

# Lydia the Tattooed Lady - 1939

Music by Harold Arlen, Lyrics by E.Y. Harburg  
As sung by J. Cheever Loophole (Groucho Marx) in "At the Circus"

**C**  
Lydia, oh Lydia, say, have you met Lydia?

**G**  
Lydia the tattooed lady.

**F C F C**  
She has eyes that folks adore so,

**F Dm F Dm**  
And a torso even more so.

**C**  
Lydia, oh Lydia, that encyclo-pidia.

**F**  
Oh Lydia, the queen of tattoo.

**Dm**  
On her back is the Battle of Waterloo.

**F G7**  
Beside it the Wreck of the Hesperus, too.

**C F**  
And proudly above waves the red, white and blue.

**C G C**  
You can learn a lot from Lydia!

**C**  
(la la la, la la la)

**C**  
(la la la, la la la)

**E<sub>b</sub>**  
When her robe is unfurled, she will show you the world,

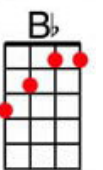
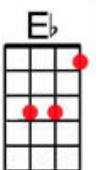
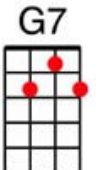
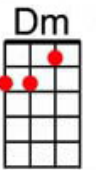
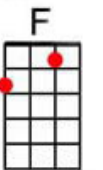
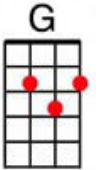
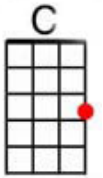
**B<sub>b</sub>**  
If you step up and tell her where.

For a dime you can see Kankakee or Paree,

**E<sub>b</sub>**  
Or Washington crossing the Delaware.

**E<sub>b</sub>**  
(la la la, la la la)

**C**  
(la la la, la la la)



**C**

Ah Lydia, oh Lydia, say, have you met Lydia?

**G**

Oh Lydia the tattooed lady.

**F****C****F****C**

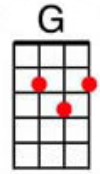
When her muscles start relaxin',

**F****Dm****F****Dm**

Up the hill comes Andrew Jackson.

**C**

Lydia, oh Lydia, that encyclo-pidia.

**F**

Oh Lydia, the queen of them all.

**Dm**

For two bits she will do a mazurka in jazz,

**F****G7**

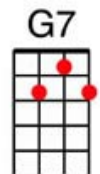
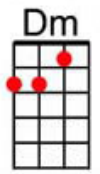
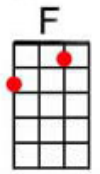
With a view of Niagara that nobody has.

**C****F**

And on a clear day, you can see Alcatraz.

**C****G****C**

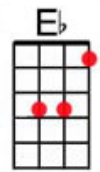
You can learn a lot from Lydia!

**C**

(la la la, la la la)

**Eb**

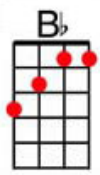
(la la la, la la la)

**Eb**

Come along and see Buffalo Bill with his lasso.

**Bb**

Just a little classic by Mendel Picasso.



Here is Captain Spaulding exploring the Amazon.

**Eb**

Here's Godiva but with her pajamas on.

**Eb**

(la la la, la la la)

**Eb**

(la la la, la la la)

**E<sub>b</sub>**

Here is Grover Whelan unveilin' the Tri-lon.

**B<sub>b</sub>**

Over on the west coast we have Treasure Isle-on.

Here's Nijinski a-doin' the rumba.

**E<sub>b</sub>**

Here's her social security numbah.

**E<sub>b</sub>**

(Whistling instead of singing la la la...)

**C**

(Whistling instead of singing la la la...)

**C**

Ah Lydia, oh Lydia, that encyclo-pidia.

**F**

Oh Lydia, the champ of them all.

**D<sub>m</sub>**

She once swept an admiral clear off his feet.

**F****G<sub>7</sub>**

The ships on her hips made his heart skip a beat.

**C****F**

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

**C****G****C**

For he went and married Lydia!

**C**

I said Lydia...

(He said Lydia...)

They said Lydia...

We said Lydia,

La-la!

