

Clarinet in B \flat

Slipping

Joss Whedon

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trans./arr. Moses Lei

Bitter $\text{♩} = 82$
4 *mp*

Look at these peo-ple A-maz-ing how sheep-'ll show up for the slaugh-ter

8

— No one con-dem-ning you, lined up like lem-mings you led to the wa-ter —

13

Why can't they see what I see? Why can't they hear the lies? —

17

May-be the fee's too pri-cey for them to re - a-lize Your dis-guise is — slip-ping

22 *mf*

I think you're — slip-ping Now that your sa-rior is still as the grave you're be

27

gin-ning to fear me — Like cave-men fear thun-der, I still have to won-der: Can

31

you real-ly hear me? — I bring you pain, the kind you can't suf-fer qui - et - ly —

36

— Fire up your brain, re - mind you in-side you're ri - o - ting So -

40 *rit.*

ci - e - ty is — slip-ping Ev-'ry - thing's — slip-ping a - way So... V.S.

