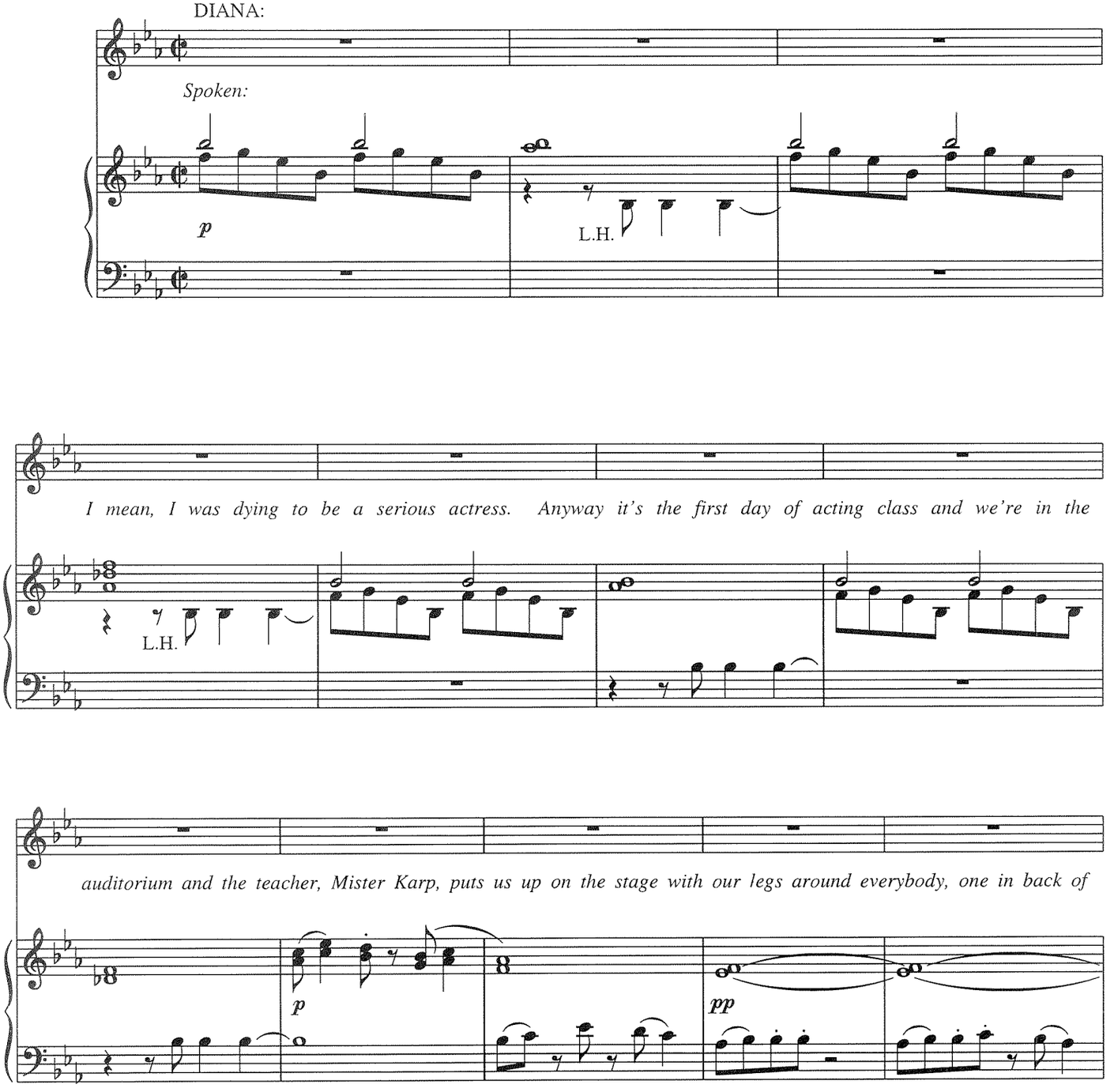
NOTHING
from *A Chorus Line*

Words by EDWARD KLEBAN
Music by MARVIN HAMLISCH

Easy 2 - Rock feel

DIANA:



