## **Price**

**Herman Brood** 

We were lovers on the beach the waves were curlin' round our feet we were lovers in the back of the car told each other we would never be apart These days it's sad but it's true Every word I say is bouncin' off on you for you baby I ruin my hands you've got me cleanin' the pots & the pans I sold my soul she's got me in the palm of her hand

I've got a feelin' I've made a mistake since none of my friends come around no more I've got a funny feelin' somethin's wrong no more ringin' the phone no knockin' on my door

O what a price I've got to pay lovin' you

This ghostlike feelin's gettin' stronger I just can't hide no longer I hate to see it fade away the truth I've got to face someday

O what a price I've got to pay lovin' you I've got to pay lovin' you

She's like a nightclub in the mornin' she's the bitter end like a desinfected toilet only clean around the bend she's countin' up the bottles she's checkin' out the gossip she got nightmares of a rapist she don't know what love is

O what a price I've got to pay lovin' you I've got to pay lovin' you