

## Les Fatals Picards

### "At The End Of The Day"

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Workers:

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 winder 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.]

Foreman:

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

Workers:

There are children back at home  
And the children have got to be fed  
And you're lucky to be in a job  
And in a bed!  
And we're counting our blessings!

Women:

Have you seen how the foreman is fuming today?  
With his terrible breath and his wandering hands?  
It's because little Fantine won't give him his way  
Take a look at his trousers, you'll see where he stands!

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 on the table  
You've got to pay your way  
At the end of the day!

Girl:

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

[She grabs the letter from Fantine.]

"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 rushes over to  
Break up the squabble.]

Valjean: (as M. Madeleine)  
What is this fighting all about?  
Will someone tear these two apart?  
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

Workers:

You must sack her today  
Sack the girl today!

Foreman [spoken]:

Right my girl!

On your way

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