

# "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  
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