

Piano-Vocal

23. There's No Place Like Gnome

GNOME:

Ri - o de Ja - nei - ro's bra - zil - iant. **RAPHAEL:**  
Do you see that crack in his clay?—

20 21 22 23

*mp* *f*

GNOME:

Here to - day and gone to Mau - i.  
**RAPHAEL:**  
His black paint's fad - ing to grey.——

24 25 26 27

*mp*

Trav - el - ing the world is tre - men - dous.  
But for a gar - den gnome it's got - ta be

28 29 30

*p.*

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hard. And I just want him back in my back yard.

*cresc.* *f*

31 32 33 34 35  
V.S.

GNOME:

(PHILOMENE will appear to dance with the GARDEN GNOME.)

Put on my pointy shoes and board another plane.

*mp*

36 37 38 39

RAPHAEL:

Race down to Monaco. Chase down a bull in Spain. The

40 41 42 43

stewardesses they always wonder, doesn't matter where I roam.

44 45 46

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She asks, "Are you one of Santa's elves?" and I say, "Ma'am I am a

47 48 49 50

**GNOME:**

gnome!" Trip-ping thru the tu-lips in Holl - and.

**RAPHAEL:**

I just want him back in my back -

**ENSEMBLE:**

I just want him back -

*mp* *mf*

51 52 53