

When I Grow Up (From "Curly Top")

Shirley Temple

I get a terr'ble awful ache
'specially when it rains.
At first I was a 'fraidy cat
But now I know it's growing pains.
Gosh! oh gee! oh can't you see,
I'll soon be grown up tall,
So I've got to think what I will be
When I'm no longer small. When I grow up
In a year or two or three,
I'll be happy as can be
Like a birdie in a tree. When I grow up
There's a lot I want to do.
I will have real dollies too,
Like the woman in the shoe! I want to be a teacher so the children can say,
Teacher dear
The gangs all here
With apples today. When I grow up
I will have a big surprise,
For I'll bake the kind of pies,
That'll make you roll your eyes.
And if you see
That you need some company,
You can call me up and I'll come down
When I grow up!. When I am sweet sixteen I'm going to a ball,
Of all the ladies there I'd like to be the best of all;
I'll wear a dress of silver and lace, they'll call me Princess Curly,
I'll be like Cinderella 'cept I won't run home so early.
I want to meet a handsome prince with a uniform of gold,
But I won't lose my slipper 'cause my tootsies might get cold.
I'll talk with queens and dance with kings like a little princess would;
If I could only do these things, I promise I'll be good. When I am twenty-one I wish that I could look
Like the picture that I saw in a pretty story book;
A laur little girls were standing there much tinier than me
And they all carried baskets, they looked happy as can be,
Every one was smiling and having lots of fun;
I wish that I could be like that when I am twenty-one. When I get very very old I'll stay at home all day,
But I haven't quite made up my mind,-- it's much too far away.
I think that I would like to be like the lady on the wall,
She looks so nice and comfy in her rocking chair 'n' all.

With that little cap upon her head she looks real pretty, too,
I like her long and funny dress, I like her hair, don't you?
It must be oh,-- so quiet you can hear the tick of the clock,
But it must be fun to have nothing to do but rock, and rock, and rock.

Songwriters

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