

## 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.