

# Sick to Death of Alice-ness

9

*Cue:*

**MARCH HARE:**

The next thing you know, she'll be demanding herbal tea.

**ALICE:**

I don't like herbs.

**DORMOUSE:**

Or Herb?

**ALICE:**

Or tea. **[MUSIC GO]**

*(The MAD HATTER, MARCH HARE, and DORMOUSE gasp. As music rises, they bang the table with their helmets – providing their own percussion.)*

**MAD HATTER:**

So you tell us now\_ you've got a thing for tea,  
 Wan-der through the world, as if it were\_ your dream. Was-n't  
 long be-fore,\_ be-fore you star-ted see-ing things,\_\_\_\_\_ Talk-ing  
 an-i-mals and nas-ty, ac-id vici-ous Queens. How do we put you back to bed?

11 **DORMOUSE/MARCH HARE:**  
**MAD HATTER:**



Take this, take this cup from us— of ev - 'ry-thing you've said.

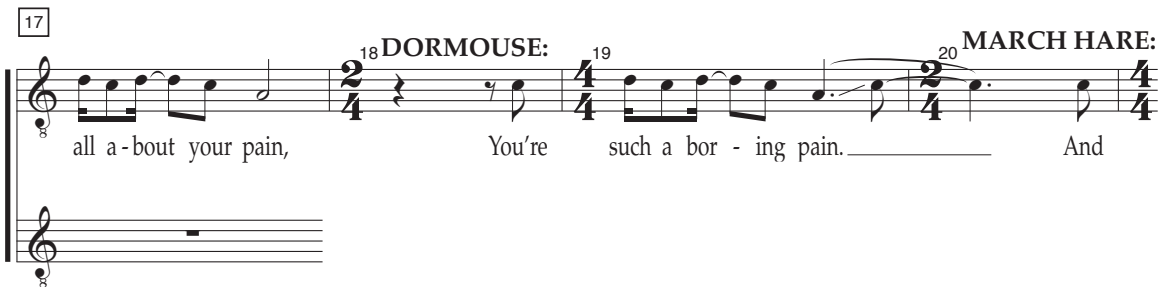


No more suck - ing up to us— we don't want in your— head. We're

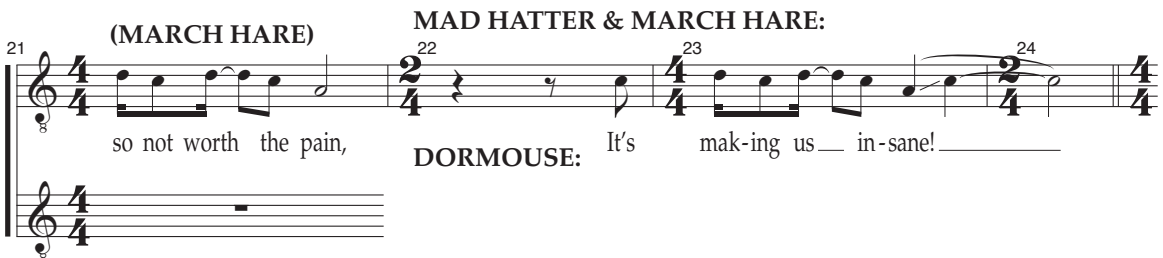


sick to death— of A - lice - ness. Yes, we're sick— to death. It's

**MAD HATTER:**



17 all a - bout your pain, 18 **DORMOUSE:** You're 19 such a bor - ing pain. 20 **MARCH HARE:** And



21 **(MARCH HARE)** so not worth the pain, 22 **MAD HATTER & MARCH HARE:** It's 23 mak - ing us— in - sane! 24 **DORMOUSE:**