

## Skid Row

Herman Brood

The swiftest fingers play for money  
the best are tangled up in minds  
The sweetest sisters come down to connin  
they buy no truth of any kind

Senile mothers woo their spittin' sons  
hunky husbands sell their pounds of flesh  
the most sung song is sixteens tons  
only trash is good for cash

Send me y'r greetings, sweet sweet love  
commend me if I need to be heaven above  
Y'r socalled friends just drain y'r brain  
to be a star in conversation

the clap trap rows on Lover's Lane are  
only meant to keep you on probation  
Shoot y'r shit & shoot y'r stinkin' lip  
you find no way to score a solid hit

try everything now to prove y'r hip  
you're gonna end up the final stupid flip  
Send me your greetings, sweet sweet love  
commend me if I need to be heaven above

but leave me, please leave me  
with the scum & the junkies  
on skid row, where all names are delusive  
skid row, where all pain is exclusive  
Skid Row