

Sarah Brightman, Maison Des Lunes

There's a danger I'll be thwarted
And denied my honeymoon
For the pretty thing I've courted
Refuse to swoon
So, the time has come for a murky plan
For which I turn to a murky man
To find that feind
Where better than
The Maison des Lunes?
I don't take this girl for granted
There's no path I haven't hewn
To her heart; no seed unplanted
No flowers unstrewn
But quite amazing to relate
She doesn't want me for her mate
Which forces him to contemplate
The Maison des Lunes
Monsieur
I don't wish to seem a tad obtuse
But I don't see how I can be of use
For I lock people up; I'm not a "Lonely Heart's club";
I'm a cold, cold fish
I've a nasty, vicious streak
Please speak!
It's Belle's father who's your client
She adores the old buffoon
She'll be forced to be complaint
She'll dance to your tune
We get the daughter through her dad
You just pronounce the old boy mad
And, whoosh! He's slammed up in your pad--
LeFou,
The Maison des Lunes
Do I make myself entirely clear?
It's the simplest deal of my whole foul career!
Put Maurice away and she'll be here in moments
In a dreadful state
She'll capitulate to me!
I'll be strapping up an inmate
Very tightly
Very soon
But please don't bring him late
Our check-in time's noon!
LeFou,
So, wave one bachelor goodbye
She'll be my bride
She'd rather die
Than have her daddy ossify?
In my sordid saloon
So book the church; raise the glasses high
To the Maison des Lunes!