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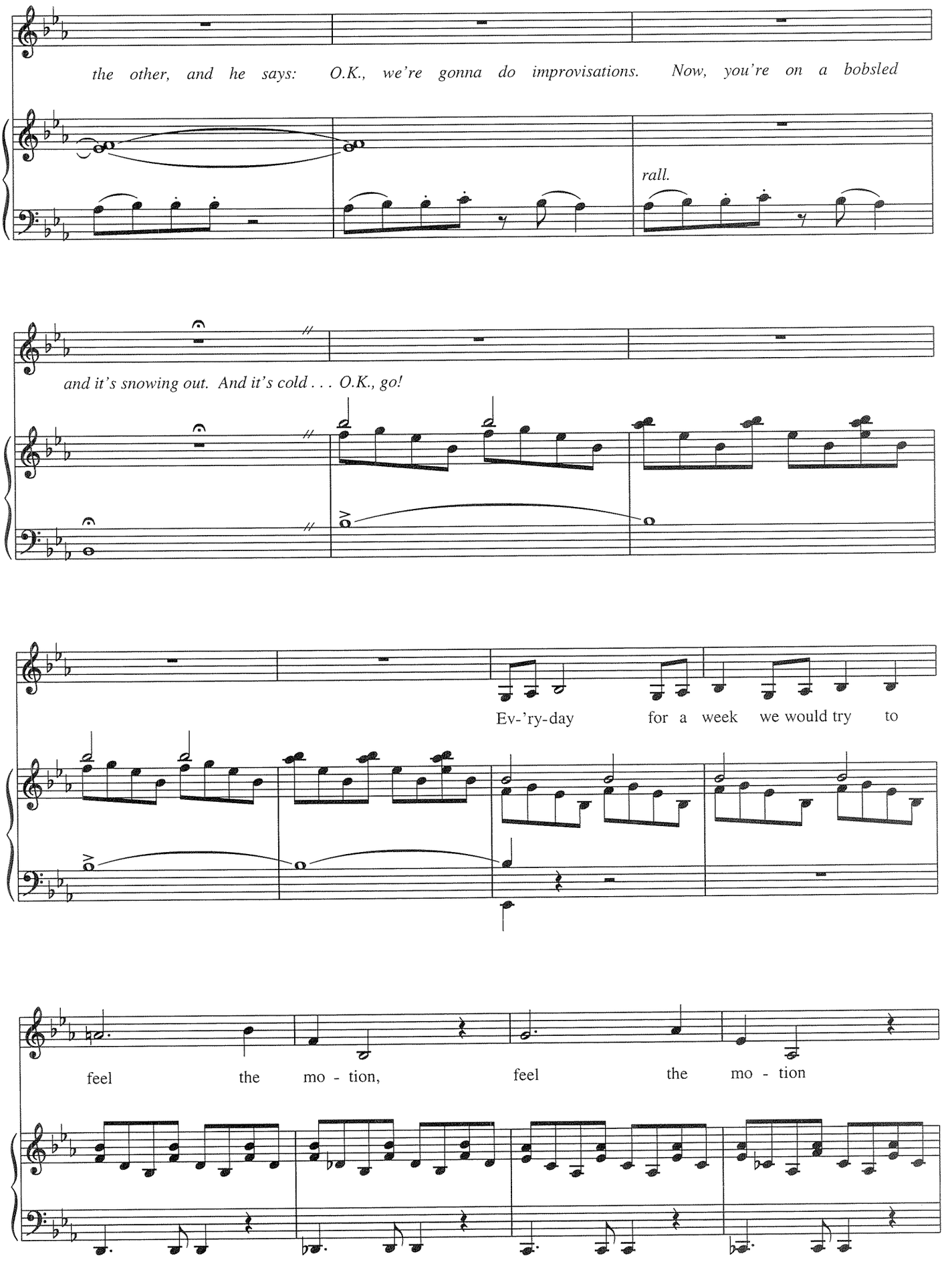
