

No More

Stephen Sondheim

No more questions,
Please.
No more tests.
Comes the day you say, "What for?"
Please- no more.

They disappoint,
They disappear,
They die but they don't...

What?

They disappoint
In turn, I fear.
Forgive, though, they won't...

No more riddles.
No more jests.
No more curses you can't undo,
Left by fathers you never knew.
No more quests.

No more feelings.
Time to shut the door.
Just- no more.

Running away- let's do it,
Free from the ties that bind.
No more despair
Or burdens to bear
Out there in the yonder.

Running away- go to it.
Where did you have in mind?
Have to take care:
Unless there's a "where,"
You'll only be wandering blind.
Just more questions.
Different kind.

Where are we to go?
Where are we ever to go?

Running away- we'll do it.
Why sit around, resigned?
Trouble is, son,
The farther you run,
The more you feel undefined
For what you've left undone
And, nore, what you've left behind.

We disappoint,
We leave a mess,
We die but we don't...

We disappoint
In turn, I guess.

Forget, though, we won't...

Like father, like son.

No more giants

Waging war.

Can't we just pursue our lives

With out children and our wives?

'Till that happy day arrives,

How do you ignore

All the witches,

All the curses,

All the wolves, all the lies,

The false hopes, the goodbyes,

The reverses,

All the wondering what even worse is

Still in store?

All the children...

All the giants...

No more.