

## Mighty Mighty Bosstones

### "Shall I Tell You What I Think Of You?"

Visit "[Shall I Tell You What I Think Of You?](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Your servant! Your servant!  
Indeed I'm not your servant --  
Although you give me less than servant's pay --  
I'm a free and independent employe  
[Pronounced "employay"... (sigh) employee.]

Because I'm a woman  
You think, like ev'ry woman  
I have to be a slave or concubine.  
You conceited, self-indulgent libertine!... (sigh)  
Libertine! [pronounced "liberteen"]

How I wished I called him that!  
Right to his face! Libertine!  
And while we're on the subject, sire,  
There are certain goings on around this place  
That I wish to tell you I do not admire:  
I do not like polygamy  
Or even moderate bigamy  
I realize  
That in your eyes  
That clearly makes a prig o' me.

But I am from a civilized land called Wales!  
Where men like you are locked in county jails!  
In your pursuit of pleasure, you  
Have mistresses who treasure you

They have no ken of other men  
Beside whom they can measure you

A flock of sheep and you're the only ram  
No wonder you're the wonder of Siam!

[Spoken] I'm rather glad I didn't say that...  
Not with the women right there... and the children

[Singing] The children, the children,  
I'll not forget the children,  
No matter where I go I'll always see  
Those little faces looking up at me...

At first, when I started to teach,  
They were shy and remained out of reach,  
But lately I've thought  
One or two have been caught  
By a word I have said  
Or a sentence I've read  
And I've heard an occasional question  
That implied, at least, a suggestion  
That the work I've been trying to do  
Was beginning to show with a few...

That Prince Chululongkorn  
Is very like his father.  
He's stubborn-but inquisitive and smart...  
I must leave this place before they break my heart  
I must leave this place before they break my heart!

Goodness! I had no idea it was so late.

Shall I tell you what I think of you?  
You're spoiled!  
You're a conscientious worker  
But you're spoiled.  
Giving credit where it's due  
There is much I like in you  
But it's also very true  
That you're spoiled!  
Everybody's always bowing to the King  
Everybody has to grovel to the King.  
By your Buddha you are blessed  
By your ladies you're caressed,  
But the one who loves you best is the King.

All that bowing and kow-towing  
To remind you of your royalty,  
I find a most disgusting exhibition.  
I wouldn't ask a Siamese cat  
To demonstrate his loyalty  
By taking this ridiculous position  
How would you like it if you were a man  
Playing the part of a toad.  
Crawling around on your elbows and knees.  
Eating the dust of the road!...

Toads! Toads! All of your people are toads!  
Yes, Your Majesty;  
No, Your Majesty.  
Tell us how low to go, Your Majesty;  
Make some more decrees, Your Majesty,  
Don't let us up off our knees, Your Majesty.

Give us a kick, if you please Your Majesty  
Give us a kick, if you would, Your Majesty  
Oh, That was good, Your Majesty!

Visit [Mighty Mighty Bosstones](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.