

# Newsies, Off To The Races

MEDDA & NEWSIES:

High times, hard times

Sometimes the living is sweet

And sometimes there's nothing to eat

But I always lands on my feet

So when there's dry times

I wait for high times and then

I put on my best

And I stick out my chest

And I'm off to the race's again!

MEDDA: (Spoken)

Hello, newsies. What's new?

MEDDA:

So your old lady don't love you no more

So you're afraid there's a wolf at your door

So you've got street rats that scream in your ear

MEDDA & NEWSIES:

You win some, you lose some

My dear, oh'

High times, hard times

Sometimes the living is sweet

And sometimes there's nothing to eat

But I always lands on my feet

So when there's dry times

I wait for high times and then

I put on my best

And I stick out my chest

And I'm off to the races again

MEDDA:

I put on my best!

NEWSIES:

I put on my best!

MEDDA:

And I stick out my chest

NEWSIES:

And I sticks out my chest

MEDDS:

And I'm off

NEWSIES:

And I'm off

MEDDA:

And I'm off

NEWSIES:

And I'm off

MEDDA:

And I'm off

ALL:

To the races again!