

Berlin Irving

"Happy Little Chorus Girl"

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[Parody or preliminary version of "Happy Little Country Girl".]

[1st verse:]

There she goes - flashy clothes
Dressed up like a circus from her head to her toes
See those rings - flashy things
You would surely swear her father was a millionaire
But that's not so - 'cause I know
She's just one of many in a musical show
She's the little girl in blue
The one who made an awful hit with you

[chorus:]

Happy, happy, happy little chorus girl
Polish up your imitation pearl
Go to sleep and dream about a duke or earl
Who may marry you someday
Powder up for Harry, Johnny, Jack and Bob
Make up pretty for your front row mob
Lose your figure and you lose your job
Happy little chorus girl

[2nd verse:]

Manager - dresses her
But it's all subtracted from her seventeen per
After he - gets his fee
Half her salary she sends home to her mother
And an empty purse makes it worse
When for seven weary weeks she has to rehearse
After much rehearsing nights
She's fired 'cause she doesn't fit her tights

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