

I Think I'm Gonna Like it Here (italics- optional extension)

Cecille will pick out all your clothes

Blue is her best color, no, red I think

Your bath is drawn by Mrs. Greer

Soap... no, bubbles, I think

Annette comes in to make your bed

The silk, no the satin sheets, I think

I think I'm gonna like it here!

Start (Verse 2):

The swimming pool is down the stairs

Inside the house? Oh boy!

The tennis court is in the rear

I never even picked up a racket

Have an instructor here at noon

Oh, and get that Don Budge fellow if he's available

I think I'm gonna like it here

When you wake, ring for Drake

Drake will bring your tray

When you're through Mrs. Pugh

Comes to take it away

Easy Street (Italics- optional extension)

Optional: Start at the beginning:

I remember the way

Our sainted mother

Would sit and croon us

Her lullaby

She'd say, kids, there's a place

That's like no other

You got to get there before you die

You don't get there

By playing from the rule book

You stack the aces

You load the dice

Mother dear

Oh, we know you're down there listening --

How can we follow

Your sweet advice to...

Start music at 0:47, sing at 0:55

Easy street, Easy street

Where you sleep till noon

Yeah, yeah, yeah

She'd repeat, Easy street

Better get there soon.

Tomorrow- no extension

When I'm stuck with a day

That's gray, and lonely

I just stick out my chin

And grin, and say, oh

The sun will come out tomorrow

So ya gotta hang on 'til tomorrow

Come what may

Tomorrow tomorrow

I love ya

Tomorrow

You're always a day a way

Tomorrow tomorrow

I love ya

Tomorrow

You're always a day a way

NYC- (italics- optional extension)

Start at beginning:

N.Y.C

What is it about you

You're big

You're loud

You're tough N.Y.C

I go years without you

Then I

Can't get

Enough

(Optional- keep going through tempo change)

Enough of the cab drivers answering back

In the language far from pure

Enough of frankfurters answering back

Brother, you know you're ...

Little Girls- (italics- optional extension)

Start at beginning:

Little Girls, little girls.

Everywhere I turn, I can see them.

Little girls, little girls.

Night and day I eat, sleep and breathe them.

I'm an ordinary woman with feelings.

I'd like a man to nibble on my ear.

But I'll admit.

No man has bit.

So how come I'm the mother of the year?

(Start music at 0:37, sing at 0:45:)

Little cheeks, little cheeks.

Everything around me is little.

If I ring little necks, surely I would get an acquittal.

Some women are dripping with diamonds.

Some women are dripping with pearls.

Lucky me, lucky me.

Look at what I'm dripping with. Little girls!