

Oliver! Soundtrack

"That's Your Funeral"

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MR. BUMBLE

(spoken) Liberal terms, Mr. Sowerberry...Liberal terms?
Three pounds!

SOWERBERRY

(spoken) Well, as a matter of fact, I was needing a
boy....

MR. BUMBLE

He's a born undertaker's mute.
I can see him in his black silk suit.
Following behind the funeral procession...
With his features fixed in a suitable expression.
There'll be horses with tall black plumes
To escort us to the family tombs,
With mourners
In all corners
Who've been taught to weep in tune.

Then the coffin lined with satin.
That's your funeral.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

That's your funeral.

SOWERBERRY

Large enough to wear your hat in.
That's your funeral.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

That's your funeral.

SOWERBERRY

We're just here to glamourize you for that

Endless sleep.

MRS. SOWERBERRY AND SOWERBERRY

You might just as well look fetching
When you're six feet deep.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

At the wake we'll drink a toddy
To the body beautiful.

MR. SOWERBERRY

That's your funeral.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

Not our funeral.

BOTH

That's your funeral.

SOWERBERRY

If you're fond of overeating
That's your funeral.

MRS. SOWERBERRY

That's your funeral.

SOWERBERRY

Starve yourself by undereating
That's your funeral.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

That's your funeral?

MRS. SOWERBERRY

Visualize the earth descentind on you clod by clod.
You can't come back when

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