

Barbra Streisand "Ballad of The Garment Trade"

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If you don't want to get nervous
Do yourself a great big service
Stay away please far from seventh avenue
You can lose your sense and reason
Guessing what style for next season
Yes, the dress business will make a wreck of you
It's a battle of fierce and grim
That depends on the ladies' whim
What'll miss and misses america's answer be
Will she say with a tossing head
And that rare guy wouldn't drop dead
Or she'll say : yes, this dress is really me
On guessing what, a day will say
A sheer impossibility
This poor kid's brave, he worked away
And try to build that industry
How crazy, bold and reckless
Can human beings be...
Hip, hip, hooray! for the garment trade
Hear the cheer to push the music hits us everyone
Day after day...they go on this way
To the cockeyed way the job that must be done
Off to the fray on the brave crusade

Gallant ladies' garment trade
Though in health got speed
In a gesture breed, made all answers on parade
What a business what a sack game
Yet it's about as much your business is a crap game
Snapper, zipper, bowler, button
All we know is what the experts know from nothin'
So the last line you got pie with
Coming right up is another you could die with
If you're right the dough could flow in
If you're not you haven't got a pot to sew with
Off to the fray on the brave crusade
Gallant ladies' garment trade
Though in health got speed
In a gesture breed, made all answers on parade
Off to the fray on the brave crusade
Gallant ladies' garment trade
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In a gesture breed, made all answers on parade...

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