

Disney "Poor Unfortunate Souls"

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I admit that in the past I've been a nasty
They weren't kidding when they called me, well, a witch
But you'll find that nowadays
I've mended all my ways
Repented, seen the light and made a switch
True?
Yes!

And I fortunately know a little magic
It's a talent that I always have possessed
And here lately, please don't laugh
I use it on behalf
Of the miserable, lonely and depressed
Pathetic

Poor unfortunate souls
In pain
In need
This one longing to be thinner
That one wants to get the girl
And do I help them?
Yes, indeed
Those poor unfortunate souls
So sad
So true
They come flocking to my cauldron
Crying, "Spells, Ursula please!"
And I help them?
Yes, I do

Now it's happened once or twice
Someone couldn't pay the price
And I'm afraid I had to rake 'em 'cross the coals
Yes, I've had the odd complaint
But on the whole I've been a saint...
To those poor unfortunate souls

Ursula:
Have we got a deal?

Ariel:
If I become human...

I'll never be with my father or sisters again.

Ursula:

But, you'll have, your man.

Life's full of tough choices, isn't it?

Oh!

And there is, one, more, thing!

We haven't discussed the subject of payment.

Ariel: But I don't have any -

Ursula:

I'm not asking much.

Just a token, really!

A trifle!

What I want

From you is...

... Your voice.

Ariel:

But without my voice, how can I -

Ursula:

You'll have your looks!

Your pretty face!

And don't underestimate

The importance of... body language!

Ha!

The men up there don't like a lot of blabber

They think a girl who gossips is a bore

Yes, on land it's much preferred

For ladies not to say a word

And after all, dear, what is idle prattle for?

Come on, they're not all that impressed with
conversation

True gentlemen avoid it when they can

But they dote and swoon and fawn

On a lady who's withdrawn

It's she who holds her tongue who gets her man

Come on, you poor unfortunate soul

Go ahead!

Make your choice!

I'm a very busy woman

And I haven't got all day

It won't cost much:

Just your voice!

You poor unfortunate soul!

It's sad,
But true!
If you want to cross a bridge, my sweet
You've got to pay the toll
Take a gulp and take a breath
And go ahead and sign the scroll!
(Flotsam, Jetsam, now I've got her, boys)
The boss is on a roll

This poor unfortunate soul...

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