

The Laughing Song

Charlotte Church

My dear Marquis
Why must you be
So loathe to use your eyes
When you stop and stare
Take a lot more care
And closely scrutinise

My fingers, my ankles, my feet
Ha ha ha ha ha
How shapely and trim and petite
Ha ha ha ha ha
Both accent and inflection show polish to perfection
Such graces are the traces of our old elite
Such graces are the traces of our old elite

I marvel how a man like you
 Could fail to see my blood runs blue
 What a funny, ha ha ha
 Situation, ha ha ha
 What a startling, ha ha ha
 Revelation, ha ha ha ha ha
 What a friendly, ha ha ha
 Situation, ha ha ha haaaa aaaa aaa aaaa
 Ahhhh aaahhhhhh
 Marquis, oh, what a wag you are

Profiles they say
Give the game away
When formed with classic grace
If the head on view
Isn't much to you
Then look at me side-face

What evidence more can there be, ha ha ha ha ha
I sing at soirees without fee, ha ha ha ha ha
Bestowing my attention
With lofty condescension
Such graces are the traces of a pedigree
Such graces are the traces of a pedigree

All's one to you, though I'm afraid
Because you love a parlour maid
What a friendly, ha ha ha
Situation, ha ha ha
What a startling, ha ha ha
Revelation, ha ha ha ha ha

What a friendly, ha ha ha
 Situation, ha ha ha haaaa aaaa aaa aaaaa
 Ahhhh aaahhhhhh ahhh aaahhh aahhh
 Ahhhhhh aaaaahhhhhh aaaaahhhhhh
 Ahhhhhhaaaaahhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh
 Ahhhhhhaaaaahhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh
 Ahhhhhhaaaa
 Ahhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh Ahhhhhhhhhhh
 Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh