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