

# Red 40 & The Last Groovement



*She's Keen To Feed*





# Song List



*We Coulda Been  
All About You  
Things That Make Me Feel Like a Woman  
Pillowbrain  
You Fucked Up  
I Hope It Hurts  
Smooth Me Down  
Young Man, Lion Lamb  
Cannibal  
Funeral For Fido  
In My Car, Babe  
Boogaloo's Shoes  
Comin' To Getchu  
Say Hey Red 40*





# We Coulda Been

I called your number  
thinking that would be fine  
Then I got lucky if you  
stayed on the line

Gotta lotta things to do, not a one is you  
Message received, this time that piece  
won't be mine

Boy, don't be stupid, she just wants to bone  
You know it's better than sleeping alone

Boy, don't miss your chance  
Watch the way I dance  
Smile as you ease into me

You'll ease into her  
Keep me in your mind  
Don't act like you're blind  
You'll like what I'm giving to you

She'll give it to you  
Cuz we coulda been sleeping together by now

I'll leave you lonely if that's what turns you on  
You'll serve me breakfast but by then I'll be gone  
Extra scrambled eggs for you, turkey bacon too  
Just this, I'm yours 'til I decide that I'm done  
Let's keep it simple, boy, you don't have to run  
Cuz gettin' some is better than gettin' none

Oh baby, we both know  
Oh baby baby, it's just part of my show  
That I'll get what I want  
Split when I need  
She's got better places she needs to be



# All About You



*I got a crush on you  
What's a girl to do?  
It's the kind of thing  
that makes me want to go insane  
I've got a thing for you  
Haven't figured out what I'm gonna do  
Maybe, baby, you should come over and I could  
practice on you*

*It's true, you're what I want to do  
On cue, I made it all about you*

*So, it's a crush  
We could make it more  
Don't drag me around the floor  
Cuz then I'll get a rug burn  
and not in the way that I want to  
If you catch my drift  
I got high on my own supply, you want a lift?*

*Now listen, baby  
Don't make this weird (Called the doctor)  
And don't tell me you don't like labels (Said put it in me)  
Cuz look, I'm ready to commit  
I got an IUD*

*I'll be crushed, sweet baby  
If you don't text me back  
Get ready for my love attack  
At my worst I'm crazy, at my best it's sexy  
It's up to you  
Do you want to screw?  
Just as quick as I switch lipstick I'll find someone new*



# Things That Make Me Feel Like a Woman

*Things that make me feel like a woman*

*Interlacing my toes with my lover's fingers  
Sweating deodorant on my little black dress*

*Parallel parking*

*Getting pickled fish fat stuck in my teeth*

*Petting my own leg hair*

*Shaking baby powder into my panties and shoes*

*Licking a q-tip before putting in my ear*

*Walking in loud shoes*

*Leaving more lipstick on the mic than on my mouth*

*Eating the garnish*

*Shedding*

*Chafing*

*Flirting*

*Moisturizing*

*Pulling one of my long hairs, grown from my scalp*

*Out from between my butt cheeks*

*Judith Butler*

*IUD Pain*

*RuPaul*

*Fixing my bra strap*

*Proxis*

*Because you know what?*

*She's keen to feed*



# Pillowbrain

Well, it's ok to flirt if your feet are  
hutting (It's ok, it's ok)

Especially when your own bed you are  
deserting (Hit the hay, hit the hay)

So, find a good man with some nice shiny shoes  
Cuz you can bet his sheets are cleaned up and nice  
And dock your sleep ship to his bed submarine  
Together you'll fight off the bed bugs and lice

Gotta get a pillow, gotta get a pillow, get a pillow  
Don't get stuck inside your Pillowbrain  
It's messed up inside your mattress frame

But what if you get there and he wants some lovin'  
(Not okay, not okay)

Away from the boudoir on your clothes he is tuggin'  
(Step away, step away)

Here's what you say in this situation

Well if you keep on humpin' up against the wall  
You know your pants are gonna wear out  
So come lay atop of this cushion with me  
It just so happens it's a pillowtop

Well the clubs weren't made for some Sleepy McGee's  
But your 'partment is so damn far away  
Your eyelids are heavy, but luckily for you  
It looks like winking from some distance away

Shit, goddamn. I'm gonna ride that honey-pony.





