

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 was blue
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 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 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
Ahhhhh aaaaahhhhhh aaaaahhhhhh

Ahhhhhaaaaahhhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh
Ahhhhhaaaaahhhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh
Ahhhhhaaaa
ahhhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh
Ahhhhhhhhhhh
aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

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