

# The Lady is a Tramp

She gets to hungry for dinner at eight  
She likes the theatre, and never comes late  
She never bothers with people she'd hate  
That's why the lady is a tramp

Doesn't like crap games, with barons and earls  
Won't go to Harlem, in ermine and pearls  
Wont dish the dirt, with the rest of those girls  
That's why the lady is a tramp

She likes the free, fresh wind in her hair  
Life without care  
She's broke, an it's oak  
Hates California, its cold and its damp  
That's why the lady is a tramp

She gets to hungry, to wait for dinner at eight  
She loves the theatre, but never comes late  
She'd never bother, with people she'd hate  
That's why the lady is a tramp

She'll have no crap games, with sharpies and frauds  
And she won't go to Harlem, in Lincolns or Fords  
And she won't dish the dirt, with the rest of the broads  
That's why the lady is a tramp

She loves the free, fresh wind in her hair  
Life without care  
She's broke, but it's oak  
Hates California, its so cold and so damp  
That's why the lady  
That's why the lady  
That's why the lady is a tramp