

Lydia, the Tattooed Lady

Words: E Y Harburg, Music: Harold Arlen

*She was the most glorious creature under the sun
She was (Madonna! Monroe!) all rolled into one*

Oh Lydia, oh, Lydia,

say have you met Lydia

Lydia, the Tattooed Lady

She has eyes that folks adore so

And a torso even more so

Lydia, oh, Lydia, that encyclopaedia

Oh, Lydia, the queen of tattoo

On her back is the Battle of Waterloo

Beside it the Wreck of the Hesperus too

And proudly above waves

The Red, White and Blue

You can learn a lot from Lydia

La la la la la la

La la la la la la

She can give you a view of the world

In tattoo if you step up and tell her where

For a dime you can see Kankakee or Paree

Or Washington crossing the Delaware

La la la la la la

La la la la la la

Oh, Lydia, oh, Lydia,

say have you met Lydia

Oh, Lydia, the tattooed lady

When her muscles start relaxin'

Up the hill comes Andrew Jackson

Lydia, oh, Lydia, that encyclopaedia

Oh, Lydia, the champ of them all

For two bits she will do a Mazurka in jazz

With a view of Niagara that no artist has

And on a clear day you can see Alcatraz

You can learn a lot from Lydia

La la la la la la

La la la la la la

Come along and see Buff'lo Bill with his lass-oh

Just a little classic by Mendel Picasso

Here is Captain Spaulding exploring the Amazon

And Godiva, but with her pajamas on

La la la la la la

La la la la la la

Here is Grover Whalen unveilin' the Trilon

Over on the West Coast we have Treasure Island

Here's Nijinsky a-doin' the rumba

Here's her social security numba

Oh Lydia, oh, Lydia,

say have you met Lydia

Lydia, the champ of them all

She once swept an Admiral clear off his feet

The ships on her hips made his heart skip a beat

And now the old boy's in command of the fleet

For he went and married Lydia

I said Lydia (he said Lydia)

He said Lydia, Lydia (Lydia)

We said Lydia

the greatest of all, of all

Yes, sir