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 rampI was only fourteen
Took to petty crime
Stole from supermarkets
With this girl of mineNow 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 drainNo roots, no home, no country
No hope, no faith, no luck
If there's a God in Heaven
Well, He doesn't give me bucksNo self-respect, no honor
No family, no cash
No church and no religion
I'm only human trashNow 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 drainNow I'm nearly twenty
Sick in heart and brain
Haven't got the courage
My life is down the drain, down the drainDown the drain, down the drain
Down the drain, down the drain
Down the drain, down the drain

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