

## **Andrew Lloyd Webber**

# **"Notes / Twisted Every Way"**

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ANDRE:

Ludicrous!

Have you seen the score?

FIRMIN:

Simply ludicrous!

ANDRE:

It's the final straw!

FIRMIN:

This is lunacy!

Well, you know my views

ANDRE:

...Utter lunacy!

FIRMIN:

But we daren't refuse ...

ANDRE:

Not another

chandelier

FIRMIN:

...Look, my friend, what

we have here ...

ANDRE:

"Dear Andre,

Re my orchestrations:

We need another first bassoon.

Get a player with tone -

and that third trombone

has to go!

The man could not be deafer,

so please preferably one

who plays in tune!"

FIRMIN:

"Dear Firmin,

vis a vis my opera:

some chorus-members must be sacked.  
If you could, find out which  
has a sense of pitch -  
wisely, though,  
I've managed to assign a  
rather minor role to those  
who cannot act!"

CARLOTTA:  
Outrage!

FIRMIN:  
What is it now?

CARLOTTA:  
This whole affair is  
an outrage!

ANDRE:  
Now what's the matter?

CARLOTTA:  
Have you seen  
the size of my part?

ANDRE:  
Signora, listen ...

PIANGI:  
It's an insult!

FIRMIN:  
Not you as well!

PIANGI:  
Just look at this -  
it's an insult!

FIRMIN:  
Please, understand ...

ANDRE:  
Signor! Signora!

CARLOTTA:  
The things I have  
to do for my art!

PIANGI:  
If you can call  
this gibberish "art" !

CARLOTTA:  
Ah! Here's our little flower!

FIRMIN:  
Ah Miss Daae,  
quite the lady  
of the hour!

ANDRE:  
You have  
secured the largest role  
in this "Don Juan".

CARLOTTA:  
Christine Daae?  
She doesn't have  
the voice!

FIRMIN:  
Signora, please!

RAOUL:  
Then I take it  
you're agreeing.

CARLOTTA:  
She's behind this ...

ANDRE:  
It appears we have  
no choice.

CARLOTTA:  
She's the one  
behind this!  
Christine Daae!

CHRISTINE:  
How dare you!

CARLOTTA:  
I'm not a fool!

CHRISTINE:  
You evil woman!  
How dare you!

CARLOTTA:  
You think I'm blind?

CHRISTINE:  
This isn't my fault!  
I don't want any  
part in this plot!

FIRMIN:  
Miss Daae, surely ...

ANDRE:  
But why not?

PIANGI:  
What does she say?

FIRMIN:  
It's your decision  
But why not?

CARLOTTA:  
She's backing out!

ANDRE:  
You have a duty!

CHRISTINE:  
I cannot sing it,  
duty or not!

RAOUL:  
Christine ...  
Christine ...  
You don't have to ...  
they can't make you ...

GIRY:  
Please, monsieur:  
another note.  
"Fondest greetings  
to you all !  
A few instructions  
just before  
rehearsal starts:

ERIK:  
Carlotta must be  
taught to act ... ,"  
... not her normal trick  
of strutting round the stage.  
Our Don Juan must  
lose some weight -  
it's not healthy in

a man of Piangi's age.  
And my managers  
must learn  
that their place is in  
an office, not the arts.

As for Miss Christine Daae ...  
No doubt she'll  
do her best - it's  
true her voice is  
good. She knows, though,  
should she wish to excel  
she has much still  
to learn, if pride will  
let her  
return to me, her  
teacher,  
her teacher ...

GIRY:  
Your obedient friend ...  
"... and Angel ..."

RAOUL:  
We have all been  
blind - and yet the  
answer is staring us  
in the face ...  
This could be the  
chance to ensnare our  
clever friend ...

ANDRE:  
We're listening

FIRMIN:  
...Go on.

RAOUL:  
We shall play his  
game - perform his  
work - but remember we  
hold the ace ...  
For, if Miss Daae  
sings, he is certain  
to attend ...

ANDRE:  
We make certain  
the doors are barred ...

FIRMIN:  
We make certain  
our men are there ...

RAOUL:  
We make certain  
they're armed ...

ANDRE/FIRMIN/RAOUL:  
The curtain falls.  
His reign will end!

GIRY:  
Madness!

ANDRE:  
I'm not so sure ...

FIRMIN:  
Not if it works ...

GIRY:  
This is madness!

ANDRE:  
The tide will turn!

GIRY:  
Monsieur, believe me -  
there is no way of  
turning the tide!

FIRMIN:  
You stick to ballet!

RAOUL:  
Then help us!

GIRY:  
Monsieur, I can't ...

RAOUL:  
Instead of warning us ...

RAOUL/ANDRE/FIRMIN:  
Help us!

GIRY:  
I wish I could ...

