

The Lady Is a Tramp

Robbie Williams

She gets too hungry, for dinner at eight
She loves the theater, but doesn't come late
She'd never bother, with people she'd hate
That's why the lady is a tramp
Doesn't like crap games, with barons and earls
Won't go to Harlem, in ermine and pearls
Won't dish the dirt, with the rest of those girls
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 o'k
She hates California, it's cold and it's damp
That's why the lady is a tramp
Doesn't like dice games, with sharpies and frauds
Won't go to Harlem, in Lincolns or Fords
Won't dish the dirt, with the rest of those broads
That's why the lady is a tramp