

## Back In Your Love

Herman Brood

Back (in y'r love)

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