

# Camp, The Laideis Who Retch

Talk: I'd Like To Purpose a Toast.

(Sing)

Here's To The Ladies Who Lunch,  
Everybody laugh.  
Lounging in their caftans & planning  
a brunch, on their own behalf.  
Off to the gym,  
Then to a fitting, claiming they're fat.  
And looking grim, 'cause they've been sitting,  
Choosing a hat.

Talk: Does Anyone still wear a hat?

I'll drink to that.

And here's to the girls who stay smart,  
Aren't they a gas?  
Rushing to their classes in optical art,  
Wishing it would pass.  
Another long, exhausting day.  
Another thousand dollars!  
A matinee, a Pinter play!  
Perhaps a piece, of Mahler's!  
I'll drink to that!  
And one for Mahler...

Here's to the Girl who just watch,  
Aren't they the best?  
When they get depressed it's a bottle of scotch,  
Plus a little jest.  
Another chance to disapprove,  
Another brilliant zinger.  
Another reason not to move,  
Another vodka stinger.  
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!  
I'll Drink to that.

So heres to the girls on the go.  
Everybody tries.  
Look into their eyes & you'll see what they know.  
Everybody dies.  
A toast to that invincable bunch.  
The dinasour surviving the crunch.  
Lets hear it for the ladies who lunch,  
Everbody rise!  
Rise!  
Rise!  
Rise!  
Rise!  
Rise!  
Rise!  
Rise!  
Rise!  
Rise!