

Little Shop Of Horrors "Mushnik & Son, Joe Pan's Version"

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Mushnik & Son

Mushnik: He'll think about it? He'll think about it?

Seymour: I don't like that guy, Mr. Mushnik. You should hear the way he talks to Audrey.

Mushnik: Gott in himmel, no. The kid Just said he'd mull it over!

Seymour: No wonder she looks so unhealthy. It's enough to make you sick.

Mushnik: If he left me. If Seymour left me. Why then I'd be right back where I started. Which was broke and starving.

Seymour: Sweet and good and beautiful as she is, she deserves a prince, not a sadistic creep like him!

Mushnik: Close and bankrupt.

Seymour: What a louse.

Mushnik: Beset, befuddled, and bereft. That's what I'd be if Seymour left.

Seymour: He's a disgrace to the dental profession.
(An idea comes to Mushnik)

Mushnik: Seymour--

Seymour: Sir?

Mushnik: Seymour? How would you like to be my son?
How would you like to be my own
adopted boy?
I never liked him much before,
But count the cash that's in
the drawer
I've got no choice- I'm much
too poor-
Say yes

SEYMOUR. What for?

MUSHNIK. Seymour I want to be your dad. I wabt to see you climbing up my family tree. I used to think you left a stench. But now I see that you're a mench, so I'm proposing be my son! Mushnik and Son. Sound great? Three words with the ring of fate. So say you'll incorporate with me. A florist's dream come true. Mushnik and his boychik, you. What business we'll do for F.T.D. How bout' it, Seymour? Be my son! Just say the word, I'll have my lawyer on the phone!

Seymour: Now, Mr. Mushnik, don't be rash. You always said that I was trash.

Mushnik: (Grabs Seymour by the throat) I was joking!

Seymour: Sir, I'm choking!

Mushnik: Scuse the physical expression on my pride of the sweet paternal mishegoss I've held pent-up--insi-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-ide! Well?

Seymour: Well.

Mushnik: Yee!

Seymour: Me?

Mushnik: You!

Seymour: Me?

Mushnik: Go ahead and say it, Seymour. Tell me that you will...

Seymour: Gee, I'd really like to, but...

Mushnik: I'll hold my breath until... (Holds his breath)

Seymour: Okay...you win...I'll be your son!

Mushnik: Hooray, I win! He'll be my son!

Seymour: Draw up the papers, dad. I'm touched, I really am. And someday when you're eighty-three. I'll let you come move in with me.

Mushnik: You swear?

Seymour: I promise!

Both: Mushnik and Son, that's that!

Seymour: Officially I'm your brat!

Both: Consider the matter closed and done. Now, to the world, let's stick. Our senior and Junior shtick. Through thin and through thick. Through sloppy and slick.

Seymour: So come kiss me quick!

Mushnik: Please don't make me sick.

Both: Mushnik and Son!!!

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