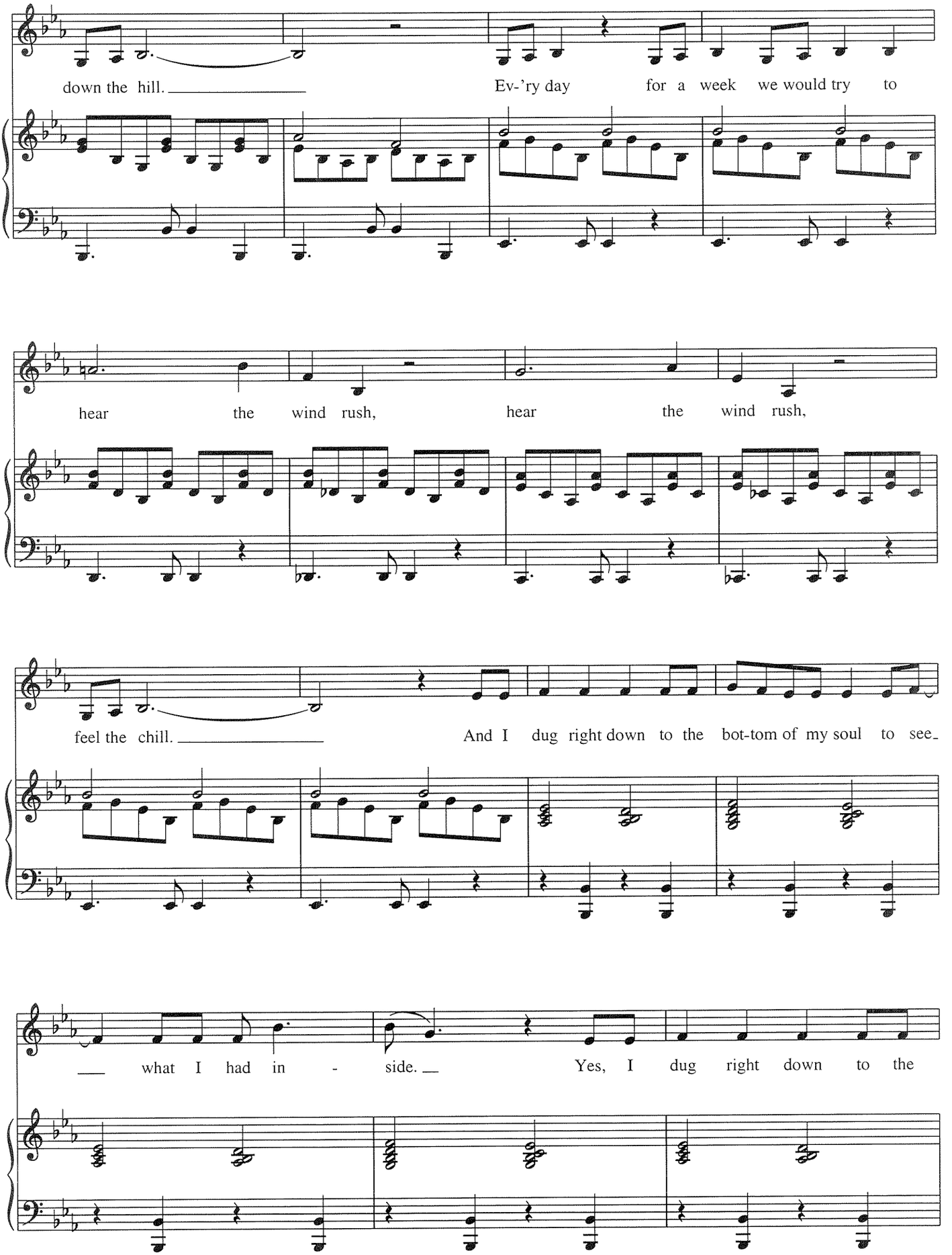
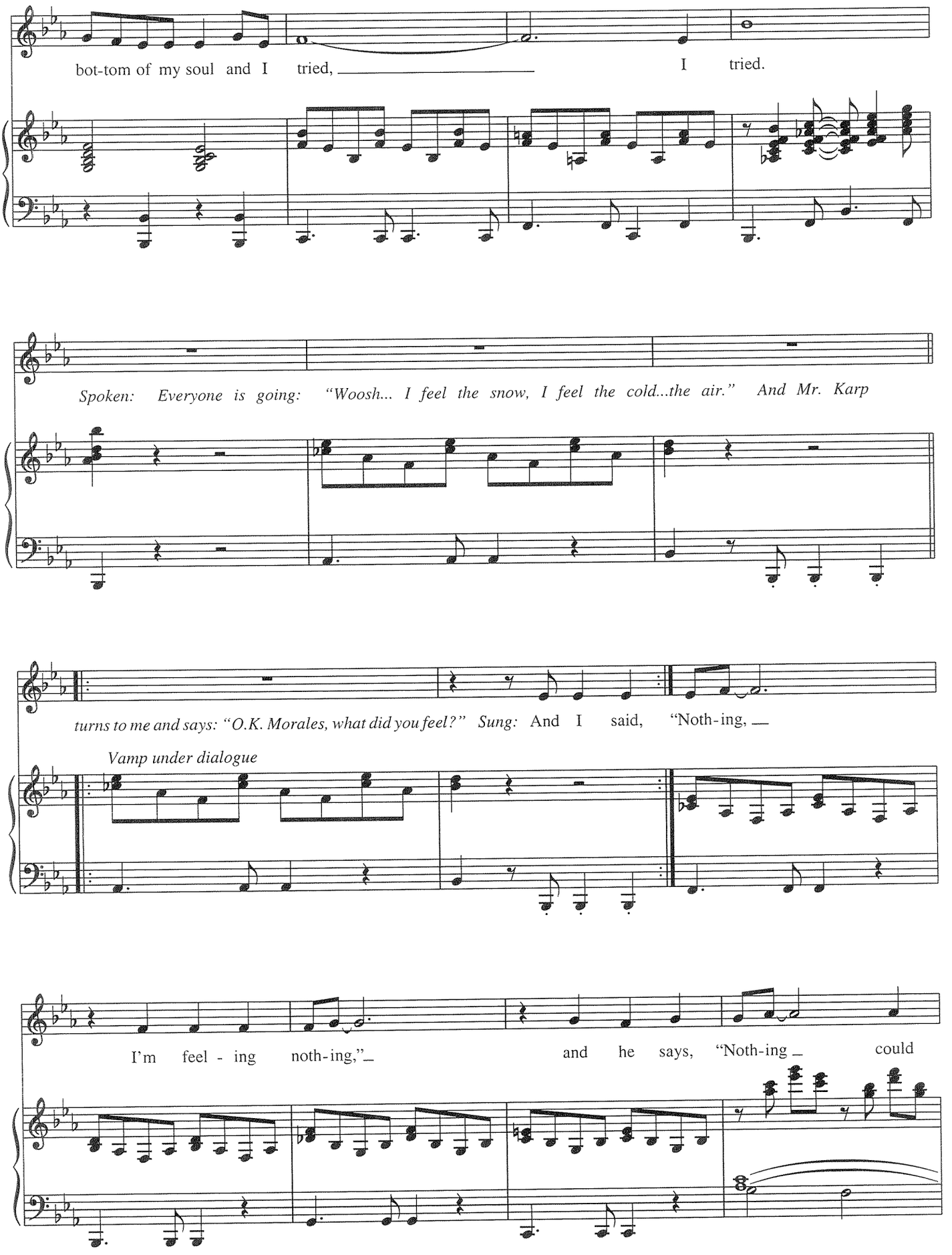
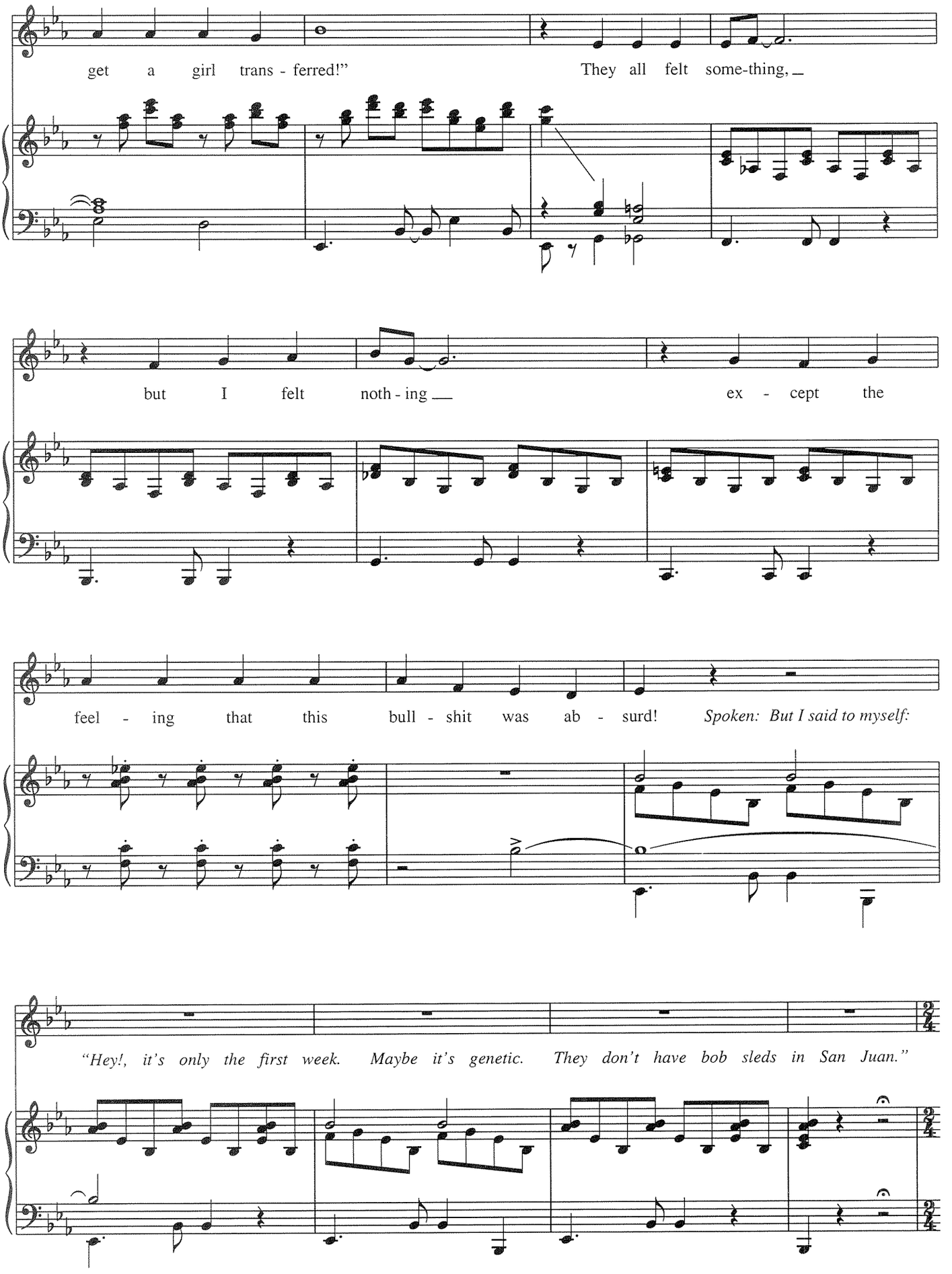
