Lady Is A Tramp

Puck and Mercedes

She gets too hungry for dinner at eight
She loves the theater but doesn't come late
She'd never bother with people she'd hate
That's why the lady is a trampDoesn'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 those girls
That's why the lady is a trampShe loves the free, fresh wind in her hair
Life without care, she's broke but it's okay
She hates California, it's cold and it's damp
That's why the lady is a trampDoesn't like dice games with sharpies and frauds
Won't go to Harlem in Lincolns or Fords
Won't dish the dirt with the rest of those broads
That's why the lady is a trampI've wined and dined on mulligan stew
And never wished for turkey
As I hitched and hiked and grifted too
From Maine to AlbuquerqueAlas, 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 Hobohemia 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 trampI 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 trampI like the free fresh wind in my hair, life without care
I'm broke, it's okay
Hate California, it's cold and it's damp
That's why the lady is a trampI go to Coney, the beach is divine
I go to ball games, the bleachers are fine
I follow Winchell and read every line
That's why the lady is a trampI like a prize fight 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 trampI like the green grass under my shoes
What can I lose?
I'm flat, that's that, I'm all alone when I lower my lamp
That's why the lady is a trampDon't know the reason for cocktails at five
I don't like flying, I'm glad I'm alive
I crave affection but not when I drive

That's why the lady is a trampFolks went to London and left me behind
I missed the crowning, Queen Mary didn't mind
Won't play Scarlett in 'Gone With the Wind'
That's why the lady is a trampI like to hang my hat where I please, sail with the breeze
No dough, Heigh, ho, I still like Roosevelt
And think he's a champ
That's why the lady is a trampGirls get massages, they cry and they moan?
Tell Lizzie Arden to leave me alone
I'm not so hot but my shape is my own
That's why the lady is a trampThe food at Rector's is perfect, no doubt
I wouldn't know what the Ritz is about
I drop a nickel and coffee comes out
That's why the lady is a trampI like the sweet fresh rain in my face
Diamonds and lace, no got, so what?
For Robert Taylor, I whistle and stamp
That's why the lady is a tramp

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