

To Keep My Love Alive

Blossom Dearie

I've been married, and married, and often I've sighed
"I'm never a bridesmaid, I'm always a bride"

I never divorced them, I hadn't the heart
Yet remember these sweet words, "'till death do us part"

I married many men, a ton of them
Because I was untrue to none of them
Because I bumped off every one of them
To keep my love alive

Sir Paul was frail, he looked a wreck to me
At night he was a horse's neck to me
So I performed an appendectomy
To keep my love alive

Sir Thomas had insomnia, he couldn't sleep at night
I bought a little arsenic, he's sleeping now all right

Sir Philip played the harp, I cussed the thing
I crowned him with his harp to bust the thing
And now he plays where harps are just the thing
To keep my love alive
To keep my love alive

I thought Sir George had possibilities
But his flirtations made me ill at ease
And when I'm ill at ease, I kill at ease
To keep my love alive

Sir Charles came from a sanitorium
And yelled for drinks in my emporium
I mixed one drink, he's in memorium
To keep my love alive

Sir Francis was a singing bird, a nightingale, that's why
I tossed him off my balcony, to see if he, could fly

Sir Atherton indulged in fratricide,
He killed his dad and that was patricide
One night I stabbed him by my mattress-side
To keep my love alive
To keep my love alive
To keep my love alive