

Sweeney Todd "Pretty Women"

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And what may I do for you, sir?
A stylish trimming of the hair?
A soothing skin massage?

You see, sir, a man infatuate with love
Her ardent and eager slave
So fetch the pomade and pumice stone
And lend me a more seductive tone

A sprinkling perhaps of French cologne
But first, sir, I think a shave
The closest I ever gave

You are in a merry mood today, Mr. Todd
It's your delight, sir, catching fire from one man to the
next
'Tis true, sir, love can still inspire
The blood to pound, the heart leap higher

What more, what more can man require than love, sir?
More than love, sir, what, sir?
Women, ah yes, women
Pretty women

Now then, my friend
Now to your purpose
Patience, enjoy it
Revenge can't be taken in haste

Make haste and if we wed, you'll be commended, sir
My lord
And who may it be said is your intended, sir?
My ward

And pretty as a rosebud
Pretty as her mother?
What? What was that?
Oh, nothing, sir
Nothing, nothing, may we proceed?

Pretty women fascinating
Sipping coffee, dancing

Pretty women are a wonder
Pretty women

Sitting in the window
Or standing on the stair
Something in them cheers the air

Pretty women silhouetted
Stay within you, glancing
Stay forever, breathing lightly
Pretty women, pretty women

Blowing out their candles
Or combing out their hair
Even when they leave
They still are there, they're there

Pretty women at their mirrors
In their gardens, letter-writing
Flower-picking, weather-watching
How they make a man sing

Proof of heaven as you're living
Pretty women, sir, pretty women, here's to
Pretty women, all the
(Pretty women, yes!)
Pretty women
(Pretty women, sir!)

She says, she'll marry me Sunday
Every thing's set, we leave tonight
(You)
Judge Turpin!
There is indeed a Higher Power to warn me thus in time

Johanna elope with you?
I'll lock her up in some obscure retreat
Where neither you nor any other vile corrupting youth
Shall ever lay eyes on her again

But, sir, I beg of you
And as for you, barber
It is all too clear what company you keep
Service them well and hold their custom
For you'll have none of mine

Mr. Todd
Out

