ADAM
Yeah but....

Maestoso with pedal $q = 85$

Ev’ry-thing falls a-part so quick-ly with ev’ry thought

Ev’ry-thing feels sig-nif-i-cant when it’s not I last-ed

CUE
PSYCHIATRIST
No think you’re a failure.

Red Star

Stephanie L. Carlin
four months freshman year who says I'll last any more But I
like to think there's something else in store There's a Red star
Shining up above me I've looked to it for light
when cloudy days grew dark as night

So

far with a trillion others

And yet it stands alone

It holds itself up and does n't groan

How can it
be in the darkest sky Some-thing'hold-ing that star up so

high E-ven with gra-vi-ty put-ting weight on me There

has to be a rea-son why Biz- arre

Pno.
How much time I've wasted looking around and feeling sad

When I'm back in school I should be glad
I want that light to shine again
I can barely remember
when The fog came in and I gave in To a sky that grew false and thin
BRIDGET
Just what?

ADAM
Nothing. It's nice to meet you, Bridget.

BRIDGET
You too, Adam.

PSYCHIATRIST
Adam Simon. Condition: depression.

I don't believe in God but
I'd like to see a sign. For that something that I can call

Pno.

Cm/Eb

Eb:m

Pno.

Bmaj7(add9)

Pno.

B6(add9)

Pno.

B3(#11)