

Young Bleed

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

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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 your spoiled.
Giving credit where it's due
There is much I like in you
But it's also very true
That your 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!

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