

Sweeney Todd (musical), Ladies in their sensitivities

Excuse me, my lord,
May I request, my lord,
Permission, my lord, to speak?
Forgive me if I suggest, my lord,
You're looking less than your best, my lord,
There's powder upon your vest, my lord.
And stubble upon your cheek,
And ladies, my lord, are weak.
Fret not though, my lord,
I know a place, my lord,
A barber, my lord, of skill.
Thus armed with a shaven face, my lord,
Some eau de cologne to brace, my lord
And musk to enhance the chase, my lord,
You'll dazzle the girl until she bows to your every will.