

Sweeney Todd

"A Little Priest (duet with Michael Cerveris and Patti LuPo)"

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Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]

Well you know me, bright idea just popped into me
head

and I keep thinking--

[Sung]

Seems a down right shame.

Todd:[Spoken]

Shame?

Mrs. Lovett:

Seems and awful waste--

Such a nice plump frame

What's his name has--

Had, has.

Nor it can't be traced.

Business needs a lift,

Debts to be erased.

Think of it as thrift,

As a gift, if you get my drift.

No?

Seems a awful waste--

I mean, with the price of meat,

What it is,

when get it,

If you get it.

Todd:

Aah!

Good you got it.

Take for instance Mrs. Mooney

And her pie shop.

Business never better

Using only pussycats and toast.

Now a pussy's good for maybe

Six or seven at the most.

And I'm sure they can't compare

As far as taste.

Todd:

Mrs. Lovett, what a charming notion, Mrs. Lovett:

Eminently practical, Well it does seem a waste.

And yet appropriate as always.

Mrs. Lovett, how I did without you

All these years,

I'll never know!

Think about it,

How delectable! Lots of other gentlemen'll soon be
comin'

Also undetectable. For a shave, won't they?

How choice, Think of all them

How rare. Pies!

For what's the sound of the

World out there?

Mrs. Lovett:

What, Mr. Todd?

What, Mr. Todd?

What is that sound?

Todd:

Those crunching noises

Pervading the air!

Mrs. Lovett:

Yes, Mr. Todd.

Yes, Mr. Todd.

Yes all around!

Todd:

It's man devouring, man, my dear

Both:

Then who are we to deny it in here?

Todd: [Spoken]

Ah, these are desperate times Mrs. Lovett,
and desperate measures are called for

Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]

Here we are! Hot from the oven.

Todd: [Spoken]

What is that?

Mrs. Lovett:

It's priest,

Have a little priest.

Todd:
Is it really good?

Mrs. Lovett:
Sir, it's too good, at least.
Then again they don't commit
Sins of the flesh,
So it's pretty fresh.

Todd: [Spoken]
Awful lot of fat.

Mrs. Lovett:
Only where it sat.

Todd:
Haven't you got poet,
Or something like that?

Mrs. Lovett:
No, y'see the trouble with poet
Is how do you it's deceased?
Try the priest!

Todd: [Spoken]
Mmm, heavenly! Not as hearty as bishop, perhaps,
but then not as bland as curate, either.

Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]
And good for business. Always leaves you wanting
more,
trouble is we only get it on Sundays. Lawyer's rather
nice!

Todd:
It is for a price.

Mrs. Lovett:
Order something else though to follow,
Since no one should swallow twice.

Todd:
Anything that's lean.

Mrs. Lovett:
Well, then, if your British and loyal,
You might enjoy royal marine.
Anyway, it's clean,
Though, of course,
It tastes of wherever it's been!

Todd:
Is that squire on the fire?

Mrs. Lovett:
Mercy, no sir, look closer,
You'll notice it's grocer!

Todd:
Looks thicker,
More like vicar.

Mrs. Lovett:
No, it has to be grocer--
It's green!

Todd:
The history of the world, my love.

Mrs. Lovett:
Save a lot of graves,
Do a lot of relatives favors.

Todd:
Is those bellow serving those up above!

Mrs. Lovett:
Everybody shaves,
so there should be plenty of flavors!

Todd:
How gratifying for once to know--

Both:
That those above will serve those down bellow!

Mrs. Lovett:
Now, let's see Todd:
We've got tinker? Something pinker.
Taylor? Something paler.
Potter? Something hotter?
Butler? Something-- subtler.
Locksmith? Oh.

Lovely bit of clerk.

Todd:
Maybe for a lark.

Mrs. Lovett:
The again there's sweep,
If you want it cheap,

And you like it dark.
Try the financier,
Peak of his career.

Todd:
Ugh, that looks pretty rank.

Mrs. Lovett:
Well, he drank--
No, it's bank cashier!
Never really sold,
Maybe it was old.

Todd:
Have you any Beadle?

Mrs. Lovett:
Next week, so I'm told.
Beadle isn't bad till you smell it,
And notice how well it's been greased--
Stick to priest.

[Spoken]
Now this may be a but stringy, but then of
course it's fiddle player.

Todd: [Spoken]
That's not fiddle player, that's piccolo player.

Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]
How can you tell?

Todd: [Spoken]
It's pipping hot!

Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]
Then blow on it first!

Todd:
The history of the world, my sweet

Mrs. Lovett:
Oh, Mr. Todd,
Ooh, Mr. Todd,
What does it tell?

Todd:
It's who gets eaten,
And who gets to eat.

Mrs. Lovett:

And Mr. Todd, too, Mr. Todd
Who gets to sell.

Todd:
But fortunately it's all so clear--

Both:
That everybody goes down well with beer!

Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]
Since marine doesn't appeal to you, how
about rear admiral?

Todd: [Spoken]
Too salty.
I prefer general.

Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]
With or without his privates--
With is extra.

Todd: [Spoken]
What is that?

Mrs. Lovett:
It's fop-- finest in the shop.
Or we have shepherd's pie peppered
With actual shepherd on top.
And I've just began!
That's a politician so oily
It's served with doily,
Not one.

Todd:
Put it on a bun,
Well you never know
If it's going to run.

Mrs. Lovett:
Try the friar--
Fried is drier!

Todd:
No, the clergy is really
Too coarse and too mealy.

Mrs. Lovett:
Then actor--
That's compacter.

Todd:

Yes, and always arrives overdone.

[Spoken]

I'll come again when you have judge on the menu!

Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]

Wait, true we don't have judge yet, but would you settle for the next best thing?

Todd: [Spoken]

What's that?

Mrs. Lovett: [Spoken]

Executioner!

Todd:

Have charity towards the world, my pet

Mrs. Lovett:

Yes, yes I know, my love!

Todd:

We'll take the costumers that we can get!

Mrs. Lovett:

High born and low, my love.

Todd:

We'll not discriminate great from small.

No, we'll serve anyone--

Both:

Meaning anyone,

And to anyone,

At all!

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