

Alan Menken, Poor Unfortunate Souls

The only way to get what you want is to become a human yourself
Can you do that? My dear, sweet child, that's what I do
It's what I live for, to help unfortunate merfolk like yourself
Poor souls with no one else to turn to
I admit that in the past I've been a nasty
They weren't kidding when they called me, well, a witch
But you'll find that nowadays I've mended all my ways
Repented, seen the light and made a switch, true? Yes
And I fortunately know a little magic
It's a talent that I always have possessed
And here lately, please don't laugh
I use it on behalf of the miserable, lonely and depressed, pathetic
Poor unfortunate souls in pain, in need
This one longing to be thinner
That one wants to get the girl
And do I help them? Yes, indeed
Those poor unfortunate souls, so sad, so true
They come flocking to my cauldron
Crying, "Spells, Ursula please!"
And I help them? Yes, I do
Now it's happened once or twice someone couldn't pay the price
And I'm afraid, I had to rake 'em 'cross the coals
Yes, I've had the odd complaint but on the whole I've been a saint
To those poor unfortunate souls
Have we got a deal?
If I become human, I'll never be with my father or sisters again
But you'll have your man, life's full of tough choices, [Incomprehensible]?
Oh, and there is one more thing
We haven't discussed the subject of payment
But I don't have any, I'm not asking much
Just a token, really, a trifle, what I want from you is your voice
But without my voice, how can I?
You'll have your looks, your pretty face
And don't underestimate the importance of body language, ha
The men up there don't like a lot of blabber
They think a girl who gossips is a bore
Yes, on land it's much preferred for ladies not to say a word
And after all, dear, what is idle prattle for?
Come on, they're not all that impressed with conversation
True gentlemen avoid it when they can
But they dote and swoon and fawn on a lady who's withdrawn
It's she who holds her tongue who gets her man
Come on, you poor unfortunate soul
Go ahead, make your choice
I'm a very busy woman
And I haven't got all day
It won't cost much, just your voice
You poor unfortunate soul, it's sad but true
If you want to cross a bridge, my sweet
You've got to pay the toll
Take a gulp and take a breath
And go ahead and sign the scroll
Flotsam, Jetsam, now I've got her, boys
The boss is on a roll, this poor unfortunate soul
Beluga, Sevruga, come winds of the Caspian Sea
Now rings us glossitis and maxlarnygitis, La Voce to me
Now Sing
Keep singing