

# Alan Menken, Poor Unfortunate Souls

The only way to get what you want is to become a human yourself  
Can you do that? My dear, sweet child, that's what I do  
It's what I live for, to help unfortunate merfolk like yourself  
Poor souls with no one else to turn to  
I admit that in the past I've been a nasty  
They weren't kidding when they called me, well, a witch  
But you'll find that nowadays I've mended all my ways  
Repented, seen the light and made a switch, true? Yes  
And I fortunately know a little magic  
It's a talent that I always have possessed  
And here lately, please don't laugh  
I use it on behalf of the miserable, lonely and depressed, pathetic  
Poor unfortunate souls in pain, in need  
This one longing to be thinner  
That one wants to get the girl  
And do I help them? Yes, indeed  
Those poor unfortunate souls, so sad, so true  
They come flocking to my cauldron  
Crying, "Spells, Ursula please!"  
And I help them? Yes, I do  
Now it's happened once or twice someone couldn't pay the price  
And I'm afraid, I had to rake 'em 'cross the coals  
Yes, I've had the odd complaint but on the whole I've been a saint  
To those poor unfortunate souls  
Have we got a deal?  
If I become human, I'll never be with my father or sisters again  
But you'll have your man, life's full of tough choices, [Incomprehensible]?  
Oh, and there is one more thing  
We haven't discussed the subject of payment  
But I don't have any, I'm not asking much  
Just a token, really, a trifle, what I want from you is your voice  
But without my voice, how can I?  
You'll have your looks, your pretty face  
And don't underestimate the importance of body language, ha  
The men up there don't like a lot of blabber  
They think a girl who gossips is a bore  
Yes, on land it's much preferred for ladies not to say a word  
And after all, dear, what is idle prattle for?  
Come on, they're not all that impressed with conversation  
True gentlemen avoid it when they can  
But they dote and swoon and fawn on a lady who's withdrawn  
It's she who holds her tongue who gets her man  
Come on, you poor unfortunate soul  
Go ahead, make your choice  
I'm a very busy woman  
And I haven't got all day  
It won't cost much, just your voice  
You poor unfortunate soul, it's sad but true  
If you want to cross a bridge, my sweet  
You've got to pay the toll  
Take a gulp and take a breath  
And go ahead and sign the scroll  
Flotsam, Jetsam, now I've got her, boys  
The boss is on a roll, this poor unfortunate soul  
Beluga, Sevruga, come winds of the Caspian Sea  
Now rings us glossitis and maxlarnygitis, La Voce to me  
Now Sing  
Keep singing