

The Kinks, The Contenders

Hush little mammy don't you cry
I've got to see what it's like on the world outside
Got to get out of this life somehow
Got to be free, got to be free now

I don't want to be a constructor of highways
A sweeper of sidewalks, I've got to do it my way
I'm too ill-equipped for a mathematician
A shrewd politician, a maker of decisions

We're not the greatest when when we're separated
But when we're together I think we're going to make it
I don't want to be like a fascist dictator
A saint or a sinner, I want to be a winner