

# Stephen Sondheim, Another Hundred People

MARTA: Another hundred people just got off of the train,  
And came up through the ground,  
While another hundred people just got off of the bus,  
And are looking around  
At another hundred people who got off of the plane,  
And are looking at us,  
Who got off of the train,  
And the plane, and the bus,  
Maybe yesterday.

It's a city of strangers  
Some come to work, some to play  
A city of strangers  
Some come to stare, some to stay  
And every day  
The ones who stay

Can find each other in the crowded streets and the guarded parks  
By the rusty fountains and the dusty trees with the battered barks  
And they walk together past the postered walls with the crude remarks

And they meet at parties through the friends-of-friends, who they never know  
"Will you pick me up, or do I meet you there, or shall we let it go?  
Did you get my message? 'Cause I looked in vain  
Can we see each other Tuesday if it doesn't rain?  
Look, I'll call you in the morning, or my service'll explain."  
And another hundred people just got off of the train.

It's a city of strangers  
Some come to work, some to play  
A city of strangers  
Some come to stare, some to stay  
And every day  
Some go away...

Or they find each other in the crowded streets and the guarded parks  
By the rusty fountains and the dusty trees with the battered barks  
And they walk together past the postered walls with the crude remarks

And they meet at parties through the friends-of-friends, who they never know  
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Did you get my message? 'Cause I looked in vain  
Can we see each other Tuesday if it doesn't rain?  
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