Another Terrible Day

Music/Lyrics by Rob Rokicki
Arr. Lee Yingtong Li

Piano/Vocal

[Rev. 2020-06-09]

Oh, you’re alive,

I suppose that’s good news for ya, but it means a lot more paper-work for me, so don’t expect me to be happy to see ya. Of course, being alive is temporary.

MR. D: So, maybe if I go away and play pinochle for a few hours, things might improve. For me. Not for you. You’d be dead. [GO ON]
Great, you haven’t been debriefed, this is way out of my pay-grade, which is saying a lot.

MR. D: Someone find Professor Hay-for-Breath and tell him Peter Johnson is awake so he’d better clip-clop over here. [MUSIC OUT]

PERCY: It’s Percy Jackson.

MR. D: Whatever! [GO ON]

...ad lib...

no-ther ter-rri-ble day____ at Camp Half Blood where ev ery-thing’s the worst. Just a

no-ther ter-rri-ble day____ When you’re in charge it’s like you’re

F /A B♭ B♭7/Ab C6 Cm
MR. D: Well, technically I am cursed. One romp in the woods with Zeus’ favorite wood nymph, and you’re stuck running a summer camp for a bunch of needy half-bloods.

PERCY: Half-bloods?

MR. D: Yeah, half-god, half-mortal. Does no one watch the orientation film?

PERCY: Did you say half-god?

MR. D: Yeah, and I half-care. Who’s next? Silena Beauregard! Great, she’s crying.

SILENA: I was walking in the strawberry fields with Charlie Beckendorf and we were holding hands and everything was totally normal and then I kissed him and all of a sudden he started growing sunflowers. Everywhere! [GO ON]

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SILENA: I was walking in the strawberry fields with Charlie Beckendorf and we were holding hands and everything was totally normal and then I kissed him and all of a sudden he started growing sunflowers. Everywhere! [GO ON]
MR. D: 'Course, who am I to give relationship advice? I'm literally the god of alcohol.

SILENA: But he loves me--

MR. D: He loves you not. Next!

Vamp (out any beat)

PERCY: Wait, did you say you're a god?

MR. D: Dionysus, god of wine. The gods are real. Yippy skippy. Ah.

Katie Gardner. I see you've injured your arm.

KATIE: I fell off a pegasus.

MR. D: You don't have flying lessons on Thursdays, you have archery.

KATIE: Those arrows are made of wood! Wood comes from trees! I refuse to participate in any activity that encourages the senseless slaughter of our arboreal friends. [GO ON]
Oh god, give me Ares or Apollo, anyone but the Demeter kids' cabin.

ad lib.

Now that you've blessed us, go talk to Phaethus before I take a knife to my head and start stabbing!

MR. D: And stay away from the pegasus! Girls and ponies. Ah, speaking of ponies.

MR. BRUNNER: Percy!
PERCY: Mr. Brunner! What are you doing here?
This guy is saying all this crazy stuff about nymphs and gods and—What is going on?
MR. BRUNNER: It's... complicated! [GO ON]
Oh kid, you have no idea about this place or your former mentor. I don't have time.

MR. D: God!
MR. BRUNNER: (whinnies) I did mean to tell you. (GO ON)

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no-th-er ter-rri-ble day____ at Camp Half Blood where everything's the worst. Just a

PERCY: Mr. Brunner?!
PERCY: You're a horse?!
PERCY: What is happening?

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no-th-er ter-rri-ble day____ You can hate it here, but I hated it first! Just a

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F /A Bb Bb7/Ab C6 Cm
no-ther ter-ri-ble day
Stuck with these runts in the muck and mud

F /A Bb7 /A♭ C6 Cm

Rall.
MR. D: I need a drink. [GO ON]

no-ther ter-ri-ble day Oh, gods!
Enjoy your stay at Camp Half-Blood.

F /A B♭ C♯m Dm C G7/B G7 C7 Fmaj7/E♭