

The King And I

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

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Your servant, your servant
Indeed, I'm not you servant
Although you give me less than servants pay
I'm a free and independent
"Employay", employee

Because I'm a woman
You think, like every woman
I have to be a slave or Concubine
You conceited, self indulgent
Libertine, "Liberteen"

How I wish 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 kept 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

I'm rather glad I didn't say that
Not with the women right there
And the children

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 was 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 gracious
Well 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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