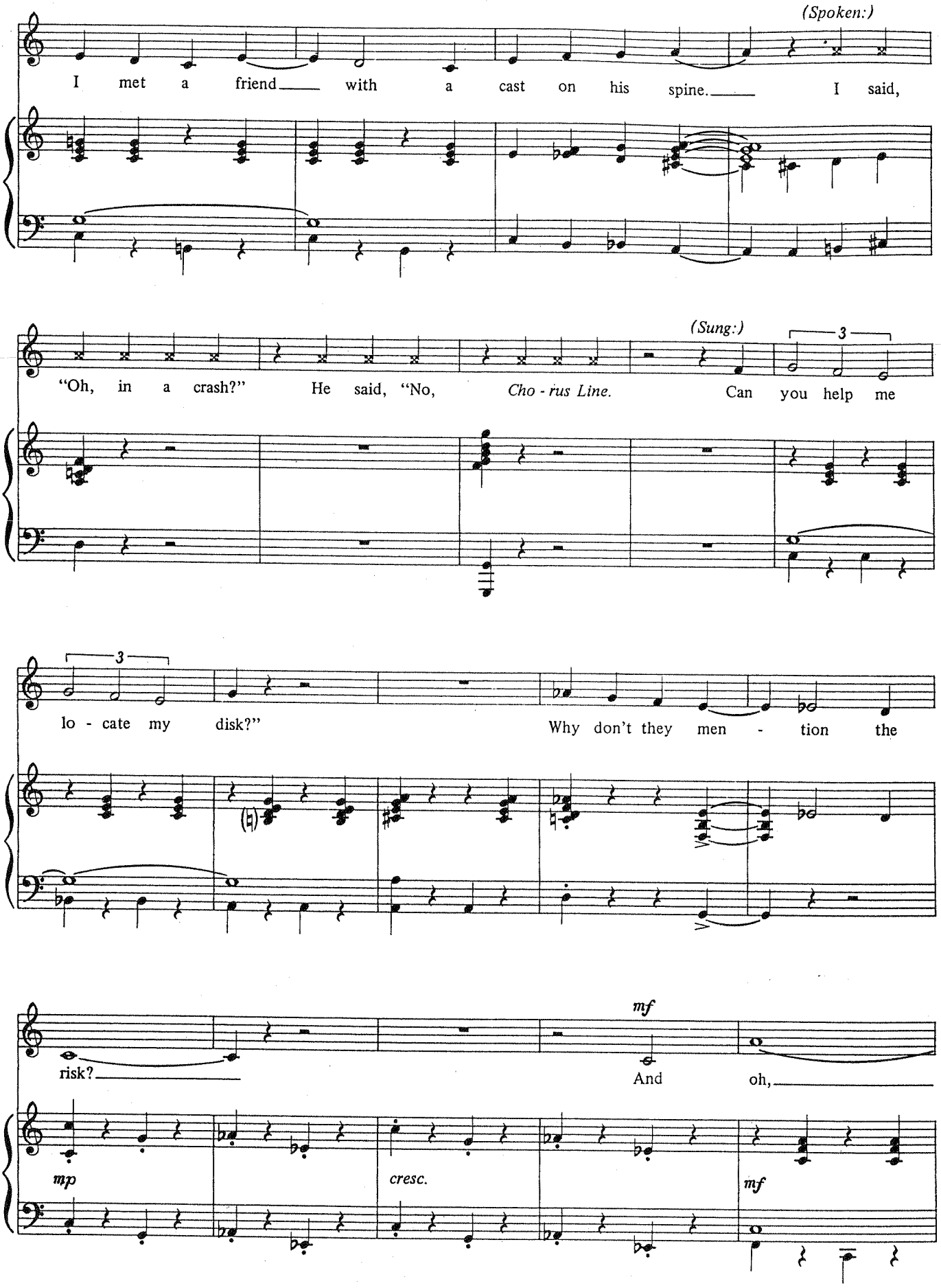
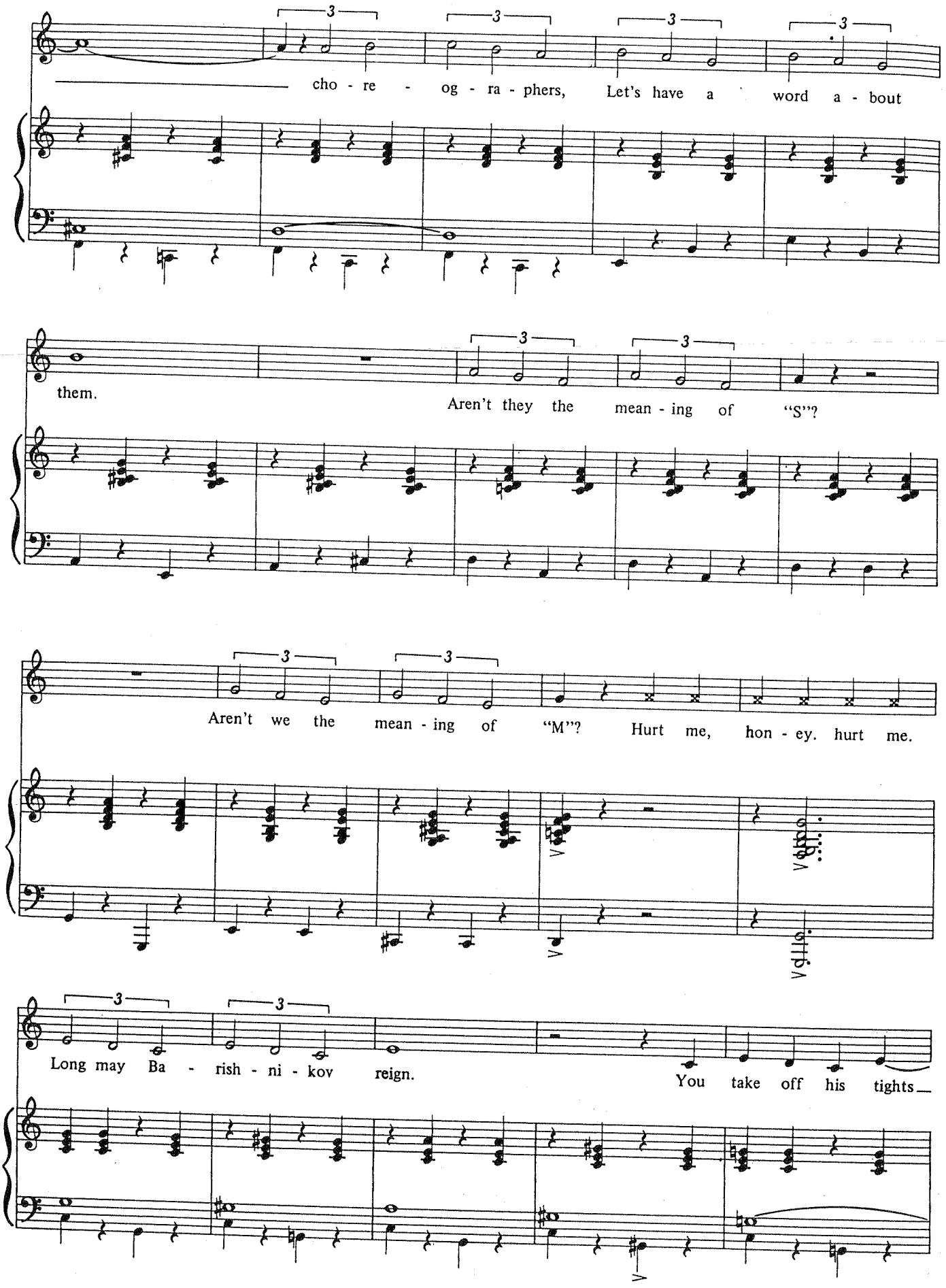
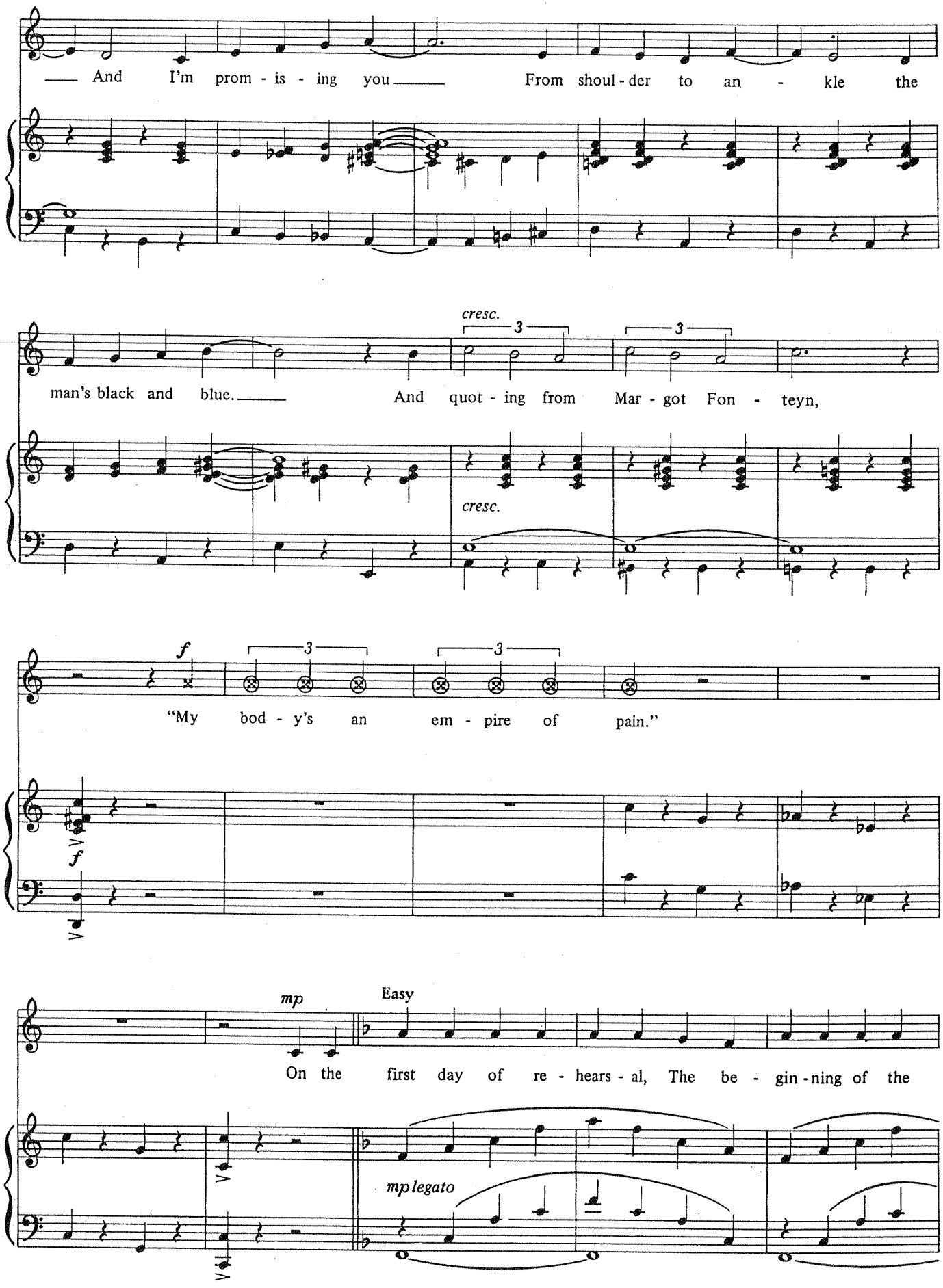
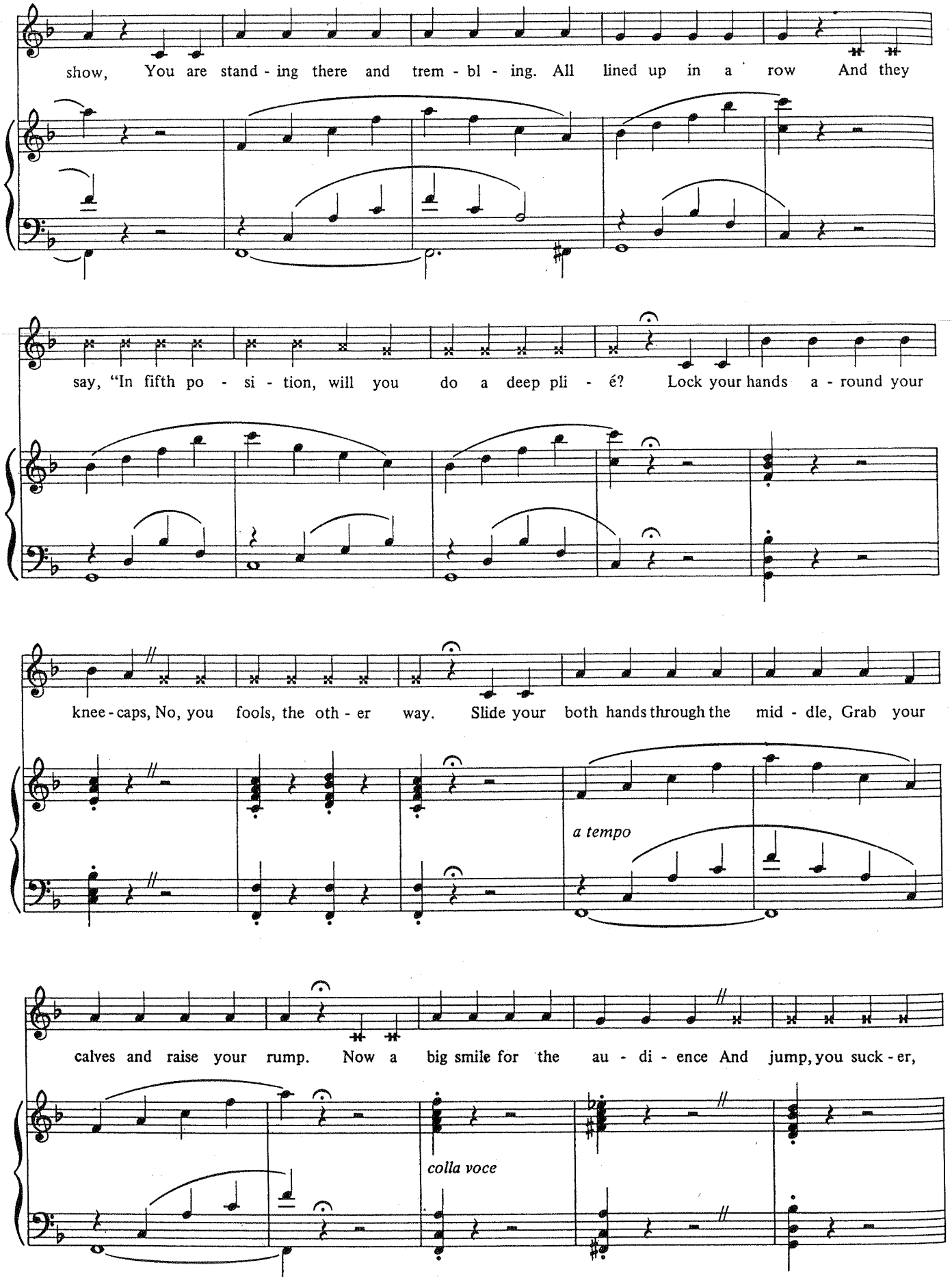
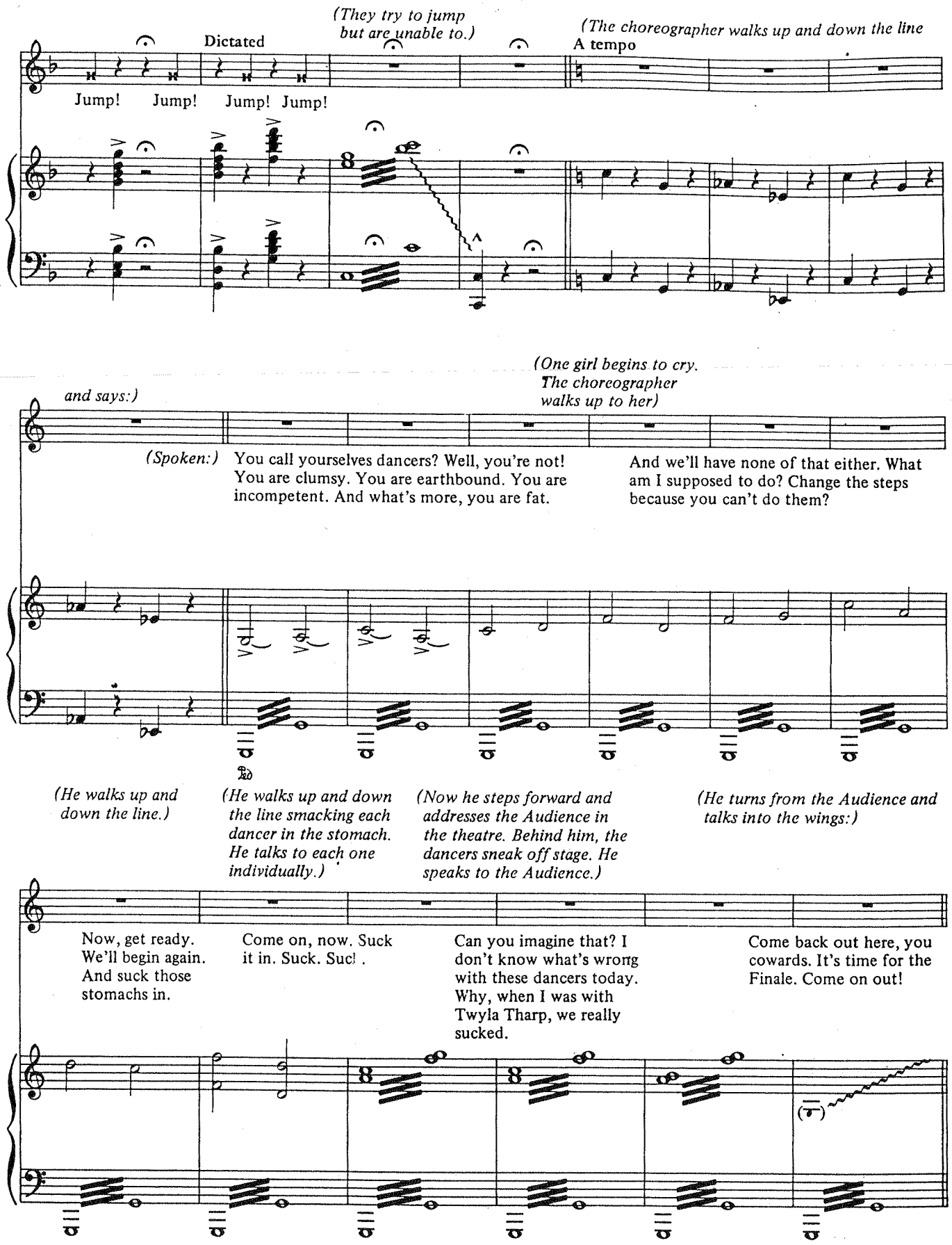

crack of the bone at the mo - ment it breaks, The
cresc.
3
3
ten - dons you're cer - tain to strain? Why don't they men -
f
cresc.
f
- tion the pain? (groans)
mp
mp
Why don't they men - tion the risk?

