

Herbert's a loser

The Guess Who

It sure was scary
When I met Mary
I didn't understand myself
I was a fool when we were in school
And she understood me better
I guess I had passion
It startled her fashion
She thought it a small price to pay
For fiery nights under northern lites
Helps the snow slowly melt away
Herbert's a loser
His father's a boozier
He didn't like himself
He lost his cool and he drowned in a pool
After writing a classic love letter
I guess too much passion
Had startled his fashion
It started and ended that day
He wrote the letter there wasn't one better
One reading turned millions his way
Now there's Mary
It isn't so scary
Now that I like myself
I'm no fool and we're not in school
The water can't get any wetter
Now I'm in fashion I'll warm up her passion
She'll think it a small price to pay
For fiery nights under northern lites
Helps the snow slowly melt away