Monty Python's SPAMALOT

A new musical lovingly ripped off from the motion picture MONTY PYTHON and the Holy Grail
Monty Python's
SPAMALOT

Boyett Ostar Productions  The Shubert Organization
Arielle Tepper  Stephanie McClelland/Lawrence Horowitz  Elan V. McAllister/Allan S. Gordon
Independent Presenters Network  Roy Furman  GRS Associates
Jam Theatricals  TGA Entertainment  Clear Channel Entertainment

present
Monty Python's
SPAMALOT

Book & Lyrics by
Eric Idle

Music by
John Du Prez & Eric Idle

A new musical ripped off from the motion picture
'Monty Python and the Holy Grail'

from the original screenplay by
Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, Michael Palin

starring
David Hyde Pierce  Tim Curry  Hank Azaria

also starring
Christopher Sieber  Michael McGrath  Steve Rosen  Christian Borle

with
John Bolton  Brad Bradley  Thomas Cannizzaro  Kevin Covert
Jennifer Franklin  Lisa Gajda  Jenny Hill  Emily Hsu
James Ludwig  Abbey O'Brien  Ariel Reid  Pamela Remler
Greg Reuter  Brian Shepard  Rick Spans  Scott Taylor  Darlene Wilson

Sara Ramirez

Set & Costume Design by
Tim Hatley

Lighting Design by
Hugh Vanstone

Sound Design by
Acme Sound Partners

Hair & Wig Design by
David Brian Brown

Special Effects Design by
Gregory Meech

Music Director/Vocal Arrangements
Todd Ellison

Orchestrations by
Larry Hochman

Music Arrangements by
Glen Kelly

Casting by
Tara Rubin Casting

Associate Director
Peter Lawrence

Associate Choreographer
Darlene Wilson

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Directed by
Mike Nichols

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Tim Curry

Christopher Sieber
David Hyde Pierce

Tim Curry, Michael McGrath

Sara Ramirez surrounded by (L-R) Abbey O'Brien, Emily Hsu, Lisa Gajda, Jenny Hill, Ariel Reid, Jennifer Frankel
KING ARTHUR’S SONG

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

Pompously brisk
N.C.

ARTHUR:

I am Arthur, King of the

Britons, Lord and Ruler of all:

England, and Scotland, and even tiny little
bits of Gaul.
And I'm the emperor of Norway. Bugger off!

He is Arthur, King of the Britons, and

we are seeking men, very strong men and very

able, to sit at our very, very, very round table.
FINLAND/FISCH SCHLAPPING DANCE

FINLAND
Words and Music by
MICHAEL PALIN

FEISCH SCHLAPPING DANCE
Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

Lively

N.C.

ENSEMBLE:

Fin - land, Fin - land, Fin - land,
that's the coun - try for

ME!

G C/G G

MAYOR:

Fin - land is the coun - try where we dance.

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Finland is the country where we play. Here in Finland, boy and girl can find a true romance in traditional Scandinavian way.

Schlip, schlap, schlip and schlap a-vay. Schlip, schlap,

Schlap a-vay all day. Schlip, schlap, you simply can’t go wrong.
in traditional fisch schlapping song.

Finland, Finland,

Finland, the country where I quite want to be pony trekking, or

camping, or just watching TV.

Finland, Finland,

HISTORIAN:

Finland, that's the country for me! I said ENGLAND!
Monks Chant

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

Tempo di Chant

Church bell tolls throughout. Sacrosanctus Domine

Peccavi ignorant

Deus Christus Domine Pax vobiscum

Ve ne runt We would all be

very thrilled, in Thy mercy to be killed.

In Thy service we will try

to very, very quickly die.

*The Monks hit themselves on their foreheads with big, thick books.
HE IS NOT DEAD YET

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

Moderate Polka

I am not dead yet, I can dance and I can sing. I am

I am not dead yet, I can do the High-land Fling. I am not dead yet, no

need to go to bed. No need to call a doctor, 'cause I'm
not yet dead. He is not yet dead, that's what the geezer said. Oh, he's not yet dead. That man is off his head. He is not yet dead.

