

I Haven't Got a Prayer

9/18/13

Music: Alan Menken

Lyric: Glenn Slater

Arr.: M. Kosarin

CUE [MS]: Dearest God. I know you move in mysterious ways, but this is one for the books. I'm frightened. Everything I've devoted my life to is falling apart.

1 2 3 4 5 6

Please give me a sign
so that I might have clarity and peace.

I know my struggles pale in
comparison to those who have come before me. Saint

(+cello)

7 8 9 10

An-tho-ny got vi-sions in the de-sert. Saint Joan got voi-ces in her head. Saint Ig-

11 12 13

na - tius got beat - en, then par - tial - ly eat - en, then hung by the feet un - til

14 dead. Saint Ste - phen got stoned, and Saint Fran - cis dis - owned. All got

17 test - ed, and passed, as it were. And like it or not, just look what I got:

21 **Sturdily** ♩=136 her. And not just her... I got

25 dis - co piped in - to the clois - ter. I got glit - ter wher - ev - er you gaze.—

28 29 30

I got cel - i - bate nuns— out there shak - ing their buns,— shriek - ing

31 32 33

you and your son's— ho - ly praise.—— I got al - tar boys pran - cing in sil -

34 35 36

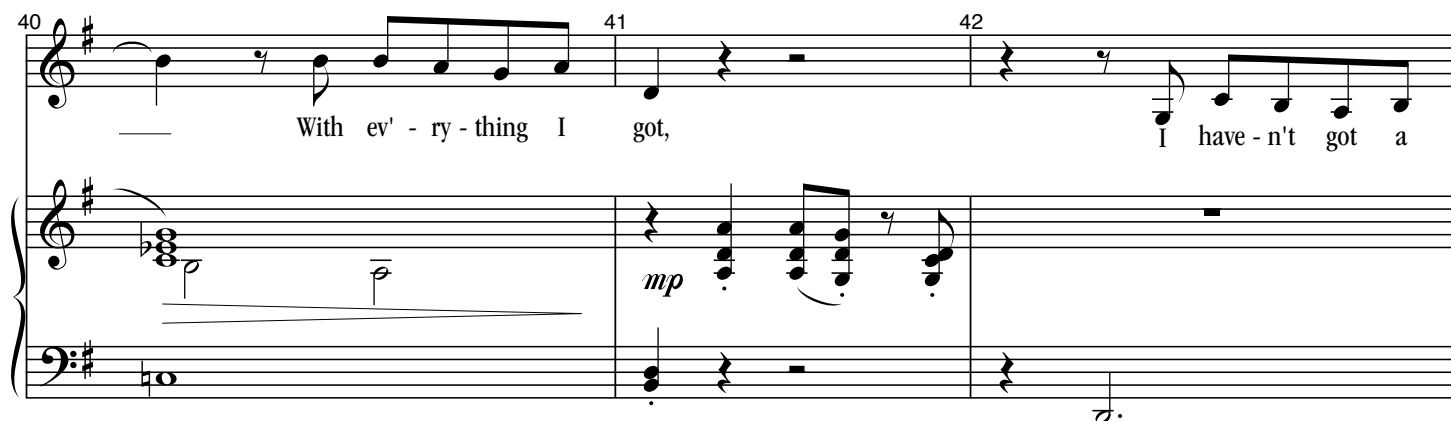
- ver la - mé!—— Re - qui - em mass— with a strobe—— light dis - play!——

