

Sarah Brightman, Belle

Little town
It's a quiet village
Ev'ry day
Like the one before
Little town Full of little people
Waking up to say
Bonjour! Bonjour! Bonjour! Bonjour! Bonjour!
There goes the baker with his tray, like always
The same old bread and rolls to sell
Ev'ry morning just the same
Since the morning that we came
To this poor provincial town
Look there she goes that girl is strange, no question
Dazed and distracted, can't you tell?
Never part of any crowd
'Cause her head's up on some cloud
No denying she's a funny girl that Belle
Oh, isn't this amazing?
It's my fav'rite part because you'll see
Here's where she meets Prince Charming
But she won't discover that it's him 'til chapter three
Now it's no wonder that her name means "beauty"
Her looks have got no parallel
But behind that fair facade
I'm afraid she's rather odd
Very diff'rent from the rest of us
She's nothing like the rest of us
Yes, diff'rent from the rest of us is Belle!