

The Addams Family

HAPPY SAD

[Rev. 1/14/12]

18

Music and Lyrics by
ANDREW LIPPA

WEDNESDAY: I hate him!

GOMEZ: It's a beginning. Something to build on.

WEDNESDAY: He says he can't live without me, and then he lets me go. *[MUSIC]*
I love him, why doesn't he love me?

GOMEZ: You just said you hated him. Which is it?

WEDNESDAY: Both.

GOMEZ: Now you've got it.



9 **GOMEZ:**

Right and wrong, who's to say which we should re -
fuse. All we know, love sur - vives
ei - ther way we choose. Here you are
at the edge. Go a - head and fall. Don't re - sist,
24 **In Three - Not Too Slow**
I in - sist, love still con - quers all.

GOMEZ: It even conquered you, my adorable Attila.
You had to go and grow up.
WEDNESDAY: And you're cool with that?
GOMEZ: Yes and no. *[GO ON]*

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The tempo is marked 'Vamp (vocal last x)'. The lyrics are: 'I'm feel-ing hap-py, I'm feel-ing sad. A lit-tle child-ish. A lit-tle "dad". I think of all the days you've known, all the ways you've grown, see you on your own and then I'm feel-ing hap-py and sad a-gain. I think I'm rest-ed, but then I'm tired. To-day, re-quest-ed, to-mor-row, fired. And now a boy says he a-dores she who once was'. The score includes measure numbers 26 through 57. Measure 27 is boxed. There are repeat signs at the beginning of measures 26, 30, 34, 38, 42, 46, 50, and 54.

GOMEZ: 27

Vamp (vocal last x) I'm feel-ing hap-py, I'm feel-ing sad.

A lit-tle child-ish. A lit-tle "dad".

I think of all the days you've known, all the ways you've

grown, see you on your own and then

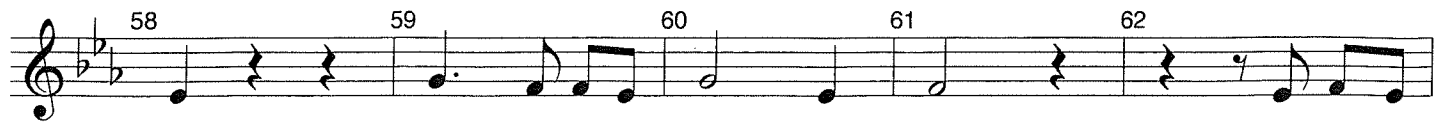
I'm feel-ing hap-py and sad a-gain.

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I think I'm rest-ed, but then I'm tired.

To-day, re-quest-ed, to-mor-row, fired.

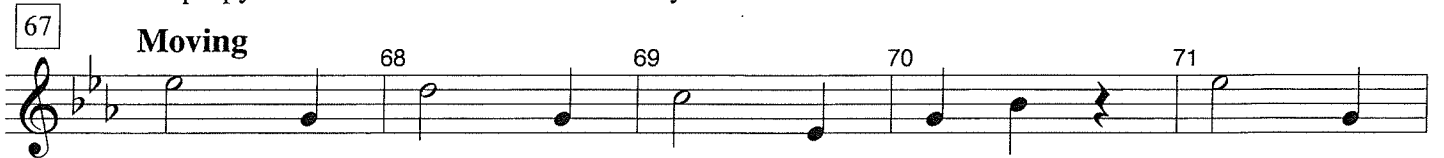
And now a boy says he a-dores she who once was



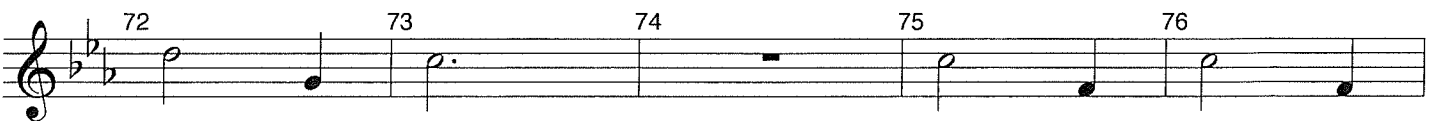
yours. How can I ig - nore such news? I'm sad and



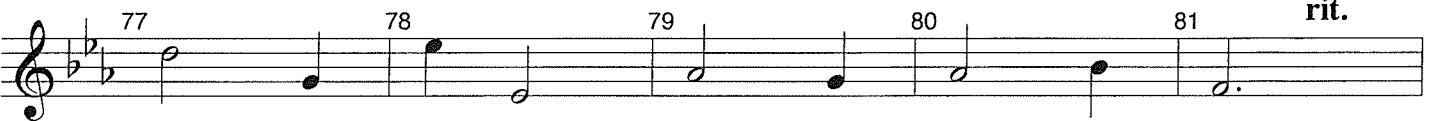
hap - py. Why should I choose?



