

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