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Evita

By Alan Parker

It is my sad duty to inform you
that Eva Pern, spiritual leader
of the nation, entered immortality

at 8:

this evening.

- You are not welcome here.

- He was the father of my children too.

They have a right to see him,

to pay their last respects.

You are not his wife.

Your children are bastards.

No, no! He's my papa!

Oh, what a circus!

Oh, what a show!

Argentina has gone to town

Over the death of an actress

Called Eva Pern.

We've all gone crazy

Mourning all day and mourning all night

Falling over ourselves to get all

Of the misery right

Oh, what an exit

That's how to go

When they're ringing your curtain down

Demand to be buried

Like Eva Pern.

It's quite a sunset

And good for the country

In a roundabout way

We've made the front page of all

The world's papers today.

But who is this Santa Evita?

Why all this howling, hysterical sorrow?

What kind of goddess has lived among us?

How will we ever get by without her?

She had her moments,

she had some style

The best show in town was the crowd

Outside the Casa Rosada

Crying, "Eva Pern"

But that's all gone now

As soon as the smoke

from the funeral clears

We're all gonna see, and how
She did nothing for years
You let down your people, Evita
You were supposed to have been immortal
That's all they wanted
Not much to ask for
But in the end you
Could not deliver
Sing, you fools, but you got it wrong
Enjoy your prayers
because you haven't got long
Your queen is dead,
your king is through.
She's not coming back to you
Show business kept us all alive
Since 17 October 1945.
But the star has gone,
the glamour's worn thin
That's a pretty bad state
for a state to be in
Instead of government, we had a stage
Instead of ideas, a prima donna's rage
Instead of help, we were given a crowd
She didn't say much, but she said it loud
Sing, you fools, but you got it wrong
Enjoy your prayers
because you haven't got long
Your queen is dead,
your king is through
She's not coming back to you!
Don't cry for me, Argentina
For I am ordinary,
Unimportant,
And undeserving
Of such attention
Unless we all are
I think we all are
So share my glory,
So share my coffin.
So share my glory,
So share
...my coffin.
It's our funeral too.
Senor Magaldi?

It's seven o'clock. You'll be late.
Now, Eva Pern
Had every disadvantage
You need if you're going to succeed
No money, no cash
No father, no bright lights
There was nowhere she'd been
At the age of 15
As this tango singer found out
Agustin Magaldi
Who has the distinction
of being the first
Man to be of use
To Eva Duarte
On this night of 1000 stars
Let me take you to heaven's door
Where the music of love's guitars
Plays for evermore
In the glow of those twinkling lights
We shall love through eternity
On this night in a million nights
Fly away with me
I never dreamed that a kiss
could be as sweet as this
Now I know that it can
I used to wander alone
without a love of my own
I was a desperate man
But all my grief disappeared
And all the sorrow I'd feared
wasn't there any more
On that magical day
when you first came my way,
mi amor.
On this night...
On this night...
On this night of 1000 stars
Let me take you to heaven's door
Where the music of love's guitars
Plays for evermore.
To think that a man
as famous as you are
Could love a poor little nothing like me
I want to be a part of B.A.,

Buenos Aires, Big Apple.
She wants to be a part of B.A.,
Buenos Aires, Big Apple.
Just listen to that
They're onto you, Magaldi
I'd get out while you can
It's happened at last
I'm starting to get started
I'm moving out with my man
Now, Eva, don't get carried away
Monotony passed, suburbia departed
Who could ever be fond
of the back of beyond
Don't hear words that I didn't say
What's that?
You desert the girl you love?
The girl I love?
What are you talking about?
She really brightened up
your out of town engagement
She gave you all she had.
She wasn't in your contract
You must be quite relieved
That no one's told the papers
So far.
I want to be a part of B.A.,
Buenos Aires, Big Apple.
Would I have done
What I did
If I hadn't thought
If I hadn't known
We would stay together?
Seems to me there's no point in resisting
She's made up her mind,
you've no choice
Why don't you be the man
who discovered her?
You'll never be remembered for your voice.
The city can be paradise
For those who have the cash
The class and the connections.
What you need to make a splash
The likes of you get swept up
In the morning with the trash

