

Alan Menken, Out There

The world is cruel, the world is wicked
It's I alone whom you can trust in this whole city
I am your only friend
I who keep you, teach you, feed you, dress you
I who look upon you without fear
How can I protect you, boy, unless you
Always stay in here, away in here
Remember what I've taught you, Quasimodo
You are deformed, I am deformed
And you are ugly, and I am ugly
And these are crimes for which the world shows little pity
You do not comprehend, you are my one defender
Out there they'll revile you as a monster
I am a monster out there they will hate
And scorn and jeer, only a monster
Why invite their calumny and consternation?
Stay in here
Be faithful to me, I'm faithful
Grateful to me, I'm grateful
Do as I say, obey
And stay in here
Safe behind these windows and these parapets of stone
Gazing at the people down below me
All my life I watch them as I hide up here alone
Hungry for the histories they'd shown me
All my life I memorize their faces
Knowing them as they will never know me
All my life I wonder how it feels to pass a day
Not above them but part of them
And out there living in the sun
Give me one day out there
All I ask is one to hold forever
Out there where they all live unaware
What I'd give, what I'd dare
Just to live one day out there
Out there among the millers and the weavers and their wives
Through the roofs and gables I can see them
Every day they shout and scold and go about their lives
Heedless of the gift it is to be them
If I was in their skin, I'd treasure every instant
Out there strolling by the Seine
Taste a morning out there like ordinary men
Who freely walk about there just one day and then
I swear I'll be content with my share
Won't resent, won't despair, old and bent I won't care
I'll have spent one day out there