

At the Ballet

Barbra Streisand

Daddy always thought that he married beneath him.
That's what he said, that's what he said.
When he proposed he informed my mother
He was probably her very last chance.
And though she was twenty-two,
Though she was twenty-two,
Though she was twenty-two,
She married him.
Life with my dad wasn't ever a picnic
More like a "Come as you are."
When I was five I remember my mother
Dug earrings out of the car
I knew they weren't hers, But it wasn't
Something you'd want to discuss.
He wasn't warm.
Well, not to her.
Well, not to us
But
Everything was beautiful at the ballet.
Graceful men lift lovely girls in white.
Yes,
Everything was beautiful at ballet.
Hey!
I was happy... at the ballet.
That's why I started class...
Up a steep and very narrow stairway.
To the voice like a metronome.
Up a steep and very narrow stairway.
It wasn't paradise...
It wasn't paradise...
It wasn't paradise...
But it was home.
Mother always said I'd be very attractive
When I grew up, when I grew up.
"Diff'rent," she said, "With a special something
And a very, very personal flair."
And though I was eight or nine,
Though I was eight or nine,
Though I was eight or nine,
I hated her.
Now,
"Diff'rent" is nice, but it sure isn't pretty.
"Pretty" is what it's about.
I never met anyone who was "diff'rent"
Who couldn't figure that out.
So beautiful I'd never lived to see.
But it was clear,
If not to her,
Well, then... to me...
That ...
Everyone is beautiful at the ballet.
Every prince has got to have his swan.
Yes,
Everyone is beautiful at the ballet.
Hey!...
I was pretty...
At the ballet

Up a steep and very narrow stairway
To the voice like a metronome.
Up a steep and very narrow stairway
It wasn't paradise...
It wasn't paradise...
It wasn't paradise...
But it was home.
I don't know what they were for or against, really,
except each other.
I mean I was born to save their marriage
but when my father came to pick my mother up
at the hospital
he said, "Well, I thought this was going to help.
but I guess it's not..."
Anyway, I did have a fantastic fantasy life.
I used to dance around the living room
with my arms up like this
My fantasy was that it was an Indian Chief...
And he'd say to me,
"Maggie, do you wanna dance?"
And I'd say, "Daddy, I would love to dance!"
Doo-doo-doo-doo
But it was clear...
Doo-doo-doo
When he proposed...
Doo-doo-doo
That I was born to help their marriage and when
Doo-doo-doo-doo
That's what he said...
Doo-doo-doo
That's what she said...
Doo-doo-doo
I used to dance around the living room...
Doo-doo-doo-doo
He wasn't warm...
Doo-doo-doo
Not to her...
It was an Indian chief and he'd say:
"Maggie, do you wanna dance?"
And I'd say, "Daddy, I would love to..."
Everything was beautiful at the ballet,
Raise your arms and someone's always there.
Yes, everything was beautiful at the ballet,
At the ballet,
At the ballet!!!
Yes everything was beautiful at the ballet.
HEY!...
I was pretty...
I was happy...
"I would love to..."
At...the...ballet.