37 38 39

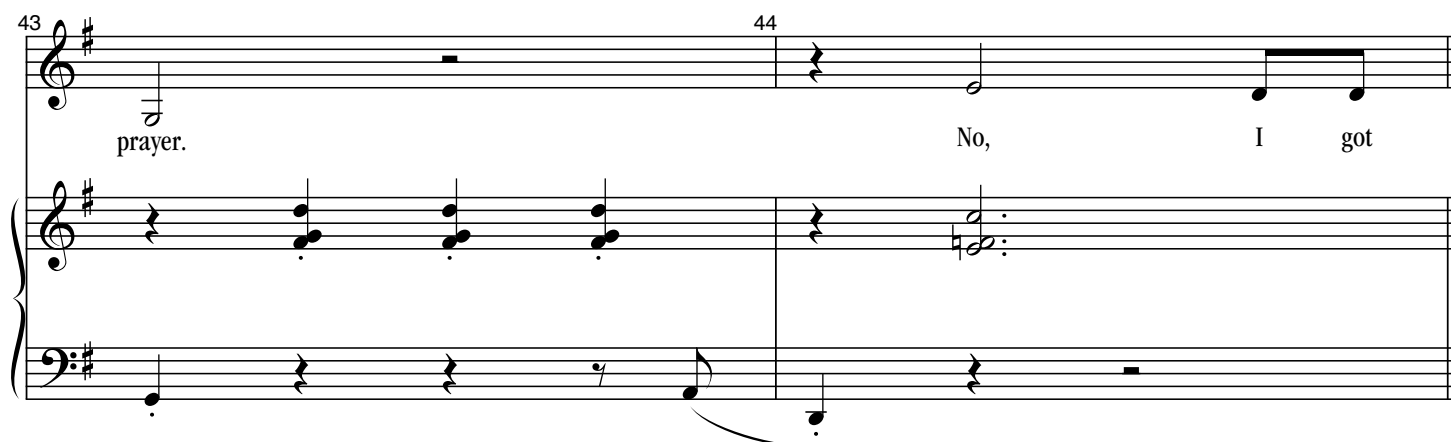
Lord, if you're test - ing my faith,—— may I say it's not fair.——

mf

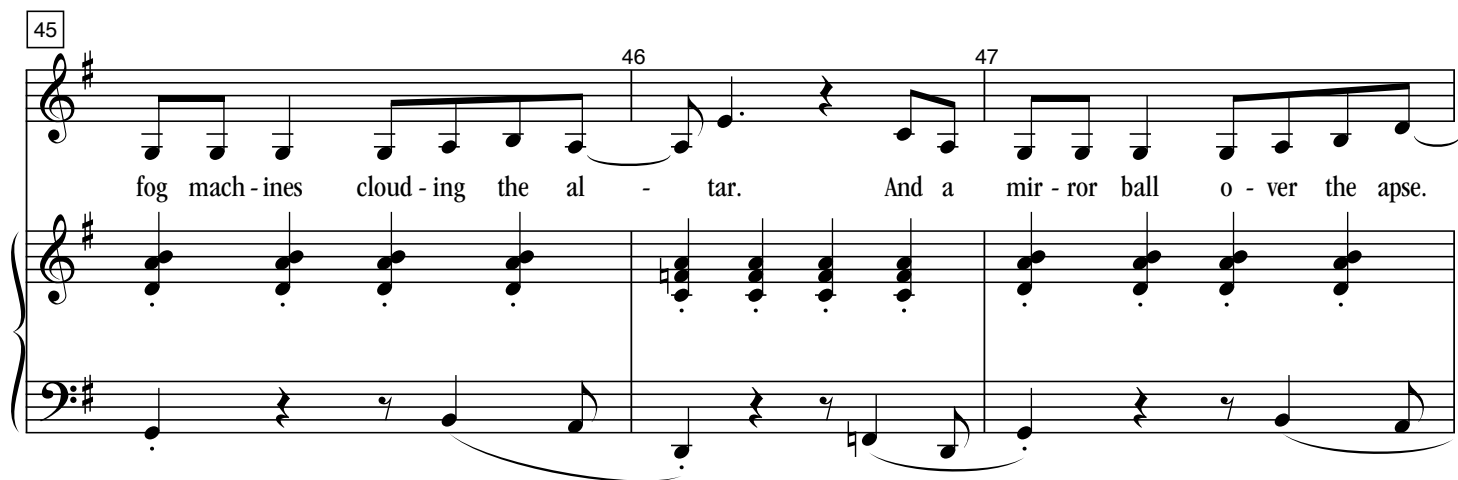
40 With ev' - ry - thing I got, 41 42 I have - n't got a



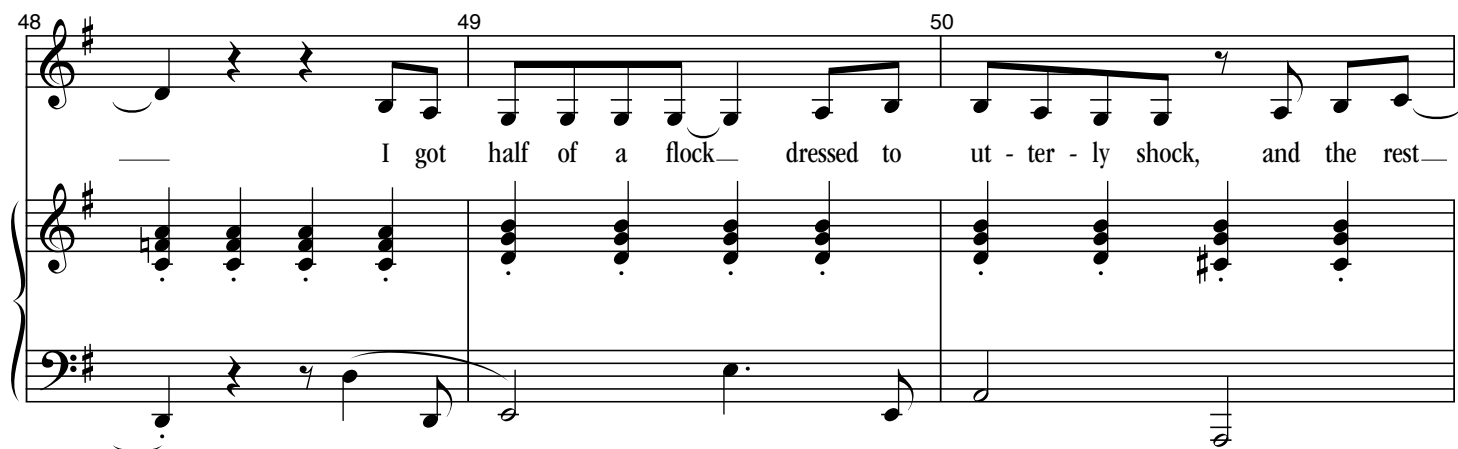
43 prayer. 44 No, I got



45 fog mach - ines cloud - ing the al - tar. 46 47 And a mir - ror ball o - ver the apse.



