**Woman of the Year (1981)**

**“One of the Boys”**

MAURY [Spoken]
By the power vested in me by The Ink Pot Saloon, I hereby dub Tess Harding, occasionally known as Tessie Cat, or the scourge of all mankind, as a newly elected member of the good old guys, and welcome to the club.

TESS:
Gee thanks, guys. Wanna wrestle?

I’m one of the girls who’s one of the boys,
Enjoying the jokes and the smokes and the noise.
You wanna go fishing? Well hand me the reel.
I majored in poker, so shut up and deal.

I’m one of the gals who’s one of the guys. So put up your dukes and I’ll blacken your eyes.
Behind all the Gucci, the Pucci and pearls,
I’m one of the boys although I’m one of the girls.

I’m one of the does who’s one of the stags. I chuggle a brew when I lose on the nags. Forget the Max Factor you find on my face, For barber shop boys I’m a fabulous face.

One of the queens with one of the drones, Just hand me the dice and I’ll rattle your bones. In spite of the dress, the finesse and the poise,
I’m one of the girls although I’m one of the boys.

I’m one of the girls who’s one of the boys, Enjoying the jokes and the smokes and the noise. You wanna go fishing? Well hand me the reel.
I majored in poker, so shut up and deal.

MEN:
She’s one of the dames who’s one of the knights.
Her Friday night treat is a seat for the fights.

TESS:
I love to go stroke with the varsity crew. You wanna play snooker? Well, chalk up your cue.

I’m one of the Janes who’s one of the Joes. Just open the door while I powder my nose. I’m layered with lacquer a lady enjoys. I’ve earrings and bracelets and various toys, But I love when I slip into ripped corduroys, Because I’m one of the girls who is one of the boys . . .

One of the girls who’s one of the boys!

**“Sometimes a Day Goes By”**

SAM:
Sometimes a day goes by, One whole entire day, When I don’t think of her. Twenty-four hours pass, I look around and find That I haven’t thought of her. Not even when I’m somewhere we used to go, Not even if that’s someone we used to know.

It’s hardly every day, It’s most unusual. In fact, I can’t remember when, but Sometimes a day goes by, When I don’t think of her ‘Til morning comes, and then, There she is again.
“The Grass is Always Greener”

JAN:
What can I tell you? You’re Tess Harding, for God’s sake! I’ve never done anything really important in my life the way you have.

I’ll bet your friends are all celebrities—That’s wonderful.

TESS:
What’s so wonderful?
You can make a pot roast.
That’s wonderful.

JAN:
What’s so wonderful?
First you brown an onion.
Is your picture up at Sardi’s?
That’s wonderful.

TESS:
What’s so wonderful?
You can clean an oven
That’s wonderful

JAN:
What’s so wonderful?
First you get the Easy-Off.

BOTH:
Ah, the grass is always greener on somebody else’s estate.
Ah, the meat is always leaner on somebody else’s dinner plate.

TESS:
But you can sew a button on.
That’s wonderful.

JAN:
What’s so wonderful?
Bet you’ve been to discos.
That’s wonderful.

TESS:
What’s so wonderful?
First you take a valium.
I can see you planning picnics.
That’s wonderful.

JAN:
What’s so wonderful?
Eating at the White House.
That’s wonderful.

TESS:
What’s so wonderful?
First they pass the jelly beans.

BOTH:
Ah, the grass is always greener on somebody else’s front lawn.
Ah, somebody else’s wiener always has a lot more relish on.

JAN:
You saved the whales in Newfoundland.
That’s wonderful.

TESS:
What’s so wonderful?
You can run a household.
That’s wonderful.

JAN:
What’s so wonderful?
First you have a breakdown.
You’re always in the magazines.
That’s wonderful.

TESS:
What’s so wonderful?
You can hold a husband.
That’s wonderful.

JAN:
What’s so wonderful?
There’s more to life than husbands.

TESS:
I could use a husband.

JAN:
You can have my husband.

TESS:
I’ve already had your husband.

BOTH:
Ah, it makes you kinda teary.
Ah, think about it, dearie:
The grass is always greener in someone else’s yard.
It’s hard!

JAN:
I’ll bet you always ride in limousines.
That’s wonderful.

TESS:
What’s so wonderful?
You have time for luncheons.
That’s wonderful.

JAN:
What’s so wonderful?
First you sell the Tupperware.
The public wants your autograph.
That’s wonderful.

TESS:
What’s so wonderful?
You raised a teenage daughter.
That’s wonderful.

JAN:
What’s so wonderful?
First you find her diaphragm.

BOTH:
Ah, the grass is always greener in someone else’s yard. It’s hard!

And the World Goes ‘Round (1991)

Note: All of the songs in this revue appeared in previously staged musicals except for two of the specialty numbers they wrote for Kay Ballard (“Sara Lee” and “My Coloring Book”) and these two songs from the film Funny Lady, starring Barbra Streisand, 1975.

“Isn’t This Better?”

FANNY
I loved the man,
Truly I did.
When he would touch me, I’d act like a love-hungry kid.
Isn’t this better?
Somebody nice, somebody new,
Someone who lets me react as I normally do,
Isn’t this better?
Better?
Passion is fine, but passion burns fast.
Passion’s design seems never to last.
Better a match, better a blend—
Who needs a lover? I need a friend.
Now I am calm, safe and serene
Heartache and hurt are no longer a part of the scene.
Isn't this better?
The way it should be—
Better for him,
And all so much better for me.

