

Logainne

Woe is Me

28 29 30 31

be-ing what my dads hope I'll be. But what a-bout

32 33 34 35 36

me, dads? What a-bout me? Je - sus Christ,

CARL: Practice your breathing, Logainne.

37 38 39 2

what a-bout me? 40-41

44 45 46

Though I prac-tice Yo - ga I don't breathe. I try not to dis - ap - point,

47 48 49

but still I dis - ap - point the dads who my friends mock.

50 51 52 53 3

Kids are mean, kids-'ll talk. All my so-called "friends" roll their eyes, they're in-cre-di-bly

54 55 56 3

pet - ty. Be - cause my dads are my dads, and, al - right, e - nough al - read - y!

57

Woe is me, woe is me, which is

KIDS:

OO:
MP:
WB/CT: Woe is me. Woe is me.

(8va)

61 62 63 64 65 66

why I got-ta win this Spel-ling Bee.

4X 2 69 70

My birth mo-ther lives in Kan-sas, MO,

71 72 73 74

CARL DAD+DAN DAD
+KIDS:

In a trail-er, in a park. Tor-na - dos. Ev-ry now and then she sends a card.

75 76 77

"Life and Men," she writes, "are hard." She would like to meet me when I've

(holding out the breasts of her jacket)

78 79 80 81

grown. And I've burst like a com-et. I'm so stressed by my stress, I just want to up and vom-it.