Mr Cellophane
from Chicago

John Kander & Fred Ebb
Orchestration by C. Fossey

Steady 2
3
If

some-one stood up in a crowd, and raised his voice up way out loud, and
waved his arm, and shook his leg you’d no- tice him.

And

even with-out cluck-ing like a hen ev’ry one gets no-ticed now and then, un-
less, of course, that per-son-age should be in - vi-si-ble, in-con-se-quen-tial me.

Slow 4 Rag

Cel-lo-phant, Mis-ter Cel-lo-phant. It should have been my name, Mis-ter Cel-lo-phant, ’caue you can
look right through me, walk right by me and ne-ver know I’m there. I tell ’ya

Cel-lo-phant, Mis-ter Cel-lo-phant, it should have been my name, Mis-ter Cel-lo-phant, ’caue you can

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look right through me, walk right by me and ne-ver know I'm there.

pose you was a lit-tle cat re-sid-in' in a per-son's flat, who

fed you fish and scratched your ears you'd no-tice him.

pose you was a wom-an, wed and sleep-in' in a dou-ble bed, be-

side one man for sev-en years, you'd no-tice him.

hu-man be-ing's made of more than air. With all that bulk you're bound to see him there. Un-

less that hu-man be-ing next to you is

un-im-press-ive, un-dis-tin-guished, you know who...

Should have been my name, Mis-ter Cel-lo-phane, 'cause you can

look right through me, walk right by me, and ne-ver know I'm there. I tell 'ya
Cel-lo-phant, Mis-ter Cel-lo-phant, should have been my name, Mis-ter Cel-lo-phant, 'cause you can
look right through me, walk right by me, and ne-ver know I'm there, ne-ver ev-en know I'm there.