

# Bette Midler, Yellow Beach Umbrella

When I am a flyer, I'll fly down to Miami,  
get a room in one of those big resort hotels.  
And nobody there will ever get to know me well.  
And nobody there will ever get to know me well.

I'll be just another yellow beach umbrella  
on the shore of the southern sea.  
I'll be a mystery to everyone.  
I won't take you along with me.

When I am a driver, I'll drive to Pensacola,  
sleep in the sand whether the weather  
brings sunshine or rain.  
And nobody there will ever get to know my name, oh no.  
And nobody there will ever get to know my name.

I'll be just another yellow beach umbrella  
on the shore of the southern sea.  
Mmm, I'll be a mystery to everyone.  
I won't take you along with me.

When I am a rider, I'll ride up to Tempico.  
Ohh, don't telephone honey,  
your money'd be wasted on a telegram  
'cause nobody there will ever find out who I am.  
Nobody there will ever find me!

I'll be just another big bright umbrella  
on the shore of the southern sea.  
Gonna be a mystery to everyone.  
I won't take you along with me.

Alone. All alone. On my own.  
So happy to be gone, gone, gone, gone  
to new news and new faces,  
new feuds and new places.

Underneath my yellow umbrella.  
Won't be holdin' hands  
with a mobster fella.  
Mmm, I'm in the mood to be  
swimmin' in the nude,  
sinnin' too. Too bad you  
won't be there to see.

Grand. Feels so grand  
lying in the sand.  
Just working on this tan of mine.  
Ohh, you know I think that life  
is just the greatest thing.

Goodbye!!  
It's goodbye, darling.  
Your turn to cry.  
And you know good and well why, darling.  
Why you got the gong.  
I was into you to long.

Underneath my big bright umbrella  
I'll be breaking hearts with a  
buff young fella.  
Woo-oo-oo, whoo-oo-oo.  
How was I to know?  
Plop plop, fizz fizz, oh what a relief it is.