# You Fucked Up



You peed on me  
and told me it's raining, baby  
Made me believe you had it all happening for me  
So, I'll twist that knife and I'll stir you on up  
Do you miss me?  
It's hard to talk past that lump  
This is what you get when you brought it on down  
Now arriving, Population: 1, in Sad Sack Town

Gonna make you sit your ass in the corner  
Get on your knees and beg  
Crawl this way, baby, and tell me you're sorry you're rotten on the inside  
I'll forgive you, maybe  
When I think you've had enough  
But, for now, to be honest  
I like it when you cry  
You fucked up

Hands down your pants, what are you looking for there?  
I helped enhance it, but now you don't have a prayer  
Call me up, let it ring  
Know that I want that to sting  
I'm with him, he's with me

Next time we're out, I'll make sure you see  
My friends say I should be more nice, that being mean is just my vice  
But feeling shit is scary, so I'll stay as cold as ice

I thought our friendship would right all the wrongs  
But that something special, it feels like it's gone  
Is the problem with me? Do I make him feel confused?

Why did you have to take me home?  
Why did you have to let me stay?  
Why did you have to lay me down on your bed, with your hand under my head?

Because you're rotten on the inside  
I'll forgive you, maybe  
When I think you've had enough  
But, for now, to be honest  
I like it when you cry  
You fucked me, then you fucked me over  
Fuck you

You know, sometimes you give into your own personal Proxis  
And your appetite gets ruined and your woman mind gets small  
And you have to say to yourself, "Listen, Bitch."  
I ain't gon do this no more

I'm out, you can do what you want to  
This "is" is a "once was"  
Act One's done

And I'm moving onto Act Two without you  
Boo hoo? Naur, baby baby, merci beaucoup  
See I ain't gonna do this,

Ain't going through this game of clueless lewdness  
Can't solve a useless Rubik's with your mind when your heart is a Brutus  
Sayin', "One more time, do the line, act now, pay the fine, gettin' mine ain't a crime"  
I'm worth a hundred dollars but I'll settle for a dime  
When I'm frontin' like it's nothin' with my hand on your spine sayin':

Shhhhh! Tonight you're in luck, see  
Tonight, don't talk, just fuck me  
Tonight, shh shh, just fuck me  
Tonight, shh shh, just fuck  
Tonight, shh shh, just  
Tonight, shh shh  
Tonight, shh, what?  
No, I ain't gon do this no more!

Dry your eyes, take a breath, and quit crying for something you think you don't have  
The 110% woman just left without paying her tab  
It better be worth it to watch me go  
Let me tell you a secret, kid  
I could get more than you could ever give  
Furthermore, what's worse, is wasting time with you is a sin no one could forgive  
I won't ask for it back you can keep it  
But, I hope it hurts

Call me luscious? I'm vicious, malicious  
Can't quit this  
You'll wish this was that  
You already come running, but I'm cooking meat so I cut off the fat  
It's the carnivore diet, so no sugar  
Ain't nothing sweet  
Made me small to fit inside your heart, but this big bitch is bustin' on out  
You're a magician, but I'm a logician  
Can't trick me, all I have is doubt that you ever cared for me for one minute  
So, I hope it hurts



# I Hope it Hurts



# Smooth Me Down

Caught you doing what you're not supposed to do  
Caught you saying what you're not supposed to say  
What'd you do?  
Where'd you go when you took it away?  
What'd you see?  
How'd it be when you made it this way?  
Smooth me down

Pulled my hair out trying to make you come home  
Stuck my chin out saying lies on the phone to my mom to my dad  
Saying things aren't that bad  
Jesus Christ, who am I?  
And what kind of man would do nothing for a lady so mistreated  
And not treat her just the way she needs it?  
Please let me win and win and make me sin and grin  
So that I won't feel so defeated  
Smooth me down

We're keepin' it groovin'  
I need some soothin'  
You know you're slippin' off my body cuz I keep it movin'  
And if we can't hold hands, I think we're losin'  
My rough edges need smoothin'  
Now, I don't know  
Whether I'm ready or not  
Whether I like what you got  
Whether your hands really can cool a body that's hot  
It's not my plan to try and understand  
The power of touch is in demand  
But every now and then I'm like, "Goddamn!"  
Maybe I'm a woman who can stand tall without a man  
Maybe I'm a lady going crazy in the quicksand  
Taking all my feelings to the page and the page to the stage  
Maybe being in this band is like being handed keys to the cage  
and they come from the fans  
Maybe you're the only ones who understand  
Just for tonight, that it might take a whole damn room of hands  
Just to what?  
Just to what?  
Just to smooth me down

Young man didn't know what he wanted  
Til he saw me on the side of the road  
"What's your name? Sexy face! Smile, sweetie!  
Don't you want a man to take you home?"  
Catcall

Minding my business he stops me as if I care  
Too bad when it comes to following through  
this dick's dick is scarce

Now I know what you wanted  
Yell loud cuz you're haunted  
By your sad little privates  
So your mouth gets big  
Don't be a lion when you're a lamb

Young man had a dream, ran for office  
So he put on a suit and a tie  
Made some names, shook some hands, chased the honors  
Said the words even when they were a lie  
He's gay!

