

Herman Brood

"Bad Blood"

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BAD BLOOD

People come & go
broken hearted
O.D. on poison
take a dry dive
get loaded on smack
& locked up in the john
for the rest of their life

Businessman gonna keep on pushin'
for good ol' green back dollar bill
mama's doin' the black cat walk
& daddy's poppin himself
right over the hill

Too much grass & y're prone to gas
see you on the corner of needle avenue
you better take a good look
down this road
see if it's bright enough for you
Bad Blood

you can pretend everythin's cool
even force some winky kinda smile
don't wanna see the tears in y'r eyes
since y're gonna find out
I'll be gone for a while
Bad Blood

Competition is the name of the game
gotta clean out my system
do the milkcow cure
hide out in the jungle

gotta be pure

Peter is a poet
shootin' jivetalk all over the sidewalk
ain't no big money for Pete
at the corner of the street
Bad Blood

Peter is a poet up to his neck in the shit
it ain't no use to strike if you can't hit

Gonna puke cause I wanna be pure
blood on the tracks
grinnin' straight faced
ssssteps you in the back
Bad Blood
Don't fear the devil
ain't gonna beg for a place in heaven
messin' with the best in me
squeezin' the soul right out of me
Bad Blood

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