

# The Ballad of Sweeney Todd

Dee Snider

Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd  
His skin was pale and his eye was odd  
He shaved the faces of gentlemen  
Who never thereafter were heard of again  
He trod a path that few have trod  
Did Sweeney Todd  
The demon barber of Fleet StreetHe kept a shop in London Town  
Of fancy clients and good renown  
And what if none of their souls were saved?  
They went to their maker impeccably shaved  
By Sweeney  
By Sweeney Todd  
The demon barber of Fleet StreetSwing your razor wide, Sweeney!  
Hold it to the skies!  
Freely flows the blood of those who moralize!His needs were few, his room was bare:  
A lavabo and a fancy chair  
A mug of suds and a leather strop  
An apron, a towel, a pail and a mop  
For neatness he deserved a nod  
Did Sweeney Todd  
The demon barber of Fleet Street.Inconspicuous, Sweeney was  
Quick and quiet and clean, he was  
Back of his smile, under his word  
Sweeney heard music that nobody heardSweeney pondered and Sweeney planned  
Like a perfect machine, he planned  
Sweeney was smooth, Sweeney was subtle  
Sweeney would blink, and rats would scuttleSweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney! Sweeney!  
Sweeney!Attend the tale of Sweeney Todd  
He served a dark and a vengeful god  
What happened then, well, that's the play  
And he wouldn't want us to give it away  
Not Sweeney  
Not Sweeney Todd  
The demon barber of Fleet Street

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>