48 I got half of a flock— 49 dressed to 50 ut - ter - ly shock, and the rest—



51 3 52 53

— wear - ing moon - boots or chaps. I got bik - ers and ad - dicts and punks

54 55 56

— in the pews,— sever - al trans - ves - tites, a hand - ful of Jews.—

57 58 59

Lord, can you blame me at all — if I choose — to des - pair? —

mf

60 61 62

— I mean, how could I not? I have - n't got a

mp

63 64 65 66

prayer. I thought I'd get a glimpse of glo - ry. I

67 68 69

thought I'd get a taste of grace. I thought I'd get to bring your

70 71 72

king - dom clos - er to earth. I

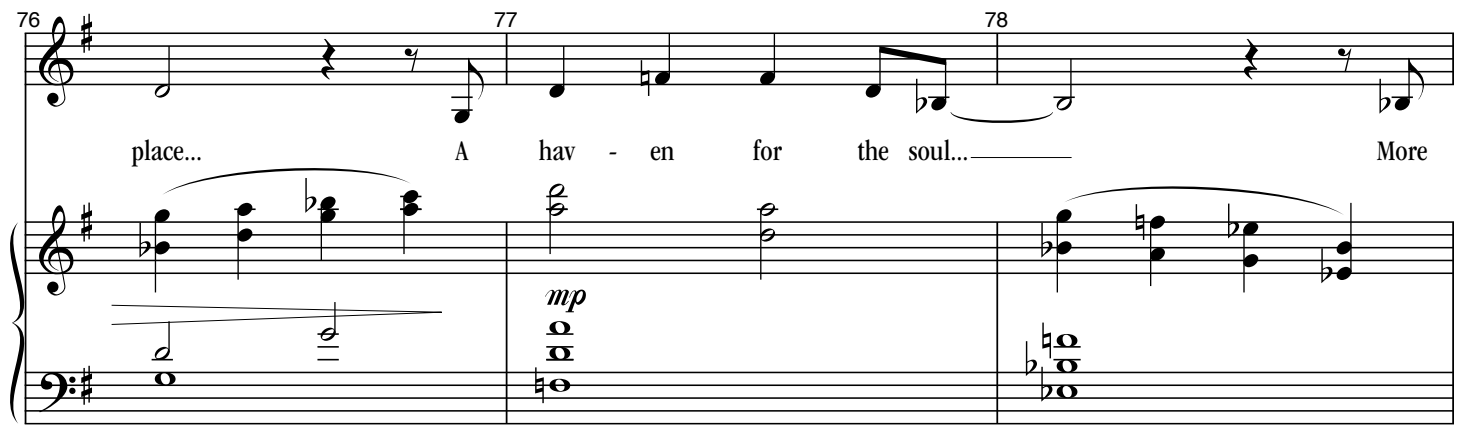
73 74 75

