PARTS: Soprano Alto Tenor Bass All

128 - If My Friends Could See Me Now

Intro

- ^ To-night at eight, ^ you should-a seen
- ^ a chauf-fer pull up in a rent-ed lim-ou-sine!
- ^ My neigh-bors **burned** − ^ they'd like to **die**.
- ^ When I **tell** them who is **get**-tin' in and **go**-in' out is 'I' ($straight on \rightarrow$)

Verse 1

If they could **see** me now, that lit-tle **gang** of mine.

I'm **eat**-ing fan-cy **chow** and drink-ing **fan**-cy wine

I'd like those **stum**-ble **bums** to **see** for a fact the kind of **top** drawer, **first** rate **chums** I at-tract.

All I can say is 'Wow-ee! look-a where I am.

To-night I land-ed pow! Right in a pot of jam.'

What a **set** up! **Ho**-ly cow! They'd nev-er be-**lieve** it.

if my friends could see me now!

Verse 2

If they could **see** me now, my lit-tle **du**-sty group,

a **traip**-sin' 'round this **mil**-lion dol-lar **chick**-en coop.

I'd hear those **thrift** shop **cats** say: **'Broth**-er, get her!

Drap-ed on a **bed**-spread **made** from **three** kinds of fur.'

All I can **say** is 'Wow! wait till the **riff** and raff see just ex-**act**-ly how he signed this

au-to-graph.'

What a **build** up! **Ho**-ly cow! They'd nev-er be-**lieve** it,

if my friends could see me now!

Verse 3

If they could **see** me now, a-lone with **Mis**-ter 'V' who's **wait**-in' on me **like** I was a **mai**-tre d' I hear my **bud**-dies **say**-ing '**Cra**-zy, what gives? To-night she's **liv**-ing **like** the **oth**-er half lives.' To think the **high**-est brow, which I must **say** is

he,
Should pick the **low**-est brow, which there's no

What a **step** up! **Ho**-ly cow! They'd nev-er be-**lieve** it.

if my friends could see me now!

Tag

doubt is me.

What a **step** up! **Ho**-ly cow! They'd nev-er be-**lieve** it.

if my friends could see me now!

Music by Cy Coleman and lyrics by Dorothy Fields, song from the 1966 Broadway musical Sweet Charity