Lydia, The Tattooed Lady

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 encyclo-pidia; 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!

When her robe is unfurled, she will show you the world If you step up and tell her where.
For a dime you can see Kankakee or Paree or Washington crossing the Delaware
And on a clear day, you can see Alcatraz. You can learn a lot from Lydia!

Come along and see Buffalo Bill with his lasso.
Just a little classic by Mendel Picasso.
Here is Captain Spaulding exploring the Amazon.
Here's Godiva but with her pajamas on.

Here is Grover Whelan unveilin' the Trilon.
Over on the west coast we have Treasure Isle-on
Here's Nijinski a-doin' the rumba.
Here's her social security numbah.

Ah Lydia, oh Lydia, that encyclo-pidia, oh 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. They said Lydia. We said Lydia. La-la!