

"Johanna," from Sondheim's *Sweeney Todd*

I feel you, Johanna,
I feel you.
I was half convinced I'd waken,
Satisfied enough to dream you.
Happily I was mistaken,
Johanna.
I'll steal you, Johanna,
I'll steal you.

I'll steal you, Johanna,
I'll steal you.
Do they think that walls could hide you?
Even now, I'm at your window.
I am in the dark beside you,
Buried sweetly in your yellow hair!
I feel you, Johanna,
And one day I'll steal you!
Til I'm with you then,
I'm with you there,
Sweetly buried in your yellow hair!