

House of Pain

The Turtles

Wise men say
That a poor mother's child
Lives his life in vain
If he doesn't visit lour
The house of pain

At the age of 4 my momma Don died
My daddy started in drinking
And he left me by
An orphanage doors said:
Get the rest of your life for thinking, now

At the age of 8
Thoughts filled my mind
I had to run had to run away
And I met a bomb by the name of Joe
And he told me I could stay, now

Now Joe said
Earn your key, boy!
Man's gotta work for every meal
And Joe he told me how to rob load
He taught me how to steal

At age 13
I was a restless lad
And Joe said little drinking do you know harm
But by 15 years a drinking meant nothin'
Compared to this holes in my arm

Now I'm not a violent man
I can't stand killing
Without reason to be done
But when my friend Joe started stealing my brandy
Shot him with a second hand gun

But people don't know
What pain it is runnin'
So we gonna manner 30 cries with tears
But I've been livin' on crammers and sterno
Not under 15 years

My strength is gone
My eyes are closin'
It's gettin' dark
And oh, so cold

But it's nice and warm
In the place I'll be going to
Will probably have me a shoveling coal, now

So let it now to be said
That a man ain't believin'
That he spent his life in vain

'Cause I spend 30 cold windy thirsty years
Inside the house of pain, now

Inside the house of pain
Inside the house of pain