

The Lady is a Tramp

Trisha Yearwood

I've wined and dined on
Mulligan stew
And never asked 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

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, and 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
Don'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 my hair
Life without care, I'm broke
That's oke
Hate California, it's cold
And it's damp
That's why the lady is a tramp

I got to Coney, the beach is divine
I go to ballgames
The bleachers are fine
I get the columns and read
Every line
That's why the lady is a tramp

I like a prizefight when it's not a fake
I like 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 all alone when I lower my lamp
That's why the lady is a tramp