

The Lady Is a Tramp

Frank Sinatra

She gets hungry for dinner at eight
She loves the theatre, doesn't come late
She never bothers with anyone she'd hate
That's why the lady is a tramp Doesn't like dice games with barons or earls
Won't go to Harlem dressed in ermine and pearls
Will not dish the dirt with the rest of those girls
That's why the chick is a tramp She loves the free, cool wind in her hair
Life without care
She's broke, but it's oke Doesn't California, it's cold and it's damp
That's why the lady is a tramp She gets far too hungry, baby, wait for dinner at eight
She adores the theatre, however does get there late
She'd never bother with someone she'd hate
That is why the lady is a tramp Doesn't like dice games with barons and earls
Never makes a trip up to Harlem driving shining in Lincolns or Fords
She won't dish the dirt with the rest of those broads
That's why this chick is a tramp She loves the free, fine, wild, knocked-out, cuckoo, groovy wind in her hair
Life's without a care
She's broke, but it's oke She loathes California, it's cold and it's damp
That's why the lady
That is why the lady
That's why the lady is a tramp

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