

Chorus Line Soundtrack, Nothing

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Miscellaneous

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 our first day acting class and we're in the auditorium and the teacher, Mr. Karp, puts us upon the stage with our legs around everybody, one in back of the other, and he says: "Okay, we're gonna do improvisations... Now, you're on a bobsled and it's snowing out and it's cold... Okay, go!"
Ev'ryday 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!

And everybody goin' "Woosh... woosh ...

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?"

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 feelin' that this bullshit was absurd!

But I said to myself,

"Hey, it's only the first week. Maybe it's genetic,

They don't have bobsleds in San Juan!"

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.

They were so helpful, they called me "Hopeless",

Until I really didn't know where else to turn.

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 a 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'lly 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...