

# Alan Menken, Topsy Turvy

Come one, come all  
Leave your looms and milking stools  
Coop the hens and pen the mules  
Come one, come all  
Close the churches and the schools  
It's the day for breaking rules  
Come and join the Feast of Fools  
Once a year we throw a party here in town  
Once a year we turn all Paris upside down  
Every man's a king and every king's a clown  
Once again it's Topsy Turvy Day  
It's the day the Devil in us gets released  
It's the day we mock the pig and shock the priest  
Everything is topsy turvy at the Feast of Fools  
(Topsy turvy)  
Everything is upsy-daisy  
(Topsy turvy)  
Everyone is acting crazy  
Dross is gold and weeds are a bouquet  
That's the way on Topsy Turvy Day  
(Topsy turvy)  
Beat the drums and blow the trumpets  
(Topsy turvy)  
Join the bums and thieves and strumpets  
Streaming in from Chartres to Calais  
Scurvy knaves are extra scurvy on the sixth of January  
All because it's Topsy Turvy Day  
Come one, come all  
Hurry, hurry, here's your chance  
See the mystery and romance  
Come one, come all  
See the finest girl in France  
Make an entrance to entrance  
Dance la Esmeralda, dance  
Here it is, the moment you've been waiting for  
Here it is, you know exactly what's in store  
Now's the time we laugh until our sides get sore  
Now's the time we crown the King of Fools  
So make a face that's horrible and frightening  
Make a face as gruesome as a gargoyle's wing  
For the face that's ugliest will be the King of Fools  
Why?  
(Topsy turvy)  
Ugly folks, forget your shyness  
(Topsy turvy)  
You could soon be called, "Your Highness"  
Put the foulest features on display  
Be the king of Topsy Turvy Day  
Everybody  
Once a year we throw a party, here in town  
(Hail to the king)  
Once a year we turn all Paris upside down  
(Oh, what a king!)  
Once a year the ugliest will wear a crown  
(Girls, give a kiss)  
Once a year on Topsy Turvy Day  
(We've never had a king like this)  
And it's the day we do the things that we deplore  
On the other three hundred and sixty-four  
Once a year we love to drop in, where the beer is never stoppin'  
For the chance to pop some popinjay  
And pick a king who'll put the top in Topsy Turvy Day  
Topsy turvy, mad and crazy, upsy-daisy, Topsy Turvy Day