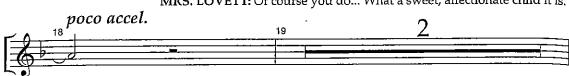
MRS. LOVETT: Of course you do... What a sweet, affectionate child it is.

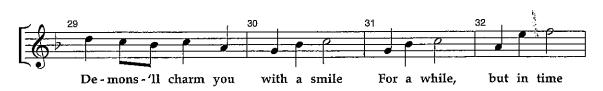


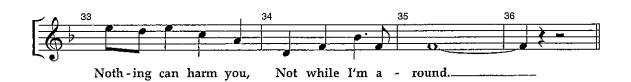


MRS. LOVETT: Here, have a nice bong-bong. (Starts to reach for her purse, but Tobias stays her hand in adoration)



Oth-ers can de - sert you, Not to wor-ry, whist le I'll be there.





MRS. LOVETT: What is this foolishness? What are you talking about? TOBIAS: Little things wot I've been thinking and wondering about...

