

*Spring and summer,  
Every other day,  
Blue wind gets so sad.  
Blowin' through the thick corn,  
Through the bales of hay,  
Through the open books on the grass . . .*

*Spring and summer . . .*

*Sure, when it's autumn,  
Wind always wants to  
Creep up and haunt you—  
Whistling, it's got you;  
With its heartache, with its sorrow,  
Winter wind sings, and it cries . . .*

*Spring and summer,  
Every other day,  
Blue wind gets so pained.*

*Blowin' through the thick corn,  
Through the bales of hay,  
Through the sudden drift of the rain . . .*

*Spring and summer . . .*

*(The lights shift—twilight resumes.)*

MORITZ: Actually, I better go.

ILSE: Walk as far as my house with me.

MORITZ: And . . . ?

ILSE: We'll dig up those old tomahawks and play together,  
Moritz—just like we used to.

MORITZ: We did have some remarkable times. Hiding in our  
wigwam . . .

ILSE: Yes. I'll brush your hair, and curl it, set you on my little  
hobby horse . . .

MORITZ: I wish I could.

ILSE: Then, why don't you?

MORITZ (A lie): Eighty lines of Virgil, sixteen equations, a paper  
on the Hapsburgs . . .

*(The world goes neon again.)*

*So, maybe I should be some kinda' laundry line—  
Hang their things on me, and I will swing 'em dry.  
You just wave in the sun through the afternoon,  
And then, see, they come to set you free, beneath the  
risin' moon.*

MORITZ:

ILSE:

*'Cause you know—*

*I don't do sadness—not  
even a little bit.  
Just don't need it in my  
life—don't want any  
part of it.  
I don't do sadness. Hey  
I've done my time.  
Lookin' back on it all—  
man, it blows my mind.*

*I don't do sadness.*

*So been there.  
Don't do sadness.*

*Just don't care.*

*(The concert light fades.)*

MORITZ: Good night, Ilse.

ILSE: Good night?

MORITZ: Virgil, the equations—remember?

ILSE: Just for an hour.

MORITZ: I can't.

*Spring and summer,  
Every other day,  
Blue wind gets so lost.  
Blowin' through the thick  
corn,  
Through the bales of hay—  
  
Spring and summer,  
Every other day,  
Blue wind gets so lost.  
Blowin' through the thick  
corn,  
Through the bales of hay,  
Through the wandering  
clouds of the dust . . .*

*Spring and summer . . .*