



Cover: AI-generated art (concept render), not a photo.

SOOK: True Colors

by SOOK the Crab · 13 songs · 2026

A genre-hopping comedy concept album about a giant pedal-powered blue crab racing Baltimore's Kinetic Sculpture Race (May 1, 2027). Every song is a different style, played completely straight.

How it was made (honestly)

AI-made music, human-directed silly. Music and vocals: AI-generated (ElevenLabs Music). Lyrics: written with an AI assistant (Claude) from Team SOOK's brief, chosen by a human. Concept, story and direction: Team SOOK. No real singers, no cloned voices.

Songs

1. Overture: Ladies and Gentlemen, a Crab · Grand orchestral overture
2. Chronic Blueness · Smoky jazz torch song
3. Leg Day (×8) · 80s workout synth-pop
4. Federal Hill (Is a Mountain to Me) · Overwrought power ballad
5. Cobblestone Cha-Cha · Latin cha-cha dance
6. Hands Off the Crab · Country two-step
7. Down the Ramp · Spaghetti-western standoff
8. Steamed · Baltimore club
9. The Lobbyists Have Filed · Victorian comic-opera patter song
10. Sand in My Claws · Delta blues
11. Lil' Jimmy's Lament · Gentle folk ballad
12. True Colors (Rainbow Enlightenment) · Gospel-choir finale
13. Hon · 30-second punk

Free to listen and free to download. Share it with friends; please do not re-upload the songs to

streaming services or Content ID. sookthecrab.com/album/

1. Overture: Ladies and Gentlemen, a Crab

Grand orchestral overture. The curtain rises on a crab. The orchestra takes this extremely seriously.

INTRO: TIMPANI ROLL, BRASS FANFARE

CHOIR, HUSHED

Ladies and gentlemen...
a crab.

ORCHESTRA SWELLS

CHOIR, LOUDER

Ladies and gentlemen...
a CRAB!

CHOIR, GRAND

From the marble steps to the Chesapeake,
fifteen miles, one blue mystique!

CHOIR, CHANTING

SOOK! SOOK! SOOK!

CHOIR, SOFT

Blue, then orange, then every hue...

CHOIR, ENORMOUS, FINAL CHORD

Ladies and gentlemen... a crab... for you!

2. Chronic Blueness

Smoky jazz torch song. SOOK in her Blue Period: misunderstood, melancholy, and very, very blue.

VERSE 1

They light the lamps on Key Highway,
the harbor's gray, and I am blue.
I sit alone on marble steps
that someone scrubbed for someone new.
The arabber goes clip-clop by,
he's selling peaches, I'm not buying,
'cause nothing's sweet in Baltimore
when a crab this blue is softly crying.

CHORUS

I've got chronic blueness, hon,
it's in my shell, it's in my claws.
The doctors say it's natural,
I say it's art, and art has flaws.
So keep your mallet, keep your pot,

don't spread that paper on the table,
I'm not your dinner, I'm a mood,
I'm chronic blue, and I'm unstable.

VERSE 2

The painted screens on every block
show cottages and swans in bloom,
but nobody has painted me,
a misunderstood crab in a lonely room.
I'd order a snowball, marshmallow on top,
and watch it melt, drop by blue drop.

BRIDGE, HALF-SPOKEN

They say, "Cheer up, it's only fifteen miles."
They say, "You'll find yourself out there."
Darling, I found myself this morning.
She was blue. And she did her hair.

FINAL CHORUS

I've got chronic blueness, hon,
it's in my shell, it's in my claws.
The doctors say it's natural,
I say it's art, and art has flaws.
Ask me again in fifteen miles...
ask me again in fifteen miles.

3. Leg Day (×8)

80s workout synth-pop. The crew trains to pedal a crab with eight legs. Leg warmers are mandatory.

INTRO, SHOUTED

Okay, crew! Find your pedals! And... crank!

VERSE 1

Five a.m. in a rowhouse basement,
sweatbands on and the bike's in place,
eight legs on a crab and only us to move 'em,
so we gotta pick up the pace!
Leg warmers blue for the Blue Period,
water bottle and a towel and a snack,
fifteen miles from the museum
and the only way home is back!

PRE-CHORUS

Feel the burn! (Feel the burn!)
Feel the crab! (Feel the crab!)
Federal Hill is calling and it isn't calling back!

