

Andrew Lloyd Webber

"Strange Thing Mystifying"

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It seems to me a strange thing, mystifying
That a man like you can waste his time
On such a concubine

Yes, I can understand that she amuses
But to let her kiss you, stroke your hair
That's hardly in your line

It's not that I object to her profession
But she doesn't fit in well
With what you teach and say

It doesn't help us if you are inconsistent
They only need a small
Excuse to put us all away

Who are you to criticise her?

Who are you to despise her?
Leave her, leave her, let her be now

Leave her, leave her, she's with me now
If your slate is clean then you can throw stones
If your slate is not then leave her alone

I'm amazed that men like you
Can be so shallow thick and slow
There is not a man among you
Who knows or cares if I came or go

Save Judas
No you're wrong, you're very wrong
How can you say that?
Not one, not one of you

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