

Oh, we'll work that silver magic, then we'll aim it at the wall."

She said: "Love may make you blind, kid—but I wouldn't mind at all."

(All the Boys except Melchior begin to move, joining Moritz one by one, their energy building into a dance.)

MORITZ AND BOYS:

*It's the bitch of living
With nothing but your hand.
Just the bitch of living
As someone you can't stand . . .*

GEORG:

*See, each night, it's, like, fantastic—tossing, turning,
without rest,
'Cause my day's at the piano—with my teacher and her
breasts;
And the music's, like, the one thing I can even get at all,
And those breasts! I mean, God, please, just let those
apples fall . . .*

BOYS:

*It's the bitch of living
With nothing going on.
Just the bitch of living,
Asking: "What went wrong?"*

*Do they think we want this?
Oh—who knows?*

ERNST:

See, there's showering in gym class . . .

HANSCHEN:

*Bobby Maler, he's the best—
Looks so nasty in those khakis . . .*

ERNST:

God, my whole life's, like, some test.

OTTO:

Then there's Marianna Wheelan—as if she'd return my call.

HANSCHEN:

*It's like, just kiss some ass, man—then you can screw 'em
all.*

(Melchior joins the song.)

MELCHIOR:

*It's the bitch of living—
And living in your head.
It's the bitch of living,
And sensing God is dead.*

MORITZ AND BOYS:

*It's the bitch of living
And trying to get ahead.
It's the bitch of living—*

MELCHIOR:

*You watch me—
Just watch me—
I'm calling,
And one day all will
know . . .*

MORITZ:

Just getting out of bed.

MORITZ AND BOYS:

*It's the bitch of living—
And getting what you get.
Just the bitch of living—*

MELCHIOR:

And knowing this is it.

MELCHIOR, MORITZ AND BOYS:

*God, is this it?
This can't be it.
Oh God, what a bitch!*