

# Herman Brood, Jazz

Good evening ladies & gentlemen  
The Brood in jazz

I saw the genius come out of the bottle  
freakin' out the old man in the candystore  
a sad eyed jazz-cat tried to sell his trumpet  
whatever the offer he always wants more  
Every hit you get that don't break y'r neck  
is gonna make you feel stronger  
every storm you survive  
is gonna make you last longer

Holes in the paper where words should be  
I guess it's holy it's so hard to see  
I wanna laugh & then again I wanna cry  
I gotta dance, I gotta die  
Junk-sick mornin's in the subway train  
I shouldn't be there love in vain  
whiskey in the ice-box colour TV

& for tonight you've got me  
so I wonder

What's the hassle  
What's the hassle

You took my style you used my phone  
you took my bike you left me alone  
I lost my job my family life  
I lost my guts my natural drive  
The first time I met you child  
we were like tigers in a cage  
goin' places I forgot  
I guess we've got to turn the page

So what's the hassle  
I wonder what's the hassle