

Andrew Lloyd Webber, Oh What A Circus

Salve regina mater misericordiae
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra
Salve salve regina
Ad te clamamus exules filii Eva
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes
O clemens o pia
Oh what a circus, oh what a show.
Argentina has gone to town.
Over the death of an actress called Eva Perron.
We've all gone crazy: mourning all day and mourning all night
Falling over ourselves to get all of the misery right.
Oh what an exit that's how to go.
When they're ringing your curtain down.
Demand to be buried like Eva Perron
It's quite a sunset and good for the country in aroundabout way
We've made the front page of all the world's papers to day
But who is this Santa Evita?
Why all this howling hysterical sorrow?
What kind of goddess has lived among us?
How will we ever get by without her?
Salve etc.
She had her moments she had some style.
The best show in town was the crowd.
Outside Casa Rosade crying "Eva Perron"
But that's all gone now and soon as the smoke from the funeral clears
we're all gone see and how she did nothing for years.
You let down your people Evita,
you were supposed to have been immortal,
that's all they wanted not much to ask for but in the end
you could not deliver
Salve etc.
(while the chorus sings Salve the main singer sings the following three lines)
Oh what a circus
Oh what a show
You let down your people, your people Evita Evita Evita Evita.
Salve etc.