Look at me I would like to dance
But I haven't the clothes for romance
So I'll stay with the boys in the band
I would like to be cool
Like the ladies who drool as they advance
But I can't get my feet
To go where I lead with my toes

At the debutante's ball everybody does all they can do to enhan ce

Every corset in town in a gown made specially in France And the men here can tell at a glance I would like to maintain But it sure seems a shame to sit on my hands And I only got into the swim By the seat of my pants

Not another woman in the world
Who could make a living
Pitching the light fandango
Dancing on the streets of the city
Look at me, playing freelance at the ball
Catch my entrance to the hall
Far from the gilded lily

Look at me would you like to dance I've a book illustrating the stance And I can't get my head To go where I lead With my toes I feel solo