

Silverio

"Silver Silverio"

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(MR. BUMBLE) Oliver, Oliver
Never before has a boy wanted more
Oliver, Oliver
Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store
There's a dark, thin winding stairway without any
banister
Which we'll throw him down
and feed him the cockroaches served in a canister

Oliver, Oliver
What will he do when he's turned black and blue
He will rue the day somebody named him Ol-i-ver

(MRS.BUMBLE) There's a sooty, chimney, place where
black cinders are coming out,
Which we'll throw him up and,
One day next year with the rats he'll be creeping out.

(MR.BUMBLE) What heavens pray will the govener's say,

(MRS.BUMBLE) They will lay the blame, on the on who
named him:

(MR.BUMBLE) Ol-i-ver

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