

Company Movie

"Ladies Who Lunch"

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Everybody laugh.

Lounging in their caftans

And planning a brunch

On their own behalf.

Off to the gym,

Then to a fitting,

Claiming they're fat.

And looking grim,

'Cause they've been sitting

Choosing a hat.

Does anyone still wear a hat?

I'll drink to that.

And here's to the girls who play smart--

Aren't they a gas?

Rushing to their classes

In optical art,

Wishing it would pass.

Another long exhausting day,

Another thousand dollars,

A matinee, a Pinter play,

Perhaps a piece of Mahler's.

I'll drink to that.

And one for Mahler!

And here's to the girls who play wife--

Aren't they too much?

Keeping house but clutching

A copy of LIFE,

Just to keep in touch.

The ones who follow the rules,

And meet themselves at the schools,

Too busy to know that they're fools.

Aren't they a gem?

I'll drink to them!

Let's all drink to them!

And here's to the girls who just watch--

Aren't they the best?

When they get depressed,

It's a bottle of Scotch,

Plus a little jest.

Another chance to disapprove,

Another brilliant zinger,

Another reason not to move,

Another vodka stinger.

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!

I'll drink to that.

So here's to the girls on the go--

Everybody tries.

Look into their eyes,

And you'll see what they know:

Everybody dies.

A toast to that invincible bunch,

The dinosaurs surviving the crunch.

Let's hear it for the ladies who lunch--

Everybody rise!

Rise!

Rise! Rise! Rise! Rise! Rise! Rise! Rise!

Rise!

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