

21
8
wom-en and sand - wick - es al - ways have the power. And

23
8
some-times there's a sand - wick with a taste that dis - a - grees. That

25
8
may - be makes you an - gry, gives you ag - i - ta, the quease. But

27
8
go with it, at least a while, and soon it's not so strange. With

29
8
time, and un - der - stand - ing, taste — can change. Step

32
8
back. FLETCHER: ADAM:
33 34 35
Cross it off the list. Wow. Wom-en and sand-wick-es,
START


36
8
— like choc-'lates and wine, — some-times the strange ones

40
8
are just the most fine. — You

43
8  44 45
look at the out - side, the face, or the bread... You don't know what's there, in that roll

46  47 48
— or that head, but odds are you'll like— what's in - side for y'all...

49  50
8 Wo - men and sand - wick - es, I so love them all.— And

51  52
8 some - times there's a sand - wick that you looked at just one way. Then it

53  54
8 sud - den - ly sur - prised you, say, a lot, and say, to - day, and then

55  56
8 asked you to do some - thing that you thought was just a cheat. The

57  58
8 ex - plan - a - tion was - n't so com - plete. But

59  60
8 still and all, it's just a sim - ple feat, so

61
8
may-be you should help her, 'cause she's sweet, and her broth-er's pret-ty neat. **END**

FLETCHER: (*stares at ADAM, as ANGRY BOB*) "So... you dropped the metaphor and you're just talking about a woman at this point. That's what's going on here, right?"

64
8
65
3
65-67

ADAM: (*in the clear*)
You got me.

68
8
ADAM: 69
70
Well, long may their heav - en - ly mys - ter-ies live! And

71
8
72
73
all of the joys— and the sor - rows they give! Wher - ev-er we weird-os, we

74
8
75
76
wish-ing men roam... wo-men and sand - wich-es...—

FLETCHER:

77
8
78
wo - men and sand - wich - es...—

FLETCHER

ADAM:

79
8
80
81
wo - men and sand - wich - es...—

ADAM: Should we get out of here before the cops come?

82
8
ADAM: 83
84
will al - ways bring us home.

FLETCHER: (*as CASPIAN*)

ADAM:

85
8
86
87
"Bril-liant, mate!" Bril-liant, mate!