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Could I Leave You?

Reference number PT0410

PHYLLIS

Leave you? Leave you?
How could I leave you?
How could I go it alone?
Could I wave the years away with a quick goodbye?
How do you wipe tears away when your eyes are dry?
Sweetheart, lover, could I recover,
Give up the joys I have known?
Not to fetch your pills again
Ev'ry day at five,
Not to give those dinners for ten elderly men from the U.N.
How could I survive?

Could I leave you and your shelves of the world's past books
And the evenings of martyred looks, cryptic sighs,
sullen glares from those injured eyes,
Could I leave the quips with a sting, jokes with a sneer,
Passionless lovemaking once a year,
Leave the lies ill-concealed and the wounds never healed
and the games not worth winning and wait!
I'm just beginning!

What,
Leave you? Leave you?
How could I leave you?
What would I do on my own?
Putting thoughts of you aside in the south of France,
Would I think of suicide?
Darling, shall we dance?

Could I live through the pain on a terrace in Spain?
Would it pass? It would pass.
Could I bury my rage with a boy half your age in the grass?
Bet your ass.
But I've done that already, or didn't you know, love?
Tell me, how could I leave when I left long ago, love?

Could I leave you?
No, the point is, could you leave me?
Well, I guess you could leave me the house,
leave me the flat, leave me the Braques and Chagalls and all that,
you could leave me the stocks for sentiment's sake,
and ninety percent of the money you make,
and the rugs and the cooks.
Darling, you keep the drugs, angel, you keep the books,
honey, I'll take the grand, sugar you keep the spinet
and all of our friends and... just wait a goddam minute!
Oh, leave you? Leave you?
How could I leave you?
Sweetheart, I have to confess:
Could I leave you?
Yes.
Will I leave you?
Will I leave you?

(spoken)

Guess!