

Herman Brood, Jivin' Myself

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