

Bobby played his guitar on the harder side of town
Where it's hard for a poor boy to find the money.
He had dedication, he had the heart and soul.
Somehow he knew he was born to play.

People said, "Get a real job, support your family,
'Cause there's no future in the road you're takin'."
He never said a word, the dreamer just kept on.
Late at night you could hear him say.

He said, "I'm gonna be somebody."
One of these days I'm gonna break these chains.
I'm gonna be somebody someday.
You can bet your hard-earned dollar I will."

The road was a struggle, took him ten years to the top,
And now he's number one on the stage and the radio.
Still, he can't believe how people come from miles around,
When it seems like only yesterday he would say:

"I'm gonna be somebody.
One of these days I'm gonna break these chains.
I'm gonna be somebody someday.
You can bet your hard-earned dollar I will. Hey, yeah, yeah."

Bobby played his hometown, one full moon August night,
When he heard a voice in the front row singin'.
It was a sandy-haired rebel boy with the same ole hungry eyes.
He looked up at Bobby and said:

"I'm gonna be somebody.
One of these days I'm gonna break these chains.
And I'm gonna be somebody someday.
You can bet your hard-earned dollar I will. You know I will, yeah, yeah."

I'm gonna be somebody.
One of these days I'm gonna break these chains.
I'm gonna be somebody someday.
You can bet your hard-earned dollar I will.

Oh, yeah, you can bet your hard-earned dollar I will.