# Spring Awakening, Don't Do Sadness/Blue Wind

[MORITZ]
Awful sweet to be a little butterfly.
Just wingin' over things, and nothin' deep inside.
Nothin' goin', goin' wild in you- you know-
You're slowin' by the riverside or floatin' high and blue...

Or, maybe, cool to be a little summer wind.
Like, once through everything, and then away again.
With a taste of dust in your mouth all day,
But no need to know, like sadness- you just sail away.

'Cause, you know, I don't do sadness- not even a little bit.
Just don't need it in my life- don't want any part of it.
I don't do sadness. Hey, I've done my time,
Lookin' back on it all- man, it blows my mind.

I don't do sadness. So been there.
Don't do sadness. Just don't care.

[ILSE, speaking]
Moritz Stiefel!

[MORITZ, speaking]
Ilse?! You frightened me.

[ILSE, speaking]
What're you looking for?

[MORITZ, speaking]
If only I knew.

[ILSE, speaking]
Then what's the use of looking?

I'm on my way home, want to come?

[MORITZ, speaking]
I don't know.

[ILSE, speaking]
God, you remember how we used to run back to my house and
play pirates? Wendla Bergman, Melchior Gabor, you and I ...

[ILSE]
Spring and summer,
Every other day,
Blue wind gets so sad.
Blowin' through the thick corn,
Through the bales of hay,
Through the open books on the grass...

Spring and summer...

Sure, when it's autumn,
Wind always wants to
Creep up and haunt you-
Whistling, it's got you;
With its heartache, with its sorrow,
Winter wind sings, and it cries...

Spring and summer,
Every other day,
Blue wind gets so pained.
Blowin' through the thick corn,

Through the bales of hay,
Through the sudden drift of the rain...

Spring and summer...

[MORITZ, speaking]
Actually, I better go.

[ILSE, speaking]
Walk as far as my house with me.

[MORITZ, speaking]
I wish I could.

[ILSE, speaking]
Then, why don't you?

[MORITZ, speaking]
Eighty lines of Virgil, sixteen equations, a paper on the Hapsburgs...

[MORITZ]
So, maybe I should be some kinda' laundry line-
Hang their things on me, and I will swing 'em dry.
You just wave in the sun through the afternoon,
And then, see, they come to set you free, beneath the risin' moon.

'Cause you know-

[MORITZ & "'ILSE"' simultaneously]
I don't do sadness- not "'Spring and summer,"'
even a little bit. "'Every other day,"'
Just don't need it in my "'Blue wind gets so lost."'
life- don't want any "'Blowin' through the thick"'
part of it. "'corn,"'
I don't do sadness. Hey "'Through the bales of hay-"'
I've done my time.
Lookin' back on it all- "'Spring and summer,"'
man, it blows my mind. "'Every other day,"'
"'Blue wind gets so lost"'
I don't do sadness. "'Blowin' through the thick"'
"'corn, Through the bales of hay"'
So been there. "'Through the wandering"'
Don't do sadness. "'clouds of dust..."'
Just don't care. "'Spring and summer..."'