

# Ray Charles, I Blush

All court conversation  
To my observation  
Is naughty  
And woefully pert;  
With joy unabating  
The ladies-in-waiting  
Are waiting  
To dish thee the dirt;  
Such talk never charms me,  
In sooth, it alarms me  
When told by a hoyden or a valet.  
Mere greetings and glances  
Rouse talk of romances;  
Each kiss is a study in scarlet.

Oh dear, when there's scandal about the court,  
I blush!  
Oh dear, at the naughtiness they report,  
I blush!  
Things they say sound very queer to me,  
What they mean is never clear to me,  
But it can't be very nice  
The way they hush;  
I blush!  
Such sights are not fit for a maiden's view.  
I blush!  
Oh, dear, I know just what I ought to do,  
I blush!  
But you see,  
I can't condemn a tale  
If its end I do not know.  
Oh dear, I blush!  
But I love it so!

Oh dear, but the Queen carries on a bit;  
I blush!  
Oh, dear, though I breathe not a word of it,  
I blush!  
Launcelot loveth her beauty well;  
As a knight, he doth his duty well;  
On the throne, they get so very warm,  
They burn the plush.  
I blush!  
Arthur is a rather unwary King;  
I blush!  
The Queen made Launcelot honorary King;  
I blush!  
To be sure,  
It's none of my concern  
If he kissed her once or twice.  
Oh dear, I blush!  
But it's rather nice!

Tristan told his heart to Isolde in song;  
I blush!  
Oh dear, but the song was six hours long;  
I blush!  
What they did was wrong beyond a doubt  
If it took so long to sing about;  
And the thought can make my lily  
Cheek to flush.  
I blush!  
Oh dear, how they yodeled of love and death;  
I blush!

They died not from love but from lack of breath;  
I blush!  
That it was  
A proper way to die  
It is, silly to pretend.  
I blush, but oh dear,  
What a lovely end!