

## Ten Cents A Dance

Anita O'Day

I work at the Palace Ballroom, but  
Gee that Palace is cheap;  
When I get back to my chilly hall room  
I'm much too tired to sleep  
I'm one of those lady teachers  
A beautiful hostess, you know  
The kind the Palace features  
For only 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 eardrums  
Customers crush my toes  
Sometime 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 bowlegged tailors  
Can pay for their ticket and rent me!  
Butchers and barbers and rats from the harbors  
Are sweethearts my good luck has sent me  
Though I've a chorus of elderly beaux  
Stockings are porous with holes at the toes  
I'm here till closing time  
Dance and be merry, it's only a dime

Sometime 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