Put him back in bed. Keep him off the cart because he's not yet dead.

Well, now he's dead. You whacked him on the head. Sure,
now he's dead. It makes me just see red. You are such a brute to
murder that old coot. You homicidal bastard, now he's really dead.

N.C.

Who is the knave who put him in his grave and who needs to manage his

LANCELOT:

anger? My name is Lance -
I'm big and strong and hot.

I do some things that I should not.

I want to be a knight but I don't like to fight. I'm rather scared.
LANCELOT: simply run away. I'll be right with you, Rob-in, through and through and through. So, stick with me and I'll show you what to do. We'll remain good chums. You can teach me how to dance. We're going to enlist. I'm Rob-in and I'm Lance. Oh, we're off to war be-
cause we're not yet dead. We will all enlist as the Knights that Arthur led. I am

coming, too. My name will be Sir Fred. I'll be your musician 'cause I'm

not yet dead. No, we're not dead yet. To Camelot we go to en-

To kill I will. It
list instead, to try and earn some dough. And so, although we
ROBIN:
gives me such a thrill. To sing and
should have stayed in bed, we're going off to war because we're not yet dead.
dance and keep an eye on Lance.

ALL:

We're going off to war. We'll have
N.C.
DAD: ALL:
girl-friends by the score. We'll be shot by Michael Moore, 'cause we're

D
D/C
not
yet
D/B
D/A
G
G/B
dead.
(clang)
Lancelot whacks
Dad again.

C
A7/C#
D7
G/B
C
G/B
G
Not yet dead.
COME WITH ME

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

Gently

E

B/D#

C#m

A

LADY OF THE LAKE:

Come with me, come with me.

E F#m7 B7sus B7 E B/D#

Come with me, sweet Galahad.

You'll be a man, join

C#m A E F#m7

Arthur's clan.

Come with me and I will make you
Gal-a-had, sweet Gal-a-had,

be a Knight, it's time to take your vow.
If you come with me now,

I'll show you how.
Oh, wow!
LAKER GIRLS CHEER

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

Rousingly
N.C.

GIRLS:

ARTHUR:
GIRLS:

GIRLS:
Who is next to enlist? Den-nis! Den-nis!

PATSY:
BOTH:
GIRLS/PATSY:
Who is? Den-nis!_ The La-dy of the Lake will make him a man. If she can’t do it, no-bod-y can! Who will he be? G - A - L - A - H - A - D.
Once, in ev’ry show there comes a song like this. It starts off soft and low, and ends up with a kiss. Oh, where is the song that goes like this?
Where is it? Where? Where? A sentimental song that casts a magic spell. They all will hum along. We'll overact like hell. Oh, this is the song that goes like this. Yes, it is!

DENNIS:

Yes, it is! Yes, it is! Yes, it is! Now we can go straight in -
to the middle eight, a bridge that is too far for me. I'll

sing it in your face, while we both embrace, and then we change the

key!

Now we're into E. That's

cresc. awfully high for me. But everyone can see we should have stayed in D. For
this is our song that goes like this.

I'm feeling very proud. You're singing far too loud. That's the way that this song goes. You're standing on my toes. Singing our song that goes like
I can't believe there's more. It's far too long, I'm sure. That's the trouble with this song, it goes on and on and on. For this is our song.
Je - sus Christ! God damn it! We'll be sing-ing this till dawn.

You'll

I wish that you weren't born. Let's stop this damn re-frain, be -

fore we go in - sane. The song al - ways

ends like this.

All the glass on the chandelier breaks.
ALL FOR ONE

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

Gentle Folk tempo

ALL KNIGHTS:

All for one. One for all.

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BEDEVERE:
all.
Some for some.

GALAHAD:
None for none.

ROBIN:
Slightly less for

LANCELOT:
people we don't like and a little bit more for me.

ALL:
All 'round this Blighty land, we are his mighty band, oooo.
King Arthur's strongest knights, we are prepared to fight who ever. All for one. Two for all.

