

The Worst Pies in London

[Stephen Sondheim](#)

A customer Wait, what's your rush? What's your hurry?
You gave me such a fright, I thought you was a ghost
Half a minute can't you sit? Sit you down, sit
All I meant is that I haven't seen a customer for weeks Did you come here for a pie, sir?
Do forgive me if me head's a little vague
What is that? But you'd think we had the plague
From the way that people keep avoiding, no, you don't Heaven knows I try, sir
But there's no one comes in even to inhale
Right you are, sir, would you like a cup of ale?
Mind you I can hardly blame them These are probably the worst pies in London
I know why nobody cares to take them
I should know, I make them, but good? No
The worst pies in London
Even that's polite, the worst pies in London
If you doubt it take a bite Is that just, disgusting? You have to concede it
It's nothing but crusting, here drink this, you'll need it
The worst pies in London
And no wonder with the price of meat What it is when you get it
Never thought I'd live to see the day
Men'd think it was a treat, finding poor animals
What are dying in the street Mrs. Mooney has a pie shop
Does a business, but I notice something weird
Lately all her neighbors cats have disappeared
Have to hand it to her, what I calls enterprise
Popping pussies into pies Wouldn't do in my shop
Just the thought of it's enough to make you sick
And I'm telling you them pussycats is quick
No denying times is hard, sir Even harder than the worst pies in London
Only lard and nothing more
Is that just revolting? All greasy and gritty?
It looks like it's molting and tastes like, well, pity
A woman alone with limited wind And the worst pies in London
Sir, times is hard, times is hard

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