

## 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 are you'  
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 dimes  
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.

chorus:

So when do I get to sing 'my way'  
When do I get to feel like Sinatra felt  
When do I get to sing 'my way' in heaven or hell  
So when do I get to do it 'my way'  
When do I get to feel like Sid Vicious felt  
When do I get to sing 'my way' 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 smiley face still on?

Sign your name with an X, mow the lawn

CHORUS

They'll introduce me, Hello, Hello  
Women 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 screams and to the flying plates and shoes.  
But I have no souvenirs of these crackerjack years,  
not a moment I could choose, and not one offer that I  
could refuse  
CHORUS

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