If you were rich or middle class...
Screw the middle classes!
I will never accept them
My father's other family were middle class
And we were kept out of sight
Hidden from view at his funeral
Do all your one night stands
Give you this trouble?
Eva, beware of the city
It's hungry and cold
Can't be controlled
It is mad
Those who are fools
are swallowed up whole
And those who are not become
What they should not become
Changed, in short they go bad
Bad is good for me
I'm bored, so clean and so ignored
I've only been predictable, respectable
Birds fly out of here.
So why, oh why, oh why the hell can't I?
I only want variety of society
I want to be a part of B.A.,
Buenos Aires, Big Apple.
She wants to be a part of B.A.,
Buenos Aires, Big Apple.
Five years from now I shall come back
And finally say
You have your way
Come to town
But you'll look at me
with a foreigner's eyes
The magical city
A younger girl's city
A fantasy long since put down
All you've done to me
Was that a young girl's fantasy?
I played your city games all right, didn't I?
I already know what cooks
How the dirty city feels and looks
I tasted it last night, didn't I?
I'm gonna be a part of B.A.,
Buenos Aires, Big Apple.

She's gonna be a part of B.A.,
Buenos Aires, Big Apple.
Eva, beware your ambition
It's hungry and cold
Can't be controlled, will run wild
This in a man is danger enough
But you are a woman
Not even a woman
Not very much more than a child
And whatever you say
I'll not steal you away
What's new, Buenos Aires?
I'm new,
I want to say I'm just a little stuck on you
You'll be on me too
I get out here, Buenos Aires
Stand back
You oughta know
What you're gonna get in me
Just a little touch of star quality
Fill me up with your heat
With your noise, with your dirt, overdo me
Let me dance to your beat
Make it loud, let it hurt, run it through me
Don't hold back
You are certain to impress
Tell the driver this is where I'm staying.
Hello, Buenos Aires.
Get this! Just look at me
Dressed up somewhere to go
We'll put on a show
Take me in at your flood, give me speed
Give me lights, set me humming
Shoot me up with your blood
Wine me up with your nights
Watch me coming
All I want is a whole lot of excess
Tell the singer this is where I'm playing
Stand back, Buenos Aires
Because you oughta know
What you're gonna get in me
Just a little touch of star quality
And
If ever I go to far

It's because of the things you are
Beautiful town
I love you
And
If I need a moment's rest
Give your lover the very best
Real eiderdown
And silence
You're a tramp, you're a treat
You will shine to the death
You are shoddy
But you're flesh, you are meat
You shall have every breath in my body
Put me down for a lifetime of success
Give me credit, I'll find ways of paying
Rio de la Plata
Florida, Corrientes, Nueve de Julio
All I want to know
Stand back, Buenos Aires,
Because you oughta know
What you're gonna get in me
Just a little touch...
Just a little touch...
Just a little touch of star quality.
I don't expect my love affairs
To last for long
Never fool myself
That my dreams will come true
Being used to trouble
I anticipate it
But all the same I hate it
Wouldn't you?
- So what happens now?
- Another suitcase in another hall.
- So what happens now?
- Take your picture off another wall.
- Where am I going to?
- You'll get by, you always have before.
Where am I going to?
Time and time again
I've said that
I don't care
That I'm immune to gloom
That I'm hard through and through

But every time it matters
All my words desert me
So anyone can hurt me
And they do.

- So what happens now?
- Another suitcase in another hall.
- So what happens now?
- Take your picture off another wall.
- Where am I going to?
- You'll get by, you always have before.

Where am I going to?
Call in three months time
And I'll be fine

I know
Well, maybe not that fine
But I'll survive anyhow
I won't recall the names and places
Of each sad occasion
But that's no consolation
Here and now.

- So what happens now?
- Another suitcase in another hall.
- So what happens now?
- Take your picture off another wall.
- Where am I going to?
- You'll get by you always have before.

Where am I going to?
Don't ask any more.
Good night and thank you, whoever
She's in every magazine
Been photographed, seen
She is known
We don't like to rush
but your case has been packed
If she's missed anything
you could give her a ring
But she won't always answer the phone
Oh, but it's sad when a love affair dies
But we have pretended enough
It's best that we both
stop fooling ourselves
Which means...!
There is no one, no one at all
Never has been and never will be a lover,

male or female
Who hasn't an eye on
In fact they rely on tricks
they can try on their partner
They're hoping their lover
will help them or keep them
Support them, promote them
Don't blame them
You're the same
Good night and thank you, Emilio
You've completed your task
What more can we ask of you now?
Please sign the book
on the way out the door
And that will be all.
If she needs you, she'll call
But I don't think that's likely somehow
Oh, but it's sad when a love affair dies
But when we were hot
we were hot
I know you'll look back
on the good times we shared
Which means...!
There is no one, no one at all
Never has been
and never will be a lover
Male or female
Who hasn't an eye on.
In fact they rely on
Tricks they can try on their partner
They're hoping their lover
Will help them or keep them
Support them, promote them
Don't blame her
You're the same
There is no soap
No soap like Zaz
No detergent, lotion or oil
With such power
In the shower
It's the mother and father
Of luxury lather
The talk of the bath
The great ointment

