

# 'What A Dreadful Town!...'

## Andrew Lloyd Webber

What a dreadful town, what a vulgar place  
What an awful mistake to have come here  
To be on display in that shameless way  
For the crude common lower-class scum here  
How do they dare to treat us so? Father dear, come play with me  
Come and see this toy I've got What a snub at most from our so-called host  
Did he think sending freaks would be funny?  
Could the fool have thought that our pride was bought  
By his filthy American money?  
What a farce, what an outright slap in the face  
It's an utter disgrace I've got a mind to pack and go  
Never you mind the debts we own  
Who would believe we've sunk this low? Father please, come play with me  
Please tell the boy the answer's no Must you make that racket?  
It's the aria I'm to sing  
It hurts my head Please, let's not fight, dear  
I'm sure that no one intended a slight, dear  
Don't you patronize me  
It's your fault we came here We need the money, that's all  
That's why things haven't been right, dear  
Why doesn't it surprise me  
That I get the blame here? Let's leave tonight, dear  
If that would serve to ease  
Your troubled mind  
Leave the hurt behind Father dear, come over here  
And look at what they gave to me  
Wind the top and father, see  
Look, it plays a melody I need some air  
Raoul, please  
Please what?  
Nothing, nothing, only  
Raoul, don't drink anymore Father never plays with me  
Doesn't he love me?

Songwriters

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