Four for some and free for all!
KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE

Words and Music by NEIL INNES, JOHN CLEESE and GRAHAM CHAPMAN

Brisk Show-Biz 2

F/G  Gb/Ab  F/G  Ab/Bb  F/G  Ab/Bb  B/C#  D/E

G7  C  G7  C

ALL KNIGHTS:

We're Knights of the Round Table, we dance when-e'er we're able.

C/E  F  Dm7  E7  Am

do routines and chorus scenes with footwork impeccable.

do routines and gory scenes that are too hot for cable.

F  Dm7  G7  C

dine well here in Camelot. We eat ham and jam and SPAM a lot.
ALL KNIGHTS:
(minus ARTHUR)

We're Knights of the Round Table, our shows are formidable.

But, many times we're given rhymes that are quite unsingable. We're operation in Camelot. We sing from the diaphragm a lot.
We're Knights of the Round Table, all -

though we live a fable. We're not just bums with royal mums. We've

brains that are quite able. We've a busy life in Camelot.

have to push the pram a lot.
FIND YOUR GRAIL

Inspirational Pop Ballad

LADY OF THE LAKE:
If you trust
in your
strong.

Keep right

soul,
on
keep your eyes
the end
on the goal.

Then the prize
Do not fail.

you won’t
Find your

fail.
Grail.

That’s your
Grail.

That’s your
Grail.

So, be

*Recorded a whole step higher.

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I Grail. Life is really up to you. You must choose what to pursue. Set your mind on what to find, and there's nothing you can't do.

So, keep right to the end. You'll find your goal, my
friend. You won't fail. Find your Grail. Find your

CHORUS:

I I I


Ah.

Ah.

AH.

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AH.
Life seems to drift, when we all need a lift,
trim your sail. You won't fail. Find your Grail.

Life is really up to you. You must choose what to pursue.
Set your mind on what to find, and there's nothing you can't do.

So, keep right to the end. You'll find your goal, my friend. Find your Grail... You won't fail. Find your Grail. Find your Grail.
RUN AWAY!

Can-Can tempo

D

BRITS:  

ARTHUR:  

Run a-way! Run a-way! Run a-way from the stench and the

trench-es. Run a-way! Run a-way from these hor-ri-ble, nas-ty old

French-ies. These Frogs, with their ter-ri-ble prat-tle are
fighting a battle with cattle! We're all full of fear, so let's

get out of here. Run away, run away, run away! You English are all

bugger folk. Your mothers are all rugger folk. Your army is a

bloodly joke. You couldn't beat an artichoke. If battle you choose

GALAHAD:

FRENCHIES:

ALL:
to renew, we'll taunt you till you all turn blue. We turn our arses

as you part. In your direction we all fart.

**Heroically blatty**

*The French Knights put trumpets to their posteriors and fart the Marseillaise.*

BRITS:

Run away!

**Tempo I**

D

way! Run away! It seems like a helpful so-
LU-TION. Run a-way! Run a-way, to avoid this French Rev-o-
LU-TION. We're stuck in a nasty position. Why don't
you take a short intermission? Have a drink and a pee. We'll be
back for Act Three. Two, sir. Two! Run a-way, run a-way, run a-way!
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE

Words and Music by ERIC IDLE

Some things in life are bad. They can really make you mad.

Other things just make you swear and curse.

Chewin' on life's gristle, don't grumble. Give a whistle!

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Cheerful Soft-Shoe (2nd time):

If life seems jolly rotten, there's
For life is quite absurd, and

Add KNIGHTS (2nd time):

this'll help things turn out for the best...
And, always look on the

right side of life.

(whistle)

If life seems jolly rotten, there's
For life is quite absurd, and

(whistle)
something you've forgotten, and that's to laugh and smile and dance and death's the final word. You must always face the curtain with a 
sing. When you're feeling in the dumps, don't be silly chumps. Just forget about your sin. Give the audience a grin. En-
purse your lips and whistle, that's the thing! And, joy it, it's your last chance any-
ARThUR:
Always look on the bright side of death.
Cm7 F7 ~b Grn
Cm7 F9

I Just before you draw your terminal breath.

Bb Gm Cm7 F7 Cm7 F9
(whistle) Life’s a piece of shit.

