

Paige O'Hara "Belle"

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Little town, it's a quiet village
Every day like the one before
Little town, full of little people
Waking up to say

Bonjour
Bonjour
Bonjour, bonjour, bonjour

There goes the baker with his tray, like always
The same old bread and rolls to sell
Every morning just the same
Since the morning that we came

To this poor provincial town
Good Morning, Belle
Morning, Monsieur
Where are you off to?
The bookshop

I just finished the most wonderful story
About a beanstalk and an ogre and a
That's nice, Marie, the baguettes
Hurry up

Look there she goes that girl is strange
No question, dazed and distracted
Can't you tell? Never part of any crowd
'Cause her head's up on some cloud

No denying she's a funny girl that Belle

Bonjour
Good day
How is your family?
Bonjour
Good day
How is your wife?

I need six eggs
That's too expensive
There must be more

Than this provincial life

Ah, Belle
Good morning, I've come
To return the book I borrowed
Finished already?
Oh, I couldn't put it down

Have you got anything new?
Not since yesterday
That's all right, I'll borrow this one
That one? But you've read it twice

Well, it's my favorite, far off places
Daring sword fights, magic spells
A prince in disguise
If you like it all that much, it's yours

But sir
I insist
Well, thank you
Thank you very much

Look there she goes that girl is so peculiar
I wonder if she's feeling well
With a dreamy far-off look
And her nose stuck in a book
What a puzzle to the rest of us is Belle

Oh, isn't this amazing?
It's my favorite part because you'll see
Here's where she meets Prince Charming
But she won't discover that it's him 'til chapter three

Now, it's no wonder that her name means beauty
Her looks have got no parallel
But behind that fair facade
I'm afraid she's rather odd
Very different from the rest of us

She's nothing like the rest of us
Yes, different from the rest of us is Belle

You didn't miss a shot, Gaston
You're the greatest hunter in the whole world
I know
No beast alive stands a chance against you

And no girl, for that matter
It's true, LeFou
And I've got my sights set on that one

The inventor's daughter?

She's the one, the lucky girl I'm going to marry
But she's
The most beautiful girl in town
I know, but

That makes her the best
And don't I deserve the best?
Well, of course
I mean you do but

Right from the moment when I met her, saw her
I said she's gorgeous and I fell
Here in town there's only she
Who is beautiful as me
So I'm making plans to woo and marry Belle

Look there he goes
Isn't he dreamy?
Monsieur Gaston
Oh, he's so cute

Be still my heart
I'm hardly breathing
He's such a tall, dark
Strong and handsome brute

Bonjour
Pardon
Good day
Mais oui

You call this bacon?
What lovely grapes
Some cheese
Ten yards

One pound
'Scuse me
I'll get the knife
Please let me through

This bread
Those fish
It's stale
They smell

Madame's mistaken
There must be more
Than this provincial life

Just watch, I'm going to make Belle my wife

Look there she goes a girl
Who's strange but special
A most peculiar mademoiselle
It's a pity and a sin, she doesn't quite fit in

'Cause she really is a funny girl
A beauty but a funny girl
She really is a funny girl
That Belle

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