

# Stephen Sondheim, Not A Day Goes By

Not a day goes by,  
Not a single day  
But you're somewhere a part of my life  
And it looks like you'll stay.  
As the days go by,  
I keep thinking, "When does it end?  
Where 's the day I'll have started forgetting?"  
But I just go on  
Thinking and sweating  
And cursing and crying  
And turning and reaching  
And waking and dying

And no,  
Not a day goes by,  
Not a blessed day.  
But you're still somewhere part of my life  
And you won't go away.  
So there's hell to pay.  
And until I die  
I'll die day after day  
After day after day  
After day after day  
After day  
Till the days go by  
Till the days go by  
Till the days go by