

Food, Glorious Food

Is it worth the waiting for?
If we live 'til eighty four
All we ever get is gru...el!
Ev'ry day we say our prayer --
Will they change the bill of fare?
Still we get the same old gru...el!
There's not a crust, not a crumb can we find,
Can we beg, can we borrow, or cadge,
But there's nothing to stop us from getting a thrill
When we all close our eyes and imag...ine

Food, glorious food!
Hot sausage and mustard!
While we're in the mood --
Cold jelly and custard!
Pease pudding and saveloy!
What next is the question?
Rich gentlemen have it, boys --
In-di-gestion!

Food, glorious food!
We're anxious to try it.
Three banquets a day --
Our favourite diet!

Just picture a great big steak --
Fried, roasted or stewed.
Oh, food,
Wonderful food,
Marvellous food,
Glorious food.

Food, glorious food!
What is ther emore handsome?
Gulped, swallowed or chewed --
Still worth a kin's ransom.
What is it we dream about?
What brings on a sigh?
Piled peaches and cream, about
Six feet high!

Food, glorious food!
Eat right through the menu.
Just loosen your belt
Two inches and then you
Work up a new appetite.
In this interlude --
The food,
Once again, food
Fabulous food,
Glorious food.

Food, glorious food!
Don't care what it looks like --

Burned!
Underdone!
Crude!
Don't care what the cook's like.
Just thinking of growing fat --
Our senses go reeling
One moment of knowing that
Full-up feeling!

Food, glorious food!
What wouldn't we give for
That extra bit more --
That's all that we live for
Why should we be fated to
Do nothing but brood
On food,
Magical food,
Wonderful food,
Marvellous food,
Fabulous food,
Beautiful food,

Glorious food

Oliver

Oliver, Oliver Never before has a boy wanted more
Oliver, Oliver Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store
There's a dark, thin winding stairway without any banistair
Which we'll throw him down and feed him the cockroaches served in a canister
Oliver, Oliver What will he do when he's turned black and blue
He will rue the day somebody named him Ol-i-ver
Oliver, Oliver Never before has a boy wanted more
Oliver, Oliver Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store
There's a dark, thin winding stairway without any banistair
Which we'll throw him down and feed him the cockroaches served in a canister
Oliver, Oliver What heavens pray will the govenors say
They will lay the blame on the one who named him
Ol-i-ver

Boy For Sale

One boy,
Boy for sale.
He's going cheap.
Only seven guineas.
That -- or thereabouts.

Small boy...
Rather pale...
Through lack of sleep.
Feed him gruel dinners.
Stop him getting stout.

If I should say he wasn't very greedy...
I could not, I'd be telling you a tale.

One boy,
Boy for sale.
Come take a peep.
Have you ever seen as
Nice
A boy
For sale.

Where is love?

Where is love?
Does it fall from skies above?
Is it underneath the willow tree
That I've been dreaming of?

Where is she
Who I close my eyes to see?
Will I ever know the sweet hello
That's meant for only me?

Who can say where she may hide?
Must I travel far and wide?
'Til I am beside the someone who
I can mean something to
Where, where is love?

Who can say where she may hide?
Must I travel far and wide?
'Til I am beside the someone who
I can mean something to
Where, where is love?

Consider Yourself

Consider yourself at home
Consider yourself one of the family
I've taken to you so strong
It's clear we're going to get along

Consider yourself well in
Consider yourself part of the furniture
There isn't a lot to spare
Who cares? Whatever we've got, we share

If it's your chance to be
We should see some harder days
Empty larder days
Why grouse?
Always a chance we'll meet somebody to foot the bill
Then the drinks are on the house

Consider yourself our mate
We don't want to have no fuss
For, after some consideration, we can state
Consider yourself one of us

Consider yourself at home
Consider yourself one of the family
We've taken to you so strong
It's clear we're going to get along

Consider yourself well in
Consider yourself part of the furniture
There isn't a lot to spare
Who cares? Whatever we got, we share

Nobody tries to be la-di-da and uppity
There's a cup of tea for all
Only it's wise to be handy with a rolling pin
When the landlord comes to call

Break

Consider yourself at home
Consider yourself one of the family
We've taken to you so strong
It's clear we're going to get along

Consider yourself well in
Consider yourself part of the furniture

There isn't a lot to spare
Who cares? Whatever we've got, we share

If it's your chance to be
We should see some harder days
Empty larder days
Why grouse?
Always a chance we'll meet somebody to foot the bill
Then the drinks are on the house

Consider yourself our mate
We don't want to have no fuss
For, after some consideration, we can state
Consider yourself one of us

Cut 3:04

I'd Do Anything

I'll do anything
For you dear anything
For you mean everything to me
I know that
I'll go anywhere
For your smile, anywhere --
For your smile, everywhere -- I'd see

Would you climb a hill?
Anything!
Wear a daffodil?
Anything!
Leave me all your will?
Anything!
Even fight my Bill?
What? Fisticuffs?

I'd risk everything
For one kiss -- everything
Yes, I'd do anything...
Anything?!
Anything for you!!

