

The Clash, I'm Not Down

If it's true that a rich man leads a sad life
N' that's what they from day to day
Then what do all the poor do with their lives?
Have nothing to say on judgment day?

I've been beat up, I've been thrown
Out but I'm not down, I'm not down
I've been shown up, but I've grown up
And I'm not down, I'm not down

On my own I faced a gang of jeering in strange streets
When my nerves were pumping and I
Fought my fear in, I did not run
I was not done

And I have lived that kind of day
When one of your sorrows will go away
It goes down and down and hit the floor
Down and down and down some more
Depression
But I now there'll be some way
When I can swing everything back my way
Like skyscrapers rising up
Floor by floor, I'm not giving up

So you rock around and think that
You're the toughest
In the world, the whole wide world
But you're streets away from where
It gets the roughest
You ain't been there