

Not for the Life of Me

Sutton Foster

MILLIE:

I studied all the pictures in magazines and books
I memorized the subway map too
It's one block north to Macy's and two to Brothers Brooks
Manhattan, I prepared for you You certainly are diff'rent from what they have back home
Where nothing's over three stories high
And no one's in a hurry or wants to roam
But I do, though they wonder why They said I would soon be good and lonely
They said I would sing the homesick blues
(taking a train ticket from her pocket)
So I always have this ticket in my pocket
A ticket home in my pocket
To do with as I choose (tearing the ticket in two)
Burn the bridge, bet the store
Baby's coming home no more
Not for the life of me
Break the lock, post my bail
Done my time, I'm out of jail
Not for the life of me A life that's gotta be more than a one-light town
Where the light is always red
Gotta be more than an old ghost town
Where the ghost ain't even dead Clap-a-your hands, just-a-because
Don't you know that where I am ain't where I was
Not for the life of me
Boh-doh-dee-oh
Not for the life of
Not for the life of
Not for the life of me!

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