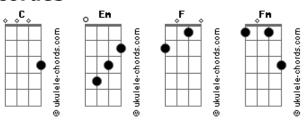


Peppina - La Belle Et La Bête

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tom:
Intro: C Em F Fm
A long time ago, in a story so old
There was a beauty and and a beast, or so I've been told
They were these two strangers, two lonely souls
But it's not what you think, no, here's how it goes
Lets start with the Beast, he was ugly and scary
Pathetic and poor, and horribly hairy
The outside was rough, but once he smiled
You could see that he had a heart of gold inside
The Beast loved a Beauty, this pretty little thing
She was the fairest of them all, and she could dance and sing
But unlike the beast whose love shined the best
She loved herself, never cared for the rest
Oh, La Belle et la bête (the beauty and the beast)
Quelle tragédie (what a tragedy)
                 Fm
Elle est comme le jour (she is like the day)
Il est comme la nuit (he is like the night)
     C Em
Il est amoureux (he is in love)
Elle ne se soucie pas (she doesn't care)
Vont-ils mourir tout seule? (Will they die alone?)
On verra (We'll see)
One day the beast found the Beauty Perfection
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Acordes



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Sitting by the lake making love to her reflection
The Beast then decided that it was the time
To tell the pretty Beauty of his feelings inside
He stepped out from the shades with a flower in hand
Said bravely: My lady, the fairest in this land
I might not be a prince, but my heart beats for you!
Oh the Beauty just laughed, so cold, so cruel
"You smelly old fat hairy pig", she said
"You thought I could love you? I'd rather be dead!"
Still laughing she turned and danced to her home
Leaving the Beast, heart-broken, alone
Oh, La Belle et la bête (the beauty and the beast)
Quelle tragédie (what a tragedy)
Elle est comme le jour (she is like the day)
Il est comme la nuit (he is like the night)
      C Fm
Il est amoureux (he is in love)
           Fm
Mais elle sien fout? (but does she give a damn?)
Qui sera content aprés tout? (What will be told after all?)
On verra (We'll see)
While the Beauty lives all by herself still today
The Beast learned his lesson and changed his ways
He found that true beauty cannot be seen
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And that things are most likely not what they seem