Good times and bum times, I've seen them all And my dear, I'm still here Plush velvet sometimes Sometimes just pretzels and beer, but I'm here

Oh, I've stuffed the dailies in my shoes
Strummed ukuleles, I've sung the blues
Seen all my dreams disappear, but I'm here
I've slept in shanties, guest of the W.P.A., but I'm here
I danced in my scanties
Three bucks a night was the pay, but I'm here

Oh, I've stood on bread lines with the best Watched while the headlines did the rest In the depression was I depressed?

Nowhere near, I met a big financier and I'm here

I've gotten through Herbert and J. Edgar Hoover Gee, that was fun and a half When you've been through Herbert and J. Edgar Hoover Anything else is a laugh

Oh, I've been through Reno, I've been through Beverly Hills, and I'm here

Reefers and vino, rest cures, religion, and pills, but I'm here I've been called a 'Pinko', commie tool, got through it stinko by my pool I should've gone to an acting school, well that seems clear Oh, still someone said, "She's sincere", so I'm here

Black sable one day, next day it goes into hock, but I'm here Top billing Monday, Tuesday, you're touring in stock, but I'm here First, you're another sloe-eyed vamp Then someone's mother, then you're camp And then you career from career... hey, to career I'm almost through my memoirs, and I'm here

I've gotten through, "Hey, lady, aren't you whoozis? Wow, what a looker you were"
Or better yet, "Sorry, I thought you were whoozis Whatever happened to her?"

Good times and bum times, I've seen 'em all And I'm still here Plush velvet sometimes Sometimes just pretzels and beer, but I'm here

I've run the gamut, A to Z
Three cheers and dammit, C'est la vie
I got through all of last year, and I'm here
Lord knows, at least I've been there, and I'm here
Look who's here, I'm still here

Kurt Hummel is here
Whoo, yeah