

# Santa Fe

AUDITION

6/20/12

Music: Alan Menken  
Lyric: Jack Feldman  
Arr.: M. Kosarin

## Driving

Jack (last x)

[2X]

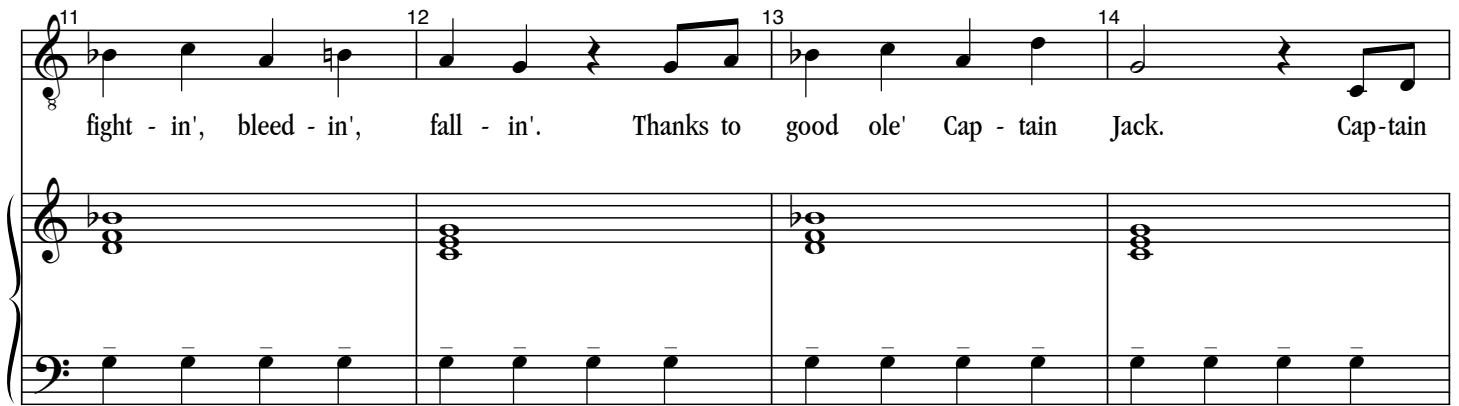
Folks, we fi - n'ly got a head - line: "News-ies

*mp*

crushed as bulls at - tack!" Crutch-ie's call - in' me, dumb crip's just too damn

