

Turn It Down

Sweet

So your old man went and called you a degenerate bum
And you stood there crackin' on your cinnamon gun
And your Ma was knockin' at your sister's brains
And you couldn't help thinkin' what she hoped to gain

Just then that freak walked in the door
And knocked me to the floor
You said, hey man, you're on some kind of trip
He said, don't give me no lip

Just turn it down, come on turn it down
I can't take no more of that God awful sound
So for God's sake turn it down

Now the suspicious minds of your learned friends
Will eat away at your kind 'til the music ends
And the creep that taught you everything you know
Will hypocritically ask you what the hell you know
He'll go out and mess around, then go home without a sound
You said, hey man, you're some kinda monk
He said, listen here you punk

Just turn it down, come on turn it down
I can't take no more of that God awful sound
So for God's sake turn it down

Turn it down, just turn it down
Come on turn it down, I said turn it down
Come on turn it down, just turn it down
I can't take no more of that God awful sound
So for God's sake turn it down