

Life Upon the Wicked Stage

Blossom Dearie

Life upon the wicked stage ain't ever what a girl supposes
Stage door Johny's outraging over you with gems and roses
When you let a-fella hold your hand which means an extra beer or sandwich
Everybody whispers, Ain't her life a world Though you're warned against the rule, way ruining your reputation
When you played around the one night trade around the great big nation
Wild old man who give you jewels and sables only live in Aesop's fables
Life upon the wicked stage is nothin' for a girl I admit it's fun to smear my face with paint
Causing everyone to think I'm what I ain't
And I'd like to play a Demi Monday roll with soul Ask the hero, does he liked the way I lure
When I play a Hasie or a Parramore
Yet when once the gut feels down my life is pure and how I dread it

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