I wanna sit down.

I don't hear anything. You're supposed to hear bells, drums, trumpets. I don't hear anything. Do you hear anything? No?

Well, what do you know?
When it all comes true, just the way you planned, it's funny, but the bells don't ring. It's a quiet thing. When you hold the world in your trembling hand, you'd think you'd hear a choir...
It's a quiet thing.

There are no exploding fireworks;

Where's the roaring of the crowds? May be it's the strange new

atmosphere way up here among the clouds. But
I don't hear the drums,
I don't hear the band,
the sounds I'm told such moments bring.

poco rall. a tempo

Happiness comes in on tip-toe.

Well,

wha-da-ya know,
It's a quiet thing.

A
very quiet thing.

What do you call a job at Garret and Mellick’s?

What do you call a fashion illustrator?

What do you call thirty dollars a week? Thirty!