

Rent, Happy New Year A

Mimi:
How long till next year?

Roger:
Three and a half minutes

Mimi:
I'm giving up my vices
I'm going back- Back to school
Eviction or not this weeks been so hot
As long as I got you I know I'll be cool
I couldn't crack the love code dear
Til you made the lock on my heart explode!
It's gonna be a Happy New Year
A Happy New Year

Mark:
Cost is clear
Your suppose to be working, thats for midnight
Where are they?
There isnt much time

Mimi:
Maybe they're dressing?
I mean what does one wear thats appropo for a party
Thats also a crime

Maureen:
Chips anyone?

Mark:
You can take the girl out of hicksville
But you can't take the hicksville out of the girl

Maureen:
My riot got you on TV I deserve a royalty

Mimi:
Be nice you two or no god awful champagne

Maureen:
Don't mind if I do. no luck?

Roger:
Bolted plywood padlocked with a chain
A total dead end

Maureen:
Just like my ex girlfriend

Honey I know your there
Please pick up the phone
Are you okay?

It's not funny
It's not fair
How can I atone?
Are you okay?

I lose control but I can learn to behave
Give me one more chance
Let me be your slave
I'll kiss your Doc Martens
Let me kiss your Doc Martens!

Your every wish I will obey

Joanne:
That might be okay
Down girl
heel, stay

I did a bit of research with my friends at legal aid
Technically your squatters
Theres hope
But just in case

Mark and Roger:
Rope!

Mark:
We can hoist a line

Joanne:
To the fire escape

Mark:
And tie off at

Mark and Joanne:
that bench

Maureen:
I can't take them as chums

Joanne:
So start hoisting, Wench!

Roger:
I think I should be laughing
Yet I forget- Forget how to begin
I'm feeling something inside and yet I still can't decide
If I should hide or made a wide open grin

Last week I wanted just to dissapear
My life was dust
But now it just may be a Happy New Year
A Happy New Year

Collins:
Bond- James Bond

Angel:
And Pussy Galore- In Person.

Mimi:
Pussy you came prepared

Angel:
I was a boy scout once
And a brownie. till some brat got scared

Collins:
Aha- Moneypenny my martini!

Mimi:
Will bad champagne do?

Roger:
Thats shaken not stirred

Collins:
Pussy the bolts

Angel:
Just say the word

Mimi:
Two minutes left to execute our plan

Collins:
Wheres everyone else?

Roger:
Playing spiderman

Mark:
Ironic close up tight
On the phone machine's red light
Once the boho boys are gone
The power mysteriously comes on..