

Herman Brood "Back"

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Back (in y'r love)

When the wind is crawlin'
at y'r basement floor
& the rats are runnin' round
tryin' to get underheath y'r chamber door
when I smell the . . .
on y'r sweatstained street
& I see this French chick
lickin' my speed
When the snow is wettin'
my old wooden chair
& the crabs are runnin' round
in my pubic hair
when y'r bubblegum is stickin'
in my pubic hair
when all my old sollicitors
come around, only needles for a pay
& all me brandnew visitors
only have spoons to give away

all my precious pleasures
you took away with all your charms
& all my so called treasures
made a strainer of my arms

damn this cruel december
days shift into nights
I wish I could remember
how you drifted from my sight
anything I can think of
it never seems enough
I make friends with y'r daddy
I make friends with y'r dog
just to get you let me back in y'r love
just to get you let me back in y'r love

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