

## The Sweet "Turn It Down"

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Hit me  
Come on  
Alright  
Do ya hear me?

So your old man went and called you a degenerate  
bum  
And you stood there crockin' on ya cinnamon gum  
And your mom was knockin' at your sister's brain  
And you couldn't help thinkin' what she hoped to gain

Just then that freak walked in the door  
And knocked you 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

