

# Broadways, Into The Woods - Moments In The W

BAKER'S WIFE

What was that?

Was that me?

Was that him?

Did a Prince really kiss me?

And kiss me?

And kiss me?

And did I kiss him back?

Was it wrong?

Am I mad?

Is that all?

Does he miss me?

Was he suddenly

Getting bored with me?

Wake up! Stop dreaming.

Stop prancing about the woods.

It's not besseming.

What is it about the woods?

Back to life, back to sense,

Back to child, back to husband,

You can't live in the woods.

There are vows, there are ties,

There are needs, there are standards,

There are shouldn'ts and shoulds.

Why not both instead?

There's the answer, if you're clever:

have a child for warmth,

And a Baker for bread,

And a Prince for whatever-

Never!

It's these woods.

Face the facts, find the boy,

Join the group, stop the Giant-

Just get out of these woods.

Was that him? yes it was.

Was that me? No it wasn't,

Just a trick of the woods.

Just a moment,

One peculiar passing moment...

Must it all be either less or more,

Either plain or grand?

Is it always "or"?

Is it never "and"?

That's what woods are for:

For those moments in the woods...

Oh. if life were made of moments,

Even now and then a bad one-!

But if life were only moments,

Then you'd never know you had one.

First a Witch, then a child,

Then a Prince, then a moment-

Who can live in the woods?

And to get what you wish,

Only just for a moment-

These are dangerous woods...

Let the moment go...  
Don't forget it for a moment, though.  
Just remembering you've had and "and",  
When you're back to "or",  
Makes the "or" mean more  
Than it did before.  
Now I understand-

And it's time to leave the woods.