

Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice, The Last Supper

Look at all my trials and tribulations
Sinking in a gentle pool of wine
Don't disturb me now, I can see the answers
Till this evening is this morning, life is fine
Always hoped that I'd be an Apostle
Knew that I would make it if I tried
Then when we retire we can write the Gospels
So they'll all still talk about us when we've died
The end is just a little too harder
When brought about by friends
For all you care this wine could be my blood
For all you care this bread could be my body
The end! This is my blood you drink
This is my body you eat
If you would remember me
When you eat and drink
I must be mad thinking I'll be remembered
Yes, I must be out of my head
Look at your blank faces! My name will mean nothing
Ten minutes after I'm dead
One of you denies me, one of you betrays me
Peter will deny me in just a few hours
Three times will deny me and that's not all I see
One of you here dining, one of my twelve chosen
Will leave to betray me
Cut out the dramatics! You know very well who
Why don't you go do it?
You want me to do it!
Hurry, they are waiting
If you knew why I do it
I don't care why you do it
To think I admired you
For now I despise you
You liar, you Judas
You wanted me to do it
What if I just stayed here
And ruined your ambition
Christ You deserve it
Hurry you fool, hurry and go
Save me your speeches
I don't want to know, go! Go!
Look at all my trials and tribulations
Sinking in a gentle pool of wine
What's that in the bread it's gone to my head
Till this morning is this evening, life is fine
Always hoped that I'd be an Apostle
Knew that I would make it if I tried
Then when we retire, we can write the Gospels
So they'll all talk about us when we've died
You sad pathetic man, see where you've brought us to
Our ideals die around us and all because of you
But now the saddest cut of all, someone has to turn you in
Like a common criminal, like a wounded animal
Jaded mandarin, a jaded mandarin
Like a jaded, faded, faded, jaded, jaded mandarin
Get out! They're waiting! Get out! They're waiting!
Oh! They're waiting for you!
Everytime I look at you I don't understand
Why you let the things you did get so out of hand
You don't managed better if you'd had it planned, oh
Look at all my trials and tribulations
Sinking in a gentle pool of wine
Don't disturb me now, I can see the answers
Till this evening is this morning, life is fine

Always hoped that I'd be an Apostle
Knew that I would make it if I tried
Then when we retire we can write the Gospels
So they'll still talk about us when we've died
Will no one stay awake with me?
Peter? John? James?
Will none of you wait with me?
Peter? John? James?