

Well, it's been half a year
Since my ball was properly stocked
And relations on whole
Haven't quite been, oh, so clock
But though you're not the key
To this emotional lock
Thar still doesn't change
The values of your stocks
Now I hear people
Talking garbage about you
And as goes with such things
The most of it ain't true
So I write this song just to say to you
I believe in you, I do, Vendelay
Now the word is on the street
That your ball gets properly stocked
And by word you consider it being
Oh, so clock
Well I'm not your spokesman
But still a man of words
And no matter how untrue
I know the garbage always hurts
I don't know nowadays
What it takes to get me bewitched
For a person like me
Who's just starving to get ditched
Let's just hope that our ropes
Ain't so firmly fixed
And if you'd asked me I'd say
Nix, Vendelay
I know that life is very bad
When you're picking up the pieces
Of what you had and people say
I want you, I want you, I want you
Yeah, they want you all right
But just for a while but hang on in there
And you'll pull it through
'Cause I believe in you, I do
And there's a reason why I do, Vendelay