

# The Lady is a Tramp

Trisha Yearwood

I've wined and dined on  
Mulligan stew  
And never asked for turkey  
As I hitched and hiked  
And grifted too  
From Maine to Albuquerque  
Alas I missed the Beaux Arts ball  
And what is twice as sad  
I was never at a party  
Where they honored Noel Ca'ad

But social circles spin  
Too fast for me  
My "hobohemia" is the place to be  
I get too hungry for dinner at eight  
I like the theater, and never  
Come late  
I never bother with people I hate  
That's why the lady is a tramp

I don't like crap games with  
Barons and earls  
Won't go to Harlem in  
Ermine and pearls  
Don't dish the dirt with the  
Rest of the girls  
That's why the lady is a tramp

I like the free fresh wind in my hair  
Life without care, I'm broke  
That's oke  
Hate California, it's cold  
And it's damp  
That's why the lady is a tramp

I got to Coney, the beach is divine  
I go to ballgames  
The bleachers are fine  
I get the columns and read  
Every line  
That's why the lady is a tramp

I like a prizefight when it's not a fake  
I like the rowing on  
Central Park lake  
I go to opera and stay wide awake  
That's why the lady is a tramp

I like the green grass under  
My shoes  
What can I lose, I'm flat that's that  
I'm all alone when I lower my lamp  
That's why the lady is a tramp