

*Moderato*

DM Gm A7  
 Di zel-be ga-sn UN tram-vay-en Nu-me-rn elf UN  
 The same street and the trolleys running Numbers eleven and

DM DM Gm6  
 fir, Di zel-be yinglekh loy-fn, shray-en:  
 four. The same news boys they're rushing, shout-ing

C7 F A DM  
 "A tsaytung koyft zhe, koyft bay mir." Der zel-ber hi-ml, nor nit  
 To sell their papers news ga-lore. The same blue sky but not the

Gm D7 Gm  
 en-lekh- Der mentsh vos un-ter im,  
 same now Are peo-ple un-der it;

DM Bb  
 Es shaynt di sun alts nit far-shtend-lekh, Ikh her, es  
 The sun is shining I don't know how, No thought can

E7 A7 DM  
 fregt in mir a shtim: Tsi darf es a-zoy  
 make this riddle fit. Oh, should it be this

Gm A7 DM Bb  
 zayn? Tsi muz es a-zoy zayn? Az far ey-nem  
 way, Oh, must it be this way? For a few there

Gm C7  
 iz glik ba-shert UN far dem tsvey-en iz alts far-  
 is life and joy And for the o-thers a world de-

F A7 DM D7 Gm C7  
 vert. Ver hot es ayn-ge-shtelt, A-zoy  
 stroyed, who was the one to say This world

F Gm6  
 — zol zayn di velt? Es fregt un velt dos  
 — should be this way? My heart seeks, it wants to

DM A7 DM  
 harts mayns: Tsi darf a-zoy zayn? Darf a-zoy zayn?  
 know — Why must it be so, Why must it be?