

Start

110 111 112 113

And though I know I've grown a ti - ny bit gray,

*mf detache*

114 115 116 117

Some wom - en say I look dis - tin - guished this way.

118 119 120 121

I'll bow as if I'm still a fris - ky young pup.

122 123 124 125

Let's hope that I can straight - en up! If she says

126 127 128 129

no, we'll all lay low and we'll go from

(The train spins, revealing ANYA.)

130 131 132 133

there!

end

134 135 136 137

*mp*

(Spin lands on this line)

138 ANYA: 139 140 141

Hands sha-king. Heart thun-d'ring!

*mp*