

The Thing

Ray Charles

While I was walking down the beach one bright and sunny day
I saw a great big wooden box a-floating in the bay
I pulled it in and opened it up and much to my surprise
I discovered a * * * right before my eyes
I tell y'all, I discovered a * * * right before my eyes

I picked it up and ran to town as happy as a king
I took it to a guy I knew who'd buy most anything
But this is what he hollered at me as I walked in his shop
"Ooh, get out of here with that * * * before I call a cop!
Son, get out of here with that * * * before I call a cop!"

I turned around and got right out, a-running for my life
And then I took it home with me to give it to my wife
And this is what she said at me as I walked in the door:
"Ooh, get out of here with that * * * and don't come back no more!
Please, get out of here with that * * * and don't come back no more!"

I wandered all around the town until I chanced to meet
A hobo who was looking for a handout on the street
He said he'd take most any old thing. He was a desperate man
But when I showed him the * * *, he turned around and ran
You know, when I showed him the * * *, he turned around and ran

I wandered on for many year, a victim of my fate
Until one day I came upon Saint Peter at the Gate
And when I tried to take it inside, he told me where to go:
"Get out of here with that * * *, and take it down below!
Ray, get out of here with that * * *, and take it down below!"

The moral of this story is if you're out on the beach
And you should see a great big box and it's within your reach
Don't ever stop and open it up. That's my advice to you
'Cause you'll never get rid of the * * *, no matter what you do
I tell you, you'll never get rid of the * * *, no matter what you do