

# Original Broadway Cast, Seasons Of Love

ANGEL

New York City -

MARK

Uh huh

ANGEL

Center of the universe

COLLINS

Sing it girl -

ANGEL

Times are shitty

But I'm pretty sure they can't get worse

MARK

I hear you

ANGEL

It's a comfort to know

When you're singing the hit the road blues

That anywhere else you could possibly go

After New York would be a pleasure cruise

COLLINS

Now you're talking

Well I'm thwarted by a metaphysic puzzle

And I'm sick of grading papers - That I know

And I'm shouting in my sleep, I need a muzzle

All this misery pays no salary, so

Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe

Oh sunny Santa Fe would be nice

Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe

And leave this to the roaches and mice

Oh--oh

ALL

Oh---

ANGEL

You teach?

COLLINS

- I teach - Computer age philosophy

But my students would rather watch TV

ANGEL

America

ALL

America!

COLLINS

You're a sensitive aesthete

Brush the sauce onto the meat

You could make the menu sparkle with a rhyme

You could drum a gentle drum

I could seat guests as they come

Chatting not about Heidegger, but wine!

Let's open up a restaurant in Santa Fe

Our labors would reap financial gains

ALL

Gains, gains, gains

COLLINS

We'll open up a restaurant in Santa Fe

And save from devastation of our brains

HOMELESS

Save our brains

ALL

We'll pack up all our junk and fly so far away

Devote ourselves to projects that sell

We'll open up a restaurant in Santa Fe

Forget this cold Bohemian hell

Oh--

Oh--

COLLINS

Do you know the way to Santa Fe?  
You know, tumbleweeds. . .prairie dogs. . . Yeah