

Ray Charles, The Lady Is A Tramp

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 Coward (Coward)
But social circles spin too fast for me
My "hoboemia" is the place to be
I get too hungry, for dinner at eight
I like 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 her hair
Life without care
I'm broke, it's o'k
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 ballgames, the bleachers are fine
I find a 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 alone when I lower my lamp
That's why the lady is a tramp

[A few additional verses from the "Ella In Berlin" CD:]

Girls get massages, they cry and they moan
Tell slender Ella to leave me alone
I'm not so hot, but my shape is my own
That's why the lady is a tramp
The food at the Kopensky is perfect, no doubt
I couldn't tell you what the Ritz is about
Drop a nickle in, and coffee comes out
That's why the lady is a tramp
Like the sweet, fresh, rain in my face
Diamonds and lace, no got, so what?!
For Frank Sinatra, I whistle and stamp
That's why the lady is a tramp
She's a hobo
She's a scamp
She's a no-good kinda tramp
That's why the lady is a tramp