

# No Place Like London

[Stephen Sondheim](#)

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

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