

**Alain Boublil****"What Have I Done?"**

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What have I done?  
Sweet Jesus, what have I done?  
Become a thief in the night!  
Become a dog on the run!  
Have I fallen so far  
And is the hour so late  
That nothing remains but the cry of my hate,  
The cries in the dark that nobody hears,  
Here where I stand at the turning of the years.  
If there is another way to go  
I missed it twenty long years ago.  
My life was a war that could never be won  
They gave me a number and murdered Valjean  
When they chained me and left me for dead  
Just for stealing a mouthful of bread.  
Yet why did I allow that man  
To touch my soul and teach me love?  
He treated me like any other.  
He gave me his trust.  
He called me Brother.  
My life he claims for God above.  
Can such things be?  
For I had come to hate the world.  
This world that always hated me!  
Take an eye for an eye.  
Turn your heart into stone.  
This is all I have lived for.  
This is all I have known.  
One word from him and I'd be back  
Beneath the lash, upon the rack.  
Instead, he offers me my freedom.  
I feel my shame inside me like a knife,  
He told me that I had a soul.  
How does he know?  
What spirit comes to move my life?  
Is there another way to go?  
I am reaching, but I fall,  
And the night is closing in,  
And I stare into the void,  
To the whirlpool of my sin.  
I'll escape now from the world

From the world of Jean Valjean.  
Jean Valjean is nothing now.  
Another story must begin!

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