

## Levi Stubbs

### "Feed Me/Git It"

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Feed me! Feed me! Feed me!  
Feed me, Seymour  
Feed me all night long  
That's right, boy  
You can do it  
Feed me, Seymour  
Feed me all night long  
'Cause if you feed me, Seymour  
I can grow up big and strong

Would you like a Cadillac car?  
Or a guest shot on Jack Paar?  
How about a date with Hedy Lamarr?  
You gonna git it.

Would you like to be a big wheel,  
Dinin' out for every meal?  
I'm the plant that can make it all real  
You gonna git it

I'm your genie, I'm your friend  
I'm your willing slave  
Take a chance, just feed me and  
You know the kinda eats,  
The kinda red hot treats  
The kinda sticky licky sweets  
I crave

Come on, Seymour, don't be a putz  
Trust me and your life will surely rival King Tut's  
Show a little 'nitiative, work up the guts  
And you'll git it

I don't know. I don't know  
I have so, so many strong reservations  
Should I go and perform mutilations?

Think about a room at the Ritz  
Wrapped in velvet, covered in glitz  
A little nookie gonna clean up your zits  
And you'll git it

Gee I'd like a Harley machine,  
Toolin' around like I was James Dean,  
Makin' all the guys on the corner turn green

So go git it  
If you wanna be profound  
And you really gotta justify  
Take a breath and look around  
A lot of folks deserve to die

Stupid woman!  
Christ what a friggin' scatterbrain  
Falls off the motorcycle (Aagh!)

If you want a rationale  
It isn't very hard to see  
Stop and think it over, pal  
The guy sure looks like plant food to me.

He's so nasty, treatin' her rough,  
Smackin' her around and always talkin' so tough.  
You need blood and he's got more than enough  
You need blood and he's got more than enough  
You need blood and he's got more than enough  
So go git it!

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