

## Monty Python "Cheese Shop"

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Good Morning  
Morning, sir  
Welcome to the National Cheese Emporium  
Ah, thank you, my good man  
What can I do for you, sir?

Well, I was sitting in the public library  
On Thurmon Street just now  
Skimming through Rogue Herrys by Hugh Walpole  
And I suddenly came over all peckish

Peckish, sir?  
Esuriant  
Eh  
'Ee, ah wor 'ungry-loike  
Ah, hungry

In a nutshell, and I thought  
To myself, A little fermented curd will do the trick  
So I curtailed my Walpoling activites  
Sallied forth and infiltrated your place  
Of purveyance to negotiate the vending  
Of some cheesy comestibles

Come again  
I want to buy some cheese  
Oh, I thought you were complaining  
About the bazouki player  
Oh, heaven forbid, I am one who delights  
In all manifestations of the Terpsichorean muse

Sorry?  
'Ooo, ah lahk a nice tuune, 'yer forced too  
So he can go on playing, can he  
Most certainly, now then  
Some cheese please, my good man

Certainly, sir, what would you like?  
Well, eh, how about a little red Leicester?  
I'm afraid we're fresh out of red Leicester, sir  
Oh, never mind, how are you on Tilsit?

I'm afraid we never have that at the end of the week  
Sir, we get it fresh on Monday  
Tish tish, no matter, well stout yeoman  
Four ounces of Caerphilly, if you please

Ah, it's been on order, sir, for two weeks  
Was expecting it this morning  
T's not my lucky day, is it, aah, Bel Paese?  
Sorry, sir

Red Windsor?  
Normally, sir, yes, today the van broke down  
Ah, Stilton?  
Sorry

Ementhal, Gruyere?  
No  
Any Norweigan Jarlsburg, per chance?  
No

Lipta?  
No  
Lancashire?  
No

White Stilton?  
No  
Danish Brew?  
No

Double Gloucester?  
No  
Cheshire?  
No

Dorset Bluveny?  
No  
Brie, Roquefort, Pol le Veq  
Port Salut, Savoy Aire  
Saint Paulin, Carrier de lest  
Bres Bleu, Bruson?  
No

Camenbert, perhaps?  
Ah, we have Camenbert, yes, sir  
You do, excellent  
Yes, sir, it's, ah, it's a bit runny  
Oh, I like it runny

Well, it's very runny, actually, sir  
No matter, fetch hither

The fromage de la Belle France, mwah

I think it's a bit runnier  
Than you'll like it, sir  
I don't care how fucking runny it is  
Hand it over with all speed

Oh!  
What now?  
The cat's eaten it  
Has he?  
She, sir

Gouda?  
No  
Edam?  
No

Case Ness?  
No  
Smoked Austrian?  
No

Japanese Sage Darby?  
No, sir  
You do have some cheese, do you?  
Of course, sir, it's a cheese shop, sir, we've got  
No, no, don't tell me, I'm keen to guess  
Fair enough

Uh, Wensleydale?  
Yes  
Ah, well, I'll have some of that  
Oh, I thought you were talking to me, sir  
Mister Wensleydale, that's my name

Greek Feta?  
Uh, not as such  
Uuh, Gorgonzola?  
No

Parmesan?  
No  
Mozarella?  
No

Paper Cramer?  
No  
Danish Bimbo?  
No

Czech sheep's milk?  
No  
Venezuelan Beaver Cheese?  
Not today, sir, no

Aah, how about Cheddar?  
Well, we don't get much call for it around here, sir  
Not much call, it's the single most  
Popular cheese in the world

Not 'round here, sir  
And what is the most  
Popular cheese 'round here?  
Illchester, sir

Is it?  
Oh, yes, it's staggeringly  
Popular in this manshire  
Is it?  
It's our number one best seller, sir  
I see, uh, Illchester, eh  
Right, sir?

All right, okay, have you got any?  
He asked expecting the answer 'No'  
I'll have a look, sir, umh, no  
It's not much of a cheese shop, is it?

Finest in the district  
Explain the logic underlying that conclusion, please  
Well, it's so clean, sir  
It's certainly uncontaminated by cheese

You haven't asked me about Limburger, sir  
Is it worth it?  
Could be  
Have you, shut that bloody bazouki up  
Told you sir

Have you got any Limburger?  
No  
Figures, predictable, really I suppose  
It was an act of purest optimism  
To have posed the question in the first place

Tell me?  
Yes, sir  
Have you, in fact, got any cheese here at all?  
Yes, sir  
Really?  
No, not really, sir

You haven't?  
No, sir, not a scrap  
I was deliberately  
Wasting your time, sir

Well, I'm sorry, but I'm going  
To have to shoot you  
Right-o, sir  
What a senseless waste of human life

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