

# La Belle et la Bête

Babysambles

I'll tell you a story but you won't listen,  
It's about a nightmare steeped in tradition,  
It's the story of a coked-up pansy  
Who spent his nights in a flights of fancy,

Met two fellas over gin and mixers,  
They talked for a while he soon got the picture,  
One was a souped up Soho mincer,  
The other was a pikey with a knowledge for scriptures.

Then the conversation turned evil,  
Talked, talked and talked about people,  
Why did you do it to so many people?

Stumble left out of the boozier  
... (?)  
... another life (?)  
... looking alright (?)

That girls out way ahead of the game  
Way ahead of the game  
Way ahead of the game

You've turned your back upon her  
One too many times,  
Spent all her hard earned money  
Getting high, she sang

Is she more beautiful, is she more beautiful  
Is she more beautiful than me?  
Is she more beautiful, is she more beautiful  
Is she more beautiful than me?

She's La Belle Et La Bete at the ball  
She's La Belle Et La Bete at the ball  
She's La Belle Et La Bete at the ball  
...

You've turned your back upon her  
One too many times  
Spent all her hard earned money  
Just getting high... she sang

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Is she more beautiful than me?  
Is she more beautiful, is she more beautiful  
Is she more beautiful than me?

Is she more beautiful, is she more beautiful  
Is she more beautiful than she?

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