

Little Shop Of Horrors

"Supper Time"

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He's got your number now
He knows just what you've done
You got no place to hide
you got nowhere to run
He knows your life of crime
I think it's suppertime

He's got his facts all straight
You know he's on your trail
He's gonna turn you in
They're gonna put you in jail
He's got the goods and I'm
All set for suppertime

Come on, come on
Think about all those offers
Come on, come on
Your future with Audrey
Come on, come on
Ain't no time to turn squeamish
Come on, come on
I swear on all my spores
when he's gone, the world will be yours

Come on, come on
It's suppertime

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