

The Lady Is a Tramp

Queen Latifah

I've wined and dined on mulligan stew,
and never wished 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 theatre but 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.

Won'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, it's oke.

Hate California, it's cold and it's damp:

That's why the lady is a tramp.

I go to Coney - the beach is divine.

I go to ball games - the bleachers are fine.

I follow Winchell and read every line:

That's why the lady is a tramp!

I like a prize fight that isn't a fake.

I love 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!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>