

# '...thinking about infinity...'

Text:  
Carrie Fisher  
from  
'Postcards From The Edge'

Rebecca Rowe

♩ = c.70

Mezzo-soprano

Piano

*mp*

*pedal each chord*

3

M-S.

*mp*

She won-dered how long she was going to stay in\_\_ bed.\_\_ She

Pno.

5

M-S.

won-dered if she would a-waken one mor-ning may-be\_\_ to-mor-row mor-ning

Pno.

*f*  
*Ped*

7

M-S. *mf*  
and feel like boun-ding back in-to her life, re-freshed and un-a-fraid.

Pno. *f* *mp*

9

M-S. *mp* **Gently**  
Just now though, she felt stale and pa-ra-lysed.

Pno. *p* *mf* **Gently**

Red.

12 ♩ = c.85

M-S. *f*  
She wan-ted so to be tran-quil, to be

Pno. ♩ = c.85 *f*

15

M-S.

some - one who took walks in the late af - ter noon

Pno.

8<sup>vb</sup>

8<sup>vb</sup>

18

M-S.

sun\_ lis - ten ing\_

Pno.

*mp*

*Red.*

21

M-S.

\_ to the birds\_ and cric - kets and feel - ing the whole world breathe.

Pno.

*p*

*Red.*

8<sup>vb</sup>

23 ♩ = c. 70

**Recitative-like**  
*ff*

M-S. In - stead she lived in her

Pno. ♩ = c. 70

**Recitative-like**  
*ff* *p* *8va*

Ped.

27

M-S. head like a mad wo - man \_\_\_\_\_ locked in a to - wer

Pno. (8) *mf*

29

M-S. \_\_\_\_\_ hea ring the wind \_\_\_\_\_ how - ling through her hair

Pno. *Ped.*

31

M-S.

and wai-ting for some-one to come and res-cue her from fee-ling things so deep ly

Pno.

*p*

*8va*

*8va*

*p*

Ped.

34

M-S.

\_\_\_ that her bones burned.\_\_\_\_

Pno.

*mf*

(8)

Ped.