

Down the Drain

Krokus

My mother was a b-girl
My old man was a tramp
Some folks say they conceived me
On a loading ramp I was only fourteen
Took to petty crime
Stole from supermarkets
With this girl of mine Now I'm nearly twenty
Sick in heart and brain
Haven't got the courage
My life is down the drain, down the drain
Down the drain, down the drain No roots, no home, no country
No hope, no faith, no luck
If there's a God in Heaven
Well, He doesn't give me bucks No self-respect, no honor
No family, no cash
No church and no religion
I'm only human trash Now I'm nearly twenty
Sick in heart and brain
Haven't got the courage
My life is down the drain, down the drain
Down the drain, down the drain Now I'm nearly twenty
Sick in heart and brain
Haven't got the courage
My life is down the drain, down the drain Down the drain, down the drain
Down the drain, down the drain
Down the drain, down the drain

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