Republican ninny, you're hiding behind a flag  
Come out! The rainbow is red, white, and blue  
Purple, pink and fag  
Hate gays because they're happy  
Pass laws so they can't marry  
Cuz it's easier to hide when you won't come out  
Don't be a lion when you're a lamb

Little men make big choices  
Selfish boys given voices  
But they act from their privates and not  
their hearts  
Don't be a lion when you're a lamb



# Young Man, Lion Lamb





# Funeral for Fido



*You looked like you  
were sleeping, my little  
baby doll*

*Making not a peep and  
moving not at all  
At the foot of my bed  
Curled up in a ball*

*There was no funeral for Fido  
No gravestone to carve  
No puppies to howl at your plot  
No pastor to preach on your  
pulpit of pooch  
Roll over*

*"Just put him in the freezer"  
What kind of roommate says  
that?*

*But nothing would not please her  
I think I'll kill her cat  
She took you away  
Threw you into the bay*

*Lay down  
Arf. I. P.*

# In My Car, Babe

Where you think you're going, baby  
Not looking like you're gonna  
get very far  
You see me comin'  
I got exciting things to show you  
But first you gotta hop your butt into  
my car  
I'll get you hummin'

Get into my car, babe  
In my car, babe  
Get into my car, babe  
In my car

You're sweating off your t-shirt  
We know what's next  
Got the ice cubes cracking  
Use them for sex  
The mint on my breath and the gel  
in your hair  
We'll rub it all off spinnin' round  
down there

Cheap polyester  
but my ass looks nice  
Won't take much to take you  
I entice you  
Despite your smartness you're inside  
Cuz it was cheap polyester but my  
ass looked nice

Fuckin' in my car, babe  
In my car, babe  
Fuckin' in my car, babe  
In my car



Now there's sex in the air  
and a bulge in your jeans  
Urgently beep the horn  
Now you know what it means

You got my trunk unlocked,  
my rack is on top  
But you won't know what hit you cuz  
this ride don't stop

Try to roll off but I got you now  
Thought the female's simple, I won't allow  
You to cum off, wipe off, take off quick  
Got your secrets while the melody sticks

Killed you in my car, babe  
In my car, babe  
Killed you in my car, babe  
In my car

Yea, sure, buy me a drink  
It costs more than you think  
And then before you blink  
I'll get you, then I'll fuck you,  
then I'll kill you in my car

But first get into my car, babe  
In my car, babe  
Get into my car, babe  
In my car



# Boogaloo's Shoes

*Ladies, are you*

*tall and you don't play  
basketball?*

*Takes a minute just to fall?*

*Me too!*

*When there's nothing left to do,  
grab your 6-inch platform  
shoes*

*That's the tallness you can  
choose and I do*

*Boogaloo has shoes and her  
shoes are so high*

*She's gonna kick you*

*Boogaloo has shoes on her feet,  
on her shins, on her thighs,  
wonder why?*

*She's gonna kick you in the face*



# Comin' To Getchu



I'm comin' to getchu  
Don't you know it?  
You'll wish that I hadn't met you  
but it's too late now  
So I'm comin' to find you  
You can't run you can't hide, you  
Cuz I'm comin' to getchu

Don't mess with fire and hairspray  
You'll surely get the horns  
Now on your back you will lay  
Ex-lovers they will mourn  
So I'm comin' to find you  
You can't run you can't hide, you  
Watch out, Proxis!  
I'm going to kill your fucking face

I bet you don't expect it  
I bet you're drinking tea  
But fool, you don't know shit  
Shouldn't have fucked with me  
So I'm comin' to find you  
You can't run, you can't hide, you  
Watch out, Proxis!  
I'm going to kill your fucking face



# Say Hey Red 40

Ho, hey! Red 40 is here today  
So you know the funk is on the way  
We got a stanky-ass tune to play  
So get down, the Groovement  
is here to stay.

We are the Groovement  
And we keep it fresh  
Just let us know if you wanna go  
Up to the stars or  
Down below the sea  
All night long here with Red 40

Funk bass, Professor Doobie Jones  
Gonna school your hips  
with low and funky tones  
Say "Hey, Doobie Jones!"

Dickie Sweats, this farmer gets  
our temperature to rise  
His guitar plays in sticky ways  
like Momma's cherry pies  
Say "Hey, Dickie Sweats!"

