

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

Skid Row

Par Herman Brood

Album : The Brood

Swiftest fingers play for money

Best are tangled up in minds

Sweetest sisters, now, come down to cunnin' and

They buy no true of any kind

You know

Senile mothers hang around and hoot their snippin' sounds and

Hunking husbands sell their pound of flesh

You know, the most sung song is Sixteen Tons

Only trash is good for cash

Well

Send me your greetings

Sweet, sweet love

Command me, if I need be to

Heaven above

Your so-called friends, honey, just drain your brain, now

To be a star in conversation

The clap-trap fowls, ma, on Lover's Lane

Only meant to keep you on probation

Shoot your shit, honey, and shoot your stinkin' lip

You won't find a way to score a solid hit

I said, try everything, ma, to prove you're hip

You're only gonna end up the final stupid flip

Cha

Greetings

Sweet, sweet love

Command me, if I need be, to

Heaven above

But leave me, please leave me, mom

With the scum and the junkies

On skid row

Where all names are delusive

Skid row

Where pain is exclusive

Skid row

(Hoo-hoo, hoo)

Skid row

Where all names are delusive

Skid row, mom

Pain is exclusive

(Skid row) Skid row

On skid row

Where all names are delu

Skid row

Pain is exclusive

(Skid row) Skid row

(Hoo-hoo, hoo)