

Barbra Streisand, Jonny One Note/One Note Samba

I got rhythm
I got music
I got my man

[Speaking]

You play real good!
How old are you? Eight?
...I was eight once...
For a whole year!
Then I went on to the big time...
Nine...Ten...

[Singing]

I got daisies in green pastures
I got my man
Who could ask for anything more
All man trouble, I don't mind him
You won't find him
Round and round and round my door
I got starlight
I got sweet dream
I got my man
Who can ask for anything more
I got rhythm
I got music
I got my man
Johnny can only play one note
And the note he plays is this
This is just a little samba
Built upon a single note
Other notes are bound to follow
But the root is still
That note
Now this new one is the consequence
Of the one we've just concluded
As I'm bound to be the unavoidable
Consequence of you
There's so many people who can
Talk an' talk an' talk
And just say nothing
Nothing
I have used to go the scale
I know that at the end
I've come to nothing
Nothing
So I come back to my first note
As I must come back to you
I will pour into that one note
All the love I feel for you
Anyone who wants the whole show
Re mi fa sol la ti do
He would find himself with no show
Better play the note you know
Dah dah dee dee da ah ah ...
Better play the note you know !