Sweeney Todd The Demon Barber Of Fleet Street OST "The Contest"

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Pirelli: I am Adolfo Pirelli, Da king of da barbers, Da barber of kings, E buon giorno, good day, I blow you a kiss! And I, da so-famous Pirelli, I wish-a to know-a Who has-a da nerve-a to say My elixir is piss! Who says this?!

Todd:

...I do... I am Mr. Sweeney Todd of Fleet Street. I have Opened a bottle of PirelliÂ's elixir, and I say to you That it is nothing but an errant fr aud, concocted fr om Piss and ink. And furthermore—"Signor"—I have Serviced no kings, yet I wager I can shave a cheek with Ten times more dexterity than any street mountebank!

Pirelli:

You hear zis foolish man? Now, please, you will see How he will regret his folly!

Todd:

WhoÂ's for a fr ee shave? Will Beadle Bamford be The judge?

Beadle:

Glad, as always, to oblige my fr iends and neighbors. Th e fastest, smoothest shave is the winner.

Pirelli:

Now, signorini, signori, We mix-a da lather But fi rst-a you gather Around, signorini, signori, You looking a man Who have had-a da glory To shave-a da Pope! Mr. Sweeney whoever—

I beg-a your pardon—Â'll Probably say it was only a cardinal— Nope! It was-a da Pope! To shave-a da face, To cut-a da hair, Require da grace, Require da fl air, For if-a you slip, You nick-a da skin, You clip-a da chin, You rip-a da lip a bit Beyond-a repair! To shave-a da face Or even a part Widout it-a smart Require da heart. Not just-a da fl ash, It take-a panache, It take-a da passion For da art. To shave-a da face, To trim-a da beard, To make-a da bristle Clean like a whistle, Dis is from early infancy Da talent give to me By God! It take-a da skill, It take-a da brains, It take-a da will To take-a da pains, It take-a da pace, It take-a da graaaaaace—

Beadle:

Th e winner is Todd!

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