One little frolic
With new Zaz carbolic
You're scented
You'll be sent
Good night and thank you, Senor Jabn
We are grateful
You found her a spot on the sound radio
We'll think of you
every time she's on the air
We'd love you to stay
but you'd be in the way
So do up your trousers and go
Oh, but it's sad when a love affair dies
The decline into silence and doubt
Our passion was just too intense to survive
Which means...!
This is a club I should never have joined
Someone has made us look fools
Argentine men call the sexual shots
Someone has altered the rules
Fame on the wireless as far as it goes
Is all very well, but every girl knows
She needs a man she can monopolise
With fingers in dozens of different pies
Oh, but it's sad
when a love affair dies.
In June of '43
There was a military coup
Behind it was a gang called
The G.O.U.
Who did not feel
The need to be elected
They had themselves a party
at the point of a gun
They were slightly to the right
of Attila the Hun
A bomb or two
And very few objected.
Just one shell,
And governments fall like flies.
Ka-pow, die!
They stumble and fall.
Bye, bye!
Backs to the wall!

Aim high!
We're having a ball.
The tank and bullet ruled
As democracy died.
The lady's got potential
She was setting her sights
On making it in movies
with her name in lights
The greatest social climber
since Cinderella.
OK, she couldn't act
But she had the right friends,
And we all know
a career depends
On knowing the right fella
To be stellar.
Just one shell,
And governments lose their nerve.
Ka-pow, die!
They stumble and fall.
Bye, bye!
Backs to the wall!
Aim high!
We're having a ball.
That's how we get
The government we deserve.
Now, the man behind the president
calling the shots
Involved so discreetly
in a lot of their plots
Was Colonel Juan Pern
Would-be dictator.
He began in the army out in Italy so
Saw Mussolini's rise
from the very front row
And reckoned he'd do likewise
Sooner or later.
Just one blast,
And the tear gas falls like rain.
Ka-pow, die!
They haven't a chance!
Bye, bye!
The terrorists advance,
But one guy doesn't dirty his hands.

Pern was biding time out
In the slow lane.
Suddenly an earthquake hit
The town of San Juan.
Ka-pow, die!
They stumble and fall.
Bye, bye!
Keep away from the wall!
But one guy
Was having a ball:
The tragedy a golden chance for Pern.
He organised a concert
With incredible flair
In aid of all the victims
Such a grand affair
Politicians, actors
Stars of every flavour
It was January 22, 1944
A night to remember, that's for sure
For that's the night
that Pern first met Eva.
For that's the night
that Pern first met Eva.
On this night...
On this night...
On this night of 1000 stars
Let me take you to heaven's door
Where the music of love's guitars
Plays for evermore.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Augustin Magaldi!
Magaldi?
Eva Duarte?
Your act hasn't changed much.
Neither has yours.
I stand here
as a servant of the people
As we come together
for a marvellous cause
You've shown by your presence
Your deeds and applause
What the people can do
True power is yours
Not the government's

Unless it represents
The people.
One always picks
The easy fight
One praises fools
One smothers light
One shifts
From left to right
Politics
The art of the possible.
Colonel Pern?
Eva Duarte?
I've heard so much about you
I'm amazed
- For I'm only an actress
- For I'm only a soldier
- Nothing to shout about
- One of the thousands
- Only a girl on the air
- Defending the country he loves
But when you act
The things you do affect us all
But when you act
You take us away
from the squalor of the real world
- Are you here on your own?
- Yes. Oh, yes.
So am I
What a fortunate coincidence
Maybe you're my reward
For my efforts here tonight
It seems crazy
But you must believe
There's nothing calculated
Nothing planned
Please forgive me
If I seem naive
I would never want to force your hand
But please understand I'd be good for you
I don't always rush in like this
Telling strangers I'm too good to miss
If I'm wrong I hope you'll tell me so
But you really should know
I'd be good for you