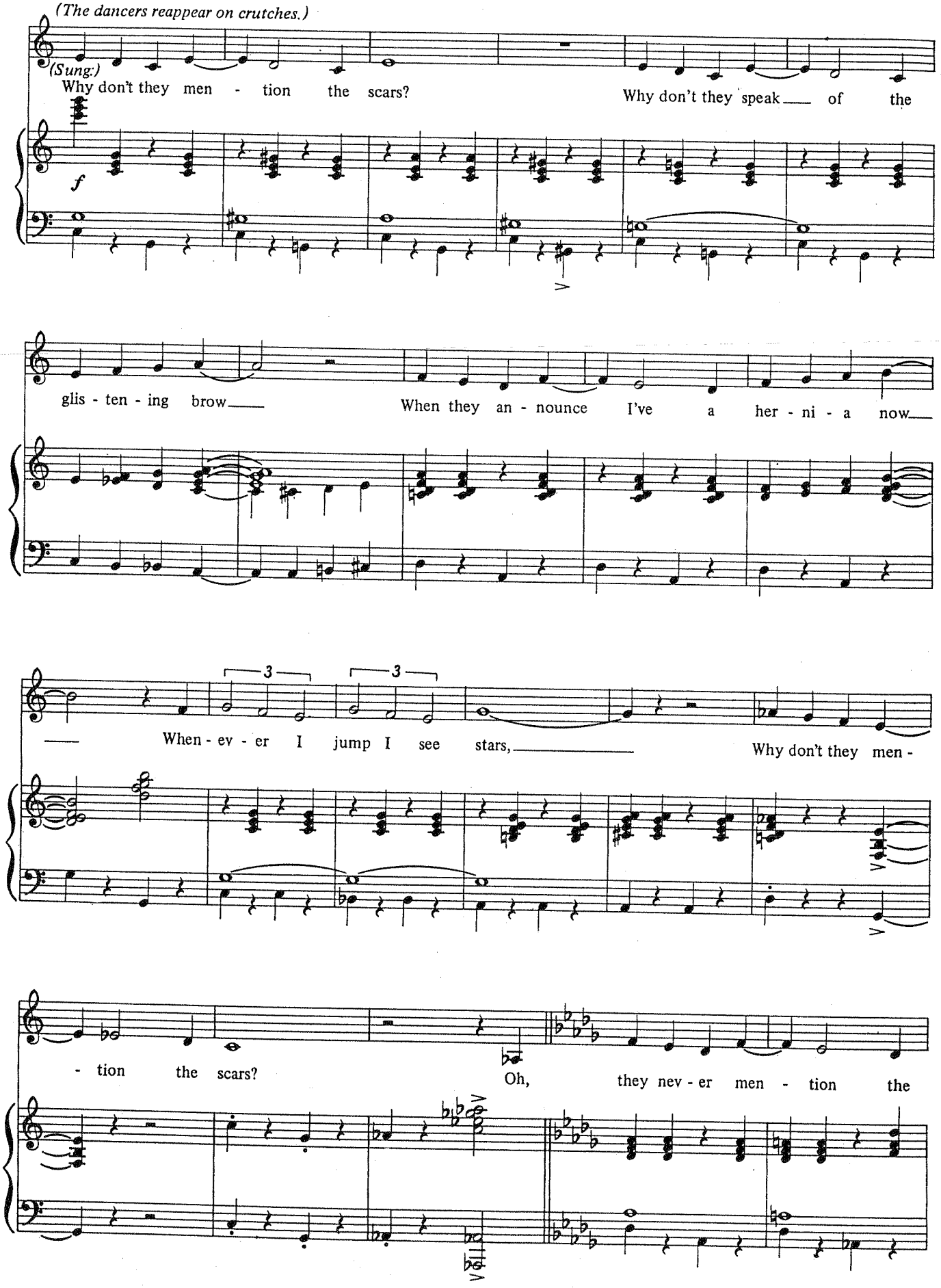

(Spoken:)
I met a friend with a cast on his spine. I said,
(Sung:)
3
"Oh, in a crash?" He said, "No, Cho - rus Line. Can you help me
3
lo - cate my disk?" Why don't they men - tion the
mf
risk? And oh,
mp
cresc.
mf

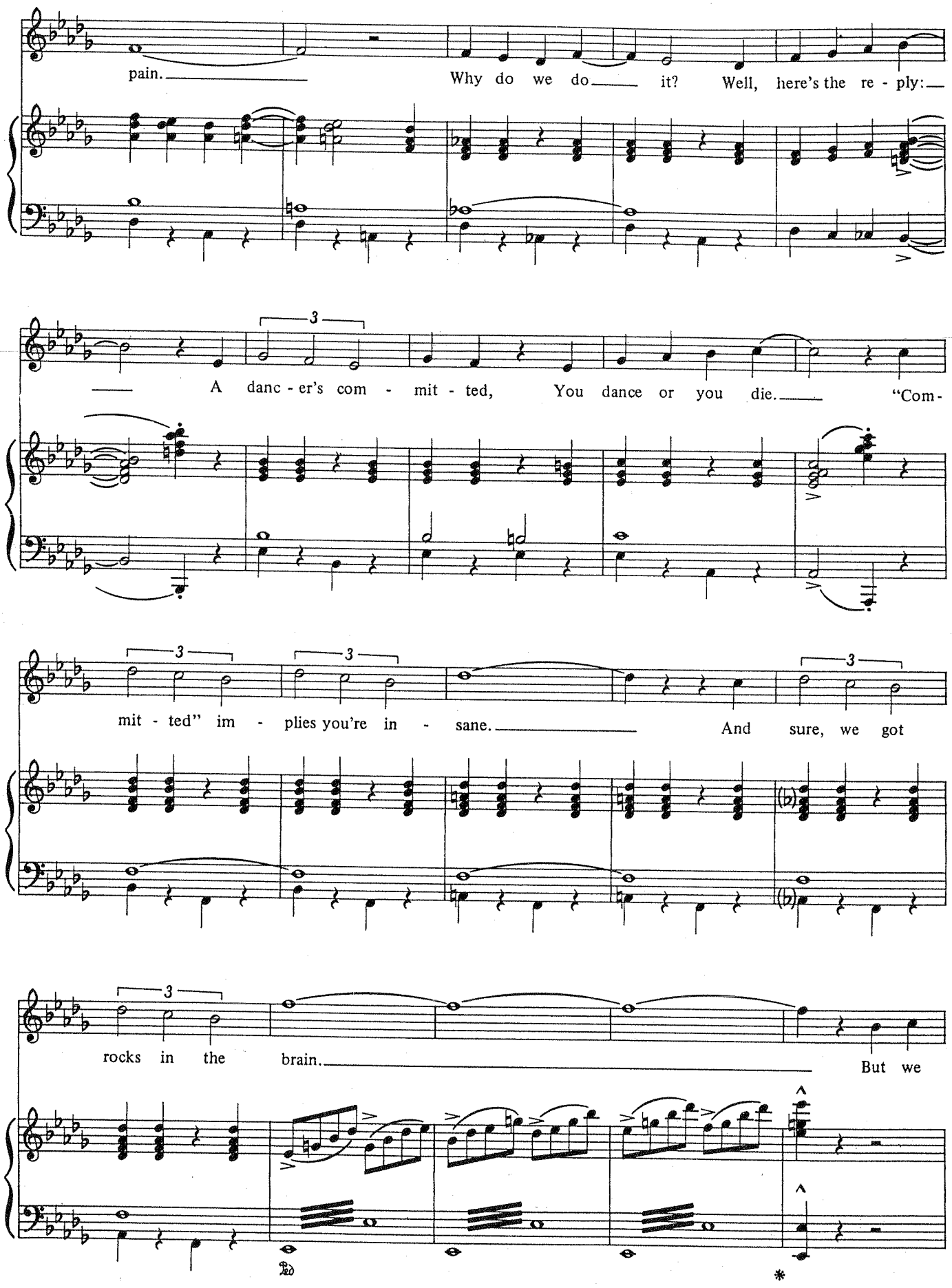

cho - re - og - ra - phers, Let's have a word a - bout
them.
Aren't they the mean - ing of "S"?
