

IF MY FRIENDS COULD SEE ME NOW

Music by Cy Coleman and lyrics by Dorothy Fields, song from the 1966 Broadway musical Sweet Charity

To-night at eight, you should-a seen
a chauff-er pull up in a rent-ed lim-ou-sine!
My neigh-bors burned – they'd like to die.
When I tell them who is get-tin' in and go-in' out is 'I' –

Verse 1: If they could see me now, that lit-tle gang of mine.
I'm eat-ing fan-cy chow and drink-ing fan-cy wine
I'd like those stum-ble bums to see for a fact
the kind of top drawer, first rate chums I at-tract.
All I can say is 'Wow-ee! look-a where I am.
To-night I land-ed pow! Right in a pot of jam.'
What a set up! Ho-ly cow! They'd nev-er be-lieve it,
if my friends could see me now!

Verse 2: If they could see me now, my lit-tle dusty group,
a traip-sin' 'round this mil-lion dol-lar chick-en coop.
I'd hear those thrift shop cats say: 'Broth-er, get her!
Drap-ed on a bed-spread made from three kinds of fur.'
All I can say is 'Wow! wait till the riff and raff
see just ex-act-ly how he signed this au-to-graph.'
What a build up! Holy cow! They'd nev-er be-lieve it,
if my friends could see me now!

Verse 3: If they could see me now, a-lone with Mis-ter 'V'
who's wait-in' on me like I was a mai-tre d'
I hear my bud-dies say-ing 'Cra-zy, what gives?
To-night she's liv-ing like the oth-er half lives.'
To think the high-est brow, which I must say is he,
Should pick the low-est brow, which there's no doubt is me.
What a set up! Ho-ly cow! They'd nev-er be-lieve it,
if my friends could see me now!

[Tag]

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