

Little Shop Of Horrors "Now (It's Just The Gas)"

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Seymour:

Now, do it now

While he's gassing himself to a palpable stupor

The timing's ideal and the moment is super

To ready and fire and blow the sick bastard away

Now, do it now

Just a flicker of pressure, right here on the trigger

And Audrey won't have to put up with that pig for

another day

Now-for the girl, now-for the plant

Now-yes I will. . .but I can't

Orin:

Don't be fooled if I should giggle

Like a sappy, happy dope

It's just the gas, it's got me high

But don't let that fact deceive you

Any moment I could die

Though I giggle and I chortle,

Bear in mind I'm not immortal

Why this whole thing strikes me funny

I don't know-cause it really is a rotten way to go

Seymour:

What we have here is an ethical dilemma

'Less I help him get the mask removed,

He doesn't have a prayer

True the gun was never fired,

But the way events transpired,

I can finish him with simple laissez faire

What we have here is a trick moral problem,

Do I help remove the mask or let him go for lack of air?

Couldn't shoot him when I tried,

But the fates are on my side,

I can off the guy by staying in the chair

Orin:

Don't be fooled if I should chuckle

Like hyenas in a zoo

It's just the gas, it turns me on

But don't let my mirth deceive you

Any moment I'll be gone
All my vital signs are failing
Cause the oxide I'm inhaling
Makes it difficult as hell to catch my breath
Are you dumb or hard of hearing?
Or relieved my end is nearing?
Are you satisfied? I laughed myself to . . .

Seymour:
Death!?

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