

Alan Menken & Howard Ashman "Feed Me (Git It!)"

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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
'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 that can make it all real
You gonna get it

Hey, I'm your genie, I'm your friend
I'm your willing slave
Take a chance, feed me and
You know the kinda eats
The kinda red hot treats
The 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 your zits
And you'll get 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 get it , whoa, whoa, whoa

If you wanna be profound
And you really gotta justify
Take a breath and look around
A lot of folks deserve to die

Stupid woman
[Incomprehensible]
Falls of 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
You need blood and he's got more than enough
So go, get it

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