

No Place Like London

Sweeney Todd

I have sailed the world, beheld its wonders
From the Dardanelles to the mountains of Peru
But there's no place like London!
I feel home again I could hear the city bells ring
Whatever I would do
No, there's no place like London! Mr. Todd, sir
You are young
Life has been kind to you
You will learn So Antony, it is here we go our several ways
Farewell, I shall not soon forget the good ship bountiful
Nor the young man who saved my life Alms, alms for a miserable woman
On a miserable chilly mornin'
Oh, thank you, sir, thank you How would you like a little squiff, dear
A little jig-jig, a little bounce around the bush
Wouldn't you like to push me crumpet?
It looks to me, dear, like you've got plenty there to push Alms, alms for a pitiful woman
What's got wandering wits
Hey, don't I know you, mister? Must you glare at me, woman?
Off with you, off I say
Then how would you like to fish me squiff, Mister?
We'll go jig-jig, a little
Off I said to the devil with you! Alms, alms for a desperate woman Pardon me, sir
But there's no need to fear the likes of her
She's only a half-crazed beggar woman
London's full of them There's a hole in the world like a great black pit
And the vermin of the world inhabit it
And it's morals aren't worth what a pig can spit
And it goes by the name of London At the top of the hole sit the privileged few
Making mock of the vermin in the lower zoo
Turning beauty into filth and greed
I too have sailed the world and seen its wonders
For the cruelty of men is as wondrous as Peru
But there's no place like London

Songwriters

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