

The Lady Is a Tramp

Matthew Morrison

She gets too hungry, for dinner at eight
She adores the theater, but never comes late
She will never argue, with the cat she'd hate
And that is why the lady is a tramp

Won't got to Coney, Malibu is fine
She adores the ballgame, thinks the Mets are divine
She refuses to believe that Phil Ramone's a friend of mine
That's why the lady is a tramp

She likes that green grass growing under her shoes
She even digs the birth of the blues
Man she's a swinger, a humdinger
She's all alone when she lowers the lamp
That's why my lady is a tramp

She likes that free fresh wind in her hair
Life without care
She's grown, but it's old
She hates California, it's cold and it's damp
That's why my lady is a tramp
That is why the lady is a tramp