

Stephen Sondheim, Every Day A Little Death

Charlotte: Every day a little death,
In the parlour, in the bed,
In the curtains, in the silver,
In the buttons, in the bread.
Everyday a little sting,
In the heart and in the head.
Every move and every breath,
And you hardly feel a thing,
Brings a perfect little death.

He smiles sweetly, strokes my hair,
Says he misses me.
I would murder him right there,
But first I die.
He talks softly of his wars,
And his horses, and his whores,
I think love's a dirty business.

Anne: So do I!
So do I.

Charlotte: I'm before him on my knees,
And he kisses me.
He assumes I'll lose my reason,
And I do.
Men are stupid, men are vain,
Love's disgusting, love's insane,
A humiliating business.

Anne: Oh, how true.

Charlotte: Ah, well.
Everyday a little death.
Anne: Everyday a little death.

Charlotte: In the parlour, in the bed.
Anne: In the looks and in the acts.

Charlotte: In the curtains, in the silver,
In the buttons, in the bread.
Anne: In the murmurs, in the gestures,
In the pauses, in the sighs.

Charlotte: Everyday a little sting.
Anne: Everyday a little dies.

Charlotte: In the heart and in the head.
Anne: In the looks and in the lies.

Charlotte: Every move and every breath,
Both: And you hardly feel a thing,
Brings a perfect little death.