

Toll

Music and Lyrics by
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Dolce ♩ = 104

My

mf *poco rit.*

Parlando, moderato

sis - ter Fran - ny mar - ried a guy from her of - fice, and Vic - ki's with a man whose house she

mp *colla voce*

sold. But I'm col - lect - ing tolls on the Jer - sey Turn - pike, and I'm

start-ing to i-mag-ine my-self stay-ing sin-gle, grow-ing old. Lots of guys pass through, and you'd

poco rit. *a tempo*

think they could chat for a min-ute or two, but no! It's al-ways a rush with these

men. Yet there's this one I'd kill to see a - gain.

rit. *ten.*

Mon-day to Fri-day, he'd swing in-to my lane, my Tar-zan com-mut-er, for his change -

Moderato ♩ = 116 *mf a tempo*

mak - ing Jane. — He'd give me a smile, — like he wished he could stay, the

guy with the bean - ie in the blue Chev - ro - let.

came to ex - pect him at eight for - ty two - ish. I'm not real - ly sure, but my boss —

— thinks he's Jew - ish. He brought me a ba - gel one bliz - zard - y day, — that

guy with the bean - ie in the blue Chev - ro - let. To tell you the

Poco piu mosso

truth, as he'd inch toward my booth, my chest would start pound - ing and my

palms went damp, my legs got shak - y and be - gan to cramp. And

there he'd be and all I could man - age to say was "Nave a hice

day!" Then he'd pull a - way... Bye bye, blue Chev - ro -

Rubato

rall. *p*

let. Most of these driv - ers are as blank as can be. I don't

mf a tempo

think a - bout them, and they don't think a - bout me. But I've spent count - less ho - urs

p

dream - ing of my fu - ture fi - an - cé with his

p

nee - dle - point bean - ie and that rat - tl - y blue — Chev - ro - let.

accel.

Con moto ♩ = 136

Why ————— does my tongue get tied in a knot when I'm

faced with a thing I want a lot? Am I des - tined to sab - o - tage my

dreams? ————— Why ————— did I

blow ev'-ry chance to con - fess? Was I wait-ing for him to just guess? Well, I

wait - ed too long, it seems, be - cause he

molto rit. **f**

Poco piu mosso

went out and got him - self an E - Z Pass tag! Now he's whiz-zing by, — and I've

a tempo

hit a big snag! "How can I reach you?" I hear my - self say to the

back of his bean-ie, pass-ing five lanes a - way. I could make an ap -

Poco piu mosso ♩ = 150

peal to Of - fi - cer Neal to take me for a ride in his

subito p

Troop-er car to find the blue Chev-y with the six-point star. We'd

chase him with the si - ren till he pulled a - side, and I'd run to his win-dow all

dew - y - eyed. — He'd leap from his car, we'd be face to face, and all of the piec - es would

fall in - to place. He'd beg me to start a fam - i - ly: him and me and

bean - ie ba - by makes — three!

Maestoso, piu lento

rit. *ff a tempo*

Gee, you're prob - a - bly think - ing that I've

Molto piu lento, rubato

molto rit. *mf* *mp colla voce*

Dolcissimo

hit a new low, — chas-ing some guy whose name I don't — e-ven know. — But if you'd seen his smile, —

— I'm sure you'd feel the same way — a-bout my guy with the bean-ie

Poco meno mosso

in the blue Chev-ro-let. I know it's a cra-zy dream, — but I'm gon-na find him some-

Tempo primo

day. —

mp a tempo *rall.* *pp*

8vb-1