

## Back (in Y'r Love)

Herman Brood

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