

# Charlotte Church, The Laughing Song

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 gorgeous, 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  
Ahhhhhaaaaahhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh  
Ahhhhhaaaaahhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh  
Ahhhhhaaaa  
ahhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh Ahhhhhhhhhh  
aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh