

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