

# Life Upon The Wicked Stage

Blossom Dearie

Life upon the wicked stage ain't ever what a girl supposes  
Stage door Johny's outraging over you with gems and roses  
When you let a-  
fella hold your hand which means an extra beer or sandwich  
Everybody whispers, 'Ain't her life a world?

Though you're warned against the rule, way ruining your reputat  
ion  
When you played around the one night trade around the great big  
nation  
Wild old man who give you jewels and sables only live in Aesop'  
s fables  
Life upon the wicked stage is nothin' for a girl

I admit it's fun to smear my face with paint  
Causing everyone to think I'm what I ain't  
And I'd like to play a Demi Monday roll with soul

Ask the hero, does he liked the way I lure  
When I play a Hasie or a Parramore  
Yet when once the gut feels down my life is pure and how I drea  
d it

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Stage door Johny's outraging over you with gems and roses  
If some gentleman we talk with reason, I would cancel all next  
season  
Life upon the wicked stage ain't nothin' for a girl