The New Threat "Here's To You"

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Just the other day I was hanging around outside the local pub

The man incide said "I can't help you san you san't

The man inside said "I can't help you son, you can't hang 'round here no more"

So what if I ain't got no money

And oh yeah I do have a job

But the bills don't get paid just by prayin'

And kindness I guess can't be bought

So heres to you
The workers down on the floor
So heres to you
The one the blood and the sweat and all of our fighting is for
And by the end of the day, no, it won't go away
The debt always seems to build up

So heres to you
The strong and the weak
A struggle that's always the same
So what if you're down on your luck
Lift up your head, say you don't give a fuck
Your job and your life, it just gets in the way
We're throwing our lives down the drain

Sick all the time now beating the brow
Sweat always tasted like blood
Seems life was on hold for some lousy old job
Dreams always stuck in the mud
Now maybe life ain't just about dying
And maybe I just can't give up
Cause I won't stand by without having tried to do what I wanted to do with my life

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