

Mary Martin

"The 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 Caaahd
But social circles spin too fast for me
My Hobo-hemia is the place to be
I get too hungry for dinner at eight
I love 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 "oke"

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 ball games, 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 is a tramp

Don't know the reason for cocktails at five

I don't like flying, I'm glad I'm alive

I crave affection, but not when I drive

That's why the lady is a tramp

Folks went to London and left me behind

I missed the crowning, Queen Mary didn't mind

Won't play Scarlett in "Gone with the Wynde"

That's why the lady is a tramp

I like to hang my hat where I please

Sail with the breeze

No dough--hi-ho!

I still like Roosevelt, I think he's a champ

That's why the lady

That's why the lady

That's why the lady is a tramp

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