

The Debutante's Ball

Harpers Bizarre

In a hall filled with light so poised and polite they twist and they twirl
In dresses of white they dance through the night in their tight little world
Faces all a-wonder, as they play the game
And all you need is a number following your name- Oh come one and all to the debutante's ball, it's very refined
See pale wooden faces and all the best places just standing in line-- Oh I think Quentin B. Taylor the Third is
here
And I see John Thomas Bailey the Ninth
And I guess every rich girl in the world is here
And they all have the time of their life No one gets stoned, it's all chaperoned and it's just good clean fun
Isn't it a wonder that to play the game
All you need is a number following your name
That there's something to do for the rich people too
So light up the hall, there's dancing for all
At the debutante's ball
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>