

Ella Fitzgerald, Ten Cents A Dance

I work at the Palace ballroom, but gee that palace is cheap
When I get back to my chillly 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 sailers and bow-legged tailors

can pay for their tickets & rent me

Butchers and barbers and rats from the harbour

are sweethearts my good luck has sent me

Thought 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.