

Stephen Sondheim's *Company*: Lyrics to Four Songs

“The Little Things You Do Together”

JOANNE:

It's the little things you do together,
Do together,
Do together,
That make perfect relationships.
The hobbies you pursue together,
Savings you accrue together,
Looks you misconstrue together,
That make marriage a joy.
M-hm...

It's the little things you share together,
Swear together,
Wear together,
That make perfect relationships.
The concerts you enjoy together,
Neighbors you annoy together,
Children you destroy together,
That keep marriage intact.

It's not so hard to be married
When two manoeuver as one.
It's not so hard to be married,
And, Jesus Christ, is it fun!

It's sharing little winks together,
Drinks together,
Kinks together,
That make marriage a joy.
The bargains that you shop together,
Cigarettes you stop together,
Clothing that you swap together,
That make perfect relationships.
Uh-huh...
M-hm...

FRIENDS:

It's not talk of God and the decade ahead that
Allows you to get through the worst.
It's "I do" and "you don't" and "nobody said that"
And "who brought the subject up first?"
It's the little things,
The little things, the little things, the little things.

The little ways you try together,
Cry together,
Lie together,
That make perfect relationships.
Becoming a cliché together,
Growing old and grey together,
Withering away together,
That make marriage a joy.

It's not so hard to be married,
It's much the simplest of crimes.
It's not so hard to be married--

JOANNE:

I've done it three or four times.

FRIENDS:

It's the people that you hate together,
Bait together,
Date together,
That make marriage a joy.
It's things like using force together,
Shouting till you're hoarse together,
Getting a divorce together,
That make perfect relationships.
Uh-huh...
Kiss-kiss...
M-hm...

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“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 upholstered walls with the crude remarks.
And they meet at parties through the friends of friends who they never know.
"Do I pick you 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 will 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 upholstered walls with the crude remarks.
And they meet at parties through the friends of friends who they never know.
"Do I pick you 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 will explain."
And another hundred people just got off of the train.
And another hundred people just got off of the train,
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And another hundred people just got off of the train.
Another hundred people just got off of the train.

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"The Ladies Who Lunch"

JOANNE:

Here's to the ladies who lunch--
Everybody laugh.
Lounging in their caftans
And planning a brunch
On their own behalf.
Off to the gym,
Then to a fitting,
Claiming they're fat.
And looking grim,
'Cause they've been sitting
Choosing a hat.
Does anyone still wear a hat?
I'll drink to that.

And here's to the girls who play smart--
Aren't they a gas?
Rushing to their classes
In optical art,
Wishing it would pass.
Another long exhausting day,
Another thousand dollars,
A matinee, a Pinter play,
Perhaps a piece of Mahler's.
I'll drink to that.
And one for Mahler!

And here's to the girls who play wife--
Aren't they too much?
Keeping house but clutching
A copy of LIFE,
Just to keep in touch.
The ones who follow the rules,
And meet themselves at the schools,
Too busy to know that they're fools.
Aren't they a gem?
I'll drink to them!
Let's all drink to them!

And here's to the girls who just watch--
Aren't they the best?
When they get depressed,
It's a bottle of Scotch,
Plus a little jest.
Another chance to disapprove,
Another brilliant zinger,
Another reason not to move,
Another vodka stinger.
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!
I'll drink to that.

So here's to the girls on the go--
Everybody tries.
Look into their eyes,
And you'll see what they know:
Everybody dies.
A toast to that invincible bunch,
The dinosaurs surviving the crunch.
Let's hear it for the ladies who lunch--
Everybody rise!
Rise!
Rise! Rise! Rise! Rise! Rise! Rise! Rise!
Rise!

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"Being Alive"

FRIENDS (::frantically::):
Bobby...Bobby...Bobby baby...
Bobby bubbi...Robby...Robert darling...
Bobby, we've been trying to call you.
Bobby...Bobby...Bobby baby...Bobby bubbi...
Angel, I've got something to tell you.
Bob...Robbo...Bobby love...Bobby honey...
Bobby, we've been trying to reach you all day.
Bobby...Bobby...Bobby Baby...Angel...Darling...
The kids were asking--
Bobby...Bobby...Robert...Robby...Bob-o...
Bobby, there was something we wanted to say.
The line was busy...
Bobby...Bobby bubbi...
Bobby fella...Bobby sweetie--

ROBERT (::speaking::): Stop!...What do you get?
 (::Sings::)
Someone to hold you too close,
Someone to hurt you too deep,
Someone to sit in your chair,
To ruin your sleep.

PAUL: That's true, but there's more to it than that.
SARAH: Is that all you think there is to it?
HARRY: You've got so many reasons for not being
with someone, but Robert,
you haven't got one good reason for being alone.
LARRY: Come on, you're on to something, Bobby.
You're on to something.

ROBERT:
Someone to need you too much,
Someone to know you too well,
Someone to pull you up short
And put you through hell.

DAVID: You see what you look for, you know.
JOANNE: You're not a kid anymore, Robby. I don't
think you'll ever be a kid again, kiddo.
PETER: Hey, buddy, don't be afraid it won't be
perfect. The only thing to be afraid of really is that it
won't be.
JENNY: Don't stop now. Keep going.

ROBERT:
Someone you have to let in,
Someone whose feelings you spare,
Someone who, like it or not,
Will want you to share
A little, a lot.

SUSAN: And what does all that mean?
LARRY: Robert, how do you know so much about it
when you've never been there?
HARRY: It's much better living it than looking at it,
Robert.
PETER: Add 'em up, Bobby. Add 'em up.

ROBERT:
Someone to crowd you with love,
Someone to force you to care,
Someone to make you come through,
Who'll always be there,
As frightened as you
Of being alive,
Being alive,
Being alive,
Being alive.

AMY: Blow out the candles, Robert, and make a
wish. *Want* something! *Want something!*

ROBERT:
Somebody, hold me too close,
Somebody, hurt me too deep,
Somebody, sit in my chair
And ruin my sleep
And make me aware
Of being alive,
Being alive.

Somebody, need me too much,
Somebody, know me too well,
Somebody, pull me up short
And put me through hell
And give me support
For being alive,
Make me alive.

Make me confused,
Mock me with praise,
Let me be used,
Vary my days.
But alone is alone, not alive.

Somebody, crowd me with love,
Somebody, force me to care,
Somebody, make me come through,
I'll always be there,
As frightened as you,
To help us survive
Being alive,
Being alive,
Being alive!