

Jodi Benson, One Last Hope

So you wanna be a hero kid, well whoop de doo.
I have been around the block before with blockheads just like you
Each and everyone of them a disappointment
pain and ache for which there's no ointment.
So much for excuses, dumb old kid of Zeus's,
asking me to jump into the frame.
My answer is two words "O K";

Oh oh! You win! Oh gosh! Oy Vay!

I've givin' hope that someone would come along.
A fella who'd ring the bell for once not the gong.
The kind who wins trophies won't settle for low fees.
At least semi-pro fees, but no I get the green horn.

I've been out to pasture pal, my ambition gone.
Content to spend lazy days in to graze my lawn.
You need an advisor, a sayter but wiser
A good merchandiser and WHOA there goes my ulcer.

I'm down to one last hope and I hope it's you.
Though kid you're not exactly a dream come true.
I've trained enough turkey's who never came through
You're my one last hope, so you'll have to do.

(music plays)

Demi- gods have faced the odds and ended up a mockery
Don't believe the stories that you read on all the crockery
To be a true hero kid is a dying art.
Like paintin' a masterpiece it's work of heart.

It takes more than sinew.
It comes down to what's in you.
You'll have continue to grow, now that's more like it.

I'm down to one last shot, and my last high note.
Before that blasted underworld get's my goat.
My dreams are on you kid go make them come true.
Climb that uphill slope, keep pushing the envelope, you're
my one last hope and kid it's uuuuuup toooooo yooooooooooooou!