I'd be surprisingly good for you
I won't go on if I'm boring you
But do you understand my point of view
Do you like what you hear
What you see
And would you be
Good for me too?
I'm not talking of a hurried night
A frantic tumble then a shy goodbye
Creeping home before it gets too light
That's not the reason
that I caught your eye
Which has to imply, I'd be good for you
I'd be surprisingly good for you.
Please go on. You enthral me
I can understand you perfectly
And I like what I hear, what I see
And knowing me
I would be good for you too
I'm not talking
Of a hurried night
A frantic tumble
Then a shy goodbye
Creeping home before it gets too light
That's not the reason
That I caught your eye
Which has to imply I'd be good for you
I'd be surprisingly good for you.
There is no one, no one at all
Never has been, and never will be a lover
Male or female
Who hasn't an eye on
In fact they rely on
Tricks they can try on their partner
They're hoping their lover
Will help them or keep them
Support them, promote them
Don't blame them, you're the same
Hello and goodbye
I've just unemployed you
You can go back to school
You've had a good run
I'm sure he enjoyed you
Don't act sad or surprised

Let's be friends, civilised
Come on, little one.
Don't sit there like a dummy.
The day you knew would arrive is here.
You'll survive
So move, funny face.
I like your conversation
You've a catchy turn of phrase
You're obviously going through
Some adolescent phase.
So what happens now?
So what happens now?
- Where am I going to?
- You'll get by, you always have before.
Where am I going to?
Don't ask any more.
At the watering-holes
Of the well-to-do
I detect a resistance to...
- Precisely!
...our heroine's style.
We're glad you noticed!
The shooting sticks
Of the upper class
Give her an inch...
Aren't supporting a single ass
That would rise for the girl
...she'll take a mile!
Such a shame she wandered
Into our enclosure
How unfortunate this person
Has forced us to be blunt
No, we wouldn't mind
Seeing her at Harrods
But behind the jewellery counter
Not in front!
Could there be
In our fighting corps
A lack of enthusiasm for...
- Exactly!
...Pern's latest flame?
You said it, brother!
Should you wish
To cause great distress

In the tidiest officer's mess
Just mention her name.
That isn't funny!
Pern is a fool, breaking every taboo
Installing the girl in the army H.Q.
And she's an actress, the last straw
Her only good parts
Are between her thighs
She should stare at the ceiling
Not reach for the skies
Or she could be his last whore.
The evidence suggests
She has other interests
If it's her that's using him
He's exceptionally dim.
Bitch!
Dangerous Jade!
We have allowed ourselves to slip
We have completely lost our grip
We have declined to an all-time low
Tarts have become the set to know.
I'm only a radio star
with just one weekly show
But speaking as one of the people
I want you to know
We are tired of
The decline of Argentina
With no sign of
A government
able to give us the things we deserve.
It's no crime for officers
to do as they please
As long as they're discreet
and keep clear of disease.
We ignore, we disregard
But once they allow a bit on the side
To move to the centre
where she's not qualified
We are forced to mark his card.
She should get into her head
She should not get out of bed
She should know that she's not paid
To be loud, but to be laid.
Slut!

Dangerous Jade!
This has really been your year,
Miss Duarte!
Tell us where you go from here,
Miss Duarte?
Which are the roles
that you yearn to play?
Whom did you sleep... dine with
yesterday?
Acting is limiting,
The lines not mine.
That's no help to the Argentine.
Can we assume then that you'll quit?
Is this because of your involvement...
...with Colonel...
...Pern?
- Good night, thank you!
She won't be kept happy
by her nights on the tiles
She says it's his body
But she's after his files
So get back onto the street
She should get into her head
She should not get out of bed
She should know that she's not paid
To be loud, but to be laid.
The evidence suggests
She has other interests
If it's her that's using him
He's exceptionally dim
Things have reached a pretty pass
When someone pretty lower class
Graceless and vulgar, uninspired
Can be accepted and admired.
Dice are rolling,
The knives are out,
Would-be presidents are all around.
I don't say they mean harm
But they'd each give an arm
To see us six feet underground.
It doesn't matter
What those morons say
Our nation's leaders are a feeble crew
There's only 20 of them anyway