Isn't this better?
Better?
Passion is fine, but passion burns fast.
Passion's design seems never to last.
Better a match, better a blend—
Who needs a lover? I need a friend.
Now I am calm, safe and serene.
Heartache and hurt are no longer a part of the scene.
Isn't this better?
The way it should be?
Better for him,
Much better for him,
And all so much better for me.

“How Lucky Can You Get”

CHORUS:
Ain't she got fun,
She's the luckiest one

FANNY
Satin on my shoulder and a smile on my lips,
How lucky can you get.
Money in my pocket right at my fingertips,
How lucky can you get.
Every night a party where the fun never ends,
You can circle the globe with my circle of friends.
Someone I am crazy for is crazy for me.
I'm his personal pet.
Wow! How lucky can you get.

Vo-di-o-di-o-di see her diamonds a'gleam.
Vo-di-o-di-o-di her life is a dream.

“Wrap it up and charge it”—that's my favorite phrase.
How lucky can you get.
When I see the chauffeur think I'll give him a raise.
How lucky can you get.

Weekends in the country with the baron, of course,
And a wardrobe to choke Mrs. Astor's pet horse.
Making merry music with the one that I love,
We're a perfect duet.
Gee, how lucky can you—
Whee, how lucky can you—
Wow, how lucky can you get.

Satin on my shoulder,
how lucky can you get
Money in my pocket,
How lucky can you get
Every night's a party where the fun never ends.
You can circle the globe with my circle of friends.
Someone I am crazy for is crazy for me.
I'm his personal pet.
Wow! How lucky can you get.

Hey there, Gorgeous!
Big success!
What's your secret, Gorgeous?
Just lucky I guess.

You wanna know what it's really like?
FANTASTIC!
Satin on my shoulder and a smile on my lips,
Money in my pocket right at my fingertips,
“Wrap it up and charge it”—that's my favorite phrase.
How lucky!
When I see the chauffeur think I'll give him a raise..

How lucky!
Life's a bed of roses whirling perfume on me.
You can spare me the blues—
I don't sing in that key.
And if there's a man who'd leave me, I am happy to say
I haven’t run into him yet.

Gee! Whee! Wow!
How lucky, how lucky can you get!
“Everybody’s Girl”

MICK:
And now, sizzling Shelby Stevens!

SHELBY:
A long time ago
A lady whose name was Carmen
Drove a man wild
Until he was out of control.

I truly believe
That I am a modern day Carmen,
In spite of the fact
I do not habla Español.
That girl was exactly like me
We share this philosophy:
Olé, I say.

I'm not the type who’s ready
For datin' someone steady.
I'm everybody's girl.

On Sunday night it’s Danny,
On Monday maybe Manny.
I'm everybody's girl.

There's a point to my behavior, which is:
Smart girls always share their riches.

So, if your heart succumbs, don't let it.
You're certain to regret it.
All others, come and get it.
I'm everybody's girl.

[spoken] I could never be a cowhand’s girl.
La la la la la la And you wanna know why? I just can't keep my calves together.

[sings]
I'm everybody's girl.
Some old Greek called Aristotle said it:
If you got it, why not spread it?
So don't go rattling any sabres, Exerting any labors.
Just share me with the neighbors.
I'm everybody's girl.
“First You Dream”

BILL:  
First you dream,  
Dream about incredible things  
Then you look  
And suddenly you have wings.  
You can fly,  
You can fly,  
But first you dream.

[spoken]  
Now close your eyes—come on. Close your  
eyes. Now imagine this: a glorious nighttime  
sky . . . A crescent moon . . . And the earth is  
far below as we fly in our plane.

First you dream,  
Dream about remarkable times.  
Close your eyes  
And see how your spirit climbs.  
You can fly.

You can soar.  
Feel the wind.  
Hear it roar.  
It’s easy now.  
Imagine that,  
But first you dream.

Now open your eyes.

RITA: Oh, my god, what's the trick?

BILL:  
No trick. Just don’t took back. Whenever  
you’re flying, you can never look back where  
you’ve been. You can only look where you’re  
going. Ever see a bird look over its shoulder?  
No. There’s only one way to go. Straight  
ahead.

RITA & BILL:  
Here we are,  
High above the rooftops.  
There’s a barn.  
There’s a field of corn.  
And that little white house  
Where another you was born.  
Isn’t it fine?  
Isn’t it fair,  

Being up here,  
Looking down there?

BILL:  
Take my hand—  
I promise that i won’t let you fall.  
Don’t look back—  
The looking back could end it all.  
Off we go  
To the sky,  
Straight ahead  
You and I.  
Together now,  
Together now,  
But first things first:  
First you dream.

[They kiss.]

RITA & BILL:  
Off we go  
To the sky,  
Straight ahead  
You and I.

BILL:  
Together now

RITA & BILL:  
Together now,  
But first things first:  
First you dream.  
First you dream.

RITA & BILL:

Here we are,  
High above the rooftops.  
There’s a barn.  
There’s a field of corn.  
And that little white house  
Where another you was born.  
Isn’t it fine?  
Isn’t it fair,