

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

*poco accel.*

MRS. LOVETT: I know what Toby deserves...

21 *a tempo*  
(TOBIAS)

No one's gon-na hurt you, No one's gon-na dare. \_\_\_\_\_

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. \_\_\_\_\_

De-mons-'ll charm you with a smile For a while, but in time

Noth-ing can harm you, Not while I'm a - round. \_\_\_\_\_

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

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