

MS#25 Angel (6-46)

mor - row for me.

Collins:

Roger:

Start → It was my

And you should hear her beat. You earned this on the street?

(Angel:)

luck - y day - to - day on A - ve - nue A, when a la - dy in a lim - ou - sine

(on stage)

7 8 9

drove my way. — She said dar - ling be a dear. I have - n't slept in a year. — I need your

10 11 12

help to make my neigh bor's yap - py dog dis - ap - pear. — This A - ki - ta, E - vi - ta, just

13 14 15

won't shut up. I be - lieve if you play — non-stop that pup will breathe its ve - ry last

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high-strung breath. I'm cer-tain that cur will bark it-self to death. To -

20 21 22

23

day for you, to - mor-row for me. To-day for you, to -

24 25

mor-row for me. We a-greed on a fee, a thou-sand dol-lar guar-an-tee, tax free,

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— and a bo nus if I trim her tree. Now who could fore-tell — that it would go so well? — But

29 30 31 32



sure as I am here that dog is now in doggie hell. Af-ter an hour, E-vi-ta, in all her glo-ry on the

33 34 35 36



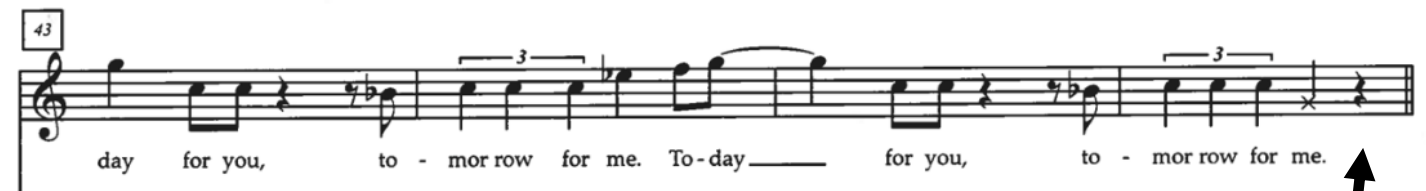
win-dow ledge — of her twen-ty third sto-ry, like Thel-ma and Lou-ise did when

37 38 39



they got the blues, — swan dove — in - to the court yard of the Gra-cie Mews. — To -

40 41 42



day for you, to - mor row for me. To-day — for you, to - mor row for me.

43 44 45 46

↑
End