

HEDWIG AND THE ANGRY INCH

Lyrics

TEAR ME DOWN

Everyone sing! Put in your best harmonies! Percussion and dancing encouraged!

Yitzhak SPEECH in red

**I was born on the other side
of a town ripped in two
I made it over the great divide
now I'm coming for you**

**Enemies and adversaries
they try and tear me down
You want me, baby, I dare you
Try and tear me down**

**I rose from off of the doctor's slab
like Lazarus from the pit
Now everyone wants to take a stab
and decorate me
with blood graffiti and spit**

**Enemies and adversaries
they try and tear me down
You want me, baby, I dare you
Try and tear me down**

Yitzhak Speech

**On August 12, 1961,
a wall was erected
down the middle of the city of Berlin.
The world was divided by a cold war
and the Berlin Wall
was the most hated symbol of that divide
Reviled. Graffitied. Spit upon.**

**We thought the wall would stand forever,
and now that it's gone,
we don't know who we are anymore.
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Hedwig is like that wall,
standing before you in the divide
between East and West,
Slavery and Freedom,
Man and Woman,
Top and Bottom.
And you can try to tear her down,
but before you do,
remember one thing.**

Listen

**There ain't much of a difference
between a bridge and a wall
Without me right in the middle, babe
you would be nothing at all**

**Enemies and adversaries
they try and tear me down
You want me, baby, I dare you
try and tear me down.**

Origin of Love

Soloist: Brendan Getzell

Back Up Vocals

When the earth was still flat,
And the clouds made of fire,
And mountains stretched up to the sky,
Sometimes higher,

Folks roamed the earth
Like big rolling kegs.
They had two sets of arms.
They had two sets of legs.
They had two faces peering
Out of one giant head
So they could watch all around them
As they talked; while they read.
And they never knew nothing of love.
It was before the origin of love.
The origin of love

And there were three sexes then,
One that looked like two men
Glued up back to back,
Called the children of the sun.
And similar in shape and girth
Were the children of the earth.
They looked like two girls
Rolled up in one.

And the children of the moon
Were like a fork shoved on a spoon.
They were part sun, part earth
Part daughter, part son.

ah The origin of love

Now the gods grew quite scared
Of our strength and defiance
And Thor said,
"I'm gonna kill them all
With my hammer,
Like I killed the giants."
And Zeus said, "No,
You better let me
Use my lightening, like scissors,
Like I cut the legs off the whales
And dinosaurs into lizards."
Then he grabbed up some bolts
And he let out a laugh,
Said, "I'll split them right down the middle.
Gonna cut them right up in half."
And then storm clouds gathered above
Into great balls of fire

And then fire shot down
From the sky in bolts
Like shining blades
Of a knife.

And it ripped
Right through the flesh
Of the children of the sun
And the moon
And the earth.
And some Indian god
Sewed the wound up into a hole,
Pulled it round to our belly
To remind us of the price we pay.
And Osiris and the gods of the Nile
Gathered up a big storm
To blow a hurricane,
To scatter us away,
In a flood of wind and rain,
And a sea of tidal waves,
To wash us all away,
And if we don't behave
They'll cut us down again
And we'll be hopping round on one foot
And looking through one eye.

Last time I saw you
We had just split in two.
You were looking at me.
I was looking at you.
You had a way so familiar,
But I could not recognize,
Cause you had blood on your face;
I had blood in my eyes.

But I could swear by your expression
That the pain down in your soul
Was the same as the one down in mine.

That's the pain,
Cuts a straight line
Down through the heart;
We called it love.

So we wrapped our arms around each other,
Trying to shove ourselves back together.

We were making love,
Making love.

It was a cold dark evening,
Such a long time ago,
When by the mighty hand of Jove,

It was the sad story
How we became
Lonely two-legged creatures,
It's the story of
The origin of love.
That's the origin of love.

Sugar Daddy

Soloist: Derek Cousineau

**I've got a sweet tooth
for licorice drops and jelly roll,
Hey sugar daddy,
Hansel needs some sugar in his bowl.
I'll lay out fine china on the linen
And polish up the chrome
and if you've got some sugar for me,
Sugar Daddy, bring it home.**

**Black strap molasses,
you're my orange blossom honey bear.
Bring me Versace blue jeans
and black designer underwear.
Let's dress up like the disco-dancing jet set
in Milan and Rome.
And if you've got some sugar for me,
Sugar Daddy, bring it home.**

**Oh the thrill of control,
like the rush of rock and roll,
is the sweetest taste I've known.
So come on, Sugar Daddy, bring it home.**

**When honey bees go shopping
it's something to be seen.
They swarm to wild flowers**

and get nectar for the queen.
And everything you bring me
gets me dripping like a honeycomb
and if you've got some sugar for me,
Sugar Daddy, bring it home.

