The Contest

Sacha Baron Cohen

I am Adolfo Pirelli, da king of da barbers
Da barber of kings
E buon giorno, good day, I blow you a kiss
And I da so-famous Pirelli
I wish-a to know-a who has-a da nerve-a
To say my elixir is piss? Who says this?I do, I am Mr. Sweeney Todd
And I have opened a bottle of Pirelli's Elixir
And I say to you, it is nothing but an arrant fraud
Concocted from piss and inkHe's right, phew
Better to throw your money down the sewer
Ladies and gentlemen
Pay no attention to that madman
Who's to be the first for a magnificent shave?And furthermore, I have serviced no kings
Yet I wager that I can shave a cheek
And pull a tooth with ten times more dexterity
Than any street mountebankYou see these razors? The finest in England
I lay them against five pounds, you are no match for me
You hear me, sir? Either accept my challenge
Or reveal yourself as a sham, bravo, bravoZees are indeed fine razors
Instruments like zees once seen
Cannot be soon forgotten, and a fine extractor too
You wager zees against five pounds, sir? I doYou hear zis foolish man? Watch and see
How he will regret his folly, five pounds it is
Friends, neighbors, who's for a free shave?
Me, Mr. Todd, sir, and me, Mr. Todd, sir
Over here, bring me a chair
Boy, bring ze basins, bring ze towels
Yes, sir, quickWill Beadle Bamford be the judge?
Glad as always to oblige
My friends and neighbors
Put it there, ready? Ready, ready
The fastest, smoothest shave is the winnerNow, signorini, signori, we mix a da lather
But first a you gather around, signorini, signori
You looking a man who have had a
Da glory to shave-a da PopeMr. Sweeney, so smart
Oh, I beg-a you pardon
Call me a lie, was a only a cardinal
Nope, it was-a da PopePerhaps, signorini, signori
You like-a I tell-a, da famous-a story

Of Queen Isabella
Da Queen of-a Polan
Whose toot' was-a swollenI pull it so nice from her mout'
That-a though to begin
She's a screaming-a murder
She's later-a swoon-a with bliss
An' was heard-a to shout
Pull all of 'em outTo shave-a da face, to pull a da toot'
Require da grace and not a da brute
For if-a you slip, you nick da skin
You clip-a da chin, you rip-a da lip a bit
And dat's-a da trut'To shave-a da face or even a part
Widout it-a smart require da heart
It take-a da art, I show you a chart
I study-a starting in my yout'To cut-a da hair, to trim-a da beard
To make-a da bristle clean like a whistle
Dis is from early infancy
Da talent give to me by GodIt take-a da skill, it take-a da brains
It take-a da will to take-a da pains
It take-a da pace, it take-a da grace
The winner is Todd
Smooth as a baby's arseAnd now who's for a tooth pulling
Free without charge
Me, sir, me, sir, who else? No one?Then sir, since there is no means
To test the second skill
I claim the five pounds
To which he is entitled, right?Wait, one moment, wait
You, boy, get on that chair
Me, signor? Oh, not a tooth, sir
I beg of you, I ain't got a twinge
Not the tiniest pain, IYou do now
We see who is zee victor now
Zis Mister Todd or zee great Pirelli
Ready? Ready, readyTo pull-a da toot' widout-a da skill
Can damage da root
Now hold-a da still an' if-a you slip
You grip a bit, you hit da pit of itOr chip-a da do and have-a to fill
To pull-a da toot' widout-a da grace
You leave-a da space all over da place
You try to erase widout-a da traceSometimes is da case you even-a kill
To hold-a da clamp widout-a da cramp
Wid all dat saliva, it could-a drive-a you crazyDon' mutter or back-a you go to da gutter
My touch is as light as a butter-a cup
I take-a da pains, I learn-a da art
I use-a da brains, I give-a da heart

I have-a da grace, I win-a da raceNot a twinge of pain, not a twinge
The man's a bloody marvel
The two-time winner, Mr. Sweeney ToddSir, I bow to a skill far defter than my own
The five pounds
Here, sir, and may the good Lord smile on you
Until we meet againCome, boy
Signori, bellissime signorini
Buon giorno, buon giorno a tutti

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