What is 20 next to millions who
Are looking to you?
All you have to do is sit and wait
Keeping out of everybody's way
We'll... You'll be handed power
On a plate
When the ones who matter
Have their say
And with chaos installed
You can reluctantly agree
To be called.
There again we could be foolish
Not to quit while we're ahead
For distance lends enchantment
And that is why
All exiles
Are distinguished
More important, they're not dead
I could find job satisfaction in Paraguay
This is crazy defeatist talk
Why commit political suicide
There's no risk
There's no call for any action at all
When you have unions on your side.
- I'll not let them take you.
- Eva! I have to go.
A new Argentina
The chains of the masses untied
A new Argentina
The voice of the people
Cannot be denied
There is only one man
who can lead any workers' regime
He lives for your problems
He shares your ideals and your dream
He supports you, for he loves you
Understands you, is one of you
If not
How could he love me?
A new Argentina
The workers' battle song
A new Argentina
The voice of the people
Rings out loud and long

Now, I am a worker
I've suffered the way that you do
I've been unemployed
And I've starved, and I've hated it too
But I found my salvation in Pern
May the nation let him save them
As he saved me
A new Argentina
A new age about to begin
A new Argentina
We face the world together
And no dissent within!
There again we could be foolish
Not to quit while we're ahead
I can see us many miles away, inactive
Sipping cocktails on a terrace
Taking breakfast in bed
Sleeping easy, doing nothing
It's attractive.
Don't think I don't think like you
I often get those nightmares too
They always take some swallowing
Sometimes it's very difficult to keep
Momentum, if it's you that you are following
Don't close doors
Keep an escape clause
Because we might lose
The Big Apple.
But would I have done what I did
If I hadn't thought
If I hadn't known
We would take the country?
Pern has resigned from the army
and this we avow
The descamisados are those
he is marching with now
He supports you, for he loves you
Understands you, is one of you
If not
How could he love me?
A new Argentina
The chains of the masses untied
A new Argentina
The voice of the people

Never be
and must not be
denied.
Release him.
How annoying,
That they have to
Fight elections for their cause.
The inconvenience
Having to get a majority.
If normal methods of persuasion
Fail to win them applause,
There are other ways of establishing
Authority.
A new Argentina!
The chains of the masses untied
A new Argentina!
The voice of the people
Never be
and will not be
and must not be denied!
People of Argentina
Your newly elected president
Juan Pern!
Argentinos!
Argentinos!
We are all workers now
Fighting against our common enemies
Poverty, social injustice...
Foreign domination of our industries
Reaching for our common goals
Our independence, our dignity
Our pride
Let the world know
That our great nation is awakening
And that its heart beats
in the humble bodies
Of Juan Pern
And his wife
The first lady of Argentina
Eva
Duarte
De Pern!
It won't be easy
You'll think it strange

When I try to explain how I feel
That I still need your love
After all that I've done
You won't believe me
All you will see is a girl you once knew
Although she's dressed up to the nines
At sixes and sevens with you
I had to let it happen
I had to change
Couldn't stay all my life down at heel
Looking out of the window
Staying out of the sun
So I chose freedom
Running around
Trying everything new
But nothing
Impressed me at all
I never expected it to
Don't cry for me, Argentina
The truth is
I never left you
All through my wild days
My mad existence
I kept my promise
Don't keep your distance
And as for fortune
And as for fame
I never invited them in
Though it seemed to the world
They were all I desired
They are illusions
They're not
The solutions they promised to be
The answer was here all the time
I love you
And hope you love me
Don't cry for me, Argentina...
Don't cry for me, Argentina
The truth is
I never left you
All through my wild days
My mad existence
I kept my promise
Don't keep your distance

Have I said too much?
There's nothing more
I can think of to say to you
But all you have to do is
Look at me to know
That every word is true
Just listen to that,
The voice of Argentina!
We are adored, we are loved!
Statesmanship is more
than entertaining peasants.
We shall see, little man!
Evita Pern
La Santa Peronista!
Evita Pern
La Santa Peronista!
I am only a simple woman
who lives to serve Pern
in his noble crusade to rescue his people.
I was once as you are now,
and I promise you this,
we will take the riches from the oligarchs.
Only for you, for all of you.
And one day
you too will inherit these treasures!
Descamisados!
Mis compaeros!
When they fire those cannons,
when crowds sing of glory,
it is not just for Pern
but for all of us! For all of us!
Things have reached a pretty pass
When someone pretty lower class
Can be respected and admired
But our privileged class is dead
Look who they are calling for now
High flying, adored
So young, the instant queen
A rich, beautiful thing
Of all the talents a cross between
A fantasy of the bedroom
And a saint
You were just a back street girl
Hustling and fighting

