

Various Artists

"Poor Unfortunate Souls (Howard Ashman, Alan Menken)"

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(The only way to get what you want is to become a
human yourself.)
(Can you do that?)
(My dear, sweet child. That's what I do. It's what I live
for. To
help unfortunate
merfolk like yourself. Poor souls with no one else to
turn to.)

I admit that in the past I've been a nasty
They weren't kidding when they called me, well, a witch
But you'll find that nowadays
I've mended all my ways
Repented, seen the light, and made a switch
To this
And I fortunately know a little magic
It's a talent that I always have possessed
And dear lady, please don't laugh
I use it on behalf
Of the miserable, the lonely, and depressed (pathetic)

Poor unfortunate souls
In pain, in need
This one longing to be thinner
That one wants to get the girl
And do I help them?
Yes, indeed
Those poor unfortunate souls
So sad, so true
They come flocking to my cauldron
Crying, "Spells, Ursula, please!"
And I help them!
Yes I do

Now it's happened once or twice
Someone couldn't pay the price
And I'm afraid I had to rake 'em 'cross the coals
Yes I've had the odd complaint
But on the whole I've been a saint
To those poor unfortunate souls

(Have we got a deal?)
(If I become human, I'll never be with my father or
sisters again.)
(But you'll have your man, heh heh. Life's full of tough
choices, isn't
it? Heh heh.
Oh, and there is one more thing. We haven't discussed
the subject of
payment.)
(But I don't have-)
(I'm not asking much, just a token really, a trifle! What I
want from
you is -
your voice.)
(But without my voice, how can I-)
(You'll have your looks, your pretty face.
And don't underestimate the importance of body
language, ha!)

The men up there don't like a lot of blabber
They think a girl who gossips, she's a bore!
Yet on land it's much preferred for ladies not to say a
word
And after all dear, what is idle crabble for?
Come on, they're not all that impressed with
conversation
True gentlemen avoid it when they can
But they dote and swoon and fawn
On a lady who's withdrawn
It's she who holds her tongue who get's a man

Come on you poor unfortunate soul
Go ahead!
Make your choice!
I'm a very busy woman and I haven't got all day
It won't cost much
Just your voice!
You poor unfortunate soul
It's sad but true
If you want to cross the bridge, my sweet
You've got to pay the toll
Take a gulp and take a breath
And go ahead and sign the scroll
Flotsam, Jetsam, now I've got her, boys
The boss is on a roll
This poor unfortunate soul

Alugas avruga
Come winds of the Caspian Sea
Novringsis glossietis
And max-laringhitis La virtea to me (Now, sing!) Aah...

(Keep singing!)

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