Logical Song

C. Hodgson - R. Davies
arr. Ron Hanssen

Sopraan

When I was young, it seemed that life was so won-der-ful, a

mi-ra-cle, oh, it was beau-ti-ful, ma-gi-cal, and all the birds in the trees, well they'd be

sing-ing so hap-pi-ly, oh joy-ful-ly, oh, play-ful-ly watch-ing me, but then they

sent me a-way to teach me how to be sen-si-ble, log-i-cal, oh,— res - pon-sa-ble,

prac-ti-cal, and then they showed me a world where I could be so de - pen-da-ble,

clin-i-cal, oh, in-tel - lec-tu-al, cy-ni-cal.— There are times,—— when all

— the world's a - sleep,— the ques - tions run too deep— for such— a sim - ple man.

— Whon't you please,— please tell— me what we've learned.— I know

— it sounds ab - surd,— please tell— me who I am.—

I said watch what you say __ or they'll be cal-ling you a rad-i-cal, a lib-e-ral, oh, __ fan - a-ti-cal, cri-mi-nal. Oh won't you sign up your name we'd like to feel your ac - cep-ta-ble, re-spec-ta-ble, oh, __ pre - sen-ta-ble a vege-ta-ble.

And at night ___ when all ___ the world's a - sleep, ___ the ques- - tions run too deep ___ for such ___ a sim - ple man. ___ Won't you please, ___ please tell ___ me what we've learned, ___ I know ___ it sounds ab - surd, ___ please tell ___ me who I am, ___ who I am, ___ who I am, ___ who I am. ___