RAOUL/ANDRE/FIRMIN:

Don't make excuses!

RAOUL:

Or could it be that  
you're on his side?

GIRY:

Monsieur, believe me,  
I intend no ill ...  
But messieurs, be careful -  
we have seen him kill ...

ANDRE/FIRMIN:

We say he'll fall  
and fall he will!

CARLOTTA:

She's the one behind this!  
Christine!  
This is a ploy to help,  
Christine!

PIANGI:

This is the truth!  
Christine Daae!

RAOUL:

This is his undoing!

ANDRE/FIRMIN:

If you succeed  
you free us all -  
this so called "angel"  
has to fall!

RAOUL:

Angel of music,  
fear my fury -  
Here is where you fall!

GIRY:

Hear my warning!  
Fear his fury!

CARLOTTA:

What glory can  
she hope to gain?  
It's clear to all  
the girl's insane!

ANDRE:

Christine sings  
We'll get our man ...

PIANGI:  
She is crazy!  
She is raving!

FIRMIN:  
If Christine helps  
us in this plan ...

RAOUL:  
Say your prayers,  
black angel of death!

CHRISTINE:  
Please don't

ANDRE:  
...If Christine won't,  
then no-one can ...

GIRY:  
Monsieur, I beg you,  
do not do this ...

PIANGI/CARLOTTA:  
Gran Dio!  
Che imbroglio

ANDRE/FIRMIN:  
This will seal his fate!

CHRISTINE:  
If you don't stop,  
I'll go mad!  
Raoul, I'm frightened -  
don't make me do this ...  
Raoul, it scares me -  
don't put me through this  
ordeal by fire ...  
he'll take me, I know ...  
we'll be parted for ever ...  
he won't let me go ...  
What I once used to dream  
I now dread ...  
if he finds me, it won't  
ever end ...  
and he'll always be there,  
singing songs in my head ...  
he'll always be there,



singing songs in my head ...

CARLOTTA:  
She's mad ...

RAOUL:  
You said yourself  
he was nothing  
but a man ...  
Yet while he lives,  
he will haunt us  
till we're dead ...

CHRISTINE:  
Twisted every way,  
what answer can I give?  
Am I to risk my life,  
to win the chance to live?  
Can I betray the man  
who once inspired my voice?  
Do I become his prey?  
Do I have any choice?  
He kills without a thought,  
he murders all that's good . . .  
I know I can't refuse  
and yet, I wish I could . . .  
Oh God - if I agree,  
what horrors wait for me  
in this, the Phantom's opera . . .?

RAOUL:  
Christine, Christine,  
don't think that I don't care -  
but every hope  
and every prayer  
rests on you now . . .

RAOUL:  
So, it is to be war between us! But this time, clever  
friend, the disaster will be yours!

CHORUS :  
Hide our sword now wounded knight!  
Your vainglorious gasconnade  
brought you to your final fight  
for your pride, high price you've paid!

CHRISTINE:  
Silken couch and hay-filled barn  
both have been his battlefield.

PIANGI:

Those who tangle with Don Juan . . .

REYER:

No, no, no! Please.

Don Juan, Signor Piangi - here is the phrase. "Those who tangle with Don Juan . . ."

If you please?

PIANGI:

Those who tangle with Don Juan . . .

REYER:

No, no. Nearly - but no.

"Those who tan, tan, tan . . ."

PIANGI:

Those who tangle with Don Juan . . .

CARLOTTA:

His way is better. At least he make it sound like music!

GIRY:

Signora - would you speak that way in the presence of the composer?

CARLOTTA:

The composer is not here. And if he were here, I would . . .

GIRY:

Are you certain of that, Signora . . .?

REYER:

So, once again - after seven.

Five, six, seven . . .

PIANGI:

Those who tangle with Don Juan . . .

CARLOTTA :

Ah, piu non posso! What does it matter what notes we sing?

GIRY:

Have patience, Signora.

CARLOTTA:

No-one will know if it is right or if it is wrong.

CARLOTTA:

Those who tangle  
with Don Juan!

PIANGI:

Those who tan . . . tan . . .

Is right?

CHRISTINE:

Not quite, Signor:

Those who tan . . . tan . . .

REYER:

Ladies . . . Signor Piangi . . . if you please . . .

ALL EXCEPT CHRISTINE:

Poor young maiden! For the thrill

on your tongue of stolen sweets  
you will have to pay the bill -  
tangled in the winding sheets!

CHRISTINE:

In sleep  
he sang to me,  
in dreams  
he came . . .  
that voice  
which calls to me  
and speaks  
my name . . .

Little Lotte  
thought of everything and nothing . . .  
Her Father promised her  
that he would send her the Angel of Music . . .  
Her father promised her . . .  
Her father promised her

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