

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 sailors 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.