

## **John Pizzarelli**

# **"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

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 all alone when I lower my lamp  
That's why the lady, that's why the lady

That's why the lady is a tramp

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