CHORUS

It's leg day! (Times eight!)
A crab's got eight legs and we can't be late!
Pedal, pedal, sideways, push!
It's leg day! (Times eight!)
And one, and two, and three, and four,
five, six, seven, eight, and more!

VERSE 2

Squats on the marble steps for the warm-up,
lunges down the alley to the corner store,
calf raises waiting on the light on Light Street,
then we do it all again, and then some more!
Grandma's on the stoop with a stopwatch,
says she's seen a faster tugboat in the bay,
we just smile and we keep on spinning,
'cause the race is on the first of May!

BRIDGE, SHOUTED

Grapevine to the left! Grapevine to the right!
There's no grapevine on a crab! Just pedal!

FINAL CHORUS

It's leg day! (Times eight!)
A crab's got eight legs and we can't be late!
Pedal, pedal, sideways, push!
It's leg day! (Times eight!)
And one, and two, and three, and four,
five, six, seven, eight, and more!

4. Federal Hill (Is a Mountain to Me)

Overwrought power ballad. A small park hill, sung like Everest, with a key change you can see from space.

VERSE 1, SOFT PIANO

They say it's just a little hill,
a park above the harbor, green and still.
They say the kids roll down it every June,
they say I'll be up at the top real soon.
But from the bottom, looking at the sky,
with every rowhouse watching me go by...

PRE-CHORUS

my pilots pedal, I can hear them breathe,
a thousand reasons, and just one way to leave!

CHORUS

Federal Hill is a mountain to me!
Higher than the clouds above the Chesapeake!
They call it a hill, I call it Everest, hon,
and I'm climbing it sideways, one leg at a time!
Federal Hill... is a mountain to me.

VERSE 2

A man with a dog just jogged right past,
a toddler on a tricycle went twice as fast.
The cannons on the top look out across the bay,
I swear that one of them just looked at me and turned away.

BRIDGE, BUILDING

I can see the summit!
I can see the view!
I can see the ice cream truck,
and the harbor shining blue!

KEY CHANGE: FINAL CHORUS, UP A WHOLE STEP

Federal Hill is a mountain to me!
Higher than the clouds above the Chesapeake!
They call it a hill, I call it Everest, hon,
and I'm climbing it sideways, one leg at a time!
Federal Hill... is a mountain to me!

OUTRO, SUDDENLY QUIET

...and now we have to go down it.

5. Cobblestone Cha-Cha

Latin cha-cha dance. The Fells Point cobblestones rattle SOOK's shell, so she makes it a dance.

VERSE 1

Welcome to Fells Point, the cobbles are old,
laid down by sailors, or so we're told.
Down on the waterfront the stones go clack,
she's got a rattle in her shell and a shimmy in her back!

CHORUS

Cobblestone cha-cha! (Cha-cha-cha!)
Her shell goes clackety, clackety, clack!
Cobblestone cha-cha! (Cha-cha-cha!)
Every bump's a beat and there's no going back!

VERSE 2

Every stone's a bongo, every crack's a drum,
the tugboats in the harbor say, "Here she comes!"
The ladies on the corner with their coffee in hand
say, "That crab's got rhythm, she should start a band!"

BRIDGE

Left claw! (Cha-cha-cha!)
Right claw! (Cha-cha-cha!)
A little pinch! (Cha-cha-cha!)
Ay, que jaiba! Let the whole Point sing!

CHORUS

Cobblestone cha-cha! (Cha-cha-cha!)
Her shell goes clackety, clackety, clack!
Cobblestone cha-cha! (Cha-cha-cha!)
Every bump's a beat and there's no going back!

OUTRO

One, two, cha-cha-cha!
Fells Point, cha-cha-cha!

6. Hands Off the Crab

Country two-step. SOOK's security man pleads with Inner Harbor tourists to look, wave and not touch.

VERSE 1

Well, I'm security for a big blue crab,
got sunglasses, an earpiece and a gift for gab.
We come rollin' to the harbor where the paddle boats float,
and every tourist on the promenade wants to climb aboard her boat.

CHORUS

Hands off the crab, y'all, hands off the crab!
You can look, you can wave, you can take a little snap,
but hands off the crab, y'all, she's a work of art,
and she's sideways in the middle of the harbor's heart.

VERSE 2

A fella in a visor tried to sit on her claw,
I said, "Partner, that's a sculpture, not a petting zoo, y'all."
A lady off a cruise ship came at her with a mallet,
I said, "Ma'am, put that down, this ain't brown paper on a pallet!"

