

The Lady Is a Tramp

Frank Sinatra

She gets too hungry for dinner at eight
She like the theatre and never comes late
She never bothers with people she hates
That's why the lady is a tramp

Doesn't like crapgames with barons or 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

She like the free fresh wind in her hair, life without care
She's broke and it's oke
Hates California, it's cold and it's damp
That's why the lady is a tramp

She gets too hungry to wait for dinner at eight
She loves the theatre, but never comes late
She'd never bother with people she'd hate
That's why the lady is a tramp

She'll have no crapgames with sharpies and frogs
And she won't go to Harlem in Lincolns or Fords
And she won't dish the dirt with the rest of the broads
That's why the lady is a tramp

She loves the free fresh wind in her hair
Life without care. She's broke but it's oke
Hates California, it's so cold and so damp
That's why the lady. that's why the lady
That's why the lady is a tramp