

Ten Cents A Dance

Anita O'Day

I work at the Palace Ballroom, but
Gee that Palace is cheap;
When I get back to my chilly hall room
I'm much too tired to sleep
I'm one of those lady teachers
A beautiful hostess, you know
The kind the Palace features
For only a dime a throw

Ten cents a dance
That's what they pay me
Gosh, how they weigh me down!
Ten cents a dance
Pansies and rough guys
Tough guys who tear my gown!
Seven to midnight I hear drums
Loudly the saxophone blows
Trumpets are tearing my eardrums
Customers crush my toes
Sometime I think
I've found my hero

But it's a queer romance
All that you need is a ticket
Come on, big boy, ten cents a dance

Fighters and sailors and bowlegged tailors
Can pay for their ticket and rent me!
Butchers and barbers and rats from the harbors
Are sweethearts my good luck has sent me
Though I've a chorus of elderly beaux
Stockings are porous with holes at the toes
I'm here till closing time
Dance and be merry, it's only a dime

Sometime I think
I've found my hero
But it's a queer romance
All that you need is a ticket
Come on, big boy, ten cents a dance