Poor Thing

Craig Hughes

Isn't there a room up there over the pie shop?
If times are so hard why don't you rent it out?
That should bring in something
Up there, oh no, I no go near it, people think its haunted
You see, years ago something happened up there
Something not very niceThere was a barber and his wife
And he was beautiful
A proper artist with a knife
But they transported him for life
And he was beautifulBarker his name was, Benjamin Barker
Transported? What was his crime?
FoolishnessHe had this wife, you see
Pretty little thing, silly little nit
Had her chance for the moon on a string
Poor thing, poor thingThere were these two, you see
Wanted her like mad, one of them a judge
[Incomprehensible] on his beadle
Everyday they'd nudge and they'd weedle
But she wouldn't budge from her needle
Too bad, pure thingSo they merely shipped up for blighter off south, they did
Leaving her with nothing but grief and a year old kid
Did you use her head even then? Oh no, God forbid
Poor fool, ah, but there was worse yet to come
Poor thingJoanna, that was the child's name
Pretty little Joanna, go on
My, you do like a good story, don't you?Well, Beadle calls on her all polite
Poor thing, poor thing
The judge, he tells her, is all contrite
He blames himself for her dreadful plight
She must come straight to his house tonight
Poor thing, poor thingOf course when she goes there
Poor thing, poor thing
They're having this ball all in masks
There's no one she knows there
Poor dear, poor thingShe wonders, tormented and drinks
Poor thing
The judge has repented, she thinks
Poor thing
"Oh, where is Judge Turpin?" she asks

He was there, alright, only not so contriteShe wasn't no match for such craft, you see
And everyone thought it so drull
They figured she had to be daft, you see
So all of them stood there and laughed, you see
Poor soul, poor thingNo, would no one have mercy on her?
So it is you, Benjamin Barker

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