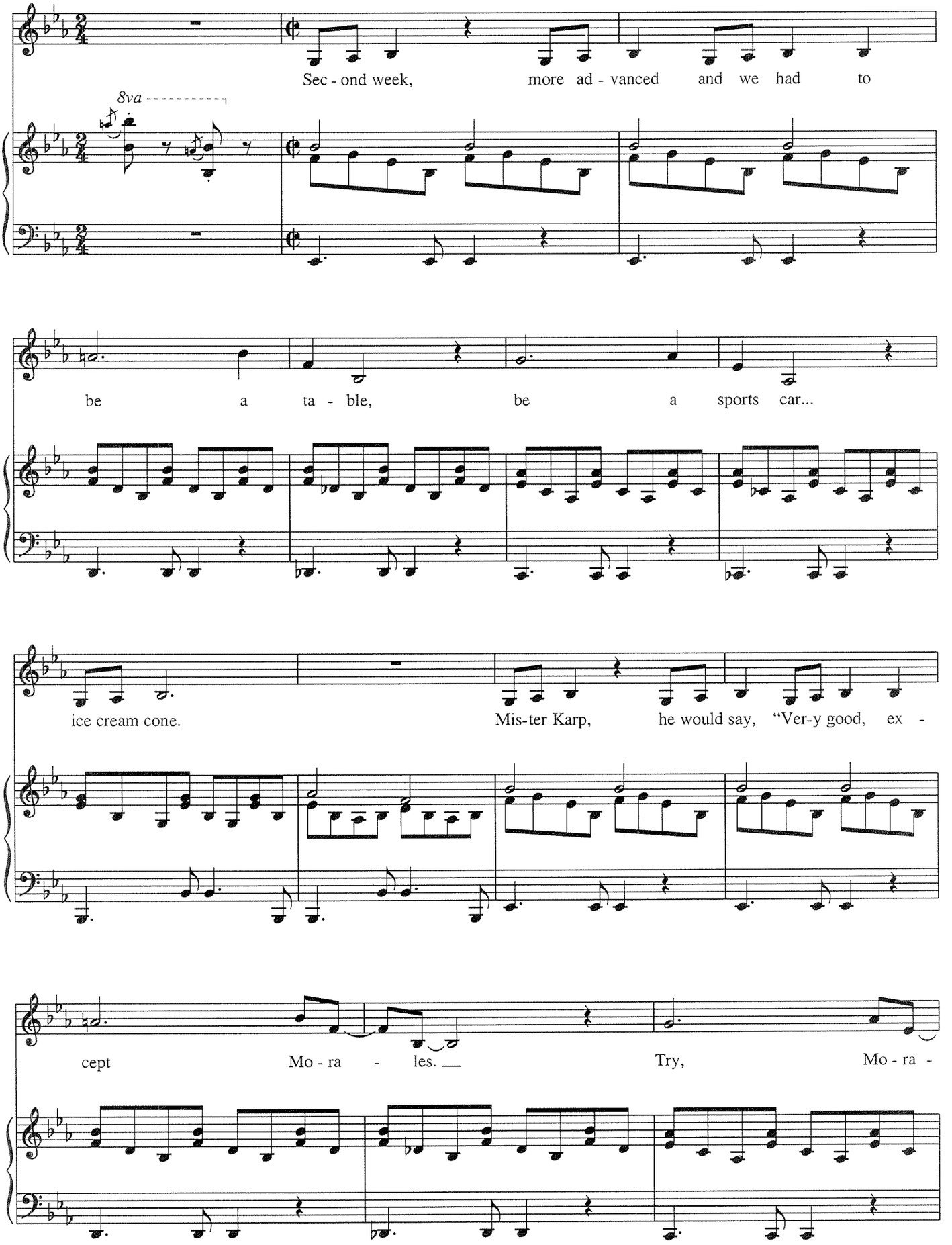
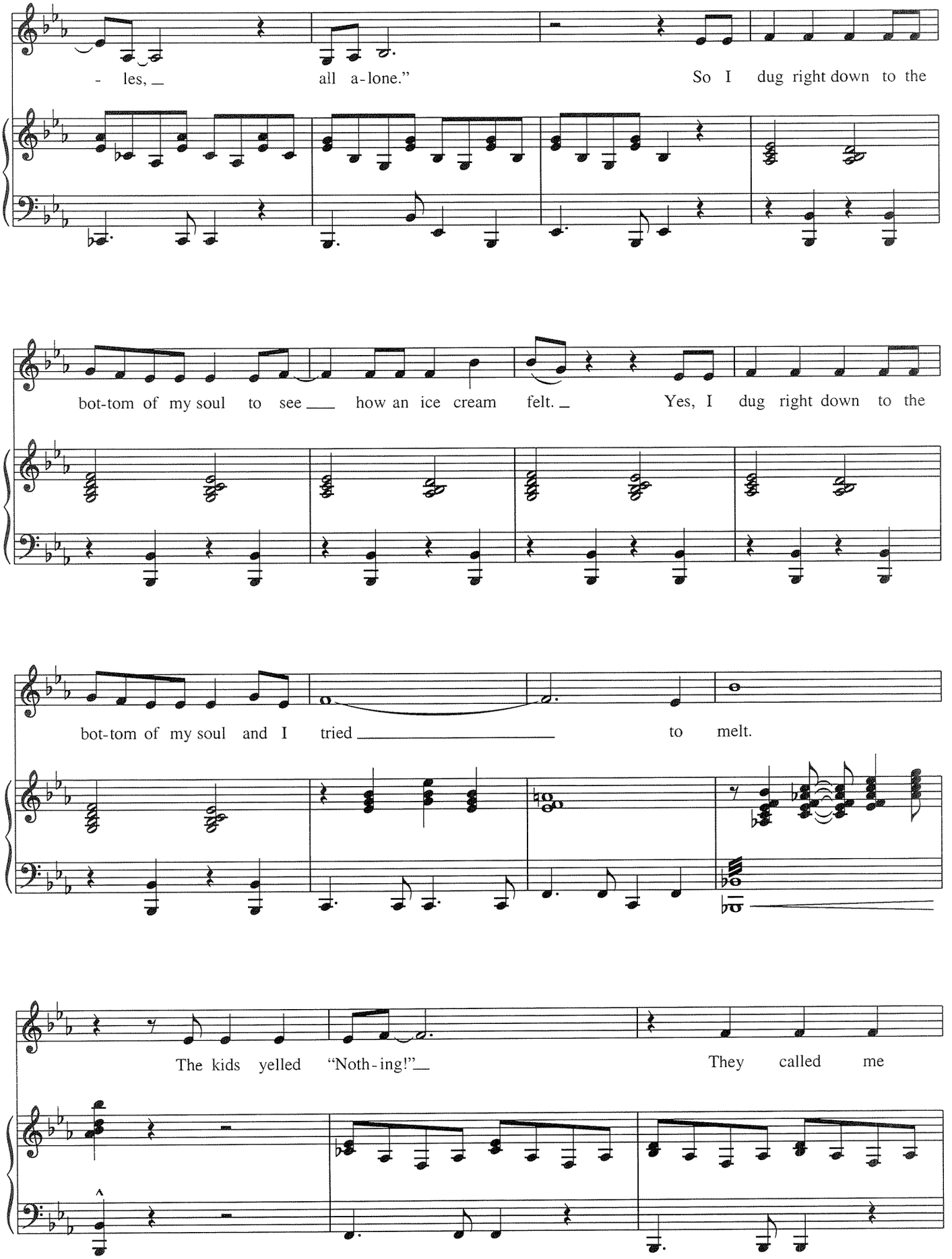

