There's No Business Like Show Business

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

There's no bus'ness like show bus'ness,
Like no bus'ness I know.
Ev'rything about it is appealing,
Ev'rything the traffic will allow,
Nowhere could you have that happy feeling,
When you are stealing that extra bow.

There's no people like show people,
They smile when they are low.
Yesterday they told you you would not go far,
That night you open and there you are,
Next day on your dressing room they've hung a star.
Let's go on with the show.

The costumes, the scen'ry, the makeup, the props,
The audience that lifts you when you're down.
The headaches, the heartaches, the backaches, the flops,
The sheriff who escorts you out of town.
The op'ning when your heart beats like a drum,
The closing when the customers won't come.

There's no bus'ness like show bus'ness,
like no bus'ness I know.
You get word before the show has started,
That your fav'rite uncle died at dawn,
'Top of that your Ma and Pa have parted,
You're broken-hearted – but you go on.

There's no people like show people,
They don't run out of dough.
Angels come from ev'rywhere with lots of jack
And when you lose it there's no attack.
Where could you get money that you don't give back?
Let's go on with the show.

There's no bus'ness like show bus'ness,
If you tell me it's so.
Trav'lling through the country is so thrilling,
Standing out in front on op'ning nights.
Smiling as you watch the benches filling,
And there's your billing, out there in lights.

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,
Let's go on with the show.