You let down your people Evita

03. Oh What A Circus
posed to have been immortal
That's all they wanted
Not much to ask for:
But in the

end you could not deliver
Sing you fools but you

got it wrong;
Enjoy your pray'r's because you haven't got long.
Your Queen is dead,
Your

King is through.
She's not coming back to you

03. Oh What A Circus
Show bus-i-ness kept us all a-live Since sev-en-teen Oc-to-ber Nine-teen For-ty Five; But the

star is gone, the glam-ours worn thin That's a pret-ty bad state for a state to be in.

In-stead of gov-ern-ment we had a stage; In-stead of i-deas a

prim-a-don-na's rage; In-stead of help, we were giv-en a crowd; She did-n't say much, but she
said it loud. And who am I who dares to keep his head held high while millions weep. Why the exception to the rule? Opportunist? Traitor? Fool? or just a man who grew and saw from seventeen to twenty four, his country bled, crucified? She's not the only one who's died!

03. Oh What A Circus
Sing you fools but you got it wrong — enjoy your pray'rs because you
have'n't got long. Your Queen is dead. Your King is through. She's not coming
back to you.
Forgive my intrusion but fine as those sentiments sound.

Little has changed for us peasants down here on the ground.

I hate to seem churlish, ungrateful. I don't like to moan. But

18. The Chorus Girl Hasn't Learned
do you now represent anyone's cause but your own?
High Flying Adored

Did you believe in your

wildest moment all this would be yours, you'd become the

F Am Bb

C F Am Bb
lady of them all. Were there stars in your eyes when you crawled in...

at night. From the bars, from the side-walks, from the

gut-ter thea-tr-i-cal. Don’t look down it’s a long long way to

fall.

15. High Flying Adored