

CLIFF (spoken) Fraulein Schneider, you can't give up that way!

FRAULEIN SCHNEIDER

Oh, yes! I can. That is easy to say! Easy for you.
Fight! And if you fail... What does it matter?
You pack your belongings. You move to Paris.
And if you do not like Paris- where?
It is easy for you. But if you were me...
With time rushing by, What would you do?
With the clock running down,
What would you do?
The young always have the cure,
Being brave, being sure
And free. But imagine if you were me. Alone like me,
And this is the only world I know.
Some rooms to let.
The sum of a lifetime, even so.
I'll take your advice.
What would you do?
Would you pay the price?
What would you do?
Suppose simply keeping still
Means you manage until
The end? What would you do?
My brave, young friend?
Grown old like me, With neither the will nor wish to run. Grown tired like me,
Who hurries for bed when day is done. Grown wise like me,
Who isn't at war with anyone, Not anyone! With a storm in the wind,
What would you do?
Suppose you're on a frightened voice
Being told what the choice
Must be, Go on, tell me, I will listen.
What would you do
If you were me?