

Bette Midler, Nanette

"Uh! Here is another lady;
She is not as amusing as Sophie, but she has a,
she has a little something. I think she's,
she has a certain quality of, uh . . .
dementia! I call her, I call her, Nanette."

Oh! Oh-o-o-oh, Nanette!
Whoa-o-oh, Nnnanette!
Whoa-oo-o-oo-o-o-oh, Nnnnnnnanette!

Not a sound, not a sigh.
The world rushes by.
No one thinks of Nanette.
No one sings for Nanette.
No one dreams of Nanette.

Through the night, through the day,
people rush on their way
with never a sigh or regret.
And they are laughing and drinking.
So, so heedless and unthinking of
Nanette, Nnnanette,
nnn-that's me, Nanette!