



Singalong lyrics for Irving Berlin: The Immigrant Boy Who Made America Sing

NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS LIKE NO BUSINESS I KNOW

The cowboys, the wrestlers, the tumblers, the clowns
The roustabouts that move the show at dawn
The music, the spotlight, the people, the towns
Your baggage with the labels pasted on
The sawdust and the horses and the smell
The towel you've taken from the last hotel

There's no business like show business like no business I know
Everything about it is appealing, everything that traffic will allow
Nowhere could you get that happy feeling when you are stealing that extra bow

There's no people like show people, they smile when they are low
Even with a turkey that you know will fold, you may be stranded out in the cold
Still you wouldn't change it for a sack of gold, let's go on with the show

OH HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

I've been a soldier quite a while
And I would like to state
The life is simply wonderful
The Army food is great
I sleep with ninety-seven others in a wooden hut
I love them all
They all love me
It's very lovely but

Oh! How I hate to get up in the morning
Oh! How I'd love to remain in bed

For the hardest blow of all
Is to hear the bugler call
Ya gotta get up
Ya gotta get up
Ya gotta get up this morning

GOD BLESS AMERICA CHORUS

God Bless America,
Land that I love.
Stand beside her, and guide her
Thru the night with a light from above.
From the mountains, to the prairies,
To the oceans, white with foam
God bless America, My home sweet home

WHITE CHRISTMAS

I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
Just like the ones I used to know.
Where the treetops glisten,
And children listen,
To hear sleigh bells in the snow.
I'm dreaming of a white Christmas
With every Christmas card I write.
May your days be merry and bright.
And may all your Christmases be white.