Life is full of con - tra - dic - tions, ev' - ry



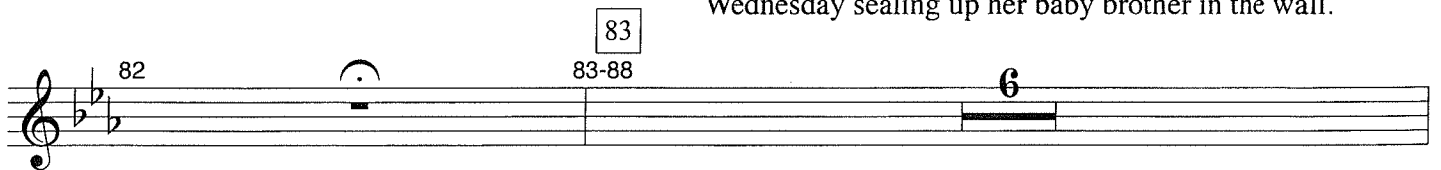
inch a mile. At the mo - ment rit.



we start weep - ing, that's when we should smile.

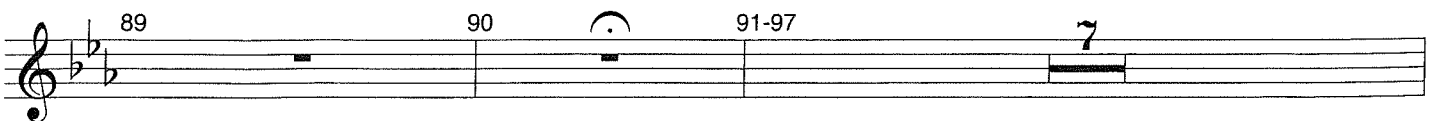
GOMEZ: So many memories... **[GO ON]**

GOMEZ: (cont.) Wednesday, eating her first worm...
Wednesday sealing up her baby brother in the wall.

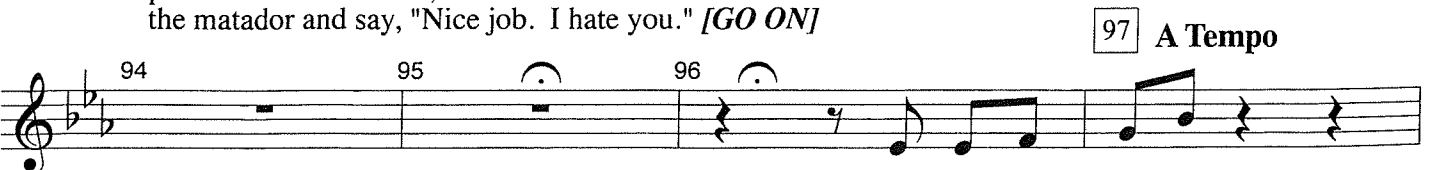


GOMEZ: (cont.) Wednesday s
setting fire to a Jehovah's witness...
[GO ON]

(cont.) And I think, 'where did the years go?'
And I am sad. But then I see this lovely young woman,
and I am happy. Happy, sad, happy, sad.



(cont.) Like the bull when the matador
put the sword into him, and he look at
the matador and say, "Nice job. I hate you." **[GO ON]**



In ev' - ry heav - en,

98 99 100 101

you'll find some hell. And there's a wel-come

102 103 104 105

in each fare - well. Life can be harsh, the fu-ture

106 107 108 109

strict. Who would dare pre - dict? And the boy you've

110 111 112 113

picked? Not bad. So let's be hap - py.

114 115 116

For - ev - er hap - py. Com - plete - ly

117 118 119 A Tempo 120

hap-py and a *rall.* tin - y bit sad.

121 122 123-125 3