

The Lady Is A Tramp

Ray Charles

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 Ca-ad (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 o'k
Hate California, it's cold and it's damp
That's why the lady is a tramp
I go to Coney, the beach is devine
I go to ballgames, the bleachers are fine
I find a 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

Girls get massages, they cry and they moan
Tell slender Ella to leave me alone
I'm not so hot, but my shape is my own
That's why the lady is a tramp
The food at the Kopensky is perfect, no doubt
I couldn't tell you wha the Ritz is about
Drop a nickle in, and coffee comes out
That's why the lady is a tramp
Like the sweet, fresh, rain in my face
Diamonds and lace, no got, so what?!
For Frank Sinatra, I whistle and stamp
That's why the lady is a tramp
She's a hobo
She's a scamp
She's a no-good kinda tramp
That's why the lady is a tramp