Tick Tock

Music and Lyrics by
Adina Kruskal

CUE: Kat sighs

Conversational \( \text{\textit{j}} = 120 \)

KAT:

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{I'm having a tough time} & \quad \text{if you hadn't noticed.}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{You probably didn't notice cause I've got such a happy face.} & \quad \text{That's what people}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{tell me.} & \quad \text{They wish they were happy like me. They don't wanna be}
\end{align*} \]
"hap-py" like me. I'm sor-ry for whi-ning. it's not such a big deal. No-thing's real-ly wrong, but... some-times I get to a dark place. Then I have to smi-le. I've got to be hap-py like me. How is it when peo-ple see me hap-py is all that they see? I know that I could talk.
I probably should talk. But I'd rather just sit here with my wood block. Tick tock all I hear. Tick tock chase my fear away.

I'm okay

I'll just sit here and play. Tick tock.
Let's just forget it. I can get through this.

There's not even anything that should be causing me despair. Nothing even happened. Nothing that should make me feel sad. So why do I feel so bad?
This is ridiculous. My life is not difficult. There are so many people with actual problems out there. Some people are starving! I can't imagine their pain. So you see I've got no reason to complain.

So I'll slap on a smile. And breathe deep for a while. And just sit here denying
my denial.

Tick tock time passes by. Tick tock We're

all gonna die some day. Well, o-kay____

I'll just sit here and

play. Tick tock__

Death is in-e-vi-ta-ble.
We will all eventually succumb to our mortality.

All that awaits us in the afterlife is oblivion.

With each passing instant disorder increases, the entropy of the universe will never go
down, never reverse until eventually chaos consumes all that has been and ever will be.

"And I have a physics test tomorrow..."

I'm having a tough time if you hadn't noticed. You probably didn't notice since I
try to cover it up. It might be unhealthy. 

It might be. But what if people

knew that? If I wasn’t happy like me, why would anyone like me?
I know that I could talk. I probably should talk. But I'd
Dialogue until: "...Maybe I'll feel better tomorrow.
rather just sit here..."