

Ten Cents a Dance

Ella Fitzgerald

I work at the palace ballroom
But gee, that palace is cheap
When I get back to my chilly hallroom
I'm much too tired to sleep

I'm one of those lady teachers
A beautiful hostess you know
One that the palace features
At exactly 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 ear drums
Customers crush my toes

Sometimes 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 bow-legged tailors
Can pay for their tickets 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 bows
Stockings are porous with holes at the toes
I'm here till closing time
Dance and be merry, it's only a dime

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