

The Lady Is a Tramp

Ella Fitzgerald & Buddy Bregman

I've wined and dined on Mulligan stew and never wished for turkey
As I hitched and hiked and grifted too, from Maine to Albuquerque
Alas I missed the Beaux Arts Ball and what is twice as sad

I was never at a party where they honored Noel Ca-ad

But social circles spin too fast for me

My "hoboemia" is the place to be I get too hungry for dinner at eight

I like the theater, but never come late

I never bother with people I hate

That's why the lady is a tramp

I don't like crap games with barons and earls

Won't go to Harlem in ermine and pearls

Won't dish the dirt with the rest of the girls

That's why the lady is a tramp I like the free, fresh wind in my hair

Life without care

I'm broke, it's oke

Hate California, it's cold and it's damp

That's why the lady is a tramp I go to Coney, the beach is divine

I go to ballgames, the bleachers are fine

I follow Winchell and read every line

That's why the lady is a tramp I like a prizefight that isn't a fake

I love the rowing on Central Park lake

I go to Opera and stay wide awake

That's why the lady is a tramp

I like the green grass under my shoes

What can I lose, I'm flat, that's that

I'm alone when I lower my lamp

That's why the lady is a tramp

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>