

Toasters, D.L.T.B.G.Y.D.

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 won't play ball, won't do as 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...

Ah we livin in da ghetto
On da streets of dis town

...you a man
You stand up firm
Gotta stand up strong
Listen ghetto youth
Dis how we keep in da land

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

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