Aren't we the mean - ing of "M"? Hurt me, hon - ey. hurt me.
Long may Ba - rish - ni - kov reign.
You take off his tights

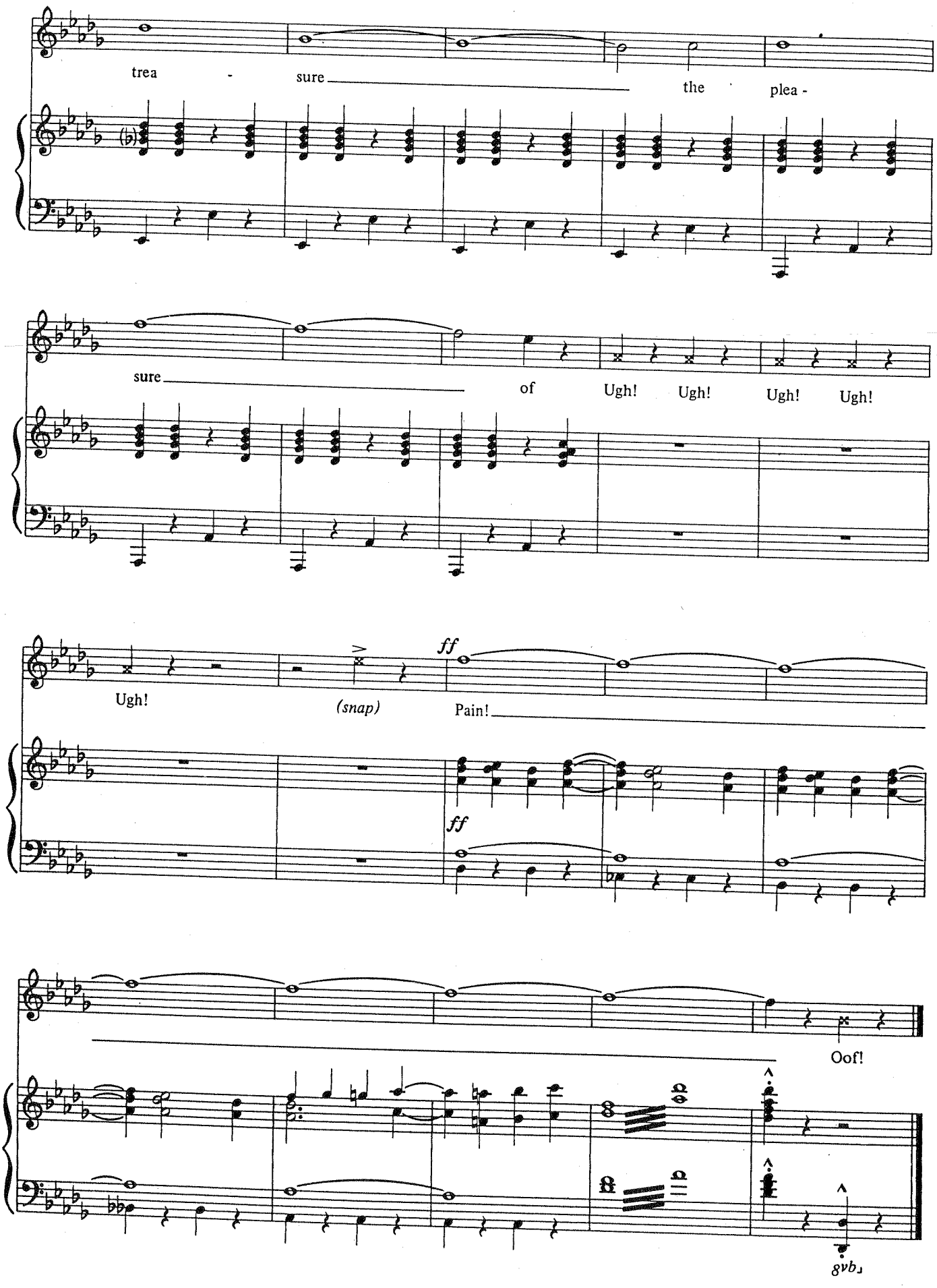

And I'm prom - is - ing you From shoul - der to an - kle the
cresc.
3
3
man's black and blue. And quot - ing from Mar - got Fon - teyn,
cresc.
f
3
3
"My bod - y's an em - pire of pain."
f
mp
Easy
On the first day of re - hears - al, The be - gin - ning of the
mp legato


