

Little town
It's a quiet village
Every day
Like the one before
Little town
Full of little people
Waking up to say

Bonjour bonjour
Bonjour bonjour bonjour

There goes the baker with his tray, like always
The same old bread and rolls to sell
Every morning just the same
Since the morning that we came
To this poor provincial town
Good morning, Belle

Look there she goes, that girl is strange, no question
Dazed and distracted, can't you tell?

Never part of any crowd
'Cause her head's up on some cloud
No denying she's a funny girl that Belle

Look there she goes, that girl is so peculiar
I wonder if she's feeling well
With a dreamy, far-off look
And her nose stuck in a book
What a puzzle to the rest of us is Belle

Now it's no wonder that her name means Beauty
Her looks have got no parallel

But behind that fair facade
I'm afraid she's rather odd
Very different from the rest of us

She's nothing like the rest of us
Yes, different from the rest of us is Belle!

Right from the moment when I met her, saw her
I said she's gorgeous and I fell
Here in town there's only she
Who is beautiful as me
So I'm making plans to woo and marry Belle

Look there she goes the girl is strange, but special
A most peculiar mademoiselle!

It's a pity and a sin
She doesn't quite fit in

'Cause she really is a funny girl
A beauty but a funny girl
She really is a funny girl
That Belle