

# Harry Connick Jr., There's No Business Like Show

The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the clerk  
Are secretly unhappy men because  
The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the clerk  
Get paid for what they do but no applause  
They'd gladly bid their dreary jobs goodbye  
For anything theatrical and why

There's no business like show business  
Like no business I know  
Everything about it is appealing  
Everything the traffic will allow  
Nowhere could you get that happy feeling  
When you are stealing that extra bow

There's no people like show people  
They smile when they're low  
Even with a turkey that you know will fold  
You may be stranded out in the cold  
Still you wouldn't change it for a sack of gold  
Let's go on with the show

The costumes, the scenery, the makeup, the props  
The audience that lifts you when you're down  
The headaches, the heartaches, the backaches, the flops  
The sheriff that escorts you out of town  
The opening when your heart beats like a drum  
The closing when the customers won't come

There's no business like show business  
Like no business I know  
You get word the show has started  
That your favorite uncle died at dawn  
Top of that your pa and ma have parted  
You're broken hearted but you go on

There's no people like show people  
They never ever run out of dough  
Yesterday they told you you would not go far  
That night you opened and there you are  
Next day on your dressing room they hung a star  
Let's go on with the show