

# Sarah Brightman, Belle

Little town  
It's a quiet village  
Ev'ry day  
Like the one before  
Little town Full of little people  
Waking up to say  
Bonjour! Bonjour! Bonjour! Bonjour! Bonjour!  
There goes the baker with his tray, like always  
The same old bread and rolls to sell  
Ev'ry morning just the same  
Since the morning that we came  
To this poor provincial town  
Look there she goes that girl is strange, no question  
Dazed and distracted, can't you tell?  
Never part of any crowd  
'Cause her head's up on some cloud  
No denying she's a funny girl that Belle  
Oh, isn't this amazing?  
It's my fav'rite part because you'll see  
Here's where she meets Prince Charming  
But she won't discover that it's him 'til chapter three  
Now it's no wonder that her name means "beauty"  
Her looks have got no parallel  
But behind that fair facade  
I'm afraid she's rather odd  
Very diff'rent from the rest of us  
She's nothing like the rest of us  
Yes, diff'rent from the rest of us is Belle!