

The World Was Wide Enough

Lin-Manuel Miranda

One two three four

Five six seven eight nine

There are ten things you need to know

Number one!

We rowed across the Hudson at dawn
My friend, William P. Van Ness signed on as my

Number two!

Hamilton arrived with his crew:
Nathaniel Pendleton and a doctor that he knew

Number three!

I watched Hamilton examine the terrain
I wish I could tell you what was happ'ning in his brain
This man has poisoned my political pursuits!

Most disputes die and no one shoots!
Number four!

Hamilton drew first position
Looking, to the world, like a man on a mission
This is a soldier with a marksman's ability
The doctor turned around so he could have deniability

Five!

Now I didn't know this at the time
But we were

Near the same spot (Near the same spot)
Your son died, is that why (My son died, is that why)

Six!

He examined his gun with such rigor?
I watched as he methodically fiddled with the trigger

Seven!

Confession time? Here's what I got:
My fellow soldiers'll tell you I'm a terrible shot

Number eight!

Your last chance to negotiate
Send in your seconds, see if they can set the record straight

They won't teach you this in your classes
But look it up, Hamilton was wearing his glasses
Why? If not to take deadly aim?
It's him or me, the world will never be the same

I had only one thought before the slaughter:
This man will not make an orphan of my daughter

Number nine!

Look him in the eye, aim no higher
Summon all the courage you require
Then count:

One two three four five six seven eight nine
Number ten paces! Fire!

I imagine death so much it feels more like a memory
Is this where it gets me, on my feet, sev'ral feet ahead of me?
I see it coming, do I run or fire my gun or let it be?
There is no beat, no melody
Burr, my first friend, my enemy
Maybe the last face I ever see
If I throw away my shot, is this how you'll remember me?
What if this bullet is my legacy?

Legacy. What is a legacy?
It's planting seeds in a garden you never get to see
I wrote some notes at the beginning of a song someone will sing for me
America, you great unfinished symphony, you sent for me
You let me make a difference
A place where even orphan immigrants
Can leave their fingerprints and rise up
I'm running out of time. I'm running, and my time's up
Wise up. Eyes up
I catch a glimpse of the other side
Laurens leads a soldiers' chorus on the other side
My son is on the other side
He's with my mother on the other side
Washington is watching from the other side
Teach me how to say goodbye
Rise up, rise up, rise up
Eliza

My love, take your time
I'll see you on the other side
Raise a glass to freedom...

He aims his pistol at the sky

Wait!

I strike him right between his ribs
I walk towards him, but I am ushered away
They row him back across the Hudson
I get a drink

Aaaah
Aaaah
Aaaah

I hear wailing in the streets

Aaaah
Aaaah
Aaaah

Somebody tells me, "You'd better hide."

Aaaah
Aaaah
Aaaah

They say

Angelica and Eliza

Were both at his side when he died
Death doesn't discriminate
Between the sinners and the saints
It takes and it takes and it takes
History obliterates
In every picture it paints
It paints me and all my mistakes
When Alexander aimed at the sky
He may have been the first one to die
But I'm the one who paid for it
I survived, but I paid for it

Now I'm the villain in your history
I was too young and blind to see...
I should've known
I should've known the world was wide enough for both Hamilton and me
The world was wide enough for both Hamilton and me