

Herman Brood, Skid Row

The swiftest fingers play for money
the best are tangled up in minds
The sweetest sisters come down to connin
they buy no truth of any kind

Senile mothers woo their spittin' sons
hunky husbands sell their pounds of flesh
the most sung song is sixteens tons
only trash is good for cash

Send me y'r greetings, sweet sweet love
commend me if I need to be heaven above
Y'r socalled friends just drain y'r brain
to be a star in conversation

the clap trap rows on Lover's Lane are

only meant to keep you on probation
Shoot y'r shit & shoot y'r stinkin' lip
you find no way to score a solid hit

try everything now to prove y'r hip
you're gonna end up the final stupid flip
Send me your greetings, sweet sweet love
commend me if I need to be heaven above

but leave me, please leave me
with the scum & the junkies
on skid row, where all names are delusive
skid row, where all pain is exclusive
Skid Row