Wolf

look what you're ignor-ing. Think of those crisp, aged bones. Then something fresh on the palate. Think of that scrumptious carnal-ity twice in one day!
There's no possible way
To describe what you feel

When you're talking to your meal!

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD
Mother said not to stray. Still, I suppose, a small delay...

Safety (vocal last time)
(Crosses to flowers, starts to pick)

Granny might like a fresh bouquet...

Good -
by, Mis-ter Wolf.

Good-bye, lit-tle girl...

85 (Starts off) (sotto voce, dolce)

And hel-lo.

Vamp on cue

(Howls and exits)