

Don't Make Me Sing Along

by Lisa Lambert (used with permission)

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In memory of Pete Seeger, with love and admiration

It's always so much work to see a concert nowadays
Fight traffic, find a parking spot, then stand in line to pay
I'm finally nestled in my seat, awaft on wings of song
When suddenly, the singer says:
"You may have thought you were coming here tonight to sit back and listen while we did all the work, but
we're going to ask you to sing along!"

CHORUS

Don't make me sing along
Don't make me sing along
When you perform your song
Do it on your own, leave the audience alone
Keep the entertainment on the stage
'Cause that's where it belongs
Keep the house lights low, I'm not in the show
Don't make me sing along.

When I eat in a restaurant, I'm not asked to make dessert
When I take in my cleaning, I'm not asked to press a shirt
When I watch the Blue Jays at the Dome, they don't make me catch or throw
So even when I watch Pete Seeger strum his old banjo
I'm thinking—

Last night I dreamed I died and met St. Peter at the gate
He handed me a harp and said, "My boy, now don't be late
"God's choosing angels for the choir of the righteous and the blessed!"
"No thanks, St. Pete," says I, "I'm here for my eternal rest!
"Gosh darn it"—