

Hamilton Medley

Peter Hollens

How does a bastard, orphan, son of a whore and a
Scotsman, dropped in the middle of a forgotten
Spot in the Caribbean by Providence, impoverished, in squalor
Grow up to be a hero and a scholar
Well the word
got around, they said, this kid is insane, man
Took up a collection just to send him to the mainland
Get your education, don't forget from whence you came, and
The world's gonna know your name, what's your name, man
Alexander Hamilton (Alexander Hamilton)
We are waiting in the wings for you (waiting in the wings for you)
You could never back down
You never learned to take your time
Oh, Alexander Hamilton (Alexander Hamilton)
America sings for you
Will they know what you overcame?
Will they know you rewrote the game?
The world will never be the same, Alexander
You'll be back
Soon you'll see
You'll remember you belong to me
You'll be back
Time will tell
You'll remember that I served you well
Oceans rise, empires fall
We have seen each other through it all
And when push comes to shove,
I will send a fully armed battalion to remind you of my love
Da dada da da
Da dadada dayada
Dada da da dayada
Da dada da da
Da dadada dayada
Dada da da da
I am not throwing away my shot
I am not throwing away my shot
Hey yo, I'm just like my country
I'm young, scrappy, and hungry
And I'm not throwing away my shot
I'ma get scholarship to King's College
I probably shouldn't brag, but dag, I amaze and astonish
The problem is I got a lot of brains, but no polish
I gotta holler just to be heard
With every word I drop knowledge
I know the action in the street is excitin'
But Jesus, between all the bleedin' and fightin'
I've been readin' and writin'

We need to handle our financial situation
Are we a nation of states, what's the state of our nation
I'm past patiently waitin'! I'm passionately smashin'
every expectation
Every action's an act of creation
I'm laughin' in the face of casualties and sorrow
For the first time, I'm thinkin' past tomorrow
And I am not throwin' away my shot
I am not throwin' away my shot
Hey, yo, I'm just like my country
I'm young, scrappy, and hungry
And I'm not throwin' away my shot
I am not throwin' away my shot
I am not throwin' away my shot
Time to take a shot
Take a shot
And I am not throwing away my
Not throwing away my shot
You will come of age with our young nation
We'll bleed and fight for you
We'll make it right for you
If we lay a strong enough foundation
We'll pass it on to you
We'll give the world to you and you'll blow us all away
Someday, someday
Yeah you'll blow us all away
I wanna be in
The room where it happens
The room where it happens
The room where it happens
I wanna be in
The room where it happens
The room where it happens
The room where it happens
No one really knows how the game is played
The art of the trade
How the sausage gets made
We just assume that it happens
But no one else is in
The room where it happens
I saved every letter you wrote me
From the moment I read them
I knew you were mine
You said you were mine
I thought you were mine
Oh, I can't wait to see you again
It's only a matter of
Time
Will they tell your story
Time
Who lives, who dies, who tells your story
Time
Will they tell your story

Time
Who lives, who dies, who tells your story

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