## Chorus Line, A "Dance: Ten; Looks: Three"

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But after a while I caught on

I mean, I saw what they were hiring

I also swiped my dance card once

After an audition

And on a scale of one to ten

They gave me

For dance, ten, for looks, three

Why?

Dance, ten, looks, three

And I'm still on unemployment

Dancing for my own enjoyment

That ain't it, kid, That ain't it, kid

Dance, ten, looks, three

Is like to die

Left the theater

And called the doctor

For my appointment to buy

Tits and ass

Bought myself a fancy pair

Tightened up the derriere

Did the nose with it

All that goes with it

Tits and ass

Had the bingo-bongos done

Suddenly I'm getting national tours

Tits and ass won't get you jobs

Unless they're yours

Didn't cost a fortune neither

Didn't hurt my sex life either

Flat and sassy

I would get the strays and losers

Beggars really can't be choosers

That ain't it, kid, that ain't it, kid

Fix the chassis,"How do you do"

Life turned into an endless medley

Of, "Gee, it had to be you"

Why?

Tits and ass

Where the cupboard once was bare

Now you knock and someone's there

You have got 'em, hey, top to bottom, hey

It's a gas

Just a dash of silicone

Shake your new maracas and your fine

Tits and ass can change your life

They sure changed mine

They aren't that big I heard that, you bitch, I didn't want 'em like yours I wanted them in proportion Well, you got what you paid for I wouldn't mind having just one of yours Well go out and buy 'em Have it all done Honey, take my word Grab a cab, c'mon See the wizard on Park and 73 for Tits and ass Orchestra and balcony What they want is what cha see Keep the best of you Do all the rest of you Pits or class I have never seen it fail Debutante or chorus girl or wife Tits and ass Yes, tits and ass Have changed my life Visit Chorus Line, A page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

You're all looking at my tits now, aren't you?