

Who Taught Her Everything?

Barbra Streisand

Eddie, the Ziegfeld Follies!
Now she belongs to the ages!
My work is done,
My work is done,

Our work is done,
She doesn't need us,
She'll have cake,
We'll have crumbs.
Be careful of the stage door,
Here she comes, here she comes.
Hello, Fanny, hello.

Hello, Fanny--it's me--Mama.
What do you mean--Mama who?

It's good to see her . . . from afar,

I lost a daughter but I gained a star.

That's Broadway!
And
Who taught her ev'rything she knows?
I taught her ev'rything she knows--
She sings like a bird--
(Whistles)
Yes, indeed!
But who used to stand there
And feed her the seed?
Who taught her how to pick her clothes?

Eddie, that I did.

Yeah, but who taught her her how to tap her toes?
But will she admit it?
Kid, you said it.
They all forget they know ya
When it comes to credit.
Tell me have you ever seen her take this pose?
I taught her ev'rything--
How to hoof,
And how to sing,
I taught her ev'rything she knows.

Wait, Eddie--she'll blame us yet.
Who taught her ev'rything she knows?

Let me hear it, Rosie.

I taught her ev'rything she knows.

Ain't it the truth!

That mischievous smile,
The devil may care,
You don't pull

Such mannerisms
Out of the air.
The men who are older might prefer
The original manufactur-er.

It hurts me to say it,
But why not be fair--
When you see her on the stage
You're seein' me there.

She still has trouble executin' one of those,

If they could have paid the price,
They'd have hired Rosie Brice,

Who stands after every show
Sellin' matches in the snow.

But in the world of grease paint,
That's the way it goes.

We taught her everything--
How to hoof and how to sing,
We taught her how to wack
A joke from here to Hackensack--ya, ha, ha, ha!
We taught her everything,
We taught her ev'rything she knows.