

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