

## Richard IX

## Renaissance

Deep in the past there lived a man whose story must be told  
Of royal descent but not of the royal line, oh oh

No history book relates this night of indiscretion  
Into the world he's brought, never to be presented at court  
In his mind a king though his mother wasn't wearing a ring  
She keeps on saying:

"What they gonna do with Richard, Richard The Ninth?  
You know he's my son, and the thought of it cuts like a knife  
To think he'll ever sit upon the throne  
A prince without a home  
What we gonna do with Richard, Richard The Ninth  
The least that we could do is to provide for his life  
No job could have a stranger pedigree  
He means so much to me!"

As Richard grew, he won the hearts of all the people  
His father reigned, and while the servants poured, wo-oh

The lady waits and watches with anticipation  
Ways of the world he's taught  
The eyes of the queen he has caught  
Midnight matinees soon become the order of play  
She keeps on saying:

"What we gonna do with Richard, Richard The Ninth?  
You know he's my son and the daughter, the queen, is his wife  
Becomes the answer to my fantasy  
He means the world to me"

"What we gonna do with Richard, Richard The Ninth?  
It seems a night of love, in the end turned out right  
One day I know he'll sit upon the throne  
A prince no more alone"

This classic tale of woe  
Should tell you all you want to know  
A page from our history  
It's meant so much to me, to me

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