

# Chorus line, Dance: ten; looks: three

[VAL]

Dance: ten; Looks; three.

And I' still on unemployment,

Dancing for my own enjoyment.

That ain't it, kid. That ain't it, kid.

&quot;Dance: ten; Looks; three,&quot;

I like to die!

Left the theatre 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 nash'nal 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.

Fised the chassis.

&quot;How do you do!&quot;

Life turned into and

Endless medley of

&quot;Gee it had to be you!&quot;

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 you fine!

Tits and ass can change your life.

They sure changed mine.

Have it all done.

Honey, take my word.

Grab a cab, c'mon.

See the wizard on

Park and Seventy-Third

For

Tits and ass.

Orchestra or balcony.

What they want is whatcha see.

Keep the best of you.

Do 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...!