

Various Artists

"Prologue Little Shop Of Horrors"

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On the twenty-third day of the month of September in
an early year
of a decade not too long before our own, the human
race suddenly
encountered a deadly threat to its very existence. And
this terrifying
enemy surfaced, as such enemies often do, in the
seemingly most
innocent and unlikely of places.

Little shop, little shoppa horrors.
Little shop, little shoppa terror.
Call a cop. Little shoppa horrors.
No, oh, oh, no-oh!

Little shop, little shoppa horrors.
Bop sh'bop, little shoppa terror.
Watch 'em drop. Little shoppa horrors.
No, oh, oh, no-oh!

Shing-a-ling, what a creepy thing to be happening!
(Look out, look out, look out, look out!)
Shang-a-lang, feel the sturm and drang in the air.
(Yeah, yeah, yeah.)
Sha-la-la, stop right where you are. Don't you move a
thing.
You better, you better, tellin' you you better
tell your mama somethin's gonna get her.
She better, ev'rybody better beware.

Oh, here it comes, baby. Tell no bums, baby. Oh, no,
no.
Oh, hit the dirt, baby. Hit the dirt, baby. Oh, oh, oh, Oh,
oh-oh, oh.
Alley Oop, haul it off the stoop. Child, I'm warnin' you.
(Look out, look out, look out, look out.)
Run away. Child, you gotta pay if you play. (Yeah, yeah,
yeah.)
Look around. Somethin's comin' down, down the street
for you.
(You betcha) You betcha, you bet your butt you betcha.

Best believe it, somethin's come ta getcha.
You betcha, you better watch your back and your tail.

(Comma comma comma.)
Little shop, little shoppa horrors.
Bop sh-bop, you'll never stop the terror.
Little shop, little shoppa horrors.
No, oh, oh, no, oh, oh, no, oh, oh, no

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