

Anita O'Day, To Keep My Love Alive

I've been married and married and often I've sighed
I'm never a bridesmaid, I'm always the 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 a 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 sanatorium
And yelled for drinks in my emporium
I mixed one drink, he's in memoriam
To keep my love alive
Sir Francis was a singing bird, a nightingale was he
I tossed him off my balcony to see if he could fly flee
Sir Athelstane 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
Had to do it, aha
Right now