

# 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!