

## Ella Fitzgerald

### "Lady is a Tramp"

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I've wined and dined on Mulligan Stew, and never  
wished 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  
(Coward)  
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, but 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  
Won'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, it's o'k  
Hate California, it's cold and it's damp  
That's why the lady is a tramp

I go to Coney, the beach is divine  
I go to ballgames, the bleachers are fine  
I follow Winchell, and read every line  
That's why the lady is a tramp

I like 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 like the green grass under my shoes  
What can I lose, I'm flat, that's that  
I'm alone when I lower my lamp  
That's why the lady is a tramp

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