

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 On a lady who's withdrawn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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