

## Charlotte Church "The Laughing Song"

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From "die fledermaus"

My dear marquis, why must you be,  
So loyal throughout your hours?  
When you stop and stare  
Take a lot more care  
And close this road to lies.

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,  
She'll polish to perfection.  
Such graces,  
Are the traces of her old elite.  
Such graces,  
Are the traces of her old elite.

I marvel how a man like you,  
Could fail to see my match burns for you.  
What a friendly, ha ha ha  
Situation, ha ha ha  
What a startling, ha ha ha  
Information, ha ha ha ha ha  
What a friendly, ha ha ha  
Situation, ha ha ha haaaa aaaa aaa aaaa  
Ahhhh aaahhhhhh  
Marquis I want to like you.

Proof as they say,  
Gave the game away.  
Quaint fold with closing grace.

If the head on you,  
Isn't much to you,  
Then who can't face thine face.

What evidence, small cafe meet, ha ha ha ha ha  
I sing at suarees at your feet.  
Bestowing my attention  
With lofty condescension.

Such graces,  
Are the traces of a pedigree.  
Such graces,  
Are the traces of a pedigree.

As want to you that I'm afraid  
Because you love a parliament.  
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  
Ahhhh aaaaahhhhhh aaaaahhhhhh  
Ahhhhhaaaaahhhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh  
Ahhhhhaaaaahhhhhhhaaaaahhhhhh  
Ahhhhhaaaa  
Ahhhhhaaaaahhhhhh ahhhhhhhhhh  
Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

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