

Wendy And Lisa, Someday I

Tired of pressure everyday
When will joy walk my way
Tired of work I wanna play
But I gotta work to get paid
All my life I work so hard
Got to explode to be a star

Someday I well be somebody
Someday I well see the world from way up high
Someday I

Don't know how long I have to wait
No one's counting anyway
I just hope I don't forget all the things I have to say
But I do believe it's meant to
So I too must have faith

Someday I well be somebody
Someday I well see the world from way up high
Someday I

I hope I'm not misunderstood
Anyway, so far so good
Like the underdog in a race with time
I'd be winning if I could
But life's too short not to try
And I'm not gonna let it pass me by

Someday I well be somebody
Someday I well see the world from way up high
Someday I