Turbonegro, Locked Down

Kick it, mister Summers!

I've been locked down I've been locked up I've been shut down So just shut it up

I've been laughed at I've been spit at I've been held back So what are you looking at?

I've been kicked down I've been pissed on I've been shat on Gonna shut you down

Such a low-down zero
I'm just a denim boy
Just a neo-nero
Just satans little toy
You never kissed an angel
You never touched a snake
You never held the magic
You ain't got what it takes

Saw your bitch the other day With her moustache and her books She called me a fake and a teller of lies But I could tell she's never been satisfied

I saw you slumming I heard you strumming I see you running, run run away

Such a low-down zero
I'm just a denim boy
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Perhaps it's a mystery Perhaps it's a riddle Let me spell it out: When everybody hates you When everybody hates you When everybody hates you You've got nothing to lose