show, You are stand - ing there and trem - bl - ing. All lined up in a row And they
say, "In fifth po - si - tion, will you do a deep pli - é? Lock your hands a - round your
knee - caps, No, you fools, the oth - er way. Slide your both hands through the mid - dle, Grab your
a tempo
calves and raise your rump. Now a big smile for the au - di - ence And jump, you suck - er,
colla voce


(They try to jump but are unable to.)
(The choreographer walks up and down the line
Dictated
A tempo
Jump! Jump! Jump! Jump!
and says:)
(One girl begins to cry. The choreographer walks up to her)
(Spoken:)
You call yourselves dancers? Well, you're not! You are clumsy. You are earthbound. You are incompetent. And what's more, you are fat.
And we'll have none of that either. What am I supposed to do? Change the steps because you can't do them?
(He walks up and down the line.)
(He walks up and down the line smacking each dancer in the stomach. He talks to each one individually.)
(Now he steps forward and addresses the Audience in the theatre. Behind him, the dancers sneak off stage. He speaks to the Audience.)
(He turns from the Audience and talks into the wings:)
Now, get ready. We'll begin again. And suck those stomachs in.
Come on, now. Suck it in. Suck. Suck.
Can you imagine that? I don't know what's wrong with these dancers today. Why, when I was with Twyla Tharp, we really sucked.
Come back out here, you cowards. It's time for the Finale. Come on out!


(The dancers reappear on crutches.)
(Sung:)
Why don't they men - tion the scars?
Why don't they speak of the
f
glis - ten - ing brow
When they an - nounce I've a her - ni - a now
3
3
When - ev - er I jump I see stars,
Why don't they men -
- tion the scars?
Oh, they nev - er men - tion the


pain. Why do we do it? Well, here's the re - ply:
A danc - er's com - mit - ted, You dance or you die. "Com-
mit - ted" im - plies you're in - sane. And sure, we got
rocks in the brain. But we
Ped.
*


trea - sure the plea -
sure of Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!
Ugh! (snap) ff Pain!
ff
Oof!
8vb