

## The Sparks

### "When Do I Get To Sing 'My Way'"

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No, no use in lecturing them or in threatening them,  
they will just say who you are  
Is that a question or not and you see that the plot is  
predictable not new  
But you're still stunned at the things you will do

No, no use in taking their time or in wasting two times  
on a call to god knows who  
When all you feel is the rain and it's hard to be vain  
when no person looks at you  
So just be gracious and wait in the queue

So when do I get to sing my way So when do I get to  
sing my way  
When do I get to feel like Sinatra felt when do I get to  
feel like Sid Vicious felt  
When do I get to sing it my way when do I get to sing  
my way  
In heaven or hell in heaven or hell

Yes, it's a tradition they say like a bright Christmas day  
and traditions must go on  
And though I say "yes I see" no I really don't see, is my  
smileyface still on  
Sign your name with an x, mow the lawn

So when I sing my way...  
They'll introduce me "hello, hello" woman seduce me  
and champagne flows  
Then the lights go low there's only one song I know  
There this home which once was serene, now is home  
to the scream and to flying plates and shoes  
But I have no souvenirs of these crackerjack years, not  
a moment I could choose  
And noone offer that I could refuse

So when do I get to sing my way...

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