

## **Church Charlotte**

### **"The Laughing Song"**

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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 aaahhh

Ahhhhh aaaaahhhhhh aaaaahhhhhh

Ahhhhhaaaaahhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh

Ahhhhhaaaaahhhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh

Ahhhhhhaaaa

ahhhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh Ahhhhhhhhhhhh

aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

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