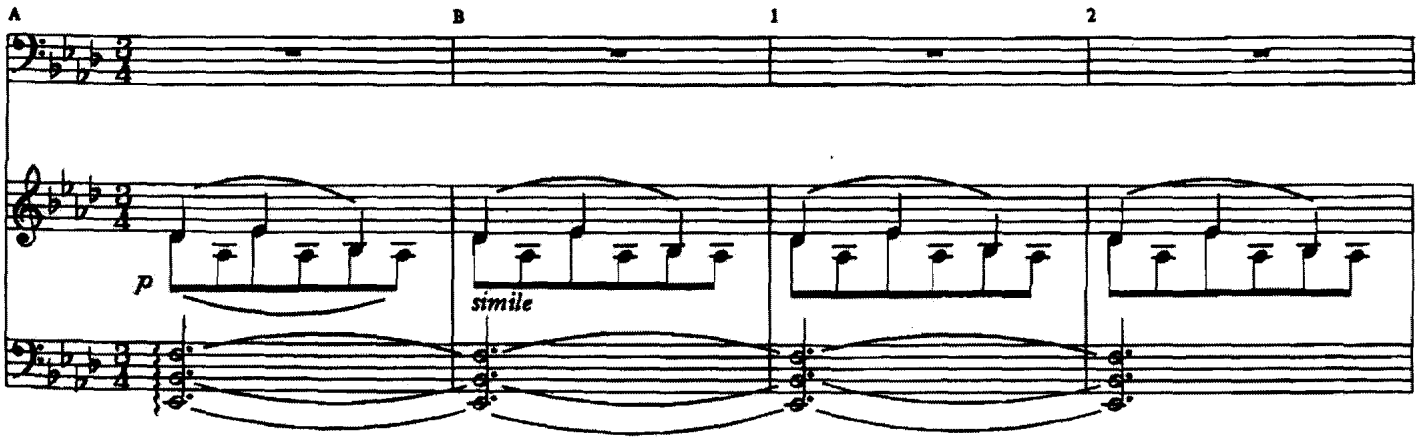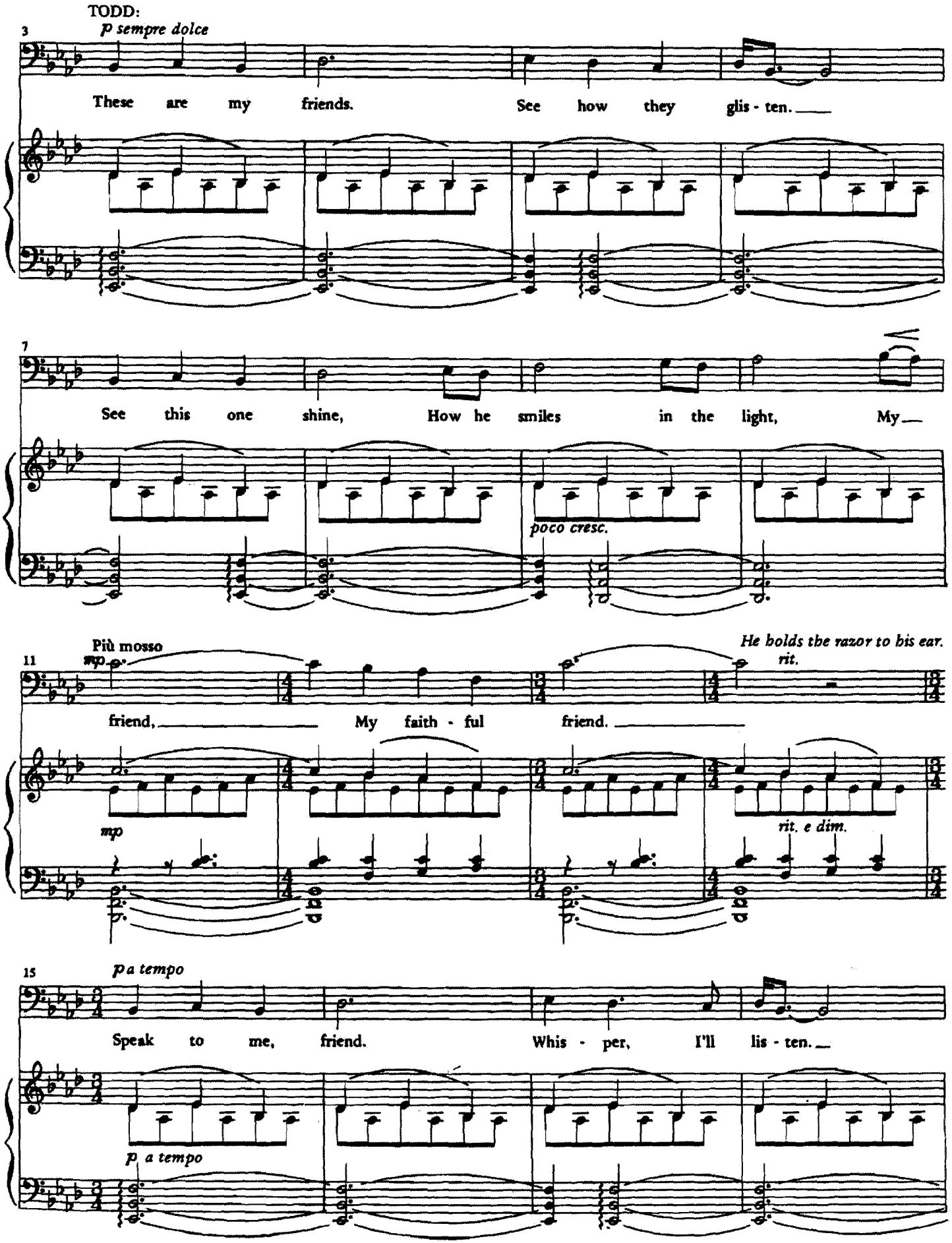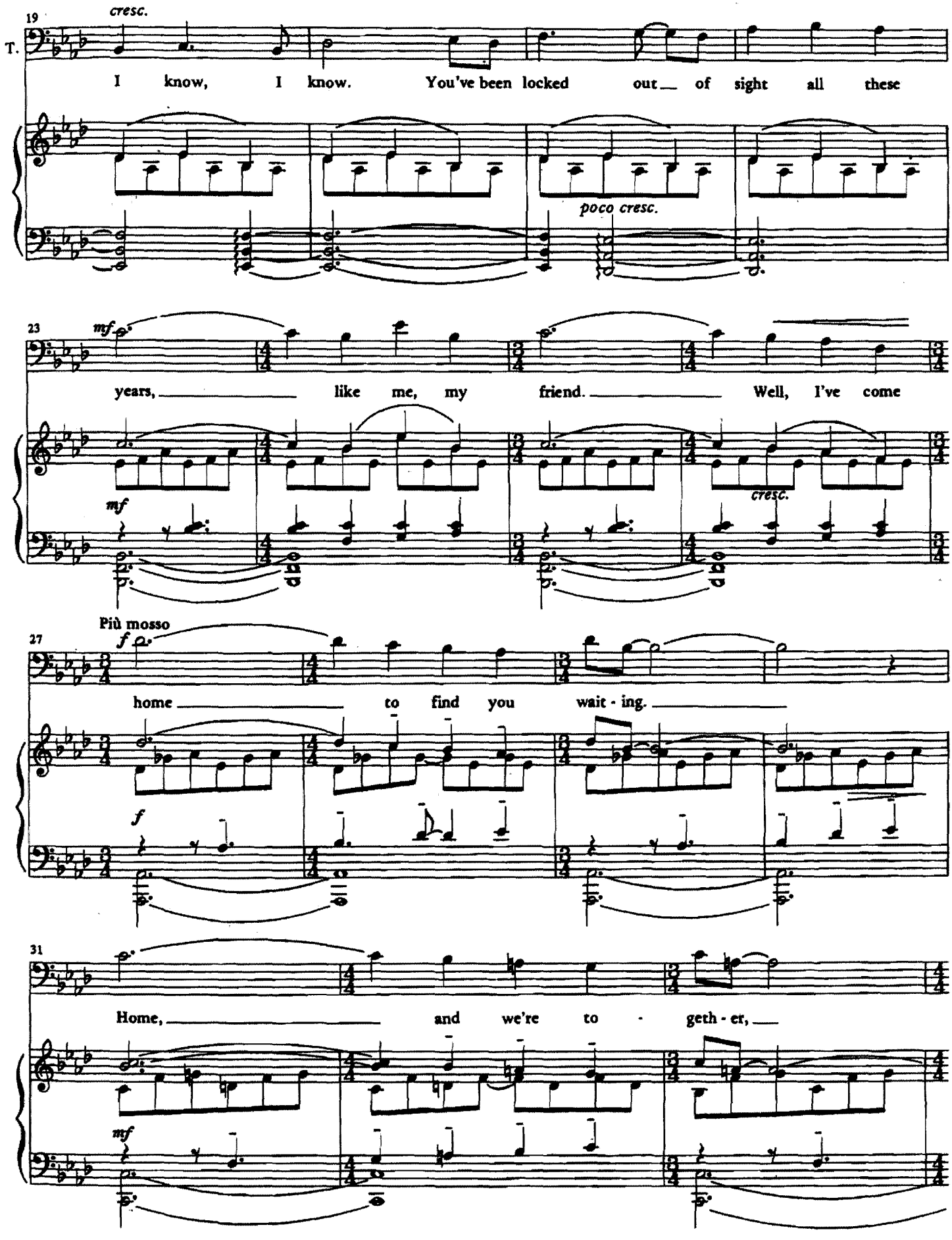
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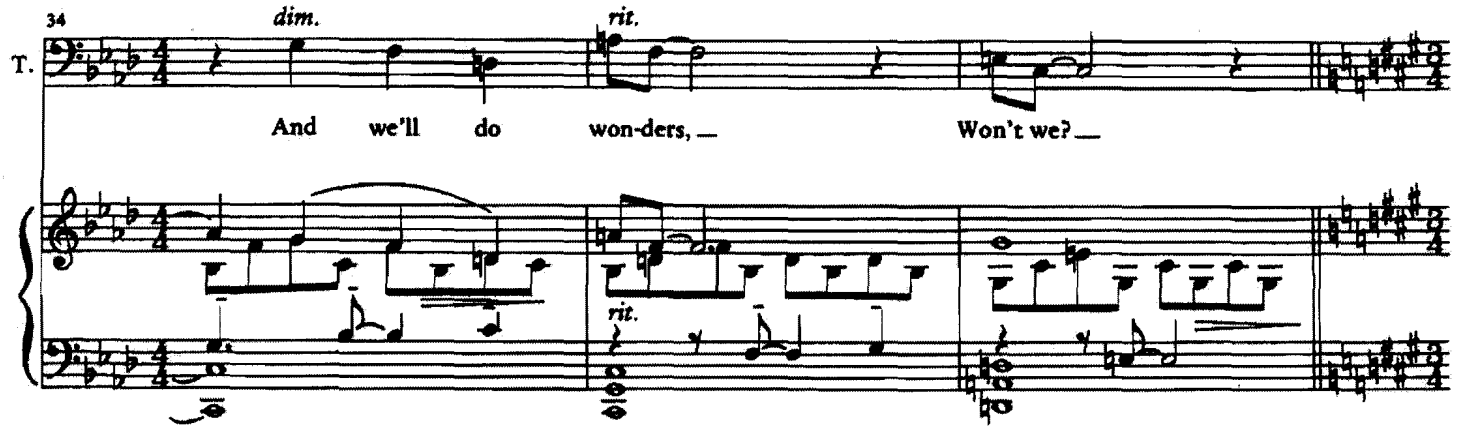
MY FRIENDS
(TODD, MRS. LOVETT)

Todd picks up a small razor, fondles it. MRS. LOVETT: My, them handles is chased silver, ain't they? TODD: Silver, yes.




TODD:
3
p sempre dolce
These are my friends. See how they glis - ten.
7
See this one shine, How he smiles in the light, My
poco cresc.
Più mosso
11
mp
He holds the razor to his ear.
rit.
friend, My faith - ful friend.
mp
rit. e dim.
15
p a tempo
Speak to me, friend. Whis - per, I'll lis - ten.
p a tempo


19
cresc.
T.
I know, I know. You've been locked out of sight all these
poco cresc.
23
mf
years, like me, my friend. Well, I've come
mf
cresc.
Più mosso
27
f
home to find you wait - ing.
f
31
Home, and we're to - geth - er,
mf


34
dim.
rit.
T.
And we'll do won-ders, Won't we?
rit.