the other, and he says: O.K., we're gonna do improvisations. Now, you're on a bobsled
rall.
and it's snowing out. And it's cold . . . O.K., go!
Ev-'ry-day for a week we would try to
feel the mo - tion, feel the mo - tion

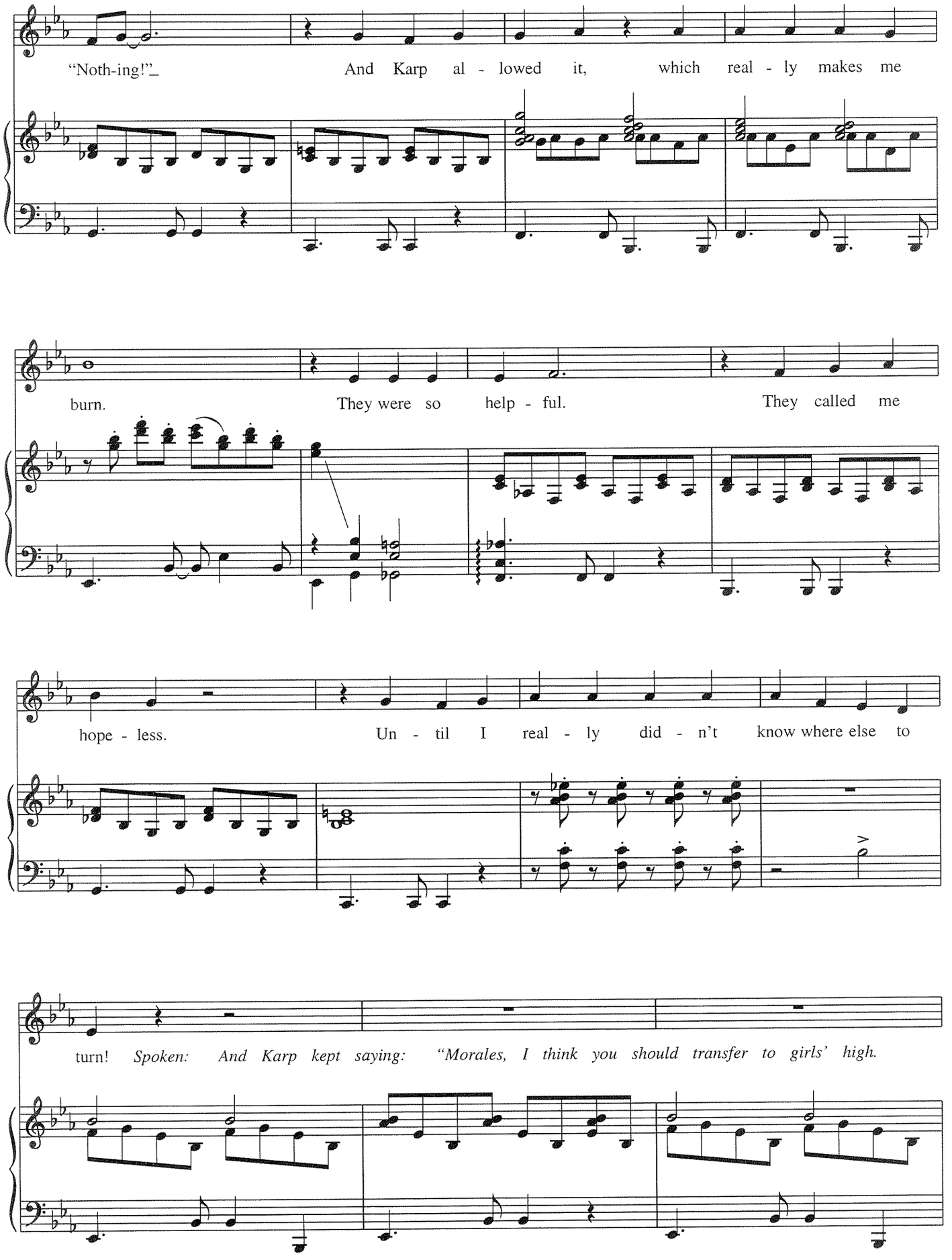

down the hill.
Ev-'ry day for a week we would try to
hear the wind rush, hear the wind rush,
feel the chill.
And I dug right down to the bot-tom of my soul to see
what I had in - side.
Yes, I dug right down to the