Scratching and biting
High flying, adored,
Did you believe in your wildest moments
All this would be yours
That you'd become the lady of them all?
Were there stars in your eyes,
When you crawled in at night
From the bars, from the sidewalks
From the gutter theatrical?
Don't look down
It's a long, long way to fall.
High flying, adored,
What happens now?
Where do you go from here?
For someone on top of the world
The view is not exactly clear
A shame you did it all
At 26
There are no mysteries now
Nothing can thrill you
No one fulfil you
High flying, adored
I hope you come to terms with boredom
So famous, so easily
So soon
Is not the wisest thing to be
You won't care if they love you
It's been done before
You'll despair
If they hate you
You'll be drained of all energy
All the young who've made it
Would agree
High flying, adored,
That's good to hear, but unimportant
My story's quite usual
Local girl
Makes good, weds famous man
I was slap in the right place
At the perfect time
Filled a gap, I was lucky
But one thing I'll say for me
No one else can fill it like I can
There again I've more to do

Than simply get the message through
I haven't started
Let's get this show on the road
Let's make it obvious:
Pern is off and rolling.
Eyes! Hair! Mouth! Figure!
Dress! Voice! Style! Movement!
Hands! Magic! Rings! Glamour!
Face! Diamonds! Excitement! Image!
I came from the people
They need to adore me
So Christian Dior me
From my head to my toes!
I need to be dazzling
I want to be rainbow high
They must have excitement
And so must I.
Eyes! Hair! Mouth!
Figure! Dress! Voice!
Style! Image!
I'm their product, it's vital to sell me
So Machiavell me.
Make an Argentine rose!
I need to be thrilling
I want to be rainbow high
They need their escape, and so do I.
Eyes! Hair! Mouth! Figure!
Dress! Voice! Style! Movement!
Hands! Magic! Rings! Glamour!
Face! Diamonds! Excitement! Image!
All my descamisados expect me
To outshine the enemy
I won't disappoint them
I'm their saviour
That's what they call me
So Lauren Bacall me!
Anything goes
To make me fantastic.
I have to be rainbow high
In magical colours
You're not decorating a girl
For a night on the town
And I'm not a second-rate queen
Getting kicks with a crown

Next stop will be Europe!
The Rainbow's gonna tour...
Dressed up somewhere to go
We will put on a show!
Look out, mighty Europe!
Because you ought to know
What you're gonna get in me:
Just a little touch...
...Argentina's brand of...
...star quality!
People of Europe
I send you the Rainbow of Argentina!
Spain has fallen to the charms of Evita
She can do what she likes
It doesn't matter much
She's our lady of the New World
With a golden touch
She filled a bull ring
But if you're prettier than General Franco
That's not hard.
Franco's reign in Spain
Should see out the '40s
So you've just acquired an ally
Who looks as secure in his job as you
But more important
Current political thought is
Your wife's a phenomenal asset
Your trump card
Let's hear it for the Rainbow tour
It's been an incredible success.
We weren't quite sure,
we had a few doubts.
- Will Evita win through?
- But the answer is yes!
There you are, I told you so
Makes no difference where she goes
The whole world over, just the same
Just listen to them call her name
And who would underestimate
The actress now?
Now, I don't like to spoil a wonderful story
But the news from Rome
Isn't quite as good
She hasn't gone down

Like they thought she would
Italy's unconvinced
By Argentine glory
They equate Pern with Mussolini
Can't think why
Did you hear that?
They called me a whore
They actually called me a whore!
But Senora Pern,
It's an easy mistake.
I'm still called an admiral
Yet I gave up the sea long ago.
More bad news from Rome
She met with the Pope
She only got a rosary
A kindly word
I wouldn't say the Holy Father
Gave her the bird
But Papal decorations
Never a hope
She still looked the part at St. Peter's
Caught the eye
Let's hear it for the Rainbow tour
It's been an incredible success.
We weren't quite sure,
we had a few doubts.
- Will Evita win through?
- But the answer is...
...a qualified yes!
Eva started well, no question, in France.
Shining like a sun
Through the post-war haze
A beautiful reminder of the carefree days
She nearly captured the French
She sure had the chance
But she suddenly seemed to lose interest
She looked tired
Face the facts
The Rainbow started to fade
I don't think
she'll make it to England now
It wasn't on the schedule anyhow
You'd better get out the flags
And fix a parade

Some kind of
coming home in triumph is required.
Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour
It's been an incredible success.

