

Magical Lasso

Original London Cast

Like yellow parchment is his skin
A great black hole serve's as the nose that never grew
You must be always on your guard
Or he will catch you with his magical lasso Those who speak of what they know
Find, too late, that prudent silence is wise
Joseph Buquet, hold your tongue
He will burn you with the heat of his eyes

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>