

Sweeney Todd (musical), Poor Thing

There was a barber and his wife,
and he was beautiful,
a proper artist with a knife,
but they transported him for life.
And he was beautiful...
Barker, his name was - Benjamin Barker.
He had this wife, you see,
pretty little thing,
silly little nit.
Had her chance for the moon on a string-
Poor thing.
Poor thing.
There was this Judge, you see,
wanted her like mad.
Every day hed send her a flower,
but did she come down from her tower?
Sat up there and sobbed by the hour, poor fool.
Ah, but there was worse yet to come, poor thing.
The Beadle calls on her, all polite,
poor thing, poor thing.
The Judge, he tells her, is all controlled,
he blames himself for her dreadful plight
She must come straight to his house tonight!
Poor thing, poor thing.
Of course, when she goes there,
poor thing, poor thing,
they're having this ball all in masks.
There's no one she knows there,
poor dear, poor thing.
She wanders tormented, and drinks,
poor thing.
The Judge has repented, she thinks,
poor thing.
Oh, where is Judge Turpin? - She asks.
He was there, all right-
Only not so contrite!
She wasnt no match for such craft, you see,
And everyone thought it so droll.
They figured she had to be daft, you see,
So all of em stood there and laughed, you see,
Poor soul!
Poor thing!