

# The Lady Is a Tramp

Rosemary Clooney

I go to Coney, the beach is divine  
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 love 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 love the free, fresh wind in my hair  
Life without care, I'm broke, it's o'k  
For Frank Sinatra I whistle and stamp  
That's why the lady is a tramp

I love 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