

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