I'll do anything
For you dear, anything
For you mean everything to me
I know that
I'd go anywhere
For your smile, anywhere --
For your smile, everywhere, I'd see

Would you lace my shoe?
Anything!
Paint your face bright blue?
Anything!
Catch a kangaroo?
Anything!
Go to Timbuktu?
And back again!

I'd risk everything
For one kiss -- everything --

Yes, I'd do anything
Anything?!
Anything for you!!

Would you rob a shop?
Anything!
Would you risk the "drop"?
Anything!
Tho' your eyes go, 'pop'
Anything!
When you come down 'plop'
Hang everything!
We'd risk life and limb
To keep you in the swim
Yes, we'd do anything...
Anything?!
Anything for you

Pick A Pocket Or Two

In this life, one thing counts
In the bank, large amounts
I'm afraid these don't grow on trees,
You've got to pick-a-pocket or two

You've got to pick-a-pocket or two, boys,
You've got to pick-a-pocket or two.

Large amounts don't grow on trees.
You've got to pick-a-pocket or two.

Why should we break our backs
Stupidly paying tax?
Better get some untaxed income
Better to pick-a-pocket or two.

You've got to pick-a-pocket or two, boys
You've got to pick-a-pocket or two.

Why should we all break our backs?
Better pick-a-pocket or two.

Robin Hood, what a crook!
Gave away, what he took.
Charity's fine, subscribe to mine.
Get out and pick-a-pocket or two

You've got to pick-a-pocket or two, boys
You've got to pick-a-pocket or two.

Robin Hood was far too good
He had to pick-a-pocket or two.

Take a tip from Bill Sikes
He can whip what he likes.
I recall, he started small
He had to pick-a-pocket or two.

You've got to pick-a-pocket or two, boys
You've got to pick-a-pocket or two.

We can be like old Bill Sikes
If we pick-a-pocket or two.

Dear old gent passing by
Something nice takes his eye

Everything's clear, attack the rear
Get in and pick-a-pocket or two.

You've got to pick-a-pocket or two, boys
You've got to pick-a-pocket or two.

Have no fear, attack the rear
Get in and pick-a-pocket or two.

When I see someone rich,
Both my thumbs start to itch
Only to find some peace of mind
We have to pick-a-pocket or two.

You've got to pick-a-pocket or two, boys
You've got to pick-a-pocket or two.

Just to find some peace of mind

We have to pick-a-pocket or two!

It's a fine life

Small pleasures, small pleasures
Who would deny us these? (Not me)
Gin toddies, large measures
No skimpin' if you please
I rough it
I love it
Life is a game of chance
I never tire of it
Leading this merry dance

If you don't mind having to go without things
It's a fine life (fine life)
Tho' it ain't all jolly old pleasure outings
It's a fine life (fine life)

When you got someone to love
You'd forget your cares and strife
Let the prudes look down on us
Let the wide world frown on us
It's a fine fine life

Break

Who cares if straightlaced sneer at us in the street?
A fine air and fine graces don't have to sin to eat
We wander through London
Who knows what we many find?
There's pockets left undone
On many a behind

If you don't mind taking it as it turns out
It's a fine life (fine life)
Keep the candle burning until it burns out
It's a fine life (fine life)

Though you sometimes do come by
The occasional black eye
You can always cover one
While he blacks the other one
But you don't dare cry

Be Back Soon

You can go,
But be back soon
You can go,
But while you're working
This place,
I'm pacing round...
Until you're home,
...Safe and sound

Fare thee well,
But be back soon
Who can tell
Where danger's lurking?
Do not forget this tune
Be back soon

How could we forget
How could we let
Our dear old Fagin worry?
We love him so
We'll come back home
In, oh, such a great big
Hurry

It's him that pays the piper
It's us that pipes his tune
So long, fare thee well
Pip! Pip! Cheerio!
We'll be back soon

You can go
But be back soon
You can go,
But bring back plenty
Of pocket handkerchiefs
And you should be clever thieves

Whip it quick,
And be back soon
There's a sixpence here for twenty

Ain't that a lovely tune?

Be back soon

Our pockets'll hold

A watch of gold

That chimes upon the hour

A wallet fat

An old man's hat

The crown jewels from the tower

We know

The Bow Street Runners,

But they don't know this tune

So long, fare thee well

Pip! Pip! Cheerio!

We'll be back soon

Cheerio, but be back soon

I dunno, somehow I'll miss you

I love you, that why I

Say, "Cheerio"...

Not goodbye

Don't be gone long

Be back soon

Give me one long,

Last look...

Bless you

Remember our old tune...

Be back soon!

We must disappear,

We'll be back here,

Today...

...Perhaps tomorrow

We'll miss you too

It's sad but true

That parting is such sweet sorrow

And when we're in the distance
You'll hear this
Whispered tune...
So long, fare thee well
Pip! Pip! Cheerio!
We'll be back soon

Cheerio, but be back soon
I dunno, somehow I'll miss you
I love you, that why I
Say, "Cheerio"...
Not goodbye
Don't be gone long
Be back soon
Give me one long,
Last look...
Bless you
Remember our old tune...
Be back soon!

