

# 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 gifted 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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