

# Virginia Coalition, The Waltz Of Roosevelt And The

Roosevelt we've been betrayed  
Said someone over there  
I think it was me  
Here's a little place for you  
And here's a little house where you can die  
There's a lady in the corner  
Who'd really love to sing for you  
Feel free to sing along  
Well I hear she sings a pretty song, I do  
But Roosevelt I might be wrong  
And every time he thinks of her  
Something kind of wonderful comes right into mind  
It ain't over till it's over  
It ain't over till she sings her song  
But Roosevelt I might be wrong

We can try and make sense out of you  
Maybe in a minute or two  
Cause my heart's getting tired and my toes getting cold  
I hope we don't ever get old  
Ain't it funny how we're all getting old  
Ain't it funny how we're all getting old  
And the fat lady doesn't get old  
Ain't it funny how we're all getting old

And the fat lady sings with the grace of an angel  
As Roosevelt devises his plan  
As her voice becomes music, the music the waltz  
Which was over before it began  
But it was already done  
But it was already done

Singing Obi Wan we've been betrayed  
Said someone over there I think it was you  
Here's a little place for you  
And here's a little house where you can die  
Cause there's a lady in the corner  
Who'd really love to sing for you  
Feel free to sing along  
Well I hear she sings a pretty song, I do  
Roosevelt I might be wrong  
And every time he thinks of her  
Nothing short of wonderful comes right into mind  
It ain't over till it's over  
It ain't over till she sings her song  
But Roosevelt I might be wrong

We can try and make sense out of you  
Maybe in a minute or two  
Cause my heart's getting tired and my toes getting cold  
I hope we don't ever get old

(tell me the story....tell me, tell...)  
Ain't it funny how we're all getting old  
Ain't it funny how we're all getting old (tell me the story)  
And the fat lady doesn't get old (tell me the tale)  
Ain't it funny how we're all getting old (tell me the story)

And the fat lady sings with the grace of an angel  
Roosevelt devises his plan  
As her voice becomes music, the music the waltz  
Which was over before it began