

Taylor (A Response)

lyrics by Andrew Byrne and Marcy Heisler

music by Zina Goldrich

Voice

There's a girl who comes to Star bucks And I

Piano

3

think she has a crush on me, I can tell she has a crush on me That's

Pno.

5

too big to ig nore. She comes in here ev' ry morn ing at e

Pno.

7

xact ly eight e le ven. When the clock says eight e lev en She comes

Pno.

9

wal king through the door. Then one fat eful Mon day morn ing as she

Pno.

11

made her us ual ent rance I could tell that she was ner vous And she

Pno.

13

had some thing to say. So I smooth ly flipped the lev er To pre

Pno.

15

pare her doub le lat te And she said her name was Car ol And then

Pno.

17

I came back with "Hey." And I told her "My name's Tay lor, And

Pno.

19

here's a lit tle ext ra foam." When she

Pno.

22

left, I cleaned her table And I found a folded napkin with

Pno.

24

this poem. Taylor the latte boy,

Pno.

28

Bring me java, bring me joy, Oh Taylor the latte boy, I

Pno.

32

love him, I love him, I love him. So I

Pno.

34

should have got my nerve up and just said I was n't int' rest ed But since

Pno.

36

she was clear ly int' rest ed, it all got out of hand. 'Cause be

Pno.

38

fore I found her po em we had had this con ver sa tion Where I

Pno.

40

told her I was play ing in the Vil lage with my band. When I

Pno.

42

walked in Fri day ev' ning to our gig at Ar thur'sbase ment I saw

Pno.

44

Car ol in the front row and I heard her scream my name. Then my

Pno.

46

friend said, "Man, she's cra zy, She's been here since se ven thir ty, And she

Pno.

48

told me she's your girl friend and she's real ly glad she came. And then

Pno.

50

when our gig was over she followed me the whole way home

Pno.

53

As I ran to try and lose her I composed a nother version of

Pno.

56

her poem. Carol, the stalker chick,

Pno.

60

You're a psycho and you're sick Oh Carol the stalker chick, You

Pno.

64 Faster

scare me, you scare me, you scare me. I used to be the kind of guy who nev

Pno.

68

er was rude or doubt ing. But now I've got this lun at ic freak in my life Ev' ry

Pno.

72

night now at my wind ow she's shout ing: "Tay lor the lat te boy!"
(shouting up to him)

Pno.

76

"Screw you, bitch, I'm not your toy! Oh Tay lor the lat te boy Is
(shouting down to her)

Pno.

80

cal ling, is cal ling the po lice." Ma ny a girl has let me court her

Pno.

84

But I've nev er need ed a re strain ing or der Car ol, come find me now. I'm

Pno.

88

trans fer ring to a new Star buck's There's twen ty on each block, so good luck!

Pno.