Here Comes Dr. Stank Face  
to cure your wants and ills  
We're all got the sickness  
and the doctor's got the pills  
Hey, Doc!

Talkin' bout Uncle Meat  
Ain't no shoes on his feet  
But he can play a funky beat  
Sonic protein treat to eat  
Say "Hey, Uncle Meat!"

Judge Fudge, The Orbital Arbitrator  
His horn will blow you to Jupiter

Say "Hey, Judge Fudge!"

Like a hair dryer in the water  
He'll electrocute your daughter  
His name is Hot Moist Tooth  
Hey, Tooth!

Go go go Tambo, her ammo is  
sitting on your dicks  
Like Rambo she'll scramble you  
into fishy sticks  
Say "Hey, Tambo!"

Boogaloo Borine sings to  
stratospheric heights  
She's stacked as hell and you can  
tell she looks damn good in them  
tight's  
Say "Hey, Boogaloo!"

Candy Scrapple, raised by squirrels  
Hair on fire, now she twirls  
Hey, Scrapple!

Everybody say, "Hey, Red 40!"

I'm the chemical reaction  
that's got you dancin'  
No time for romancin'  
I'm the dye left on your fingers  
I'm the drum thump that lingers  
Got the note that broke the glass  
Got that groove that shook your ass  
Cuz I'm Red 40

She brought us together  
We're the Last Groovement forever







# She's Keen To Feed

Produced by Peter Richan, Martha Stuckey, Ben Diamond,  
Zachary Alan Carlson Kuzel and Red 40 & The Last  
Groovement

Recorded, Mixed, and Mastered by Peter Richan at Buckeye  
Recording Studios, Philadelphia PA

## The Band:

Red 40 (Martha Stuckey) - Lead vocals

Boogaloo Borine (Caitlin Antram) - Vocals

Professor Doobie Jones (Jonathan Colvson) - Bass

Tambo Ya-Ya (Jess Conda) - Vocals

Uncle Meat (Ben Diamond) - Drums, Percussion

Hot Moist Tooth (Ben Grinberg) - Alto Saxophone

Judge Fudge, The Orbital Arbitrator (Zachary Alan  
Carlson Kuzel) - Trumpet, Percussion

Doctor Stank Face (Matteo Scammell) -

Guitar

Candy Scrapple (Alice Yorke) - Vocals,  
Squirrel

## Additional Musicians:

Devin Coleman - Guitar

Mike Frank - Keyboards

Michael Hood - Trombone

Thor Espanez - Baritone Saxophone

Peter Richan - Additional guitar, keyboards,

synth bass, and percussion

Vince Tampio - Trumpet

## Songs Written and Arranged By:

**We Coulda Been** - Martha Stuckey and Red 40 &  
The Last Groovement

**All About You** - Martha Stuckey and Red 40 &  
The Last Groovement

**Things That Make  
Me Feel Like a Woman** - Martha Stuckey, Caitlin  
Antram, Jess Conda,  
Alice Yorke and Red 40 & The Last Groovement

**Pillowbrain** - Martha Stuckey, Alex Bechtel and  
Red 40 & The Last Groovement

**You Fucked Up** - Martha Stuckey and Red 40 & The  
Last Groovement

**Young Man, Lion Lamb** - Martha Stuckey and Red 40 & The  
Last Groovement

**Cannibal** - Martha Stuckey and Red 40 & The Last  
Groovement

**Funeral for Fido** - Martha Stuckey, Alex Bechtel  
and Red 40 & The Last Groovement

**In My Car, Babe** - Martha Stuckey, Caitlin Antram,  
Jess Conda and Red 40 & The Last Groovement

**Boogaloo's Shoes** - Caitlin Antram, Martha  
Stuckey and Red 40 & The Last Groovement

**Comin' To Getchu** - Martha Stuckey and Red 40 &  
The Last Groovement

**Say Hey Red 40** - Devin Coleman and Red 40  
& The Last Groovement

## Additional Arrangements:

Vince Tampio - Horn Arrangements for  
All About You, You Fucked Up, Funeral for  
Fido, Say Hey Red 40

Zachary Kuzel - Horn Arrangements for  
We Coulda Been, Pillowbrain, River, In My  
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**I Hope  
it Hurts**

- Martha  
Stuckey, Jess  
Conda and Red  
40 & The Last  
Groovement

**Market Store**

- Martha Stuckey, Alex  
Bechtel and Red 40 & The  
Last Groovement

**Smooth Me Down**

- Martha Stuckey, Jess  
Conda and Red 40 & The  
Last Groovement