

## Much More – The Fantasticks

sixteen years old and everyday something happens to me  
Oh... Oh... Ooooooh! I hug myself till my arms turn blue, and  
then I close my eyes and I cry and cry till the tears come down  
and I can taste them. I love to taste my tears. I am special.  
I am special. Please, God, please, don't let me be normal!  
I'd like to swim in a clear blue stream  
Where the water is icy cold.  
Then go to town  
In a golden gown,  
And have my fortune told.  
Just once,  
Just once,  
Just once before I'm old.

I'd like to be not evil,  
But a little worldly wise.  
To be the kind of girl designed  
To be kissed upon the eyes.

I'd like to dance till two o'clock,  
Or sometimes dance till dawn,  
Or if the band could stand it,  
Just go on and on and on  
Just once,  
Just once,  
Before the chance is gone!

I'd like to waste a week or two  
And never do a chore.  
To wear my hair unfastened  
So it billows to the floor.

To do the things I've dreamed about  
But never done before!  
Perhaps I'm bad, or wild, or mad,  
With lots of grief in store,  
But I want much more than keeping house!  
Much more!  
Much more!  
Much more!