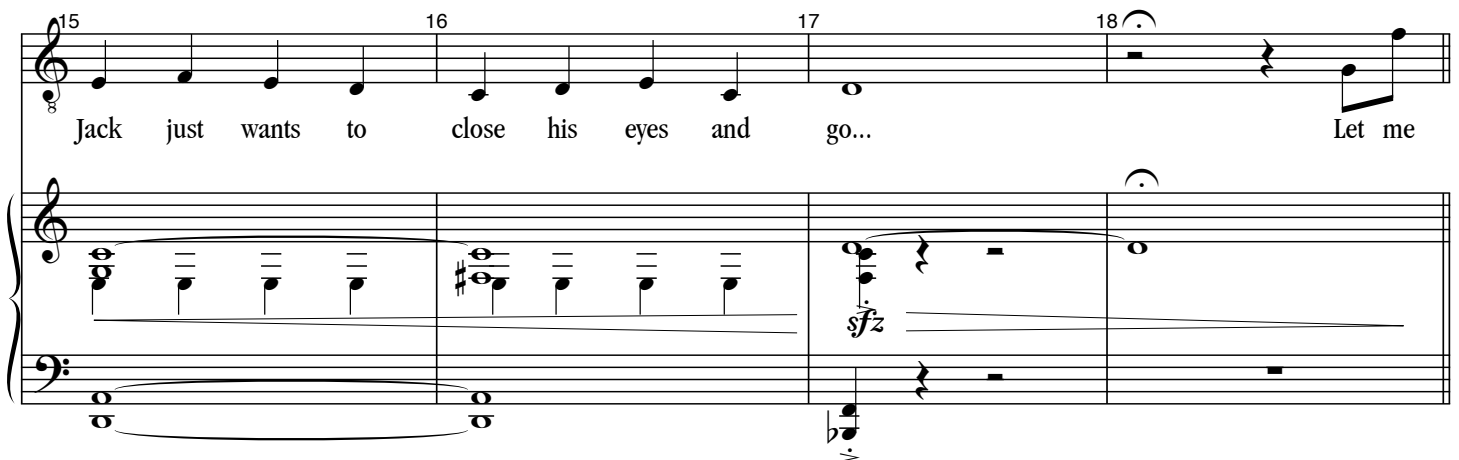
slow. Guys are

11 12 13 14



fight - in', bleed - in', fall - in'. Thanks to good ole' Cap - tain Jack. Cap-tain

