

Pink Tights, Tu-Tus and Schmaltzy Music

by Con Chapman

(With apologies to Joe and Rose Lee Maphis even tho' they don't need 'em 'cause they're already dead.)

Pink tights, tu-tus and schmal-tzy music
Is the only kind of life you'll ever understand.
Pink tights, tu-tus and schmal-tzy music
You'll never make a wife to a home-lovin' man.



A home and little children mean nothing to you.
You'd rather spend your nights prancin' round in a tutu.
You'd rather be with friends takin' your a-dult bal-let
At a walk-up dancin' studio that's ten miles a-way.



You say that you're just goin' 'cause you want to take the barre.
I say that that's okay I don't really need the car.
And then I get a call from a different kind of bar
They say you're drunk on Cosmos and actin' quite bizarre.



Pink tights, tu-tus and schmal-tzy music
Is the only kind of life you'll ever understand.
Pink tights, tu-tus and schmal-tzy music
You'd rather spend your time with a tights-wearin' man.



The music that you dance to, I just cain't understand
It's treacly and it's schmal-tzy, played upon a baby grand.
This fella named Tchaikovsky, you say he's pretty smart
Well I'm sorry for you and your adult ballet heart.

The guys you hang around with, they strike me as pretty weird
They all wear tights in public, and there ain't none has a beard.
And when they go outside, they all put on a scarf.
There's one who goes by "Evan" who really makes me barf.

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Is the only kind of life you'll ever understand.
Pink tights, tu-tus and schmal-tzy music
You'll only make a wife to an arts-lovin' man.

