

# Various, Finale

Feed me. Feed me. Feed me.  
Feed me, Seymour. Feed me all night long.  
(That's right, boy! You can do it!)  
Feed me, Seymour. Feed me all night long. (Ha, ha, ha, ha ha.)  
'Cause if you feed me, Seymour, I can grow up big and strong.  
Would you like a Cadillac car?  
Or a guest shot on Jack Paar?  
How about a date with Hedy Lamarr?  
You gonna git it. (If you want it, baby.)  
How would you like to be a big wheel,  
dinin' out for every meal?  
I'm the plant to make it all real.  
You gonna git it.  
Hey, I'm your genie, I'm your friend. I'm your willing slave.  
Take a chance. Feed me, eh? You know what kinda eats,  
what kinda red hot treats, what kinda sticky licky sweets I crave.  
Come on, Seymour, don't be a putz.  
Trust me and your life will surely rival King Tut's.  
Show a little initiative, boy. Work up some guts  
and you'll git it.  
(I don't know. I don't know.  
I have so, so many strong reservations.  
Should I go and perform mutilations?)  
Think about a room at the Ritz,  
wrapped in velvet, covered in glitz.  
A little nookie gonna clean up those zits  
and you'll git it.  
(Gee, I'd like a Harley machine,  
toolin' around like I was James Dean,  
makin' all the guys on the corner turn green.)  
So go git it.  
If you want to be profound, if you really got to justify,  
take a whiff and look around. A lot of folks deserve to die.  
Stupid woman. Christ, what a friggin' scatterbrain.  
I'm sorry, doctor.  
Falls off the motorcycle.  
If you want a rationale, it isn't very hard to see, no, no, no.  
Stop and think it over, pal. The guy sure looks like plant food to me.  
The guy sure looks like plant food to me.  
The guy sure looks like plant food to me.  
He's so nasty, treatin' her rough,  
smackin' her around and always talkin' so tough.  
(You need blood and he's got more than enough.)  
I need blood and he's got more than enough.  
I/(You) need blood and he's got more than enough.  
So go git it!