

Tracy Chapman, I Did It All

A Cosmopolitan, a Manhattan
Call me one
Pour a round for me and my friends
Cape Cod sea breeze, Long Island ice teas
I won't go there or drink it if you paid me

When they come to waylay me
When they close in for the capture
I did it all
I did it all
For the love and the laughter
I did it all
I did it all
I did it all

Slept in late
Stayed up for days
Partied hard
Lived my twenties in haze
Smoked second-hand in crowded bars
With the A-list of B-list movie stars

When they come to arrest me
Pat me down and undress me
I'll confess without Miranda
Strike a pose for the tabloid cameras
I did it all
I did it all
I did it all

I did it all
I didn't ask permission
I did it all
What kind of life
Is not an exhibition
I did it all
Crash and burn
And then you know you're living
I did it all
Some pain a few tears after
I did it all
To the last line of the final chapter
I did it all
I did it all

My heart is a wound that festers
Seduced my share in silk and polyester
Oh my great loves
And my few losses
I'll tell it all
When my little black book is published

When they come to interview me
For my made for TV movie
Say I'm the bitch who was a bastard
Who did it all for the love and laughter
I did it all
I did it all
I did it all