

Minutemen

"This Ain't No Picnic"

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Working on the edge
Losing my self-respect
For a man who presides over me
The principles of his creed
Punch in, punch out
Eight hours, five days
Sweat, pain and agony
On Friday I'll get paid

This ain't no picnic
This ain't no picnic
This ain't no picnic
This ain't no picnic

Hey mister don't look down on me
For what I believe
I got my bills and the rent
I should be content
But our land isn't free
So I'll work my youth away
In the place of a machine
I refuse to be a slave

This ain't no picnic
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