## **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