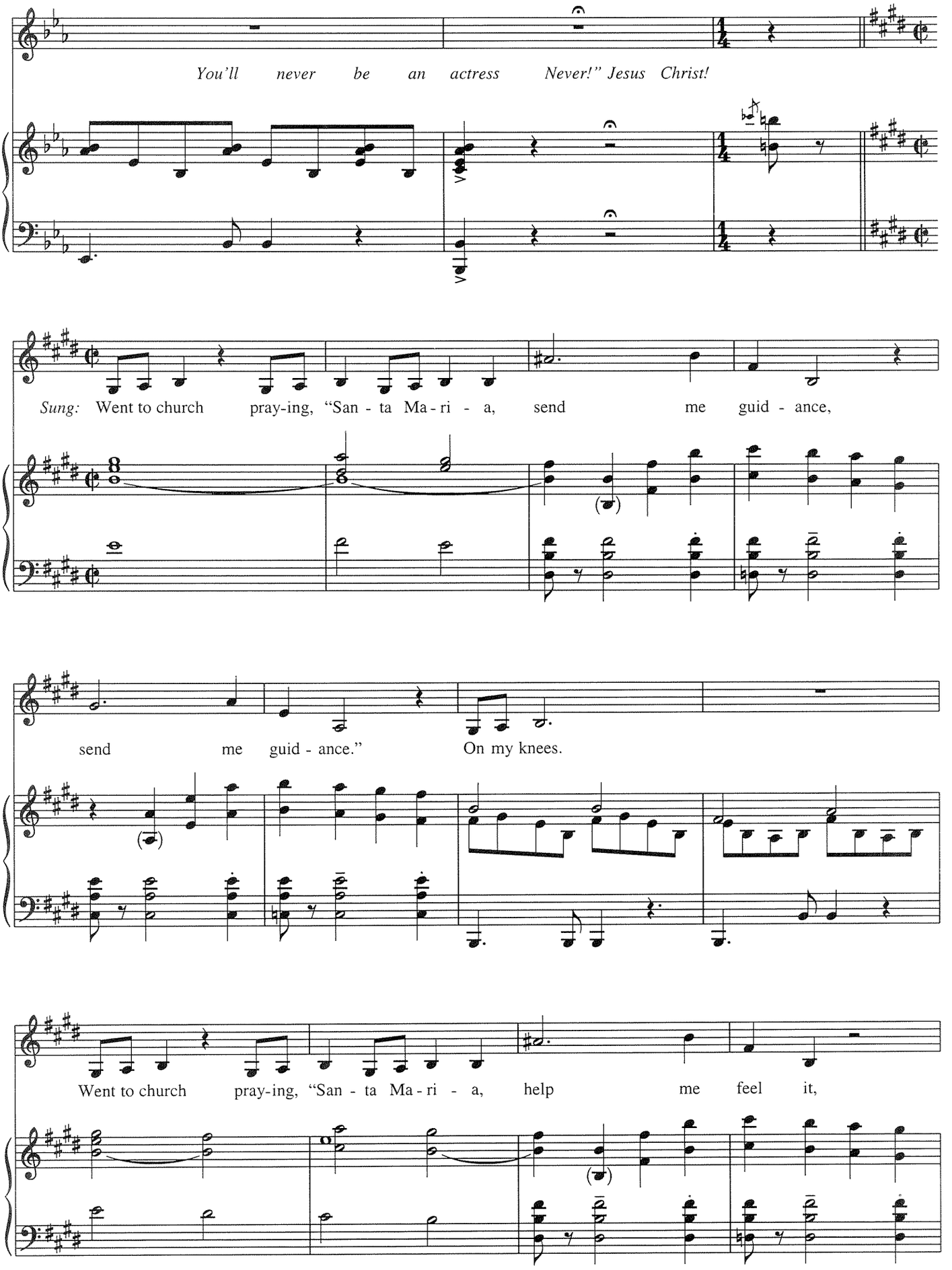

bot-tom of my soul and I tried, I tried.
Spoken: Everyone is going: "Woosh... I feel the snow, I feel the cold...the air." And Mr. Karp
turns to me and says: "O.K. Morales, what did you feel?" Sung: And I said, "Noth-ing,
Vamp under dialogue
I'm feel - ing noth-ing," and he says, "Noth-ing could

