

# Making Good (feat. Stephen Schwartz)

[Stephanie J. Block](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

That hatchet-faced hag who's pointing at me with a sneer  
I don't see her  
Those giggling girls with the whispers they want me to hear  
I don't hear them  
The boy with the spitball behind me  
If I suddenly turn, oh look, he's lost his nerve  
Right now, I'm their prey, right now, I'm their quarry  
But there'll come a day, they all will be sorry  
And sorry will be all that they deserve  
At long, long last, I'm making my way out of here  
Erase the past, it's as of today, clean and clear  
Today I stood my quest to find my special destiny  
Do more than just the best I could  
Cause in my gut I know I can do something great  
I don't know what yet but when I'm through, just you wait  
When they see what I've done they'll tell me you're so wonderful  
We wish back then we'd understood, you'd be making good  
Good, I'll be making good  
Undertaking new inventions or discoveries  
Maybe find a cure for some disease  
Maybe I can make world hunger cease  
Or else maybe paint a masterpiece  
Something that astounds, something that amazes  
Something that has everybody singing my praises  
At long, long last I'm taking my turn at my own life  
Just watch how fast I'm going to learn how to fly  
Just watch the lightning strike and when they see what I can do  
All Oz will love me like they should in all likelihood  
Once I'm making good  
Unlimited, my future is unlimited  
And I just had a vision almost like a prophecy  
I know you can call me crazy and true the vision's hazy  
But I swear someday there'll be a celebration throughout Oz  
That's all to do with me, you'll see  
Oh, at long, long last they're cheering my name and what's more  
Guess what old bastards come here to claim  
Credit for his magic child of his to say how proud he is of me  
For doing things the wizard could not even contemplate  
So you can go ahead and laugh till your sides are aching  
But if I do half the wonders I feel waking  
You'll be cheering after I am finished making good

No, not making good, making great

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