And when we're in the distance
You'll hear this
Whispered tune...
So long, fare thee well
Pip! Pip! Cheerio!
We'll be back soon
So long, fare thee well
Pip! Pip! Cheerio!
We'll be back soon
So long, fare thee well
Pip! Pip! Cheerio!
We'll be back soon

Who Will Buy

Who will buy this wonderful morning?

Such a sky you never did see!

Who will tie it up with a ribbon

And put it in a box for me?

So I can see it at my leisure

Whenever things go wrong,

And I would keep it as a treasure

To last my whole life long.

Who will buy this wonderful feeling?

I'm so high I swear I could fly.

Me, oh my! I don't want to lose it

So what am I to do to keep the sky so blue?

There must be someone who will buy.

Who will buy this wonderful morning?

Such a sky you never did see!

Who will tie it up with a ribbon

And put it in a box for me?

There'll never be a day so sunny,

It could not happen twice.

Where is the man with all the money?

It's cheap at half the price!

Who will buy this wonderful feeling?

I'm so high I swear I could fly.

Me, oh my! I don't want to lose it

So what am I to do

To keep the sky so blue?

There must be someone who will buy. Who will buy!

Oom Pah Pah

There's a little ditty
They're singin' in the city
Especially when they've been on the gin or the beer
If you've got the patience
Your own imaginations
Will tell you just exactly what you want to hear

Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah
That's how it goes
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah
Everyone knows
They all suppose what they want to suppose
When they hear oom-pah-pah

Mr. Percy Snodgrass
Would often have the odd glass
But never when he thought anybody could see
Secretly he'd buy it
An' drink it on the quiet
And dream he was an earl
With a girl on each knee

Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah
That's how it goes
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah
Everyone knows
What is the cause of his red shiny nose?
Could it be oom-pah-pah?

Pretty little Sally
Goes walking down the alley
Displays a pretty ankle
To all of the men
They could see her garters
But not for free and gratis
An inch or two and then
She knows when to say when!

Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah
That's how it goes
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah
Everyone knows
Whether it's hidden
Or whether it shows
It's the same, oom-pah-pah

There's a little ditty
They're singin' in the city
Especially when they've been on the gin or the beer
If you've got the patience
Your own imaginations
Will tell you just exactly what you want to hear

Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah
That's how it goes
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah
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They all suppose what they want to suppose
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That's how it goes
Oom-pah-pah, oom-pah-pah
Everyone knows
They all suppose what they want to suppose
When they hear oom-pah-pah

As Long As He Needs Me

As long as he needs me
Oh, yes, he does need me
In spite of what you see
I'm sure that he needs me
Who else would love him still
When they've been used so ill?
He knows I always will
As long as he needs me
I miss him so much when he is gone
But when he's near me
I don't let on
The way I feel inside
The love I have to hide
The hell! I've got my pride
As long as he needs me
He doesn't say the things he should
He acts the way he thinks he should
But all the same
I'll play this game
His way...
As long as he needs me
I know where I must be
I'll cling on steadfastly
As long as he needs me
As long as life is long
I'll love him, right or wrong
And somehow I'll be strong
As long as he needs me

If you are lonely then you will know
When someone needs you, you love them so

I won't betray his trust
Though people say I must
I've got to stay true just
As long as he needs me

Reviewing The Situation

A man's got a heart, hasn't he?
Joking apart, hasn't he?
And tho' I'd be the first one to say that I wasn't a saint
I'm finding it hard to be really as black as they paint

I'm reviewing the situation
Can a fellow be a villain all his life?
All the trials and tribulations!
Better settle down and get myself a wife.
And a wife would cook and sew for me,
And come for me, and go for me,
And go for me, and nag at me,
The fingers, she will wag at me.
The money she will take me.
A misery, she'll make from me...

I think I'd better thing it out again!

A wife you can keep, anyway
I'd rather sleep, anyway.
Left without anyone in the world,
And I'm starting from now
So "how to win friends and to influence people"
So how?

I'm reviewing the situation,
I must quickly look up ev'ryone I know.
Titled people -- with a station
Who can help me make a real impressive show!
I will own a suite at Claridges,
And run a fleet of carriages,
And wave at all the duchesses
With friendliness, as much as is
Befitting of my new estate...

"Good morrow to you, magistrate!"

I think I'd better think it out again.

So where shall I go -- somebody?
Who do I know? Nobody!
All my dearest companions
Have always been villains and thieves...
So at my time of life
I should start turning over new leaves?

I'm reviewing the situation.
If you want to eat -- you've got to earn a bob!
Is it such a humiliation
For a robber to perform an honest job?
So a job I'm getting, possibly,
I wonder who my boss'll be?
I wonder if he'll take to me...?
What bonuses he'll make to me...?
I'll start at eight and finish late,
At normal rate, and all.but wait!

I think I'd better think it out again.

Hey!