

Sparks, When Do I Get To Sing My Way

No, no use in lecturing them, or in threatening them
They will just say "who are you"
Is that a question or not, and you see that the plot
Is predictable, not new
But you're still stunned at the things you will do

No, no use in taking their time or in wasting two dimes
On a call to God knows who
When all you feel is the rain and it's hard to be vain
When no person looks at you
So just be gracious and wait in the queue

CHORUS:

So when do I get to sing "My Way"
When do I get to feel like Sinatra felt
When do I get to sing "My Way"
In heaven or hell
When do I get to do it my way
When do I get to feel like Sid Vicious felt
When do I get to sing "My Way"
In heaven or hell

Yes, it's a tradition they say, like a bright Christmas Day
And traditions must go on
And though I say, yes I see, no I really don't see
Is my smiley face still on?
Sign your name with an X, mow the lawn

They'll introduce me, "Hello, hello"
Women seduce me and champagne flows
Then the lights go low
There's only one song I know

CHORUS

There, this home which once was serene, now is home to the screams
And to flying plates and shoes
But I have no souvenirs of these crackerjack years
Not a moment I could choose
And not one offer that I could refuse

CHORUS