

Gwen Verdon

"Roxie"

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I always wanted my name in the papers
Before Aremus, I used to date this well to do ugly
bootlegger
He used to like to take me out and show me off
Ugly guys like to do that

Once it said in the paper
"Gangland's Al Capelli
Seen with cute red-headed Corenne"
That was me, I clipped it out and saved it

Look I'm gonna tell you the truth
Not that the truth really matters
But I'm gonna tell you anyway

The thing is see, I'm older than I ever intended to be
And all my life I wanted to be a dancer
In Vaudeville, ooh yeah
Have my own act, but no, no, no
They always turned me down

It was one big world full of no, life
Then Amus came along, sweet, safe, Amus who never
says no
You know, some guys are like mirrors
And when I catch myself in Amus's face
I'm always a kid, you could love a guy like that

Look now I gotta tell you
Now I hope this ain't too crude
In the bed department, Amus was zero
I mean when we went to bed
He made love to me like he was
Fixing a carburetor or something
I love ya, honey I love ya

Anyway to make a long story short
I started fooling around
Then I started screwing around
Which is fooling around without dinner

I gave up the Vaudeville idea

Because well, after all those years
He sorta figured opportunities just passed you by
Ooh, it ain't, oh, no, no, no, no, babe, it ain't
If this film guy gets me off
And with all this publicity, now I got me a world full of
yes

The name on everybody's lips is gonna be Roxie
The Lady raking in the chips is gonna be Roxie
I'm gonna be a celebrity that means somebody
everyone knows
They're gonna recognize my eyes
My hair, my teeth, my boobs, my nose

From just some dumb mechanic's wife
I'm gonna be Roxie
Who says that murder's not an art
And who in case she doesn't hang
Can say she started with a bang
Roxie heart

I gotta get me some boys
I'm gonna get me a whole bunch of boys
They're gonna wait outside in line to get to see Roxie
Think of those autographs outside, good luck to you,
Roxie
And I'll appear in a Lavalier that goes all the way down
to my waist
Here a ring, there a ring, everywhere a ring-a-ling
But always in the best of taste

I'm a star and they love me and I love them
And they love me for loving them
And I love them for loving me and we love each other
That's because none of us got enough love in our
childhood
And that's showbiz, kid

She's giving up her hum-drum life
I'm gonna be a Roxie
She made to stand tall and a star
And Sophie duck her old ship I know
To see her name yet build below
Roxie, Roxie heart

Those are my boys, bye

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