

Herman Brood & His Wild Romance, Never Be C

Going down the line, my head up high
Wonder why its so hard to feel fine
Got all I need
Plastic teeth
A pocket full of speed
And Im cool with the heat
I got a groovy little lady
Seems Im waisting het time
Got a hit and a bullet
Still back in crime

People say I used to do better
Si I guess Im gonna have to get myself together

(Refrein:)
But Ill never
Ooh aah aah
Ill never be clever
Ill never be clever
Ooh aah aah
Ill never be clever

Some say Im suicidal
With a sense of humour
Some say Im faking it all
Trying to start rumours
Some people say a moment lasts longer
I find myself at home
Settled down, write a song
Ill love to hang around
In black peoples places
Fascinated staring at faces
Holy mama, make me concentrate
Got to write a song
And I got to create