Bb Gm Cm7 F7 Cm7 F9
when you look at it. Life’s a laugh and death’s a joke, it’s

Bb Gm Cm7 F7 Cm7 F9
PATSY: true. You’ll see it’s all a show. Keep ‘em laugh- ing as you go! Just re-
I member that the last laugh is on you!
Always look on the bright side of life.

(whistle)

Always look on the right side of life.

Life is quite absurd, and
death’s the final word. You must always face the curtain with a bow!

forget about your sin. Give the audience a grin. En-

joy it, it’s your last chance any how!

Always look on the bright side of life.
ARThur: ways look on the bright side of life,

NC.

Patsy:

ARThur: side of life,
BRAVE SIR ROBIN

Jaunty Madrigal

Words by ERIC IDLE
Music by NEIL INNES

rode forth from Camelot.

Bravely, bold Sir Robin rode forth from Camelot.

He was not afraid to die, o brave Sir Robin.
He was not at all afraid to be killed in nasty ways.

Brave, brave, brave, brave—Sir Robin!

He was not in the least bit scared to be mashed into a pulp,

or to have his eyes gouged out, and his elbows broken, to
have his knee-caps split, and his body burned away, and his

limbs all hacked and mangled, brave Sir Robin!

head smashed in and his heart cut out, and his liver removed and his bowels unplugged, and his

That's... that's enough music for now, lads.
YOU WON'T SUCCEED ON BROADWAY

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

In any great adventure, if you don't want to lose, victory depends on the people that you choose. So, listen, Arthur darling, closely to this news: We won't succeed on Broadway if we...
don't have any Jews. You may have the finest sets, fill the stage with Pent-house Pets. You may have the love-liest costumes and best shoes. You may dance and you may sing, but I am sorry, Arthur King, you'll hear no cheers, just lots and lots of boos. Boo! You may have butch men by the score, whom the audience adore. You may even have some animals from
Though you've Poles and Krauts instead, you may have un-leavened bread, but I

tell you, you are dead if you don't have any Jews.

They won't care if it's witty, or everything looks pretty.

They'll simply say it's shit-ty, and re-
Am7 D7 Am7 D7 Am7 D7
fuse. No-bod-y will go, sir, if it’s not ko-sher, then no show, sir. E-ven

Am7 D7 G D7/A G7/B
goy-im won’t be dim e-nough to choose. Put on shows that make men stare, with lots of

C A7 D Em7(add4) D/F#
girls in un-der-wear. You may e-ven have the fin-est of re-views. You’re doing great! But the

G G7/B C Eb/Db N.C.
au-di-enc-es won’t care, sir, as long as you don’t dare, sir, to o-pen up on Broad-way, if you
don't have any Jews.

You may have dramatic lighting, or lots of horrid fighting. You may
even have some white men sing the blues. Your

knights may be nice boys, but sadly, we're all goys, and that noise that you call singing you must lose. So, despite your pretty lights and naughty girls in nasty tights, and the

most impressive scenery you use, you may have dancing man-o'-man-o, you may
I bring on a piano, but they will not give a damn if you don't have any Jews.
A

WOMEN:
You may fill your plays with gays, have N i - ger - i - an girls in stays. You may

ROBIN & MEN:
e - ven have some shik - sas mak - ing stews. You have - n't got a clue, if

ROBIN:
you don't have a Jew, all of your in - vest - ments you are goin' to lose. There's a

ver - y small - per - cen - tile who en - joys a danc - ing gen - tile. I'm sad to be the one with this bad
ALL: news. But, never mind your sword-play. You just won't succeed on Broadway. You just don't succeed on Broadway if you don't have any Jews.

Kickline tempo

ROBIN: Papa, can you hear me?

To get along on Broadway, to sing your song on Broadway,
hit the top on Broadway and not lose.

Tell you, Arthur King, there is one essential thing. There

Simply must be, simply must be Jews.

There simply must be, Arthur, trust me, simply must be Jews.
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MY PART?

