

# Sweeney Todd (musical), Pretty woman

You see, sir, a man infatuate with love,  
her ardent and eager slave.

So fetch the pomade and pumice stone  
and lend me a more seductive tone,  
a sprinkling perhaps of French cologne,  
But first, sir, I think - a shave.

The closest I ever gave.

- You're in a merry mood today, Mr. Todd.

'Tis your delight, sir, catching fire  
from one man to the next.

'Tis true, sir, love can still inspire  
the blood to pound,  
the heart leap higher.

What more, what more can man require-  
Than love, sir?

More than love, sir.

What, sir?

Women.

Ah yes, women.

Pretty women.

Now then, my friend.

Now to your purpose.

Patience, enjoy it.

Revenge can't be taken in haste.

- Make haste, and if we wed, you'll be commended, sir.

My lord...

And who, may it be said, is your intended, sir?

- My ward. And pretty as a rosebud.

Pretty as her mother?

- What?

Oh, nothing, sir. Nothing.

Pretty women...

Fascinating...

Sipping coffee,

Dancing...

Pretty women

are a wonder.

Pretty women.

Sitting in the window or

standing on the stair,

Something in them

cheers the air.

Pretty women...

Silhouetted...

Stay within you...

Glancing...

Stay forever...

Breathing lightly...

Pretty women...

Pretty women!

Blowing out their candles or

combing out their hair...

Then they leave...

Even when they leave you and vanish,

they somehow

can still remain

there with you,

they're there.

Ah, pretty women...

At their mirrors...

In their gardens...

Letter-writing...

Flower-picking...

Weather-watching...

How they make a man sing!  
Proof of heaven  
as you're living-  
Pretty women, so!  
Pretty women, yes!  
Pretty women, sir!  
Pretty women!  
Pretty women!