

# Herman Brood, Price

We were lovers on the beach  
the waves were curlin' round our feet  
we were lovers in the back of the car  
told each other we would never be apart  
These days it's sad but it's true  
Every word I say is bouncin' off on you  
for you baby I ruin my hands  
you've got me cleanin' the pots & the pans  
I sold my soul  
she's got me in the palm of her hand

I've got a feelin' I've made a mistake  
since none of my friends come around no more  
I've got a funny feelin' somethin's wrong  
no more ringin' the phone no knockin' on my door

Chorus:  
O what a price I've got to pay  
lovin' you

This ghostlike feelin's gettin' stronger  
I just can't hide no longer  
I hate to see it fade away

the truth I've got to face someday

Chorus:  
O what a price I've got to pay  
lovin' you  
I've got to pay  
lovin' you

She's like a nightclub in the mornin'  
she's the bitter end  
like a disinfected toilet  
only clean around the bend  
she's countin' up the bottles  
she's checkin' out the gossip  
she got nightmares of a rapist  
she don't know what love is

Chorus:  
O what a price I've got to pay  
lovin' you  
I've got to pay  
lovin' you