

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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You never kissed an angel
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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