I want to live on a house of stilts, up where the land is nice and dry. No more gators or...
wa-ters we'll call it "New French Quarters" in a house that we built in our own little

molto accel.

Swing

I've

Swing

Dr.
heard from Mis-ter Rich-e-lieu that it's al-ways a sun-n-y day when you fly a-bove the clouds in a shin-y air-plane so

may-be we can live some-where up there too Some-where where the sky is al-ways blue Up
there! in our house on stilts. We'll wake up to a trumpet singing her tune. You'll make me breakfast while I say night to Mister.
moon. We'll be warm by the sun with fresh biscuits and buns.

Open - the door let the sun-shine in on the floor.
It won't matter if the roof is slanted...
Remy: We can't take it for granted —

But it will be our little —

Straight Lullaby

q = 110

F

But it will be our little —

Straight Lullaby

q = 110

F
Sab.

Cl.

Tbn.

Pno.

U. Bass

Dr.

**REMY:** Rest your

head on a pillow, made of clouds floating

**colla voce**

---

**colla voce**

---
by I'll tuck you un - der a quilt while Lou - is

swings you a lull - a - by. We'll fin - ly have a

H
home a place to call our own our own little house on
stilts.

poco rit.

poco rit.