

Ray Charles, I Blush

All court conversation
To my observation
Is naughty
And woefully pert;
With joy unabating
The ladies-in-waiting
Are waiting
To dish thee the dirt;
Such talk never charms me,
In sooth, it alarms me
When told by a hoyden or a valet.
Mere greetings and glances
Rouse talk of romances;
Each kiss is a study in scarlet.

Oh dear, when there's scandal about the court,
I blush!
Oh dear, at the naughtiness they report,
I blush!
Things they say sound very queer to me,
What they mean is never clear to me,
But it can't be very nice
The way they hush;
I blush!
Such sights are not fit for a maiden's view.
I blush!
Oh, dear, I know just what I ought to do,
I blush!
But you see,
I can't condemn a tale
If its end I do not know.
Oh dear, I blush!
But I love it so!

Oh dear, but the Queen carries on a bit;
I blush!
Oh, dear, though I breathe not a word of it,
I blush!
Launcelot loveth her beauty well;
As a knight, he doth his duty well;
On the throne, they get so very warm,
They burn the plush.
I blush!
Arthur is a rather unwary King;
I blush!
The Queen made Launcelot honorary King;
I blush!
To be sure,
It's none of my concern
If he kissed her once or twice.
Oh dear, I blush!
But it's rather nice!

Tristan told his heart to Isolde in song;
I blush!
Oh dear, but the song was six hours long;
I blush!
What they did was wrong beyond a doubt
If it took so long to sing about;
And the thought can make my lily
Cheek to flush.
I blush!
Oh dear, how they yodeled of love and death;
I blush!

They died not from love but from lack of breath;
I blush!
That it was
A proper way to die
It is, silly to pretend.
I blush, but oh dear,
What a lovely end!