

www.practicetracks.co.uk

Sunday In The Park With George

Reference number PT0916

DOT

*(spoken)*

George,

Why is it you always get to sit in the shade  
while I have to stand in the sun? George?

Hello, George?

There is someone in this dress!

*(sung)*

A trickle of sweat.

The back of the head.

He always does this.

Now the foot is dead.

Sunday in the park with George.

One more Su-

The collar is damp,

Beginning to pinch.

The bustle's slipping

I won't budge one inch.

Who was at the zoo, George?

Who was at the zoo?

The monkeys and who, George?

The monkeys and who?

GEORGE

*(spoken)*

Don't move, please!

DOT

Artists are bizarre.

Fixed.

Cold.

That's you, George,  
you're bizarre.

Fixed.  
Cold.  
I like that in a man.  
Fixed.  
Cold.  
God, it's hot out here.

Well, there are worse things  
Than staring at the water on a Sunday.  
There are worse things  
Than staring at the water  
As you're posing for a picture  
Being painted by your lover  
In the middle of the summer  
On an island in the river on a Sunday.

The petticoat's wet,  
Which adds to the weight.  
The sun is blinding.  
All right, concentrate...

GEORGE  
*(spoken)*  
Eyes open, please.

DOT  
Sunday in the park with George.

GEORGE  
*(spoken)*  
Look out at the water. Not at me.

DOT  
Sunday in the park with George.  
Well, if you want bread  
And respect  
And attention,  
Not to say connection,  
Modeling's no profession.  
If you want instead,  
When you're dead,  
Some more public  
And more permanent expression

Of affection,  
You want a  
Painter, Poet, Sculptor, preferably:  
Marble, Granite, Bronze, Durable.  
Something nice with swans  
That's durable  
Forever.

All it has to be is good.  
And, George, you're good.  
You're really good.  
George's stroke is tender.  
George's touch is pure.

Your eyes, George,  
I love your eyes, George,  
I love your beard, George.  
I love your size, George.  
But most, George, of all,

But most of all,  
I love your painting...  
I think I'm fainting...

The tip of a stay.  
Right under the tit.  
No, don't give in, just...  
Lift the arm a bit...

GEORGE  
(*spoken*)  
Don't life the arm, please.

DOT  
Sunday in the park with George.

GEORGE  
(*spoken*)  
The bustle high, please.

DOT  
Not even a nod.  
As if I were trees.

The ground could open,  
He would still say, "please".  
Never know with you, George,  
Who could know with you?  
The others I knew, George.  
Before we get through,  
I'll get to you too.  
God, I am so hot!

Well, there are worse things  
Than staring at the water on a Sunday.  
There are worse things  
Than staring at the water  
As you're posing for a picture  
After sleeping on the ferry  
After getting up at seven  
To come over to an island  
In the middle of a river  
Half an hour from the city  
On a Sunday,  
On a Sunday in the park with...

GEORGE  
*(spoken)*  
Don't move the mouth.

DOT  
George.