

# Frank Sinatra, Lady Is A Tramp, The

Writer(s): Rodgers/Hart

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