

Climbing Uphill

Jason Robert Brown

When you come home to me
I'll wear a sweeter smile
And hope that, for a while, you'll...
Okay, thank you
Thank you so much

I'm climbing uphill, Daddy
Climbing uphill

I'm up every morning at six
And standing in line
With two hundred girls
Who are younger and thinner than me
Who have already been to the gym

I'm waiting five hours in line
And watching the girls
Just coming and going
In dresses that look just like this
Till my number is finally called

When I walk in the room
There's a table of men
Always men - usually gay
Who've been sitting like I have
And listening all day
To two hundred girls
Belting as high as they can!

I am a good person
I'm an attractive person
I am a talented person
Grant me Grace!

When you come home...
I should have told them I was sick last week
They're gonna think this is the way I sing
Why is the pianist playing so loud?
Should I sing louder?
I'll sing louder
Maybe I should stop and start over
I'm gonna stop and start over
Why is the director staring at his crotch?
Why is that man staring at my r@sum@?
Don't stare at my r@sum@
I made up half of my r@sum@
Look at me
Stop looking at that, look at me
No, not at my shoes
Don't look at my shoes
I hate these f**king shoes
Why did I pick these shoes?
Why did I pick this song?
Why did I pick this career?
Why does this pianist hate me?
If I don't get a callback
I can go to Crate and Barrel with mom and buy a couch

Not that I want to spend a day with mom
But Jamie needs space to write
Since I'm obviously such a horrible, annoying
distraction to him
What's he gonna be like when we have kids?
And once again...
Why am I working so hard?
These are the people who cast Linda Blair in a musical
Jesus Christ, I suck, I suck, I suck, I suck
When fin'llly you come home to...
Okay, thank you
Thank you so much

I will not be the girl stuck at home in the 'burbs
With the baby, the dog, and the garden of herbs
I will not be the girl in the sensible shoes
Pushing burgers and beer nuts and missing the clues
I will not be the girl who gets asked how it feels
To be trotting along at the genius's heels
I will not be the girl who requires a man to get by
And I...

When you come home to me
I'll wear a sweeter smile...