

# Turn It Down

## The 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

Songwriters

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