

UNDERSTUDY



From a very tender age
I had a passion for the stage
To get behind the footlights
To act, to sing, to dance
For years I stuck in stock
Till even my toothbrush was in hock
Then finally I got my big chance.
Some producer became my buddy
Said together we'd go far
So I became an understudy
To a very healthy star
She was an inspiration
I studied every trick
But she was so goddam healthy
She made me sick.
So I sit here year after year
On my lonely backstage chair
And as she gets cheer after cheer
I go into my evening prayer.

Dear Lord, I hope you're not bored
But please listen again while I beg
Now its nothing personal, mind you
But I hope she breaks a leg.
Why can't she get laryngitis
Housemaids knee or arthritis
Blow her lines, go kaput
Get delirium tremens or athletes foot.
And wouldn't it be great
If in Dinner At Eight
She choked on her own false teeth
And I'd scaream with joy
If in Barefoot Boy
She'd get splinters in her beneath
Nothing personal, mind you
But why can't she get the plague
Why can't she get thrombosis
Charlie Horse or Halitosis
The hiccups, appendicitis, spinal meningitis, rash
Streptococci running up and down
Why doesn't she go insane
Or when she playing in Rain
Why oh why can't she drown
Still nothing personal but well,
I wish she'd go to--- --- Hell,
Why can't she break her neck
Or die in a nice train wreck
She could get asthma if she tried
So I could play that seductive spy
(Business)
If she had pneumonia you can bank
She'd go on in an oxygen tank.
And if the Empire State Building
Fell on her head
Would she take to her bed?
Not much
She'd play Peter Pan on a crutch

"Oh Tinker Bell you can't die, you mustn't die, you won't die -
if only the world still believed in Fairies - you could be saved -
Tell me dear audience - do you believe in Fairies? YOU DO?
Why doesn't she break her contract
Run into a thousand black cats
Why doesn't somebody give her a good swift kick in the slats
Why - - - (Interrupted by stage hand) Hey Tessie
Here's your chance
Divine got hit by a truck - ain't it wonderful - you goota go on
Good luck kid
(Business)(Fast patter - excitement - losing voice)
My voice is gone
Now that the slut has busted a gut
I still can't go on!

OR

Why, the little yellow basket - I'll never break that jinx
I'll bet she did it on purpose the lousy little minx
It's nothing personal mindyou but it certainly makes me burn
She's perfectly willing to let me play a part I never bothered to learn.