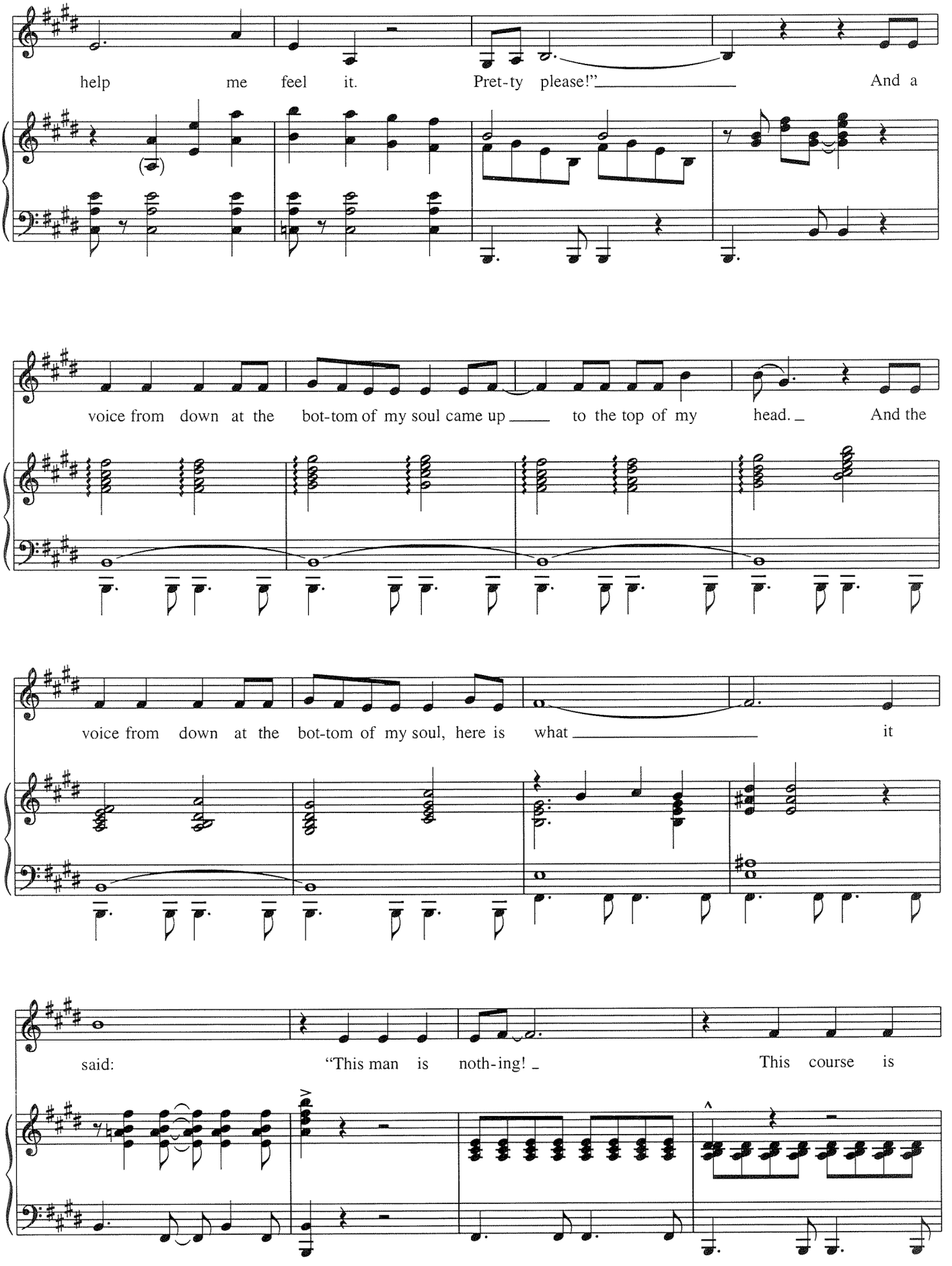

get a girl trans - ferred!"
They all felt some-thing, _
but I felt noth - ing __
ex - cept the
feel - ing that this bull - shit was ab - surd!
Spoken: But I said to myself:
"Hey!, it's only the first week. Maybe it's genetic. They don't have bob sleds in San Juan."

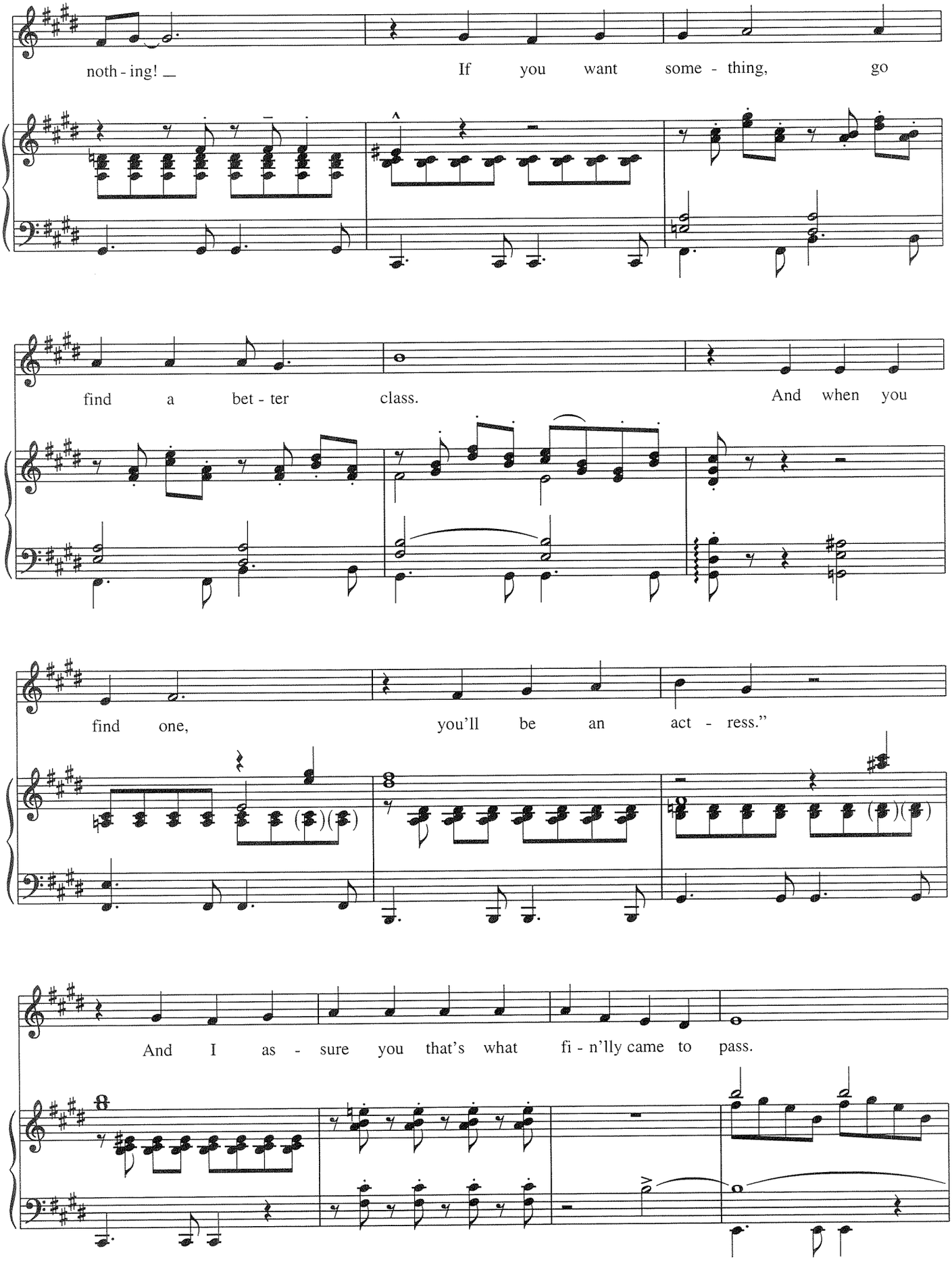

8va
Sec - ond week, more ad - vanced and we had to
be a ta - ble, be a sports car...
ice cream cone. Mis-ter Karp, he would say, "Ver-y good, ex -
cept Mo - ra - les. Try, Mo - ra -

