

Megan Mullally

"Ten Cents A Dance"

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I work at the Palace Ballroom
But gee, that palace isn't cheap
When I get back to my chilly hall room
I'm much too tired to sleep
I'm one of those lady teachers
A beautiful hostess you know
One that the palace features
At exactly a dime a throw

Ten cents a dance
That's what they pay me
Gosh, how they weigh me down
Ten cents a dance
Pansies and rough guys
Tough guys who tear my gown
Seven to midnight I hear drums
Loudly the saxophone blows
Trumpets are tearing my ear drums
Customers crush my toes

Sometimes I think
I've found my hero
Boy, it's a queer romance
All that you need is a ticket
Come on, Big boy
Ten cents a dance

Fighters and tailors and bow-legged sailors
all pay for their tickets and rent me
Butchers and barbers and rats from the harbors
Are sweethearts my good luck has sent me

Though I've a chorus of elderly beaux
Stockings are porous
With holes that the toes
I'm here 'till closing time
Dance and be merry
It's only a dime

Sometimes I think
I've found my hero

Boy, it's a queer romance
All that you need is a ticket
Come on, Big boy
Ten cents a dance

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