

Sick to Death of Alice-ness

9

Cue:

MARCH HARE:

The next thing you know, she'll be demanding herbal tea.

ALICE:

I don't like herbs.

DORMOUSE:

Or Herb?

ALICE:

Or tea. [MUSIC GO]

(The MAD HATTER, MARCH HARE, and DORMOUSE gasp. As music rises, they bang the table with their helmets – providing their own percussion.)

MAD HATTER:

2

♩ = 92

So you tell us now — you've got a thing for tea,

w/Tpt., Vcl.

Dm⁶₉

w/Bs.Cl.

+Drs.

Gtr.2(El.Bs.)
+Gtr.1(El.)

3

Wan-der through the world, as if it were your dream. Wasn't

Fm^{add}₉

4 5

long be-fore, — be-fore you star - ted see-ing things, — Talk-ing

Tpt.

Am⁷ G Bs.Cl.

6 Gtrs. cont. 7

an-i-mals and nas-ty, ac-id vici-ous Queens. How do we put you back to bed? —

growl/wah *mf*

CMAJ⁷ FMAJ⁷ E/F

8 9 10

11 **DORMOUSE/MARCH HARE:**
MAD HATTER:

Take this, take this cup from us — of ev - 'ry-thing — you've said.

Tpt.
Vcl.
Bs.Cl.

Dm⁶ E⁷_{add4}

11 12

13

No more suck - ing up to us — we don't want in your — head. We're

Am⁷ G CMAJ⁷ FMAJ⁷

15

sick to death — of A - lice - ness. Yes, we're sick — to death. It's

MAD HATTER:

Dm⁶ E⁷add⁴

17

DORMOUSE: MARCH HARE:

all a - bout your pain, You're such a bor - ing pain. And

MARCH HARE: MAD HATTER:

Sick to death... Al - ice - ness...

Am⁷ G CMAJ⁷ FMAJ⁷

18 19 20

Gtr.2(El.Bs.)

END

MAD HATTER & MARCH HARE:

so not worth the pain, It's mak-ing us in - sane!

Sick to death... It's mak-ing us in - sane!

Am7 G CMAJ7 FMAJ7

21 22 23 24

25

DORMOUSE:

So, you think you've got the hang of Won - der - land,

Tpt.
Vcl.
Bs.Cl.

w/Tpt.,Vcl.

Dm9⁶
w/Bs.Cl.

26

Tel - ling rid - dles now as if you un - der - stand.

Tel - ling rid - dles now as if you un - der - stand.

Tpt.
Vcl.
Bs.Cl.

w/Tpt.,Vcl.

Fmadd9
w/Bs.Cl.

27 28