

'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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