

Baker - "No More (2)"

66

B. ¹¹⁰ ¹¹¹ ¹¹² *rubato* ¹¹³ *a tempo*
 dis - ap - point in turn, I guess. For - get, though, we won't . . . Like fa - ther, like son.
 M.M. *rubato* *a tempo*
 Like fa - ther, like son.

(Mysterious Man exits)
 B. ¹¹⁴ ¹¹⁵ ¹¹⁶ *ten.* ¹¹⁷ ¹¹⁸
 No - more gi - ants, Wag - ing

B. ¹¹⁹ ¹²⁰ *mf* ¹²¹ ¹²²
 war. Can't we just pur - sue - our lives - With our

B. ¹²³ ¹²⁴ *f* ¹²⁵ *rall.* ¹²⁶
 chil - dren and - our wives? Till that hap - pi - er day ar - rives, - How do you ig -

B. ¹²⁷ *a tempo* ¹²⁸ *mf rall.* ¹²⁹ *a tempo* ¹³⁰
 nore - All - the witch - es, - All - the

B. ¹³¹ ¹³² ¹³³ *rubato* ¹³⁴
 cur - ses, - All - the wolves, all the lies, - The false hopes, - the good - byes, - the re - ver -

B. ¹³⁵ ¹³⁶ ¹³⁷ *f* ³ ¹³⁸
 ses, - All - the won - der - ing what - e - ven worse is Still in

B. ¹³⁹ ¹⁴⁰ *mf ten.* ¹⁴¹ *Meno mosso, rubato* ¹⁴² *mp*
 store? All the child - ren . . . All the

B. ¹⁴³ ¹⁴⁴ (After a moment's thought) *Tempo primo* ¹⁴⁵ ¹⁴⁶
 gi - ants . . . No more. -

B. ¹⁴⁷ (Exits) ¹⁴⁸ ¹⁴⁹