

Frank Wildhorn "This World Will Remember Me"

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CLYDE:

The men in this town
Live and die and are forgotten
And it doesn't seem to scare 'em, I can't wait to get
away
Away from the drought
And the homeless and the hungry
Where they talk about foreclosures every hot and dusty
day
I don't intend to waste my life 'round here
I got it all mapped out
If I can pull just three jobs a year
I'll be rich, I'll have wealth and fame
Everyone will know my name

BONNIE:

"Pull three jobs," what does that mean?

CLYDE:

What do you think it means?
Just like Billy the Kid
And Mr. Capone
Every kid will idolize Clyde Barrow
One thing young lady, I guarantee
Is that this word will remember me
Yes this world will remember me
Don't you think it's time
That you lost that egg-stained apron
And wore something made of satin
From a fine Manhattan store?
Yes I can see you
In a car with your own driver
You are headed to your penthouse
That will overlook the shore
Your face should be up on the silver screen
You've got that "it girl" look

BONNIE:

I can't believe that you see that in me
I always knew I'd be a star
How intelligent you are!

CLYDE:

We are wasted 'round here
We're too good for this place
We weren't born to live and die in Texas

This is my plan, there's no plan B
And this world will remember me
You and this world will remember me

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