

Mary Martin

"I've Gotta Crow"

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WENDY:

You're conceited!

PETER PAN:

Conceited?

Not me,

It's just that I am what I am

And I'm me!

When I look at myself

And I see in myself

All the wonderful things that I see

If I'm pleased with myself

I have ev'ry good reason to be.

I've gotta crow!

I'm just the cleverest fellow

'Twas ever my fortune to know;

I taught a trick to my shadow

To stick to the tip of my toe

I've gotta crow!

I've gotta brag!

I think it's sweet

I have fingers and feet I can wiggle and wag.

I can climb trees and play tag with the breeze

In the meadows below

I've gotta crow!

If I were a very ordinary

Ev'ry day thing,

I'd never be heard cock-a-doodling

'Round like a bird!

So Naturally

When I discover the cleverness of a remarkable me,

How can I hide it

When deep down inside it just tickles me so

That I've gotta let go and crow!

I'm really a rare thing,

Such a fair thing,

I can't keep still!
I'm bursting with pride
And I just couldn't keep it inside
If I tried so...

Naturally
When I discover the cleverness of a remarkable me,
How can I hide it
When deep down inside it just tickles me so
That I've gotta let go and crow!

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