

Dance: Ten; Looks: Three

Diana Ross

I swiped my dance card once after an audition
And on a scale of then they gave me
For dance, ten, for looks, three

Well, dance, ten, looks, three
And I'm still on unemployment
Dancing for my own enjoyment
That ain't it, kid, that ain't it, kid

Dance, ten, looks, three
It's like to die!
Left the theater and called the doctor
For my appointment to buy

Tits and ass
Bought myself a fancy pair
Tightened up the derriere
Did the nose with it, all that goes with it

Tits and ass
Had the bingo-bongos done
Suddenly I'm getting national tours
Tits and ass won't get you jobs unless they're yours

Didn't cost a fortune neither
Didn't hurt my sex life either

Flat and sassy
I would get the strays and losers
Beggars really can't be choosers
That ain't it, kid, that ain't it, kid

Fixed the chassis
How do you do
Life turned into an endless medley
Of 'Gee it had to be you', why?

Tits and ass
Where the cupboard once was bare
Now you knock and someone's there
You have got 'em, hey, top to bottom, hey

It's a gas, just a dash of silicone
Shake your new maracas and you're fine
Tits and ass can change your life
They sure changed mine

You're all looking at my tits now, aren't you?

Have it all done
Honey, take my word
Grab a cab, c'mon, see the wizard on
Park and Seventy-Third

For tits and ass
Orchestra and balcony
What they want is what you see

Keep the best of you, do the rest of you

Pits or class

I have never seen it fail

Debutante or chorus girl or wife

Tits and ass, yes, tits and ass

Have changed my life