

Oliver, Oliver, Oliver!

(MR. BUMBBLE) Oliver, Oliver
Never before has a boy wanted more
Oliver, Oliver
Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store
There's a dark, thin winding stairway without any banister
Which we'll throw him down
and feed him the cockroaches served in a canister

Oliver, Oliver
What will he do when he's turned black and blue
He will rue the day somebody named him Ol-i-ver

(BOTH) Oliver, Oliver
Never before has a boy wanted more
Oliver, Oliver
Won't ask for more when he knows what's in store
There's a long, thin winding stairway without any banister
Which we'll throw him down
and feed him the cockroaches served in a canister

(MR. BUMBBLE) Oliver, Oliver
What heavens pray will the govenors say

(MRS. BUMBBLE) They will lay the blame on the one who named him

(MR. BUMBBLE) Ol-i-ver