thought I'd get to make this fall - en world a fin - er, gent - ler

mf

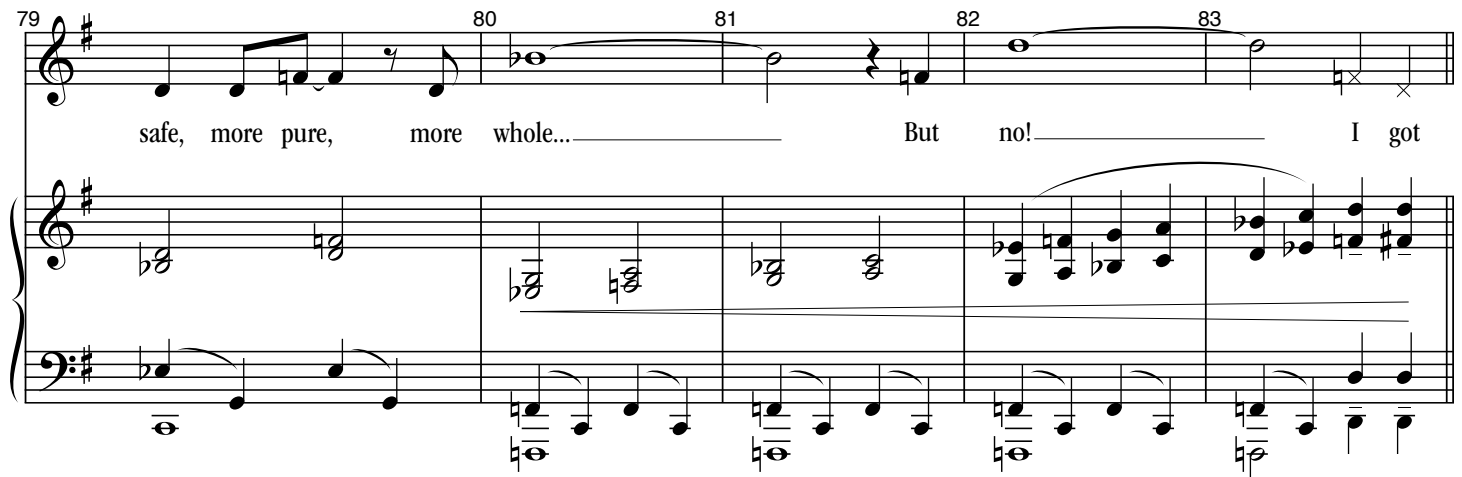
76 77 78

place... A hav - en for the soul... More



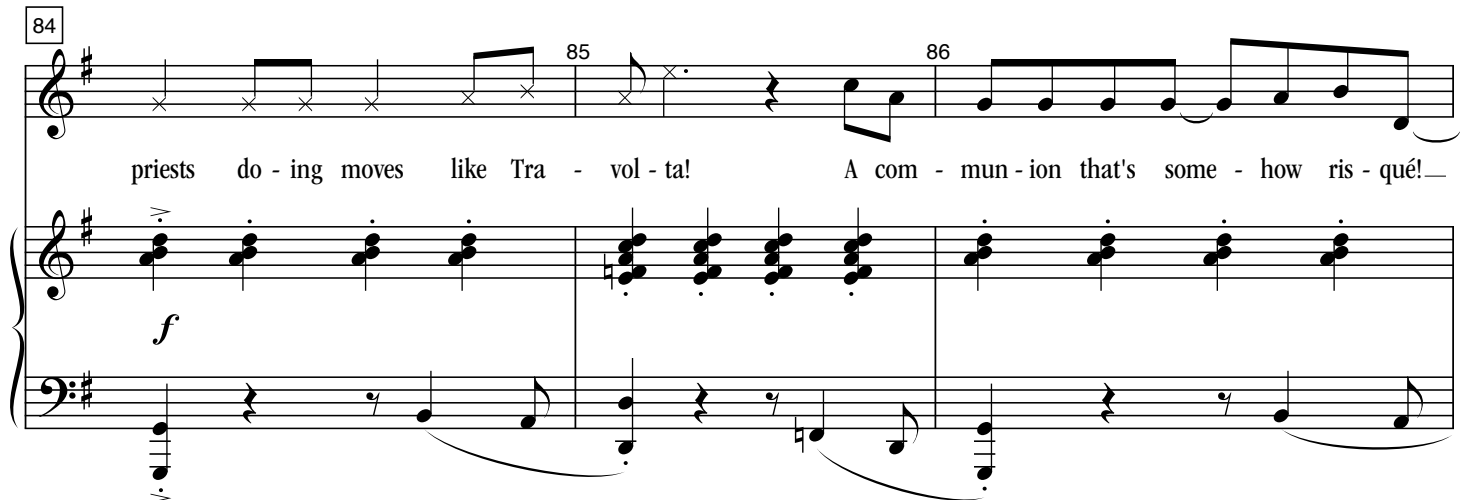
79 80 81 82 83

safe, more pure, more whole... But no! I got



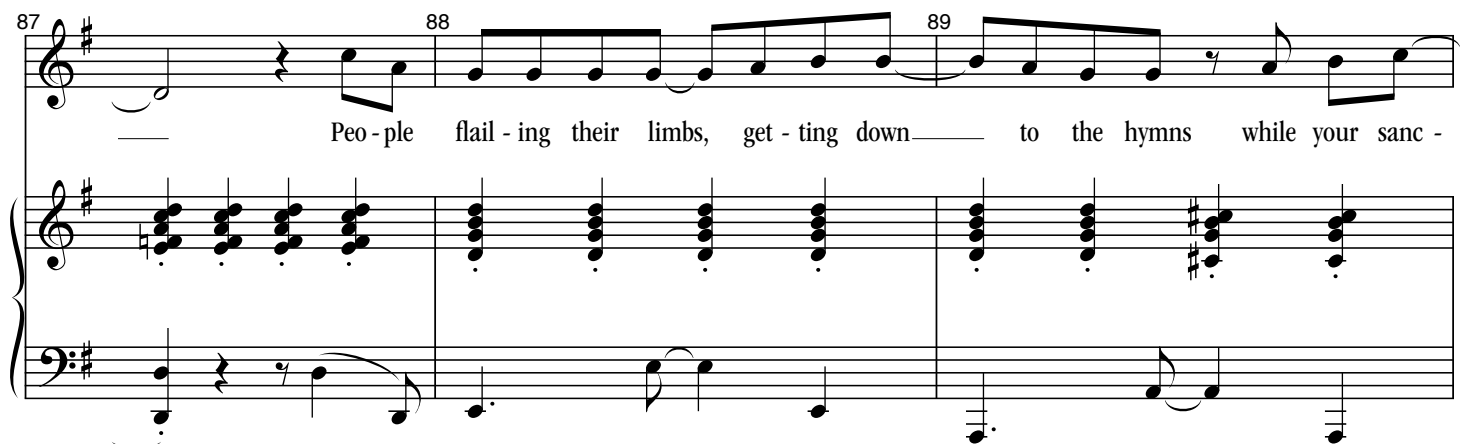
84 85 86

priests do - ing moves like Tra - vol - ta! A com - mun - ion that's some - how ris - que!—

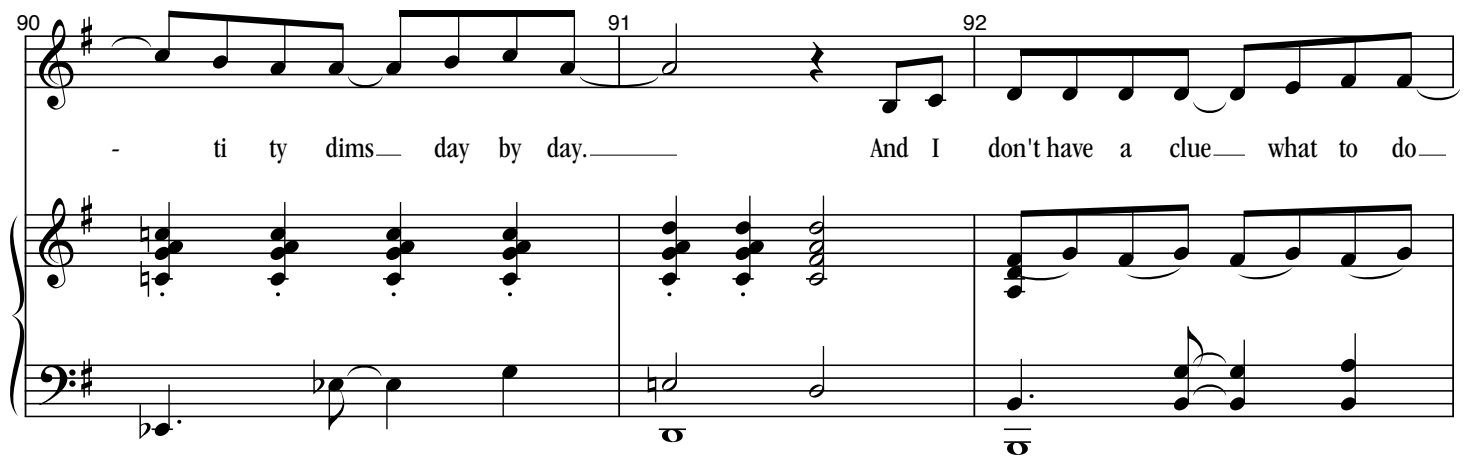


87 88 89

Peo - ple flail - ing their limbs, get - ting down to the hymns while your sanc -



90 ti ty dims day by day. 91 And I don't have a clue 92 what to do



93 ex - cept grieve. 94 Don't know in what or in who 95 to be - lieve.



96 Don't real-ly know if it's true 97 that you're ev - en still there... 98 So tell me, are you 99



100 there? 101 Tell me, do you care? 102 Lord, if you are 103



104 105 106 107

near, if I can get your ear, I've had it up to here! Please make her dis - ap - pear!

rall. *sfz*

108 109 110 111 112

Too late for that I fear. You've made your ans - wer clear. have - n't got a

Slower, rubato gentler *mp* *rit.* (optional 8va)

113 114 115 116

prayer. And ne - ver had a prayer. have - n't got a

Tempo I°

117 118 119

prayer.

f *rall.* *sffz*