

# Angela Lansbury, The Worst Pies In London

Wait, where's your rush? Where's your hurry?  
You gave me such a fright  
I thought you was a ghost  
Have a minute, can't you sit, sit you down, sit  
All I meant is that I haven't seen a customer in weeks  
Did you come in for a pie, sir?  
Do forgive me if me head's a little vague  
What was that?  
But you'd think we had the plague  
By the way the people keep avoiding  
No you don't, heaven knows I try, sir  
But there's no one even comes in to inhale  
Right you was, would you like a drop of Ale?  
Mind you, I can hardly blame them  
These are probably the worst pies in London  
I know why nobody cares to take them  
I should know, I make 'em  
The worst pies in London, even that's polite  
The worst pies in London  
If you dare to take a bite  
Is that just disgusting?  
You'll have to concede it  
It's nothing but crusting  
Her drink this, you'll need it  
The worst pies in London  
And no wonder with the price of meat  
What it is, when you get it  
Never thought I'd live to see the day  
Men'd think it was a trick, finding poor animals  
What are dying in the street  
Mrs. Mooney has a pie shop  
Does her business but I noticed something weird  
Lately all her neighbors cats have disappeared  
Have to hand it to her, what I calls enterprise  
Poppin' pussys into pies  
Wouldn't do in my shop  
Just the thought of it's enough to make you sick  
And I'm tellin' you them pussy cats is quick  
No denying times is hard, sir  
Even harder then the worst pies in London  
Only lard and nothing more  
Is that just revolting?  
All greasy and gritty  
It looks like it's molting  
And tastes like  
Well pity a woman alone  
With limited wind and the worst pies in London  
Ah, sir  
Times is hard  
Times is hard