Some People

Sick Things

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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