

## Toadies

### "Don't Let The Bastards Grind You Down"

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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!  
Don't let the bastards grind you down!  
Don't let them grind you down!

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!  
Don't let them grind you down!  
Don't let the bastards grind you down!  
Don't let them grind you down!

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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