

## The Lady Is a Tramp

Peggy Lee

I've wined and dined on Mulligan Stew  
And never wished for Turkey  
As I hitched and hiked and grifted 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 her 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 alone when I lower my lamp  
That's why the lady is a tramp