Big House

L.A. Guns

Psychotic
Neurotic
Alcoholic
You might call me imbecilic
I'm dirty I'm so mean
Like no other you've ever seen
I'll take down the other side
A place where you can meet and hide
I'll take you down the darker way
To a game - a game that I play
And what you see is what you get
A wicked man with no regrets
I get whatever I want
You won't forget
Goin' back to the Big House
Goin' back - back inside
Pathetic, rejected, full of doom
Some people call me Mr. Gloom
I sold my soul - sold my soul
When I went down the fire hole
I'll take you down, down with me
A nice place for you to be
I'll take you down to my home
I'll leave you there to die alone
And what you see is what you get
A wicked man with no regrets
I get whatever I want
You won't forget
Goin' back to the Big House
Goin' back - back inside
Goin' back to the Big House
Goin' back inside
Goin' back to the Big House
Goin' back inside - back inside
Goin' back to the Big House
Goin' back - back inside

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