

Chorus line, Nothing

[DIANA]

I'm so excited because I'm gonna go
to the High School of Performing Arts!
I mean, I was dying to be a serious actress.
Anyway, it's the first day acting class-
and we're in the auditorium and the teacher,
Mr. Karp... Oh, Mr. Karp...
Anyway, he puts us up on the stage with
our legs around each other,
one in back of the other and he says:
"Okay... we're going to do improvisations.
Now, you're on a bobsled. It's snowing out.
And it's cold... Okay... GO!"
Ev'ry day for a week we would try to
Feel the motion, feel the motion
Down the hill.
Ev'ry day for a week we would try to
Hear the wind rush, hear the wind rush,
Feel the chill.
And I dug right down to the bottom of my soul
To see what I had inside.
Yes, I dug right down to the bottom of my soul
And I tried, I tried.

[Spoken]

And everybody's goin' "Whooooosh, whoooooosh ...
I feel the snow... I feel the cold... I feel the air."
And Mr. Karp turns to me and he says,
"Okay, Morales. What did you feel?"

[sings]

And I said..."Nothing,
I'm feeling nothing,"
And he says "Nothing
Could get a girl transferred."
They all felt something,
But I felt nothing
Except the feeling
That this bullshit was absurd!

[Spoken]

But I said to myself, "Hey, it's only the first week.
Maybe it's genetic.

They don't have bobsleds in San Juan!"

[sings]

Second week, more advanced, and we had to
Be a table, be a sportscar...
Ice-cream cone.

Mister Karp, he would say,"Very good,
except Morales. Try, Morales,
All alone."

And I dug right down to the bottom of my soul
To see how an ice cream felt.

Yes, I dug right down to the bottom of my soul
And I tried to melt.

The kids yelled, "Nothing!"

They called me "Nothing"

And Karp allowed it,

Which really makes me burn.

The were so helpful.

They called me "Hopeless",,

Until I really didn't know

Where else to turn.

[Spoken]

And Karp kept saying,
"Morales, I think you should transfer to Girl's High,
You'll never be an actress, Never!" Jesus Christ!

Went to church, praying, "Santa Maria,
Send me guidance, send me guidance,"
On my knees.
Went to church, praying, "Santa Maria,
Help me feel it, help me feel it.
Pretty please!"
And a voice from down at the bottom of my soul
Came up to the top of my head.
And the voice from down at the bottom of my soul,
Here is what it said:
"This man is nothing!
This course is nothing!
If you want something,
Go find another class.
And when you find one
You'll be an actress."
And I assure you that's what
Fin'ly came to pass.
Six months later I heard that Karp had died.
And I dug right down to the bottom of my soul...
And cried.
'Cause I felt... nothing.