Krokus, Down The Drain

My mother was a b-girl
My old man was a tramp
Some folks say they conceived me
On a landing ramp
I was only fourteen
Took to petty crime
Stole from supermarkets
With this girlfriend of mine
Now I'm nearly twenty
Sick in heart and brain
Haven't got the courage
My life is down the drain

No roots, no home, no country
No hope, no faith, no luck
If there's a God in heaven
He doesn't give me bucks
No self-respect, no honor
No family, no cash
No church and no religion
I'm only human trash
Now I'm nearly twenty
Sick in heart and brain
Haven't got the courage
My life is down the drain