

## **Diana Ross**

### **"Dance: Ten, Looks: Three"**

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I swiped my dance card once after an audition  
And on a scale of then they gave me  
For dance, ten, for looks, three

Well, dance, ten, looks, three  
And I'm still on unemployment  
Dancing for my own enjoyment  
That ain't it, kid, that ain't it, kid

Dance, ten, looks, three  
It's like to die!  
Left the theater and called the doctor  
For my appointment to buy

Tits and ass  
Bought myself a fancy pair  
Tightened up the derriere  
Did the nose with it, all that goes with it

Tits and ass  
Had the bingo-bongos done  
Suddenly I'm getting national tours  
Tits and ass won't get you jobs unless they're yours

Didn't cost a fortune neither  
Didn't hurt my sex life either

Flat and sassy  
I would get the strays and losers  
Beggars really can't be choosers  
That ain't it, kid, that ain't it, kid

Fixed the chassis  
How do you do  
Life turned into an endless medley  
Of 'Gee it had to be you', why?

Tits and ass  
Where the cupboard once was bare  
Now you knock and someone's there  
You have got 'em, hey, top to bottom, hey

It's a gas, just a dash of silicone  
Shake your new maracas and you're fine  
Tits and ass can change your life  
They sure changed mine

You're all looking at my tits now, aren't you?

Have it all done  
Honey, take my word  
Grab a cab, c'mon, see the wizard on  
Park and Seventy-Third

For tits and ass  
Orchestra and balcony  
What they want is what you see  
Keep the best of you, do the rest of you

Pits or class  
I have never seen it fail  
Debutante or chorus girl or wife  
Tits and ass, yes, tits and ass  
Have changed my life

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