

Jivin' (Myself)

Herman Brood

I'm sick of the city
sick of the heat
sick of 'm dopey nitwits
at the shootin' galery
sick from pickin' up the craps
from half the chicks that I touch

Social diseases & ratty lil' habits
closin' me in
drivin' me nuts

Always thought I had complete control &
one day you wake up honey
down in the hole

I've been jivin' myself too long
I've been jivin' myself too long

Wake up too far gone to do y'r
lousy routine
like rip off some fag
down at the pissin' machine

You know the past is a wound in the head
lookin' back is a pain in the neck
been jivin' myself too long
with phone extacy
lust for life
straight from the pharmacy

I've been jivin' myself too long

I've been jivin' myself too long

There's a thing called love

but I can't seem to find it

don't see them in the street

don't see it in the poolhall at the disco

don't see it at places

where people should meet

There must be more good in life

than I can see

gotta find I way to make it part of me

lord have mercy

just some private lil' fantasy

now back to reality, look out

see that bum pull a gun

for a hand full of chickenfeed

right in the middle of

weekend shoppin' mainstreet

beat a bum for 25 cents

surrounded by tourists

& uniformed misfits

I've been jivin' myself too long