

A Chorus Line, Dance: Ten; Looks: Three

But after a while I caught on
I mean, I saw what they were hiring
I also swiped my dance card once
After an audition
And on a scale of one to ten
They gave me
For dance, ten, for looks, three
Why?
Dance, ten, looks, three
And I'm still on unemployment
Dancing for my own enjoyment
That ain't it, kid, That ain't it, kid
Dance, ten, looks, three
Is like to die
Left the theater
And called the doctor
For my appointment to buy
Tits and ass
Bought myself a fancy pair
Tightened up the derriere
Did the nose with it
All that goes with it
Tits and ass
Had the bingo-bongos done
Suddenly I'm getting national tours
Tits and ass won't get you jobs
Unless they're yours
Didn't cost a fortune neither
Didn't hurt my sex life either
Flat and sassy
I would get the strays and losers
Beggars really can't be choosers
That ain't it, kid, that ain't it, kid
Fix the chassis, "How do you do"
Life turned into an endless medley
Of, "Gee, it had to be you"
Why?
Tits and ass
Where the cupboard once was bare
Now you knock and someone's there
You have got 'em, hey, top to bottom, hey
It's a gas
Just a dash of silicone
Shake your new maracas and your fine
Tits and ass can change your life
They sure changed mine
You're all looking at my tits now, aren't you?
They aren't that big
I heard that, you bitch, I didn't want 'em like yours
I wanted them in proportion
Well, you got what you paid for
I wouldn't mind having just one of yours
Well go out and buy 'em
Have it all done
Honey, take my word
Grab a cab, c'mon
See the wizard on
Park and 73 for
Tits and ass
Orchestra and balcony
What they want is what cha see
Keep the best of you
Do all the rest of you
Pits or class

I have never seen it fail
Debutante or chorus girl or wife
Tits and ass
Yes, tits and ass
Have changed my life