

Angela Lansbury, The Worst Pies In London

Wait, where's your rush? Where's your hurry?
You gave me such a fright
I thought you was a ghost
Have a minute, can't you sit, sit you down, sit
All I meant is that I haven't seen a customer in 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
By the way the people keep avoiding
No you don't, heaven knows I try, sir
But there's no one even comes in to inhale
Right you was, 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 'em
The worst pies in London, even that's polite
The worst pies in London
If you dare to take a bite
Is that just disgusting?
You'll have to concede it
It's nothing but crusting
Her 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 trick, finding poor animals
What are dying in the street
Mrs. Mooney has a pie shop
Does her business but I noticed something weird
Lately all her neighbors cats have disappeared
Have to hand it to her, what I calls enterprise
Poppin' pussys into pies
Wouldn't do in my shop
Just the thought of it's enough to make you sick
And I'm tellin' you them pussy cats is quick
No denying times is hard, sir
Even harder then 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