Oh the thrill of control,
like a Blitzkrieg on the roll,
is the sweetest taste I've know.
So if you've got some sugar
bring it home.
Oh come on, Sugar Daddy, bring it home!

Whiskey and French cigarettes,
a motorbike with high-speed jets,
a Waterpik, a Cuisinart
and a hypo-allergenic dog.
I want all the luxuries of the modern age,
and every item on every page
in the Lillian Vernon catalogue.

Oh baby, something's crossed my mind
and I was thinking you'd look so fine
in a velvet dress
with heels and an ermine stole.
Oh, Luther darling, heaven knows
I've never put on women's clothes
except for once
my mother's camisole.

So you think only a woman
can truly love a man.
Then you buy me the dress
I'll be more woman
than a man like you can stand.
I'll be your Venus on a chocolate clam shell
rising on a sea of marshmallow foam
and if you got some sugar for me,
Sugar Daddy, bring it home.

It's our tradition to control,
like Erich Honecker and Helmut Kohl,
from the Ukraine to the Rhone.
Sweet home uber alles,
Lord, I'm coming home.
So come on, Sugar Daddy, bring me home.

ANGRY INCH

My sex-change operation got botched
My guardian angel fell asleep on the watch
Now all I got is a Barbie Doll-crotch
I got an angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back
I got a
I got an angry inch
Six inches forward and five inches back
I got a
I got an angry inch

I'm from the land where you still hear the cries
I had to get out, had to sever all ties
I changed my name and assumed a disguise
I got an angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back
I got a
I got an angry inch
Six inches forward and five inches back
I got a
I got an angry inch
Six inches forward and five inches back
The train is coming and I'm tied to the track
I try to get up but I can't get no slack
I got a
Angry Inch Angry Inch

My mother made my tits out of clay
My boyfriend told me that he'd take me away
They dragged me to the doctor one day
I've got an angry inch

Six inches forward and five inches back
I got a
I got an angry inch
Six inches forward and five inches back
I got a
I got an angry inch

Long story short
When I woke up from the operation
I was bleeding down there
I was bleeding from the gash between my legs
My first day as a woman
and already it's that time of the month
But two days later
the hole closed up
The wound healed
and I was left with a one inch mound of flesh
where my penis used to be
where my vagina never was
A one inch mound of flesh with a scar running down it
like a sideways grimace
on an eyeless face
Just a little bulge

It was an angry inch

**Six inches forward and five inches back
The train is coming and I'm tied to the track
I try to get up but I can't get no slack
I got an
Angry Inch Angry Inch**

**Six inches forward and five inches back
stay under cover till the night turns to black
I got my inch and I'm set to attack
I got an Angry Inch Angry Inch**

Wig in a Box
Soloist: Gayle Why

On nights like this
when the world's a bit amiss
and the lights go down
across the trailer park
I get down
I feel had
I feel on the verge of going mad
and then it's time to punch the clock

I put on some make-up
and turn up the tape deck
and pull the wig down on my head
suddenly I'm Miss Midwest
Midnight Checkout Queen
until I head home
and put myself to bed

I look back on where I'm from
look at the woman I've become
and the strangest things
seem suddenly routine
I look up from my Vermouth on the rocks
a gift-wrapped wig still in the box
of towering velveteen.

I put on some make-up
and some LaVern Baker
and pull the wig down from the shelf
Suddenly I'm Miss Beehive 1963
Until I wake up
And turn back to myself

Some girls they have natural ease
(oooooh la la la---ooohhh la la la)
they wear it any way they please
with their French flip curls
and perfumed magazines
Wear it up
Let it down!!

This is the best way that I've found
to be the best you've ever seen

I put on some make-up (oh Oh)
and turn up the eight-track (oh oh Oh oh)
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf
Suddenly I'm Miss Farrah Fawcett
(oooooooooooooh)
from TV
until I wake up
and turn back to myself

Shag, bi-level, bob
Dorothy Hammil do,
Sausage curls, chicken wings

**It's all because of you
With your blow dried, feather back,
Toni home wave, too
flip, fro, frizz, flop,
It's all because of you
It's all because of you
It's all because of you**

Ok, everybody!

