

When I Grow Up
By: Pins and Needles
composed by Harold Rome

When I grow up, I dowanna be a fireman.
Oh, that's just kids' stuff. Yeah, that's just kids' stuff.
When I grow up, I dowanna be a p'liceman.
Oh, they ain't tough enough. No, they ain't tough enough.
When I grow up, I dowanna work for the city.
My old man says it takes too much out o' ya.
Unions bother ya.
So, I don't care to be a mayor like LaGuardia!
When I grow up, I got my plans, see?
They may not be just quite as fancy
As some people might wish,
But, boy, it's just my dish.
I'll give you just a hint.
I wouldn't like to be an A-man or a B-man or a C-man
Or a D-man or an E-man or an F-man. Get it?

Gee, but I'd like to be a G-man and go bang, bang, bang, bang!
I'd be a brave, gang-bustin' he-man and go bang, bang, bang, bang!
I'd put on disguises of all diff'rent sizes,
And would I win prizes for telling who spies is!
Gee, but I'd like to be a G-man
And go bang, bang, bang, bang! Stick 'em up!
And go bang, bang, bang, bang! So, you won't talk, eh?

I'd be known in all the best spots of New York
Like Twenty-One and Eighteen and The Stork.
To all the smartest nightclubs, I would go
To find out all the things that a G-man ought to know.
Tum-ta-tum-ta-tum.
And after I'd gone out and got my man,
To Palm Beach, I would go and get my tan.
Though making merry, I'd be fancy free
'Cause Missus Winchell's boy would be watching out for me!

Gee, but I'd like to be a G-man and go bang, bang, bang, bang!
Just like Dick Tracy, what a he-man, and go bang, bang, bang, bang!
I'd do as I please act high-handed and regal
'Cause when you're a G-man, there's nothing illegal!
Gee, but I'd like to be a G-man
And go bang, bang, bang, bang! Come clean, you rat!
And go bang, bang, bang, bang! They got me, pal!