

"Please Miss Giry, I Want to Go Back..."

Andrew Lloyd Webber

Please, Miss Giry
I want to go back
I want my motherThe world is hard
The world is mean
It's hard to keep
Your conscience cleanPlease, you're hurting meThe sea is calm
The sea is gray
It washes
Everything awayI can't swim
Don't worry, it's almost overSink into the deep
Blue and cool and kind
Then drift off to sleep
Let the past unwind
Leave the hurt behindGustave
Mother
No, I'm not done yetLet go of the boy now
Not another step
Let go of him, girl, or I promise you
Not another wordAlways wondered
How to make you watch
Well, watch me nowI took a little trip to Coney Island
I took a little trip because of you
I did as Mother said and followed where you led
And tried to do what little I could doWell, here's the way it works on Coney Island
They make you pay for every little crumb
I gave what they would take, I gave it for your sake
Now look at me and see what I've becomeBathing beauty on the beach
Bathing beauty in her dressing room
Bathing beauty in the dark
On their laps, in their arms, in their bedsMeg, my little Meg
What are you saying?Who helped you raise the money?
Who helped the permits come through?
Who greased the wheels of your high flying deals
Bought you time when the bills came due?Who swayed the local bosses
Curried favor with the press?
No, not her
And who kept singing, desperate for your favor
Who kept dancing, hoping you would save her
Who kept dying and this is what you gave herNow that I've got your attention at last

Here's the big finish and then you can go
Give me the gun, Meg
Give me the hurt and the pain and the gun, Meg
Give me the blame for not seeing the things
That you've done, Meg
Give me the gun, Meg
Give me the chance to see you clear at last
See me clear at last
You feel ugly, you feel used
You feel broken, you feel bruised
Ah, but me, I can see all the beauty underneath
Yes
You've been robbed of love and pride
Been ignored and pushed aside
Even so, I still know there is beauty underneath
Yes
Diamonds never sparkle right
If they aren't set just right
Beauty sometimes goes unseen
We can't all be like Christine
Christine, Christine
Always Christine
No, I didn't mean to
Mother, there, say something
Say anything
Giry, go get help, now
Where's Papa?
He should be here
Where's Papa?
Your father, your real father
Look with your heart and not with your eyes
The heart understands, the heart never lies
Believe what it feels and trust what it shows
Look with your heart, the heart always knows
Love is not always beautiful
Not at the start
So open your arms
And close your eyes tight
Look with your heart
And when you find love
No
Once upon another time, our story had only begun
I had a taste of joy, the most I ever knew
Now there isn't any time and somehow our story is done
And what about the boy, what am I to do?
Just love, just live
And give what we can give
And take the love that you deserve
Just love, just live
And give all that I have
And take what little I deserve
Come closer, I beg you
Closer still
Remember love never dies
Kiss me one last time