

Rose's Turn (Ethel Merman)

Gypsy

Here she is boys
Here she is world, here's Rose
Curtain up, light the lights
Play it boys You either got it or you ain't
And boys I got it, you like it?
Yeah
Well I got it Some people got it and make it pay
Some people can't even give it away
This people's got it and this people's spreadin' it around
You either have it or you've had it Hello everybody, my names Rose, what's yours?
How do you like them egg rolls Mr. Goldstone?
Hold your hats and hallelujah
Mama's gonna show it to you Ready or not, here comes mama
Mama's talkin' loud, mama's doin' fine
Mama's gettin' hot, mama's goin' stong
Mama's movin' on, mama's all alone Mama doesn't care, mama's lettin' loose
Mama's got the stuff, mama's let go, mama, mama
Mama's got the stuff, mama's gotta move
Mama's gotta go, mama, mama, mama's gotta let go Why did I do it? What did it get me?
Scrapbooks full of me in the background
Give 'em love and what does it get you?
What does it get you? One quick look as each of 'em leaves you
All your life and what does it get you?
Thanks a lot and out with the garbage
They take bows and you're battin' zero I had a dream, I dreamed it for you June
It wasn't for me, Herbie
And if it wasnt for me then where would you be
Miss Gypsy Rose Lee? Well, someone tell me, when is it my turn?
Don't I get a dream for myself?
Starting now it's gonna be my turn Gangway world get off of my runway
Starting now I bat a thousand
This time boys I'm taking the bows and Everything's coming up Rose
Everything's coming up roses
Everything's coming up roses, this time for me
For me, for me, for me, for me, for me, for me

Songwriters

Jule Styne; Stephen Sondheim Published by

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