

Bound For Glory

"Shove It Up Your Ass*"

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Dirty, smelly crusties, protesting on the street
You can smell them a mile away, they haven't bathed in
weeks
Your protests don't do anything, they don't help a bit
When you look like freaks, and smell like puke and shit

Chorus:

You read it in your papers, and chant up every word
Misled by your leaders, you repeat what you heard
Too dumb to think with your own brain, so full of dope
and trash

Still searching for your answers, you can shove it up
your ass

Those measures turned on the 60's, they've got no
right to live
They always tell us what to do, but got nothing to give
All the left-wing radicals, full of their own selves
So cool back in '69, now you're just a fuckin' joke

(Repeat Chorus)

Solo

(Repeat Chorus)

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