

# Some People

## High Heep

Some people can get a thrill  
Knitting sweaters and setting 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 yourself 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  
Well, 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  
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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