

Sarah Brightman, Mr. Monotony

Playin' on his slide-trombone
In a certain monotone
He was known as Mr. Monotony.
Any pleasant interlude
That would mean a change of mood
Didn't go with Mr. Monotony.
Sometimes he would change the key,
But the same dull melody
Would emerge from Mr. Monotony.

Folks for miles would run away,
Only one preferred to stay.
She would come around and say:
"Have you got any monotony today?"

They got married as they should
And around the neighbourhood
She was known as Mrs. Monotony.
They were happy as could be
And they raised a family,
Six or seven little Monotonies.

From another village came a snappy clarinetter.
She heard him play and strange to say she liked him better.
That was the end of Mr. Monotony.

Oh, she refused him when he tried,
Bringing her back to his side.
She just answered when he cried:
"Have you got any monotony today?"
"Have you got any monotony today?"
"Have you got any monotony today?"

Bye, bye, Mr. Monotony.

Mr. Monotony,
Is that you?
Hey, Mr. Monotony ...?

Oh, this playing is wonderful!
Oh, Mr. Monotony, I come back to you any time.

Mr. Monotony, don't go away,
Surely I didn't really mean it.
Oh, Mr. Monotony, I need you back