**I put on some make-up
turn up the eight-track
I'm pulling the wig down from the shelf
Suddenly I'm this punk rock star
of stage and screen
and I ain't never
I'm never turning back**

Wicked Little Town

Soloist: Jonathan Reisfeld

You know, the sun is in your eyes
And hurricanes and rains
and black and cloudy skies.

You're running up and down that hill.
You turn it on and off at will.
There's nothing here to thrill
or bring you down.

And if you've got no other choice
You know you can follow my voice
through the dark turns and noise
of this wicked little town.

Oh Lady, luck has led you here
and they're so twisted up
they'll twist you up. I fear.

the pious, hateful and devout,
you're turning tricks til you're turned out,
the wind so cold it burns,
you're burning out and blowing round.

And if you've got no other choice
you know you can follow my voice
through the dark turns and noise
of this wicked little town.

**The fates are vicious and they're cruel.
You learn too late you've used two wishes
like a fool**

**and then you're someone you are not,
and Junction City ain't the spot,
remember Mrs. Lot
and when she turned around.
And if you've got no other choice
You know you can follow my voice
through the dark turns and noise
of this wicked little town.**

The Long Grift

Look what you've done,
you gigolo.
You know that I loved you, hon,
and I didn't want to know
that your cool,
seductive serenade
was a tool
of your trade,
you gigolo.

Of all the riches you've surveyed,
and all that you can lift,
I'm just another dollar that you made
in you long, long grift.

Look what you've done,
you gigolo.
Another hustle has been run,
and now you ought to know
that this fool
can no longer be swayed
by the tools
of your trade,
you gigolo.

I'm just another john you've gypped,
another sucker stiffed,

**a walk on role in the script
to your long, long gift.
The love that had me in your grip
was just a long, long gift.**

Hedwig's Lament

I was born on the other side
of a town ripped in two
And no matter how hard I've tried
I end up black and blue

I rose from off of the doctor's slab
I lost a piece of my heart
Now everyone gets to take a stab
They cut me up into parts

I gave a piece to my mother
I gave a piece to my man
I gave a piece to the rock star
He took the good stuff and ran

Oh God
I'm all sewn up
A hardened razor-cut
Scar map across my body
And you can trace the lines
Through Misery's design
That map across my body

A collage
All sewn up
A montage
All sewn up

Yitzhak

**A random pattern with a needle and thread
The overlapping way diseases are spread
Through a tornado body
With a hand grenade head
And the legs are two lovers entwined**

**Inside I'm hollowed out
Outside's a paper shroud
And all the rest's illusion
That there's a will and soul
That we can wrest control
From chaos and confusion**

**A collage
All sewn up
A montage
All sewn up**

**The automatist's undoing
The whole world starts unscrewing
As time collapses and space warps
You see decay and ruin
I tell you "No, no no no"
You make such an exquisite corpse"**

**I've got it all sewn up
A hardened razor-cut
Scar map across my body
And you can trace the lines
Through Misery's design
That map across my body**

**A collage
All sewn up
A montage
All sewn up**

Wicked Little Town Reprise

Forgive me,
For I did not know.
'Cause I was just a boy
And you were so much more

Than any god could ever plan,
More than a woman or a man.
And now I understand how much I took from you:
That, when everything starts breaking down,
You take the pieces off the ground
And show this wicked town
something beautiful and new.

You think that Luck
Has left you there.
But maybe there's nothing
up in the sky but air.

And there's no mystical design,
No cosmic lover preassigned.
There's nothing you can find
that can not be found.
'Cause with all the changes
you've been through
It seems the stranger's always you.
Alone again in some new
Wicked little town.

**So when you've got no other choice
You know you can follow my voice
Through the dark turns and noise
Of this wicked little town.
Oh it's a wicked, little town.
Goodbye, wicked little town.**

Midnight Radio

Soloist: Kat Robichaud

Rain falls hard
Burns dry
A dream
Or a song
That hits you so hard
Filling you up
And suddenly gone

Breath Feel Love
Give Free
Know in you soul
Like your blood knows the way
From you heart to your brain
Know that you're whole

And you're shining
Like the brightest star
A transmission
On the midnight radio
And you're spinning
Like a 45
Ballerina
Dancing to your rock and roll

Here's to Patti
And Tina

And Yoko
Aretha
And Nona
And Nico
And me

And all the strange rock and rollers
You know you're doing all right
So hold on to each other
You gotta hold on tonight

And you're shining
Like the brightest stars
A transmission
On the midnight radio

And you're spinning
Your new 45's
All the misfits and the losers
Yeah, you know you're rock and rollers
Spinning to your rock and roll

Lift up your hands