

Helena Bonham Carter, The worst pies in London

[Mrs. Lovett]

(whispered)

Ah! A customer!

(sung)

Wait! what's your rush? what's your hurry?

You gave me such a fright, I thought you was a ghost

Half a minute can't you sit, sit you down, sit!

All i meant is that i haven't seen a customer for weeks

Did you come in for a pie sir?

Do forgive me if my head's a little vague

What was that?

But you'd think we had the plague.

From the way that people

keep avoiding!

No you don't!

Heaven knows I try, sir!

But there's no one comes in even to inhale!

Right you are, sir, would you like a drop of ale?

Mind you I can hardly blame them!

These are probably the worst pies in London.

I know why nobody cares to take them!

I should know!

I make them!

But good? No...

The worst pies in London...

Even that's polite! The worst pies in London!

If you doubt it take a bite!

Is that just disgusting?

You have to concede it!

It's nothing but crusting!

Here drink this, you'll need it.

The worst pies in London

And no wonder with the price of meat

what it is

when you get it.

Never thought I'd live to see the day.

Men'd think it was a treat

findin' poor

animals

what are dyin' in the street.

Mrs. Mooney has a pie shop.

Does a business, but I notice something weird.

Lately, all her neighbors cats have disappeared.

Have to hand it to her!

What a course,

enterprise!

Poppin' pussies into pies!

Wouldn't do in my shop!

Just the thought of it's enough to make you sick!

And I'm telling you them pussycats is quick.

No denying times is hard, sir!

Even harder than the worst pies in London.

Only lard and nothing more -

Is that just revolting?

All greasy and gritty?

It looks like it's molting!

And tastes like... well, pity.

A woman alone... with limited wind

And the worst pies in London!

Ah, sir!

Times is hard.

Times is hard.