

Ten Cents A Dance song lyrics

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Ten Cents A Dance

Ruth Etting

Words by Lorenz Hart and Music by

Richard Rodgers (1930)

charted at #5 (1930)

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

Sometimes 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!