

# Ray Charles, Ten Cents A Dance

I work at the Palace ballroom, but gee that palace is cheap  
When I get back to my chillly hallroom, I'm much too tired to sleep  
I'm one of those lady teachers, a beautiful hostess you know;  
One that the palace features, at exactly 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 ear-drums, 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.  
Fighters and sailers and bow-legged tailors  
Can pay for their tickets & rent me  
Butchers and barbers and rats from the harbour  
Are sweethearts my good luck has sent me  
Thought I've a chorus of elderly bows  
Stockings are porous with holes at the toes  
I'm here till closing time  
Dance and be merry it's only a dime  
Sometimes I think, I've found my hero  
But it's a queer romance;  
All that you need is a ticket.  
Come on, come on big boy, ten cents a dance.