

The Phantom Confronts Christine

Andrew Lloyd Webber

Gustave, it's alright, it's me
Gustave, please take him away
I'm so sorry
Please forgive him, he meant no harm How could you think I wouldn't guess?
What do you mean?
How could you think I wouldn't know?
Oh, no Do you have something to confess?
Please don't make me
I want the truth right now, if so Once upon another time
You went off and left me alone
But that's not all you did
You left me with a son Ever since that other time
I wished, how I wished you'd have known
I kept the secret hid, the secret my marriage forbid
What else could I have done? Just love
Our son
Just live
My son
Just give what I could give
And take what little I deserve My own flesh and blood
And even he recoils in horror from me
Just like his mother Forgive me, I beg you, if you can
I've brought you nothing but woe
Tomorrow night, I'll sing with all my might
Sing for you again, then we'll go From out of ugliness, such light
From out of darkness, such a flame
In him, my wrongness is made right
And yet he loathes me just the same So let him shun me in disgust
Let him flee this cursed face
If I must hide from him, I must
Yet shall he be my saving grace Oh, Christine, my Christine
If it's true, I've no reason to live
Then, Christine, then our boy
Shall have all I can give Ah, Christine
All I create on this earth
All that I'll never be worth
All shall be his Ten long years and he casts us aside
Ten whole years, this is how we're repaid
Ten dark years of toil and tears

And now what we've worked for will go to that child
All our hopes were at last in our grasp
All the dreams and the plans that we laid
Everything is vanishing
And we get discarded, rejected, reviled
All of the bonds in between is now torn
All of the love that we gave him was worn
All would be ours
If that bastard had never been born

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