

Herman Brood, Fake

To be a blind boy
such a fine thing
all the women gettin' faceless
to be a blind man
such a fine thing
when all the music's gettin' spaceless

& when she comes
she comes to stay
don't let ambition lead her away
& when she comes
her touch don't miss
the blood comes down the dropper
like a big red kiss

You can fake anything
you can't fake the real thing

you can fake you can sing
you can't fake the real thing

She's the one
she took the walk
The body speaks the mind don't talk
She's the one
who's darkness doubles
She sees the brilliance of all
my troubles

You can fake anything
you can't fake the real thing
you can fake you can sing
you can't fake the real thing