CHORUS

Hands off the crab, y'all, hands off the crab!
You can look, you can wave, you can take a little snap,
but hands off the crab, y'all, she's a work of art,
and she's sideways in the middle of the harbor's heart.

BRIDGE

The dragon boats are starin' from the water by the pier,
the gulls are circlin' over and the ice cream man is near,
so take your pictures, folks, and give a big ol' cheer,
but if you touch that crab, friend, I'll be standin' right here.

FINAL CHORUS

Hands off the crab, y'all, hands off the crab!
You can look, you can wave, you can take a little snap,
but hands off the crab, y'all, she's a work of art,
and she's sideways in the middle of the harbor's heart.

OUTRO, SPOKEN

Y'all have a nice day now. Hands off.

7. Down the Ramp

Spaghetti-western standoff. High noon at Canton: a crab, a boat ramp, and the water, staring each other down.

INTRO: WHISTLE, LONE GUITAR

VERSE 1

The sun stood high on Canton,
the wind came off the bay,
a blue crab at the top of the ramp,
and the water in her way.
The crowd went quiet on the waterfront,
a seagull held its breath,
the harbor said, "I'm waiting, hon."
The crab said, "Not just yet."

CHORUS, CHOIR

Down the ramp...
down the ramp...
there's a showdown on the waterfront,
and only one goes down the ramp.

VERSE 2

She checked her floats, she checked her paddles twice,
the pilots checked their life vests, 'cause the pilots, they are wise.
The water didn't blink, the water never does,
it's been here since the Patapsco was the only thing there was.

BRIDGE, SPOKEN, SLOW

"Water," she said. "This harbor ain't big enough for the both of us."
The water said nothing.
It's water.

FINAL CHORUS, CHOIR

Down the ramp...
down the ramp...
there's a showdown on the waterfront,
and only one goes down the ramp.

OUTRO, SPOKEN

...And she rolled.

8. Steamed

Baltimore club. Splashdown! The sirens wail, SOOK blushes, and she turns steamed orange.

INTRO, CHANT

Steamed! Steamed! Steamed! Steamed!

VERSE 1

Splash down in the harbor, the water's warm,
the sirens goin' off like a summer storm,
I was blue a minute ago, now look at me blush,
from my claws to my eyes, it's an orange rush!

HOOK

Turn it up, I'm steamed! (Steamed!)
Turn it up, I'm steamed! (Steamed!)
Blue went in and orange came out,
that's what the Great Blushing's all about!
Hon, I'm steamed! (Steamed!)

VERSE 2

Scientists are screamin', the cameras flash,
the wellness folks are chantin' 'cause I made a splash,
put down the mallet, the paper and the pot,
I'm a sculpture, hon, I'm just really hot!

BREAKDOWN

Blush! (Blush!) Blush! (Blush!)
Blush, blush, blush, blush!
Orange! Orange! Orange, orange, orange!
Paddles up, paddles down, swim it out!

HOOK

Turn it up, I'm steamed! (Steamed!)
Turn it up, I'm steamed! (Steamed!)
Blue went in and orange came out,
that's what the Great Blushing's all about!
Hon, I'm steamed! (Steamed!)

9. The Lobbyists Have Filed

Victorian comic-opera patter song. The lobbyists try to trademark SOOK's blush, at very high speed.

VERSE 1, PATTERN

We represent the interests of a very large consortium
that wishes to secure the blush before the crab can sport 'em.
We've filed it in triplicate, in quadruple, in quintuple,
with footnotes on the footnotes in a binder that is brutal!
The color code is pending and the shade is under seal,
we'd like the rights to orange and a fifty-fifty deal,
and should the crab object, we have prepared a lengthy brief
explaining why a crab who blushes is a common thief!

CHORUS

The lobbyists have filed! The lobbyists have filed!
They've trademarked every sunset and the paperwork is piled!

VERSE 2, FASTER

We've filed upon the pumpkins and the traffic cones and sunsets,
the tangerines, the marmalade, the life vests and the bonnets,
the court is in recess, but we've a motion on the matter:
a crab who blushes orange owes a royalty per platter!

BRIDGE, CHORUS WHISPERING

Objection! (Sustained!)
Objection! (Overruled!)
Objection! (We're not sure!)
The court has not yet ruled!