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

Power Ballad (Mid-1970’s Streisand)

Whatever happened to my part? It was exciting at the start. Now, we're

half way through Act Two, and I've had nothing yet to do. I've been off
This is one unhappy diva. The producers have deceived her. There is nothing I can sing from my heart. Whatever happened to my part? I am
sick of my career always stuck in second gear, up to

detached

here with frustration and with fears. I've no Grammy, no rewards. I've no

legato

To - ny A - wards. I'm constantly replaced by Brit - ney Spears. Brit - ney

p cresc.

Bm7/E

LADY OF THE LAKE:

Spears! Whatever happened to my

cresc. rall. mf à tempo
F#m    A7/E   D  C#m7b5  F#7/A#  Bm  Bm/A

show?  I was a hit. Now, I don't know. I'm with a

bunch of Brit-ish knights, pran-cing 'round in wool-y tights! I might as

well go to the pub. They've been out search-ing for a

shrub. Out shop-ping for a bush! Well, they can kiss my tush! It
seems to me they've really lost the plot.

Whatever happened to my— I'll call my agent, dammit— whatever happened to my...

Freely

not yours... not yours... but my part?

Broadly

not yours... not yours...
WHERE ARE YOU?

Maestoso
Bm/E

WHERE ARE YOU?

DIE

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE

Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

HERBERT:
Where are you?

I Where are you?
I Where are you, my heart's desire?

I heart is true, but, where are you?
I Only you can quench the

I fire.

Slower
E C G/B Am F

Where are you?

FATHER (interrupting): Stop it! Stop that! Stop all that singing!

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HIS NAME IS LANCELOT

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

Lightly, not too slow

Bb/C

HIS NAME IS LANCELOT

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

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Bright Disco

His name is Lancelot, and in tight pants a lot he likes to
I dance a lot, you know you do. I do? So, just say thanks a lot and try romance. It's hot! Let's find out who's really you.

N.C. His name is Lancelot. He visits France a lot. He likes to dance a lot and dream. No one would ever know that this out-
ragous pro bats for the other team.

You're a knight who really likes his night life,

and by day you really like to play.

You can all find him pumping at the gym at the Camelo Y. M. C.
His name is Lancelot! Just watch him dance a lot. He doesn't care what people say. No way! For when he
I starts to dance, just grab your underpants. He can finally come out and say that he is G. A.

LANCELOT: E (N.C.)

Y. M. C. A. He's gay.

LANCELOT: E (N.C.)

O. K.!
I'M ALL ALONE

Lyrics by ERIC IDLE
Music by JOHN DU PREZ and ERIC IDLE

I'm all alone, all by myself. There is no one here beside me. I'm all alone, quite all alone: no one to comfort me or

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FIG guide me. Why is there no one here with me on the long and winding road to lift my heavy load? If there were someone here with me, how happy I would be. But I'm held back.
lone, quite all alone. All by myself, I'm all alone, all by myself.

He's all alone, except for me.

I'm all alone, all by myself. I can not face it! Though I am here,

can not face tomorrow. I'm all alone, so all a-
Camilla Cabello 

Verse 1:

You know it's true:
No one to share my sorrow.

So very near,
I'm working class,
I am just the horse's ass.
He sells me down the river.

Chorus:

Em7 Am Dm7 Gsus G7 Em7 Am

Seems quite clear to me, because I'm working class, I am

Dm7 Em Am D

Just the horse's ass.
He sells me down the river.
I'm here, you twot. He's all alone. All by myself, I'm all alone.
him. He's all a-lone, apart from us: no one to comfort him or guide him.

Each one of us is all a-lone, so

what are we to do, in order to get
through? We must be lonely, side by side. It's a perfect way to

We're all alone, yes, all alone. Each

by ourselves, we're all alone.
King Arthur's Song
Finland / Fisch Schlapping Dance
Monks Chant
He Is Not Dead Yet
Come With Me
Laker Girls Cheer
The Song That Goes Like This
All for One
Knights of the Round Table
Find Your Grail
Run Away!
Always Look on the Bright Side of Life
Brave Sir Robin
You Won't Succeed on Broadway
Whatever Happened to My Part?
Where Are You?
His Name Is Lancelot
I'm All Alone