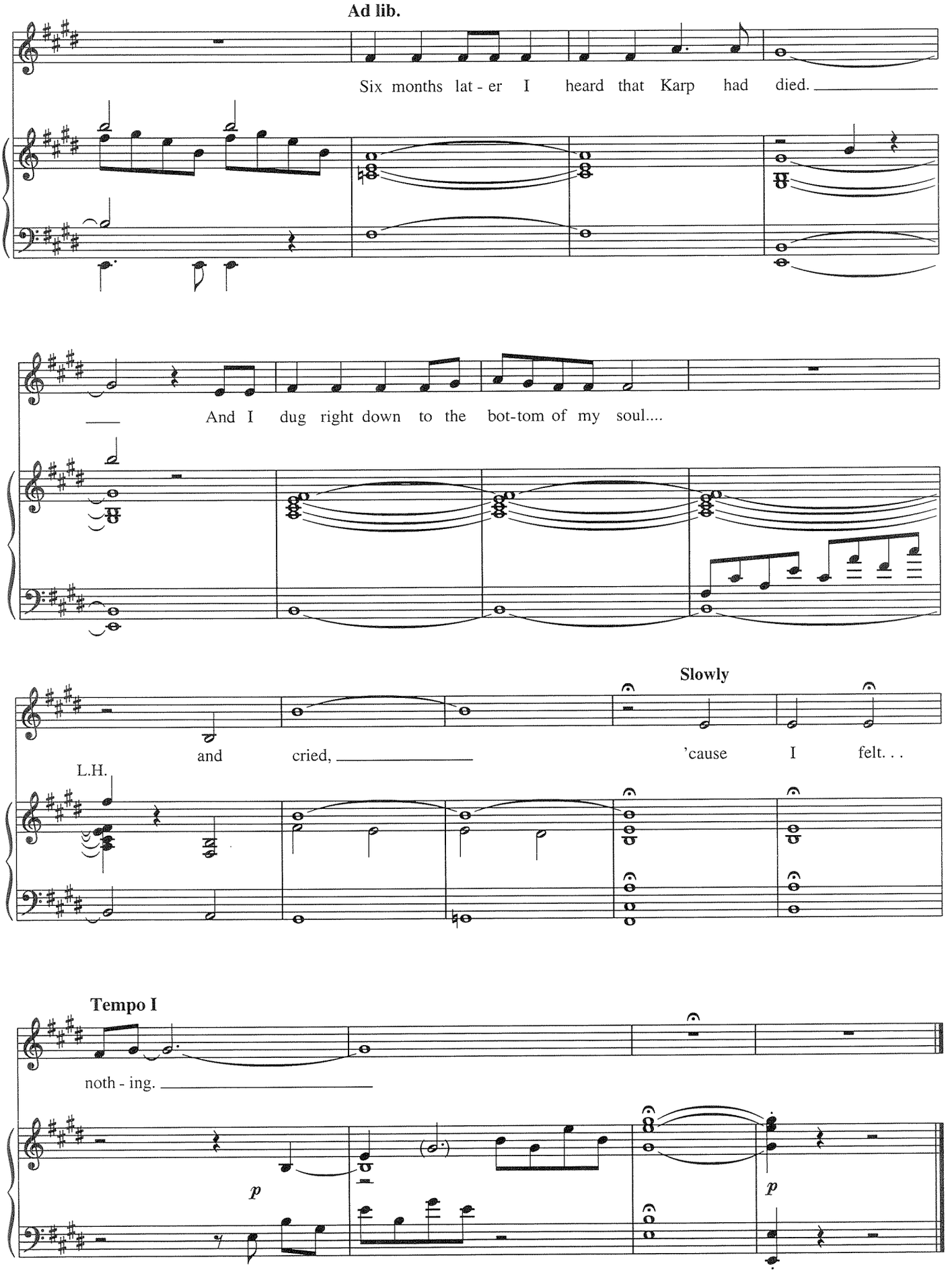

- les, _ all a-lone." So I dug right down to the
bot-tom of my soul to see ___ how an ice cream felt. _ Yes, I dug right down to the
bot-tom of my soul and I tried _____ to melt.
The kids yelled "Noth-ing!"__ They called me


"Noth-ing!"_ And Karp al - lowed it, which real - ly makes me
burn. They were so help - ful. They called me
hope - less. Un - til I real - ly did - n't know where else to
turn! *Spoken: And Karp kept saying: "Morales, I think you should transfer to girls' high.*


You'll never be an actress Never!" Jesus Christ!
Sung: Went to church pray-ing, "San - ta Ma - ri - a, send me guid - ance,
send me guid - ance." On my knees.
Went to church pray-ing, "San - ta Ma - ri - a, help me feel it,


help me feel it. Pret-ty please!" And a
voice from down at the bot-tom of my soul came up to the top of my head. And the
voice from down at the bot-tom of my soul, here is what it
said: "This man is noth-ing! This course is


noth - ing! _
If you want some - thing, go
find a bet - ter class.
And when you
find one,
you'll be an act - ress."
And I as - sure you that's what fi - n'lly came to pass.


Ad lib.
Six months lat - er I heard that Karp had died.
And I dug right down to the bot-tom of my soul....
Slowly
and cried, 'cause I felt. . .
L.H.
Tempo I
noth - ing.
p
p