

# Christy Lauren, The Night I Saved Peter Ustinov

I was walking barefoot on St. Paul's bridge  
When I saw a man talking to God  
He was round and handsome  
Anachronistically  
A little odd  
I overheard his conversation  
He said, "I can't live in a world devoid of love."  
And the voice, the voice was so familiar  
It was the voice of Peter Ustinov  
"Peter," I whispered from the shadows  
"We've all been damaged by the 20th century  
A man like you can talk to God  
But can you spare a word for me?  
For I have loved you since the time  
I saw you in 'The Mouse that Roared'."  
"That was Peter Sellers, my dear.  
Go away," he implored  
Chorus:  
"See, I used to be Ustinov  
But used to's no good enough for me  
See, I used to be Ustinov  
But used to's not good enough for me."  
The I blurted out "Quo Vadis"  
"Topkapi," ooh yeah "Evil Under The Sun."  
He waved his hand, "It's too late for that.  
As you said, the damage has been done."  
Then he lifted his body up  
To throw himself to a watery grave  
"Peter," I yelled  
"What about 'Billy Budd'  
The innocent no one could save?"  
(Repeat chorus)  
"So tell me what you're dying for  
Have you been so disrespected?"  
He winked at me and said, "Billy Budd."  
I wrote, starred, and directed.  
Then he bowed and kissed my hand  
And said, "What was I thinking of?"  
And walked away into the night  
The night I saved Peter Ustinov  
"You used to be Ustinov  
But used to's still good enough for me  
You used to be Ustinov  
But used to's still good enough for me."