

Gypsy "Some People"

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Anybody that stays home is dead
If I die it won't be from sitting
It's not gonna be from fighting to get up and get out

Some people can get a thrill
Knitting sweaters and sitting still
That's okay for some people
Who don't know they're alive

Some people can thrive and bloom
Living life in the living room
That's perfect for some people
Of one hundred and five

But I at least gotta try
When I think of all the sights that I gotta see
And all the places I gotta play
All the things that I gotta be at
Come on papa, what do you say?

Some people can be content
Playing bingo and paying rent
That's peachy for some people
For some hum-drum people to be
But some people ain't me

I had a dream, a wonderful dream papa
All about June in the Orpheum circuit
Gimme a chance and I know I can work it

I had a dream, just as real as can be papa
There I was in Mr. Orpheum's office
And he was saying to me

Rose, get yourselves some new orchestrations
New routines and red velvet curtains
Get a feathered hat for the baby

Photographs in front of the theater
Get an agent and in jig time
You'll be being booked in the big time

Oh, what a dream, a wonderful dream papa
And all that I need is eighty-eight bucks papa
That's what he said papa, only eighty-eight bucks

You ain't gettin' eighty-eight cents from me Rose
Then I'll get it someplace else but I'll get it
And get my kids out

Goodbye to blueberry pie
Good riddance to all the socials I had to go to
All the lodges I had to play
All the shriners I said hello to
Hey L.A., I'm comin' your way

Some people sit on their butts
Got the dream, yeah but not the guts
That's living for some people
For some hum-drum people I suppose
Well, they can stay and rot but not Rose

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