Andante moderato, non rubato \( \left( \frac{j}{3} = 132 \right) \)

JACK:

There are giants in the sky!

There are

big tall terrible giants in the sky!

mp dolce e legato, marcato

When you're way up high and you look below At the world you've left and the things you know, Little
more than a glance is e-nough to show you Just how small you are. When you're
way up high and you're on your own In a world like none that you've ev-er known, Where the sky is lead and the earth is stone, You're
free to do What-ev-er pleases you. Ex-
plor-ing things you'd nev-er dare 'Cause you don't care, When sud-den-ly there's a
Big tall terrible giant at the door,

A big tall terrible lady giant,

sweeping the floor.

And she gives you food and she gives...
— you rest — And she draws you close to her giant breast. And you

know things now that you never knew before,

Not till the sky.

* p non legato, marcato