

Classified

"At The End Of The Day"

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[THE POOR]

At the end of the day you're another day older
And that's all you can say for the life of the poor
It's a struggle, it's a war
And there's nothing that anyone's giving
One more day standing about, what is it for?
One day less to be living.

At the end of the day you're another day colder
And the shirt on your back doesn't keep out the chill
And the righteous hurry past
They don't hear the little ones crying
And the winter is coming on fast, ready to kill
One day nearer to dying!

At the end of the day there's another day dawning
And the sun in the morning is waiting to rise
Like the waves crash on the sand
Like a storm that'll break any second
There's a hunger in the land
There's a reckoning still to be reckoned and
There's gonna be hell to pay
At the end of the day!

[The foreman and workers, including Fantine, emerge from the factory]

[FOREMAN]

At the end of the day you get nothing for nothing
Sitting flat on your butt doesn't buy any bread

[WORKER ONE]

There are children back at home

[WORKERS ONE AND TWO]

And the children have got to be fed

[WORKER TWO]

And you're lucky to be in a job

[WOMAN]

And in a bed!

[WORKERS]

And we're counting our blessings!

[WOMAN TWO]

Have you seen how the foreman is fuming today?
With his terrible breath and his wandering hands?

[WOMAN THREE]

It's because little Fantine won't give him his way

[WOMAN ONE]

Take a look at his trousers, you'll see where he stands!

[WOMAN FOUR]

And the boss, he never knows
That the foreman is always in heat

[WOMAN THREE]

If Fantine doesn't look out
Watch how she goes
She'll be out on the street!

[WORKERS]

At the end of the day it's another day over
With enough in your pocket to last for a week
Pay the landlord, pay the shop
Keep on grafting as long as you're able
Keep on grafting till you drop
Or it's back to the crumbs off the table
You've got to pay your way
At the end of the day!

[GIRL (Grabbing a letter from Fantine)]

And what have we here, little innocent sister?
Come on Fantine, let's have all the news!

[Reading the letter]

Ooh..."Dear Fantine you must send us more money...
Your child needs a doctor...
There's no time to lose..."

[FANTINE]

Give that letter to me
It is none of your business
With a husband at home
And a bit on the side!
Is there anyone here
Who can swear before God

She has nothing to fear?
She has nothing to hide?

[They fight over the letter. Valjean (M. Madeleine)
rushes on to break up the squabble.]

[VALJEAN]
Will someone tear these two apart
What is this fighting all about?
This is a factory, not a circus!
Now, come on ladies, settle down
I run a business of repute
I am the Mayor of this town

[To the foreman]
I look to you to sort this out
And be as patient as you can-

[He goes back into the factory]

[FOREMAN]
Now someone say how this began!

[GIRL]
At the end of the day
She's the one who began it!
There's a kid that she's hiding
In some little town
There's a man she has to pay
You can guess how she picks up the extra
You can bet she's earning her keep
Sleeping around
And the boss wouldn't like it!

[FANTINE]
Yes it's true there's a child
And the child is my daughter
And her father abandoned us
Leaving us flat
Now she lives with an innkeeper man
And his wife
And I pay for the child
What's the matter with that?

[WOMEN]
At the end of the day
She'll be nothing but trouble
And there's trouble for all
When there's trouble for one!
While we're earning our daily bread
She's the one with her hands in the butter

You must send the slut away
Or we're all gonna end in the gutter
And it's us who'll have to pay
At the end of the day!

[FOREMAN]

I might have known the bitch could bite
I might have known the cat had claws
I might have guessed your little secret
Ah yes, the virtuous Fantine
Who keeps herself so pure and clean
You'd be the cause I had no doubt
Of any trouble hereabout
You play a virgin in the light
But need no urgin' in the night.

[GIRL]

She's been laughing at you
While she's having her men

[WOMEN]

She'll be nothing but trouble again and again

[WOMAN]

You must sack her today

[WORKERS]

Sack the girl today!

[FOREMAN]

Right my girl. On your way!

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