Bette Midler, Some People

Some people can get a thrill
knitting sweaters and setting still.
That's okay for some people
who don't know they're alive.

Some people can thrive and bloom
living life in the living room.
That's perfect for some people
of one hundred and five.

But I at least gotta try
when I think of all the sights that I gotta see
and all the places I gotta play,
all the things that I gotta be at.
Come on, papa, what do you say?

Some people can be content
playing bingo and paying rent.
That's peachy for some people,
for some hum-drum people to be,
but some people ain't me!

I had a dream,
a wonderful dream, papa,
all about June in the Orpheum circuit.
Gimme a chance and I know I can work it.

I had a dream.
Just as real as can be, papa.
There I was in Mr. Orpheum's office
and he was saying to me, "Rose,
get yourself some new orchestrations,
new routines and red velvet curtains.
Get a feathered hat for the baby;
photographs in front of the theatre.
Get an agent and in jig time
you'll be being booked in the big time."

Oh, what a dream.
A wonderful dream, papa.
And all that I need is eighty-eight bucks, papa.
That's what he said, papa.
Only eighty-eight bucks.

"You ain't gettin' eighty-eight cents from me, Rose."

"Well, I'll get it someplace else! But I'll get it! And get my kids out!"

Goodbye to blueberry pie.
Good ridance to all the socials I had to go to,
all the lodges I had to play,
all the shriners I said hello to.
Hey, L.A., I'm comin' your way!

Some people sit on their butts;
got the dream, yeah, but not the guts.
That's living for some people,
for some hum-drum people I suppose.
Well, they can stay and rot!
But not Rose!