

Ten Cents a Dance (Live At the Village Gate, NYC)

Chris Connor

I work at the Palace Ballroom, but,
gee that Palace is cheap;
When I get back to my chilly hall room
I'm much too tired to sleep.
I'm one of those lady teachers,
a beautiful hostess, you know,
the kind the Palace features
for only a dime a throw. Ten cents a dance
that's what they pay me,
gosh, how they weigh me down!
Ten cents a dance
pansies and rough guys,
tough guys who tear my gown!
Seven to midnight I hear drums.
Loudly the saxophone blows.
Trumpets are tearing my eardrums.
Customers crush my toes.
Sometime I think
I've found my hero,
but it's a queer romance.
All that you need is a ticket,
Come on, big boy, ten cents a dance. Fighters and sailors and bowlegged tailors
can pay for their ticket and rent me!
Butchers and barbers and rats from the harbors
are sweethearts my good luck has sent me.
Though I've a chorus of elderly beaux,
stockings are porous with holes at the toes.
I'm here till closing time,
Dance and be merry, it's only a dime. Sometime I think
I've found my hero,
But it's a queer romance.
All that you need is a ticket.
Come on, big boy, ten cents a dance.

Songwriters

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