

# 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