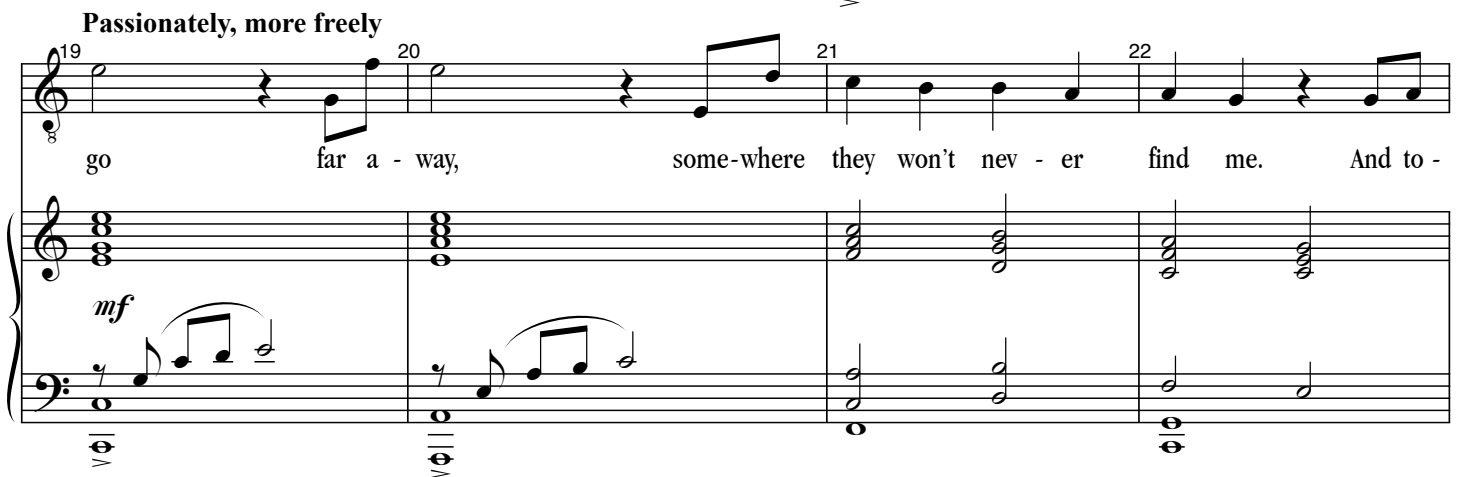
15 16 17 18



Jack just wants to close his eyes and go... Let me

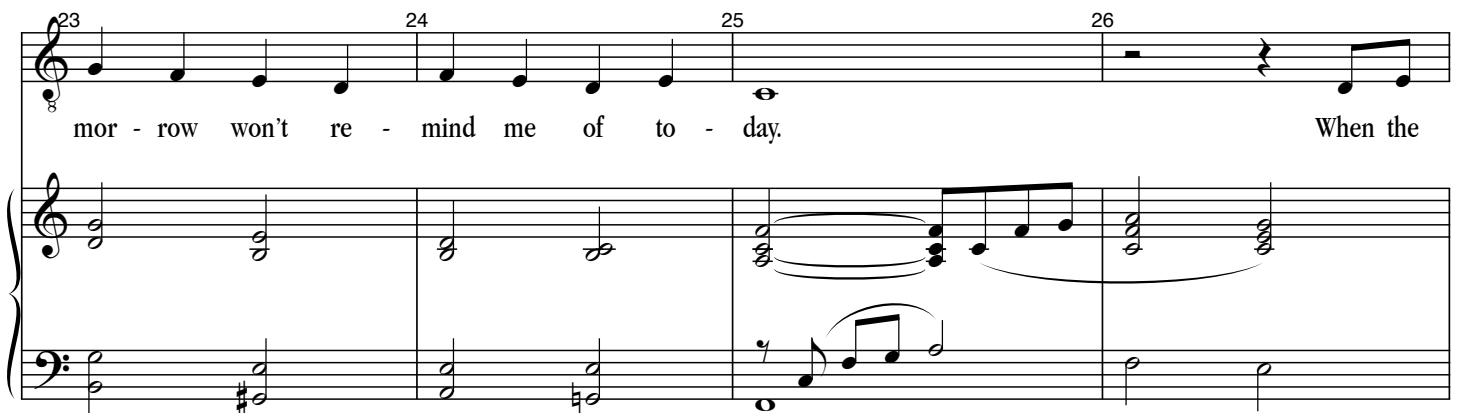
**Passionately, more freely**

19 20 21 22



go far a - way, some-where they won't nev - er find me. And to -

23 24 25 26



mor - row won't re - mind me of to - day. When the

27 28 29 30

cit - y's fin'l - ly sleep - in', and the moon looks old and gray, I get

31 32 33 34

on the train that's bound for San - ta Fe. And I'm

*dolce*

*mp*

35 36 37 38

gone! And I'm done! No more run - nin', no more ly - in'. No more

*mf*

39 40 41 42

fat old men de - ny - in' me my pay. Just a

43 moon so big and 44 yel - low, 45 it turns night right in - to 46 day. Dreams come

47 true, 48 yeah, they do, 49 in San-ta Fe. 50

*poco rit.* ----- *molto accel.* -----

**With more drive**

51 Where does it say you 52 got - ta live and 53 die here? 54

55 Where does it say a 56 guy can't catch a 57 break? 58

59 60 61 62

Why should you on - ly take what you're giv - en? Why should you spend your whole life liv - in'

*poco accel.*

**Solidly, slightly faster**

63 64 65 66

trapped where there ain't no fu - ture, e - ven at sev - en - teen,

67 68 69 70

break - in' your back for some - one el - se's sake? If the

71 72 73 74

life don't seem to suit ya, how 'bout a change of scene,

*Stgs*

75 76 77 78

far from the lous - y head - lines and the dead - lines in be - tween!

79 80 81 82

*molto rall.* San - ta

**Broadly, in 4** 83 84 85 86 87 88 *moving forward*

Fe! My old friend! I can't spend my whole life dream-in', though I know that's all I seem in-clined to

89 90 91 92

do. I ain't get - tin' an - y young - er, and I

93 94 95 96

wan - na start brand new. I need space, and fresh air. Let 'em

*more broadly*

97 98 99 100

laugh in my face, I don't care. Save my place, I'll be there....

*rit.*

11

**A tempo (poco rubato)**

101 102 103 104

Just be

*mp*

105 106 107 108

real is all I'm ask - in', not some paint - in' in my head. 'Cause I'm

109 110 111 112

dead if I can't count on you to - day. I got

*rall.*

113 114

no - thin', if I ain't got San - ta

*f*

**Briskly**

115 116 117 118

Fe.

*ff* *molto rall.* *sfz p* *ff*

END ACT ONE