Poor Unfortunate Souls

Jonathan Young

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
True? Yes
And I fortunately know a little magic
It's a talent that I always have possessed
Andlately, please don't laugh
I use it on behalf
Of the miserable, 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

The men up there don't like a lot of blabber
They think a girl who gossips is a bore!
Yes on land it's much preferred for ladies not to say a word
And after all my dear, what is idle prattle 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On a lady who's withdrawn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 man, you know 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 the 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

Lyrics Submitted by Malina Bokelmann

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