**Year 5 Choir Oliver**

**FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD**

Is it worth the waiting for?  
If we live ‘till eighty four  
All we ever get is gruel!  
Every day we say our prayer --  
Will they change the bill of fare?  
Still we get the same old gruel!  
There's not a crust, not a crumb can we find,  
Can we beg, can we borrow, or cadge,  
But there's nothing to stop us from getting a thrill  
When we all close our eyes and imagine

Food, glorious food!  
Hot sausage and mustard!  
While we're in the mood --  
Cold jelly and custard!   
Pease pudding and saveloys  
What next is the question?   
Rich gentlemen have it, boys -- indigestion!

Food glorious food we're anxious to try it  
Three banquets a day our favourite diet  
Just picture a great big steak fried, roasted, or stewed  
Oh food! wonderful food! marvelous food, glorious food!

Food, glorious food!  
Don't care what it looks like -Burned! Underdone! Crude!  
Don't care what the cook's like.  
Just thinking of growing fat our senses go reeling  
One moment of knowing that full-up feeling!

Food glorious food!

What wouldn't we give for that extra bit more  
That's all we live for  
Why should we be fated to do nothing but brood on food  
Magical food, wonderful food, marvelous food,  
Beautiful food, fabulous food, glorious fooooooood.

**BOY FOR SALE**

If I should say he wasn't very greedy...  
I could not, I'd be telling you a tale.  
One boy, boy for sale.  
Come take a peep.  
Have you ever seen as nice  
A boy for sale.

**WHERE IS LOVE**

Who can say where she may hide?  
Must I travel far and wide?  
'Till I am beside the someone who I can mean something to ...  
Where, where... is love?

**CONSIDER YOURSELF**

If it should chance to be we should see some harder days  
Empty larder days, why grouse?  
Always a chance we'll meet somebody to foot the bill  
Then the drinks are on the house

Consider yourself our mate.  
We don't want to have no fuss,  
For after some consideration, we can state  
Consider yourself one of us

Nobody tries to be lah-di-dah or uppity  
There’s a cup o' tea for all.

Only it's wise to be handy with a rolling pin  
When the landlord comes to call  
Consider yourself our mate.  
We don't want to have no fuss

For after some consideration we can state

Consider yourself one of us.

**YOU’VE GOT TO PICK A POCKET OR TWO**

**( Last line of each verse)**

Large amounts don't grow on trees, you've got to pick-a-pocket or two.

Why should we all break our backs? Better pick-a-pocket or two.

Robin Hood was far too good, get out and pick-a-pocket or two.

We can be like old Bill Sikes, if we pick-a-pocket or two.

Have no fear, attack the rear, get in and pick-a-pocket or two.

Just to find some peace of mind, we have to pick-a-pocket or two.

**I’D DO ANYTHING**

I'd do anything for you dear, anything

For you mean everything to me

I know that I'd go anywhere  
For your smile, anywhere --  
For your smile, everywhere I'd see

**SIKES**  
  
Strong men tremble when they hear it!  
They've got cause enough to fear it!  
  
It's much blacker than they smear it!  
Nobody mentions...  
  
  
Rich men hold their five-pound notes out   
Saves me emptying their coats out.  
They know I could tear their throats out  
Just to live up to...

**WHO WILL BUY?**

Who will buy this wonderful feeling?  
I'm so high I swear I could fly.

Me, oh my! I don't want to lose it  
So what am I to do to keep the sky so blue?  
There must be someone who will buy...

**OOM-PAH-PAH**

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah! That's how it goes,  
Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah! Ev'ryone knows.

They all suppose what they want to suppose  
When they hear...oom-pah-pah!!

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah! That's how it goes.  
Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah! Ev'ryone knows

What is the cause of his red shiny nose?  
Could it be oom-pah-pah!?

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah! That's how it goes.  
Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah! Ev'ryone knows

Whether it's hidden, or whether it shows   
It's the same oom-pah-pah!

Oom-pah-pah! Oom-pah-pah! That's how it goes!  
Oom-pah-pah!Oom-pah-pah! Ev'ryone knows.

She is no longer the same blushing rose  
Ever since oom-pah-pah!

There's a little ditty they're singing in the city  
Especially when they've been on the gin or the beer  
If you've got the patience, your own imaginations  
Will tell you just exactly what you want to hear.