VERSE 3, FASTEST

So if you see a sunset over Fells Point, do not stare at it,
unlicensed admiration is a tort, and we will care a bit!
The crab may keep the blue, for blue is frankly rather tragic,
but orange is our property, and so's the rainbow magic!

FINAL CHORUS

The lobbyists have filed! The lobbyists have filed!
They've trademarked every sunset and the paperwork is piled!
The lobbyists have filed... and the court has not yet ruled!

10. Sand in My Claws

Delta blues. Stuck in the Patterson Park sand pit, with the pagoda looking down.

VERSE 1

Well, I rolled into Patterson Park this mornin',
that pagoda on the hill was lookin' down,
yes, I rolled into Patterson Park this mornin',
and that pagoda on the hill was lookin' down,
said, "Crab, you got fifteen miles, and you're stuck in the sandiest ground."

VERSE 2

I got sand in my claws, sand in my shell,
I got sand in my claws, mercy, sand in my shell,
I got sand in places a crab don't like to tell.

VERSE 3

Pilots pushin', and the pit crew's diggin' with a spoon,
pilots pushin', and the pit crew's diggin' with a spoon,
we gon' be in this pit till the middle of next June.

VERSE 4

Then came the mud, oh, the mud, it called my name,
mud in the park, mercy, it called out my name,
I said, "Mud, I'm a crab, hon. This here's my kind of game."

OUTRO, SPOKEN OVER HARMONICA

Sand in my claws...
and I kinda like it.

11. Lil' Jimmy's Lament

Gentle folk ballad. Lil' Jimmy, the sock crab who rides in the seasoning tin on SOOK's back, asks to be noticed.

VERSE 1

I'm a little sock crab in a seasoning tin,
on the back of a lady with a sky-blue skin.
I've got button eyes and a heart made of thread,
I was somebody's sock once, or so it is said.

CHORUS

Oh, nobody sees Lil' Jimmy,
riding up high where the seasoning goes,
fifteen miles on the back of a giant,
and nobody thanks me, and nobody knows.

VERSE 2

I saw the hill and I saw the harbor,
I got splashed at Canton and I didn't complain,
I lost a button on the Fells Point cobbles,

and I'll never see that button again.

VERSE 3

They say if they lose me, it costs them an hour,
a whole hour, for a sock crab like me,
so I hold on tight when the turns get bumpy,
'cause I guess I'm important, as important can be.

FINAL CHORUS

Oh, somebody saw Lil' Jimmy,
riding up high where the seasoning goes,
a lady on the loudspeaker said, "Thank you,"
and now everybody, everybody knows.

12. True Colors (Rainbow Enlightenment)

Gospel-choir finale. The finish at the museum: the whole crew, the sooklings, and SOOK in full rainbow.

VERSE 1, SOLOIST

I came in blue, I came in cold,
with nothing to prove and a heart on hold.
Then the water came and the steam rose high,
and I blushed so orange I could have cried.

PRE-CHORUS

But fifteen miles will change a crab! (Change a crab!)
Cobbles, sand and mud and all! (Mud and all!)

CHORUS, FULL CHOIR

Show your true colors! (Rainbow!)
Shine 'em on Key Highway! (Rainbow!)
From the harbor to the museum, let the whole town see,
we were rainbow all along, and now we're finally free!

VERSE 2

Now the sooklings shuffle, little feet in a row,
the crew peeled off the orange and they're stealing the show,
the pilots are wobbly, they gave every pedal,
and Lil' Jimmy in his tin is wearing a medal!

BRIDGE, CALL AND RESPONSE

Can I get a blue? (Blue!)
Can I get an orange? (Orange!)
Can I get a rainbow? (Rainbow!)
Can I get a hon? (Hon!)

FINAL CHORUS, KEY CHANGE, WITH CHILDREN

Show your true colors! (Rainbow!)
Shine 'em on Key Highway! (Rainbow!)

From the harbor to the museum, let the whole town see,
we were rainbow all along, and now we're finally free!

ENDING, CHOIR, HELD

SOOK... has found herself!

Ahhh... hon!

13. Hon

30-second punk. Bonus track. The lyrics are "hon".

COUNT-IN

One, two, three, four!

VERSE

Hon! Hon! Hon! Hon!

Hon, hon, hon, hon, hon!

Hon! (Hon!) Hon! (Hon!)

Hon, hon, hon, hon, HON!

BRIDGE

Hon?

...Hon.

ENDING

HON!