We weren't quite sure,
we had a few doubts.
Would Evita win through?

- And the answer is...
- Yes.
- And no.
- And yes.
- And no.
- And yes.

No.

Let's hear it for the Rainbow Tour
It's been an incredible success.

We weren't quite sure,
we had a few doubts.
Would Evita win through?

And the answer is...

- Yes.
- Yes.

Yes.

Thus all fairy stories end
Only an actress would pretend
Affairs of state are her latest play
Eight shows a week, two matinees
My, how the world begins to turn
When will the chorus girl ever learn?
My, how the world begins to turn
When will the chorus girl ever learn?
The chorus girl
Hasn't learned the lines
you'd like to hear
She won't go scrambling
Over the backs of the poor
To be accepted
By making donations
Just large enough
To the correct charity
She won't be president
Of your wonderful societies of philanthropy
Even if you asked her to be
As you should have asked her to be

The actress hasn't learned the lines
You'd like to hear
She won't join your clubs
She won't dance in your halls
She won't help the hungry once a month
At your tombolas
She'll simply take control
As you disappear
Forgive my intrusion
But fine as those sentiments sound
Little has changed for us peasants
Down here on the ground
I hate to sound childish, ungrateful
I don't like to moan
But do you now represent
Anyone's cause but your own?
Everything done
Will be justified by my foundation
And the money kept rolling in
From every side
Eva's pretty hands reached out
And they reached wide
Now you may feel it should have been
A voluntary cause
But that's not the point, my friends
When the money keeps rolling in
You don't ask how
Think of all the people
Guaranteed a good time now
Eva has called the hungry to her
Opened up the doors
Never been a fund
Like the Foundation Eva Pern
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling on in!
Rolling on in!
Rolling on in! Rolling on in!
On in!
Would you like to try a college education?
Own your landlord's house
Take the family on vacation?

Eva and her blessed fund
Can make your dreams come true
Here's all you have to do, my friends
Write your name and your dream
On a card or a pad or a ticket
Throw it high in the air
And should our lady pick it
She will change your way of life
For a week or even two
Name me anyone
who cares as much as Eva Pern
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling on out!
Rolling on out!
Rolling on out, rolling on out!
On out!
The money kept rolling out
in all directions
To the poor, to the weak
To the destitute of all complexions
Now, cynics claim
A little of the cash has gone astray
But that's not the point, my friends
When the money keeps rolling out
You don't keep books
You can tell you've done well
By the happy, grateful looks
Accountants only slow things down
Figures get in the way
Never been a lady
Loved as much as Eva Pern!
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling in and out!
Rolling in and out!
Rolling in and out, rolling in and out!
On out!
Eva!
When the money keeps rolling out,

You don't keep books.
You can tell you've done well
By the happy, grateful looks.
Accountants only slow things down,
Figures get in the way
Never been a lady
Loved as much as Eva Pern!
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling, rolling, rolling
Rolling in and out!
On out!
Pern is everything!
He's the soul,
the nerve,
the hope and the reality
of the Argentine people.
We all know
that there is only one man in our
movement with his own source of light,
we all feed from his light,
and that is Pern!
And now she wants to be
Vice-president!
That was the over-the-top
Unacceptable suggestion.
We didn't approve,
But we couldn't prevent
The games of the wife of the President.
But to give her intentions
Encouragement
She's out of her depth
And out of the question
But on the other hand
She's all they have
She's a diamond in their
Dull, grey lives
And that's the hardest kind of stone
It usually survives
And when you think about it...
Can you recall

The last time they loved
Anyone at all?
She's not a bauble
You can brush aside
She's been out doing
What we just talked about

Example:

Got the English out
And when you think about it...
Well, why not do
One or two of the things
We promised to?
But on the other hand
She's slowing down
She's lost a little of that magic drive
But I would not advise those critics present
To derive
Any satisfaction from her fading star
She's the one who's kept us
Where we are.
She's the one who's kept you
Where you are.
Turn a blind eye, Evita!
Turn a blind eye!
Please, gentle Eva
Will you bless a little child?
For I love you
Tell Heaven I'm doing my best
I'm praying for you
Even though you're already blessed
Please, mother Eva
Will you look upon me as your own?
Make me special
Be my angel, be my everything
Wonderful, perfect and true
And I'll try to be
Exactly like you.
Please,
Mother Eva
Will you look upon me as your own?
Make me special
Be my angel, be my everything
Turn a blind eye, Evita!

