

I was walking barefoot on St. Paul's bridge
When I saw a man talking to God
He was round and handsome
Anachronistically
A little odd
I overheard his conversation
He said, "I can't live in a world devoid of love."
And the voice, the voice was so familiar
It was the voice of Peter Ustinov
"Peter," I whispered from the shadows
"We've all been damaged by the 20th century
A man like you can talk to God
But can you spare a word for me?
For I have loved you since the time
I saw you in 'The Mouse that Roared'."
"That was Peter Sellers, my dear.
Go away," he implored
Chorus:
"See, I used to be Ustinov
But used to's no good enough for me
See, I used to be Ustinov
But used to's not good enough for me."
The I blurted out "Quo Vadis"
"Topkapi," ooh yeah "Evil Under The Sun."
He waved his hand, "It's too late for that.
As you said, the damage has been done."
Then he lifted his body up
To throw himself to a watery grave
"Peter," I yelled
"What about 'Billy Budd'
The innocent no one could save?"
(Repeat chorus)
"So tell me what you're dying for
Have you been so disrespected?"
He winked at me and said, "'Billy Budd.'
I wrote, starred, and directed."
Then he bowed and kissed my hand
And said, "What was I thinking of?"
And walked away into the night
The night I saved Peter Ustinov
"You used to be Ustinov
But used to's still good enough for me
You used to be Ustinov
But used to's still good enough for me."