

Duncan Sheik & Steven Sater, Don't Do Sadness

[MORITZ]

Awful sweet to be a little butterfly
just winging over things
and nothing deep inside.
Nothing going going wild in you,
you know,
you're slowing by the riverside
floating high and blue.
Or maybe cool
to be a little summer wind
like once through everything
and then away again.
With the taste of dust
in your mouth all day
but no need to know
like sadness
you just sail away.

Cause you know,
I don't do sadness
not even a little bit.
Just don't need it in my life
don't want any part of it.
I don't do sadness,
hey I've done my time
looking back on it all
then it blows my mind,
I don't do sadness
so been there.
Don't do sadness
just don't care.

SPOKEN:

[ISLE]

Moritz Stiefle?

[MORITZ]

Ilse? You frightened me.

[ILSE]

What are you looking for?

[MORITZ]

If only I knew.

[ILSE]

Then what's the use in looking?
I'm on the way home. Want to come?

[MORITZ]

I don't know.

[ILSE]

God, remember how we used to run back to my house and play pirates?
Wendla Bergmen, Melchior Gabor, you, and I.

SUNG:

[ILSE]

Spring and summer ev'ry other day
Blue wind gets so sad
Blowin' through the thick corn,
Through the bales of hay,
Through the open books on the grass

Spring and summer.

Sure, when it's autumn
Wind always wants to
Creep up and haunt you
Whistlin' it's got you
With its heartache, with its sorrow
Winter wind sings and it cries.

Spring and summer ev'ry other day
Blue wind gets so pained
Blowin' through the thick corn,
Through the bales of hay,
Through the sudden drift of the rain
Spring and summer.

SPOKEN:
[MORITZ]
Actually, I'd better go.

[ILSE]
Walk as far as my house with me.

[MORITZ]
I wish I could.

[ILSE]
Then why don't you?

[MORITZ]
80 lines of virgil, 16 equations, a paper on the Hopsborks.

SUNG:
[MORITZ]
So maybe
I should be some kind of laundry mat.
Hang there things on me
And I will swing 'em dry.
You just wave in sun
Through the afternoon
And then see
They come to set you free
Beneath the rising moon

SUNG IN COUNTERPART:
[MORITZ]
Cause you know,
I don't do sadness
Not even a little bit.
Just don't need it in my life
Don't want any part of it.
I don't do sadness,
Hey I've done my time
Looking back on it all
Then it blows my mind.
I don't do sadness
So been there,
Don't do sadness
Just don't care.

[ILSE]
Spring and summer ev'ry other day
Blue wind gets so lost
Blowin' through the thick corn,
Through the bales of hay

Spring and summer ev'ry other day
Blue wind gets so lost
Blowin' through the thick corn,
Through the bales of hay,
Through the wandering clouds of the dust
Spring and summer