Turn a blind eye!
And I'll try to be
Exactly like you.
Amen.
Amen.
Why try to govern a country
When you can become a saint?
Tell me before I waltz out of your life
Before turning my back on the past
Forgive my impertinent behaviour
But how long do you think
This pantomime can last?
Tell me before I ride off in the sunset
There's one thing I never got clear
How can you claim you're our saviour
When those who oppose you
Are stepped on or cut up
Or simply disappear?
Tell me before you get onto your bus
Before joining the forgotten brigade
How can one person like me, say
Alter the time-honoured way
the game is played?
Tell me before you get
onto your high horse
Just what you expect me to do
I don't care what the bourgeoisie say
I'm not in business for them
But to give all my descamisados
A magical moment or two
There is evil
Ever around, fundamental
System of government quite incidental
So what are my chances
of honest advances?
I'd say low
Better to win by admitting my sin
Than to lose with a halo
Tell me before I seek worthier pastures
And thereby restore self-esteem
How can you be so short-sighted
To look never further
than this week or next week
To have no impossible dream?

Allow me to help you
slink off to the sidelines
I'll mark your adieu with three cheers
But first tell me who'd be delighted
If I said I'd take on
The world's greatest problems
From war to pollution
No hope of solution
Even if I lived for 100 years
There is evil
Ever around, fundamental
System of government quite incidental
So go, if you're able
To somewhere unstable
And stay there
Whip up your hate
In some tottering state
But not here, dear.
Is that clear, dear?
Oh, what I'd give for 100 years
But the physical interferes
Every day more
Oh, my creator
What is the good
Of the strongest heart
In a body that's falling apart?
A serious flaw
I hope you know that
Your little body's slowly breaking down
You're losing speed
You're losing strength
Not style
That goes on flourishing forever
But your eyes, your smile
Do not have the sparkle
of your fantastic past
If you climb one more mountain
It could be your last
I'm not that ill
Bad moments come
But they go
Some days are fine
Some a little bit harder
But that doesn't mean

We should give up our dream
Have you ever seen me defeated?
Don't you forget
What I've been through, and yet...
I'm still standing
Eva, you're dying.
So what happens now?
Where am I going to?
Don't ask any more
Where do we go from here?
This isn't where we intended to be
We had it all
You believed in me
I believed in you
Certainties disappear
What do we do
For our dream to survive?
How do we keep all our passions alive
As we used to do?
Deep in my heart I'm concealing
Things that I'm longing to say
Scared to confess what I'm feeling
Frightened you'll slip away
You must love me...
You must love me...
Why are you at my side?
How can I be any use to you now?
Give me a chance
And I'll let you see how
Nothing has changed.
Deep in my heart I'm concealing
Things that I'm longing to say
Scared to confess what I'm feeling
Frightened you'll slip away
You must love me...
You must love me...
You must...
...love me.
The actress
Hasn't learned the lines
You'd like to hear
She's sad for her country
Sad to be defeated
By her own weak body

I want to tell the people
Of Argentina
I've decided
I should decline
All the honours and titles
You've pressed me to take
For I'm contented
Let me simply go on
As the woman who brings her people
To the heart of Pern
Don't cry for me, Argentina
The truth is I shall not leave you
Though it may get harder
For you to see me
I'm Argentina
And always will be
Have I said too much?
There's nothing more I can think of
To say to you
But all you have to do
Is look at me to know
That every word
Is true
She had her moments
She had some style
The best show in town was the crowd
Outside the Casa Rosada
They're crying, "Eva Pern"
But that's all gone now
The choice was mine
And mine completely
I could have any prize
That I desired
I could burn
With the splendour
Of the brightest fire
Or else,
Or else I could choose time
Remember?
I was very young then
And a year
Was forever
And a day
So what use

Could 50

I saw the lights

And I was on my way

And how I lived

How they shone

But how soon

The lights were gone

The choice was yours

And no one else's

You can cry for a body...

...in despair

Hang your head

Because she is no longer there

To shine,

to dazzle, or betray

How she lived

How she shone

But how soon

The lights were gone

Eyes, hair, face, image

All must

be preserved.

Still life

displayed forever

No less

Than she deserved.