

Music Man, My White Knight

Marian:

Being in love used to be my fav'rite dream.

Oh, yes.

I've been in love more than anybody else has.

I guess.

My first love heroic'ly ran the streetcar.

I tingled at ev'ry clang clang.

Next I fell for the principal

But, oh that teacher who sang "In the Gloamin'."

Knee-deep in love--what a lovely dream!

And yet, somehow,

Me deep in love's only half of what I'm longing for now.

I still love my being in love with someone,

But tell me, why couldn't there be

Somebody being in love with me?

All I want is a plain man.

All I want is a modest man.

A quiet man, a gentle man

A straightforward and honest man

To sit with me in a cottage somewhere in the state of Iowa...

And I would like him to be more interested in me

Than he's in himself and more interested in us than in me...

And if occasionally he'd ponder

What makes Shakespeare and Beethoven great.

Him I could love 'til I die.

Him I could love 'til I die!

Being in love--what a lovely dream!

And yet, somehow,

Being in love's only half of what I'm longing for now.

And so then,

Tonight I'll be in there dreaming

And hoping that someday there'll be

Just once!

Somebody being in love with me...