

Camp

"The Ladies Who Lunch"

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Talk: I'd Like To Purpose a Toast.

(Sing)

Here's To The Ladies Who Lunch,
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.

Talk: Does Anyone still wear a hat?

I'll drink to that.

And here's to the girls who stay 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...

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.
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

I'll Drink to that.

So here's to the girls on the go.
Everybody tries.
Look into their eyes & you'll see what they know.
Everybody dies.

A toast to that invincible bunch.
The dinosaur surviving the crunch.
Lets hear it for the ladies who lunch,
Everybody rise!
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!
Rise!

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