



Crutchie – Letter from the Refuge (m. 19 – 57)

19 I miss the roof - top." Sleep - in'

22 **Piu mosso**
right out in the op - en, in your pent-house in the sky. There's a

26 cool breeze blo - win' ev - en in Ju - ly... "A - ny -
27 28 29 *poco rit.*

30 way, so guess what? There's this sec - ret es - cape plan I got: tie a

34 sheet to the bed, toss the end out the win - dow, climb down, then take off like a shot! May - be

38 though, not to - night. I ain't slept and my leg still ain't right. Hey, but

42 Pu - li - tzer, he's go - in' down! And, then, Jack, I was think - in' we might just go, -

46 like you was say - ing..." where it's
47 48 *rall.*

49 **Appassionato**
clean and green and pret - ty, with no build - ings in your way, and you'se

53 rid - in' pal - o - mi - nos ev' - ry day, once that

57 **Slower**
train makes...
END *rit.* CRUTCHIE: Damn this place. **END**



Crutchie – *Lines*

Hey, look! They're puttin' up the headline.

I hope it's really bloody. With a nice clear picture.

The trolley strike? Not again!

Three weeks of the same story.

They're killin' us with that snoozer.