

## Ten Cents a Dance

Ella Fitzgerald

I work at the palace ballroom  
But gee, that palace is cheap  
When I get back to my chilly hallroom  
I'm much too tired to sleep

I'm one of those lady teachers  
A beautiful hostess you know  
One that the palace features  
At exactly a dime a throw

Ten cents a dance  
That's what they pay me  
Gosh, how they weigh me down  
Ten cents a dance  
Pansies and rough guys  
Tough guys who tear my gown

Seven to midnight I hear drums  
Loudly the saxophone blows  
Trumpets are tearing my ear drums  
Customers crush my toes

Sometimes I think, I've found my hero  
But it's a queer romance  
All that you need is a ticket  
Come on, big boy  
Ten cents a dance

Fighters and sailors and bow-legged tailors  
Can pay for their tickets and rent me  
Butchers and barbers and rats from the harbors  
Are sweethearts my good luck has sent me

Though I've a chorus of elderly bows  
Stockings are porous with holes at the toes  
I'm here till closing time  
Dance and be merry, it's only a dime

Sometimes I think, I've found my hero  
But it's a queer romance  
All that you need is a ticket  
Come on, come on big boy  
Ten cents a dance