

# The Lady Is a Tramp (From Babes in Arms)

## The Supremes

I've wine and dine 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 Coward 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 o'k  
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 ball games, 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, that's why the lady  
That's why the lady is a tramp

Songwriters

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