

**Something to Say**

**Lyrics by Kate Thomas**

**Music by Joey Contreras**

**EMMY**

GET OUT OF YOUR HEAD, INTO YOUR HANDS  
TYPE THE DAY, TYPE IT AWAY  
TYPE SOMETHING GREAT, TYPE SOMETHING NEW  
PROVE WHAT HE SAID...WHAT HE SAID...IS NOT TRUE...  
TYPE...TYPE...JUST TYPE, SOMETHING EMMY, TYPE—

*(Suddenly angry, she stands up.)*

SCREW HICKEY—SCREW HIM!  
I “LACK CREATIVITY”—OH!  
DON’T FORGET THE ABILITY TO SOUND “TODAY?!”  
I’M SO TODAY!  
HOW COULD HE THINK I’VE GOT NOTHING TO SAY?

*(Her anger dissipates.)*

SO WHAT?  
I DON’T WRITE LIKE THAT GIRL IN TOO MUCH MAKE UP  
WHO WROTE HER WHOLE STORY ON SOME STUPID BREAK UP  
SHE HAD A EUROPEAN LOVE AFFAIR  
SCREWED IN LA PERLA FREAKING UNDERWEAR  
MADE MEDIOCRE METAPHORS ABOUT CHARDONNAY  
BUT SHE SOUNDS LIKE SHE’S GOT SOMETHING TO SAY...

SO WHAT?  
I DON’T WRITE LIKE THAT BOY WITH THE WEIRD EYEBROW  
HE’S GOT A TRUST FUND AND THINKS THAT MAKES HIM  
Highbrow  
WROTE ABOUT HIS PRETENTIOUS YACHT CLUB FRIENDS  
HIS CASHMERE SWEATERS AND MERCEDES BENZ  
MADE JUVENILE SIMILES AND WAS TOO CLICHÉ  
BUT HE SOUNDS LIKE HE’S GOT SOMETHING TO SAY—

SO WHAT IF I GREW UP IN SOUTH DAKOTA?  
BURIED IN BLACK HILLS AND UNPAID BILLS  
WENT TO A D-LIST COLLEGE,  
BUT HAD A HUNGER FOR KNOWLEDGE  
THAT UNTIL NOW I COULD NEVER FEED  
FINALLY, I’M WHERE I CAN SUCCEED

I BUSTED OUT OF MY HOMETOWN!  
WHERE THEY ALL TRIED TO HOLD ME DOWN  
SO NOTHING CAN STOP ME, NO  
'CUZ I'M TAKING MY TURN,  
I'VE GOT FIRE TO BURN—

SO THERE!  
I WILL WRITE SOMETHING THAT WILL GET ME AHEAD  
PROVE THAT NOT ALL WRITERS HAVE TO BE THOROUGHbred  
I'LL GET THE RECOGNITION I DESERVE  
MAY TAKE A LITTLE TIME AND LOTS OF NERVE  
BUT I WILL SHOW THEM I'VE GOT TALENT,  
AND I'LL DO IT MY WAY

I'VE WORKED HARD,  
BUT I'LL WORK HARDER  
UNTIL EVERYBODY SEES,  
I'M THE ONE WITH SOMETHING TO SAY