

The Lady Is a Tramp

Ella Fitzgerald

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 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 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 okay
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 all alone when I lower my lamp
That's why the lady is a tramp

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