A tempo
ever you spoke of Miss Andrew, you showered the woman with praise. But now that I've met dear Miss Andrew, there are one or two things I'd rephrase. To think you were raised by that monster and carried that burden through life... If only you had seen that you could share it with your wife.

Poco rit.
Rall.

Being Mrs. Banks, it's easy to forget the way I felt that summer's day, the day that we first met.

#17 - Good for Nothing/
Being Mrs. Banks
Poco piú mosso

Being Mrs. Banks, being kissed by you, a man of dreams who made me feel that wishes could come true. And now although you're lost, it's time that we closed ranks. I'll fight for the man who needs freeing, the real you who no one is seeing. And you'll find a way of just being.

Rit.

Being Mrs. Banks.