

Dee Snider "The Ballad of Sweeney Todd"

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Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd
His skin was pale and his eye was odd
He shaved the faces of gentlemen
Who never thereafter were heard of again
He trod a path that few have trod
Did Sweeney Todd
The demon barber of Fleet Street

He kept a shop in London Town
Of fancy clients and good renown
And what if none of their souls were saved?
They went to their maker impeccably shaved
By Sweeney
By Sweeney Todd
The demon barber of Fleet Street

Swing your razor wide, Sweeney!
Hold it to the skies!
Freely flows the blood of those who moralize!

His needs were few, his room was bare:
A lavabo and a fancy chair
A mug of suds and a leather strop
An apron, a towel, a pail and a mop
For neatness he deserved a nod
Did Sweeney Todd
The demon barber of Fleet Street.

Inconspicuous, Sweeney was
Quick and quiet and clean, he was
Back of his smile, under his word
Sweeney heard music that nobody heard

Sweeney pondered and Sweeney planned
Like a perfect machine, he planned
Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle
Sweeney would blink, and rats would scuttle

Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!
Sweeney!

Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd

He served a dark and a vengeful god
What happened then, well, that's the play
And he wouldn't want us to give it away
Not Sweeney
Not Sweeney Todd
The demon barber of Fleet Street

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