

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