

# Audition Song 5 – Piano Lessons/If You Don't Mind Me Saying So (Mrs Paroo)

Marian:  
Mama, a man with a suitcase followed me home

Mrs. Paroo:  
Oh--Who?

Marian:  
I never saw him before

Mrs. Paroo:  
Did he say anythin'?

Marian:  
He tried

Mrs. Paroo:  
Did you say anythin'?

Marian:  
Of course not, Mama!  
(To Amaryllis) Now don't dawdle, Amaryllis (sung) Sol - do - la - re - ti - mi  
A little slower and please  
Keep the fingers curved as nice  
And as high as you possibly can  
Don't get faster, dear

Mrs. Paroo:  
If you don't mind my sayin' so, It wouldn't have hurt you, To find out what the gentleman wanted

Marian:  
I know what the gentleman wanted

Mrs. Paroo:  
What, dear?

Marian:  
You'll find it in Balzac

Mrs. Paroo:  
Excuse me fer livin' but I never read it

Marian:  
Neither has anyone else in this town

Mrs. Paroo:

There you go again with the same old comment  
About the low mentality of River City people  
And takin' it all to much to heart

Marian:

Now, Mama  
As long as the Madison Public Library was entrusted  
To me for the purpose of improving River City's cultural level  
I can't help my concern that the Ladies of River City  
Keep ignoring all my council and advice

Mrs. Paroo:

But, darlin'--when a woman has a husband  
And you've got none  
Why should she take advice from you?  
Even if you can quote Balzac and Shakespeare  
And all them other highfalutin' Greeks

Marian:

Momma, if you don't mind my sayin' so  
You have a bad habit of changin' ev'ry subject--

Mrs. Paroo:

Well, I haven't changed the subject!  
I was talking about that stranger--

Marian:

What stranger?

Mrs. Paroo:

With the suitcase who may be your very last chance

Marian:

Mama!  
Do you think that I'd allow a common masher--  
Now, really Mama!  
I have my standards where men are concerned  
And I have no intention--

Mrs. Paroo:

I know all about your standards  
And if you don't mind my sayin' so  
There's not a man alive  
Who could hope to measure up to that blend'a  
Paul Bunyan, Saint Pat and Noah Webster  
You've got concocted for yourself outta your Irish imagination  
Your Iowa stubbornness, and your liberry fulla' books!