

Toasters, Don't Let The Bastards Grind You Dow

Each day I wake up in this gray old town
Each day the system tries to bring me down
With a minimum wage in the factory
I'm slaving in the Twentieth Century

And the whole damn world
Is gangin up to bring me to my knees

And now the neighbors make it loud and clear
That they want no ravers moving in around here
I wont play ball, wont do what i'm told
I'd rather be a square peg in a round hole

Don't let the bastards grind you down!
Don't let them grind you down!
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I'm living in a world where I don't really fit
Every day walking through the same old shit
I'm gonna get my gun, gonna get prepared
I'm not impressed and I'm not scared

Don't let the bastards grind you down!
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Me say the war must stop
No one canna win
Ah we livin in da ghetto
On da streets of dis town
Ah da whole world
I said dis a one
...you a man
You stand up firm gotta stand up strong
Listen ghetto youth dis how we keep in da land

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