

Never Be Clever

Herman Brood

Goin' down the line, head up high
I wonder why it's so hard to feel fine
Got all I need plastic teeth, a pocket full of speed and I'm cool in
the heat

Groovy little lady, seems I'm wasting her time
I've got headhammer bullets, still back in crime
People say that I used to do better
So I guess I'm gonna have to get myself together

But I'll never
I'll never be clever
I'll never ever, I'll never be clever

Some say I'm suicidal with a sense of humour
Some say I'm freakin', and they'll try to start rumours
Some people say that I won't last long
Find myself a home, settle down, write a song

I love to hang around in black people's places
Fascinating, starin' at faces
Holy mama, make me concentrate
I've gotta write a song and I've got to create

But I'll never
I'll never be clever
You know that I'll never ever man, I'll never be clever child

Goin' down the line with my head up high
I wonder why it's so hard to feel fine
I got all I need
Plastic teeth, a pocket full of speed
And I'm cool in the heat

Groovy little lady, seems I'm wasting her time
I don't want to, move back to crime
People say that I used to do better
So I guess I'm gonna have to get myself together

But I'll never
I'll never be clever
I'll never ever, I'll never be clever

You know that I'll never
I'll never be clever
I'll never ever, I'll never be clever