

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

Life upon the wicked stage ain't ever what a girl supposes
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