

# An Ode to Locksmiths

## Type O Negative

Where the fuck are my keys  
Been given the keys I knew I'd receive  
Be careful what you're asking for  
My rod and my staff simply twelve toned math  
An earful opening all doors  
Simon the Roman gone fishing for man  
If you're caught is to be freed  
Come, open your lock by using a rock  
Or sowing the proper seeds, yeah  
Woe to thee, all women of land, air and sea  
Adam was the serpent, apple 'tween his knees  
Seduced by a snake, worshiped by nations  
Banished forth from Eden, it's the male who is Satan, Satan  
From the tree of knowledge a metaphor for sex  
Plucked a ripened globe of fruit that of her innocence  
Since forbidden, resisted forcing her to taste  
And now I know why girls hate boys  
'Cause Eve was in fact raped, raped  
You ain't goin' nowhere  
Everybody, ready, let's go  
We ain't goin' home  
Got nowhere to go  
We ain't goin' home  
Got nowhere to go  
We ain't goin' home  
Got nowhere to go  
We ain't goin' home  
Got nowhere to go  
Nowhere to go  
Come on, you come on  
We ain't goin' home  
Got nowhere to go  
We ain't goin' home  
Got nowhere to go  
We ain't goin' home  
Got nowhere to go  
We ain't goin' home  
Got nowhere to go  
Nowhere to go  
Nowhere to go

Songwriters

Peter Thomas SteelePublished by

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