

Ray Charles, On A Desert Island With Thee

[Galahad]

Come, sit thee near,
Place thyself upon my knee.
Make an end of thy fear,
For I love but thee in Camelot.

[Evelyn]

Oh, no not here,
Where observed by all we'll be.
Should thy father appear,
He would surely scold and damn a lot.

[Galahad]

Care not a jot.
Harken to my plot:
Soon we'll retreat to a sweet spot!

Oh, for a year
On a desert island with thee,
Out in the sheer middle of the sea.
We'll sing tra-la;
Wouldn't we be happy and gay,
With thy mama many miles away?
In the morning air,
Murmur a blessing;
First we'll eat,
Then we will dress.
If it's fair,
We'll be caressing,
If it rains,
We'll caress!
Who knows next year
What the population will be
Out in the middle of the sea?
Patter

[Evelyn]

I'll pack each little thing for thee.
What ten books shall I bring for thee?
We'll need some books to read.

[Galahad]

Thou needst not bring ten books along.
If thou wilt bring thy looks along,
'Twill be enough for me.
If the heat begins to swelter,
We won't have to fear the sun.
We will lie beneath a shelter
Only big enough for one. -
Let the prudish people quarrel-
We'll forget them for the nonce.
If they think our love immoral,
"Honi soit qui mal y pense."
I'll dress the way that Adam did.

[Evelyn]

And I the way his madam did.

[Galahad]

I'll see enough of thee!