

Rent, Today 4 U

Mark:

Enter Tom Collins, computer genius, teacher, vagabond anarchist, who ran naked through the Parthenon.

Mark & Collins:

Bustelo - Marlboro

Banana by the bunch

A box of Captain Crunch will taste so good

Collins:

And firewood

Mark:

Look - it's Santa Claus

Collins:

Hold your applause

Roger:

Oh hi

Collins:

'Oh hi' after seven months?

Roger:

Sorry

Collins:

This boy could use some Stoli

Collins, Mark & Roger:

Oh holy night

Roger:

You struck gold at MIT?

Collins:

They expelled me for my theory of Actual Reality

Which I'll soon impart

To the couch potatoes at New York University

Still haven't left the house?

Roger:

I was waiting for you don't you know

Collins:

Well, tonight's the night

Come to the Life Cafe after Maureen's show

Roger:

No flow

Collins:

Gentlemen, our benefactor on this Christmas eve

Whose charity is only matched by talent, I believe

A new member of the Alphabet City avant-garde

Angel Dumott Schunard!

Angel:

Today for you - tomorrow for me

Today for you - tomorrow for me

Collins:

And you should hear her beat!

Mark:

You earned this on the street?

Angel:

It was my lucky day today on Avenue A
When a lady in a limousine drove my way
She said, "Darling - be a dear - haven't slept in a year
I need your help to make my neighbor's yappy dog disappear"
"This Akita-Evita just won't shut up
I believe if you play non-stop that pup
Will breathe its very last high-strung breath
I'm certain that cur will bark itself to death"
Today for you - tomorrow for me
Today for you - tomorrow for me
We agreed on a fee - A thousand dollar guarantee
Tax-free - and a bonus if I trim her tree
Now who could foretell that it would go so well
But sure as I am here that dog is now in doggy hell
After an hour - Evita - in all her glory
On the window ledge of that 23rd story
Like Thelma & Louise did when they got the blues
Swan dove into the courtyard of the Gracie Mews
Today for you - tomorrow for me
Today for you - tomorrow for me
Then back to the street where I met my sweet
Where he was moaning and groaning on the cold concrete
The nurse took him home for some mercurochrome
And I dressed his wounds and got him back on his feet
Sing it
Today for you - tomorrow for me
Today for you - tomorrow for me
Today for you - tomorrow for me
Today for you - tomorrow for me