The Worst Pies In London

Helena Bonham Carter

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

A customer!
Wait! What's your rush? What's ya hurry?
You gave me such a, fright, I thought you was a ghost
Half a minute can't you sit, sit you down, sit!
All I meant is that I haven't seen a customer for weeks
Did you come in for a pie, sir?
Do forgive me if me head's a little vague
What was that?
But you'd think we had the plague.
From the way that people
keep avoiding!
No you don't!
Heaven knows I try, sir!
But there's no one comes in even to inhale!
Right you are, sir, would you like a drop of ale?
Mind you I can hardly blame them!
These are probably the worst pies in London.
I know why nobody cares to take them!
I should know!
I make them!
But good? No...
The worst pies in London...
Even that's polite! The worst pies in London!
If you doubt it take a bite!
Is that just, disgusting?
You have to concede it!
It's nothing but crusting!
Here drink this, you'll need it.
The worst pies in London
And no wonder with the price of meat
What it is
When you get it.

Never thought I'd live to see the day.
Men'd think it was a treat
findin' poor
animals
what are dyin' in the street.
Mrs. Mooney has a pie shop.
Does a business, but I notice something weird.
Lately, all her neighbor's cats have disappeared.
Have to hand it to her!
What I call,
enterprise!
Poppin' pussies into pies!
Wouldn't do in my shop!
Just the thought of it's enough to make you sick!
And I'm telling you them pussycats is quick.
No denying times is hard, sir!
Even harder than the worst pies in London.
Only lard and nothing more-
Is that just revolting?
All greasy and gritty?
It looks like it's molting!
And tastes like...well pity.
A woman alone...with limited wind
And the worst pies in London!
Ah, sir
Times is hard.
Times is hard.

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